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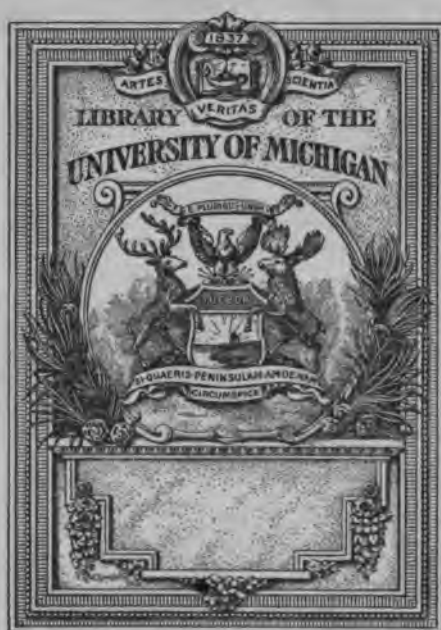
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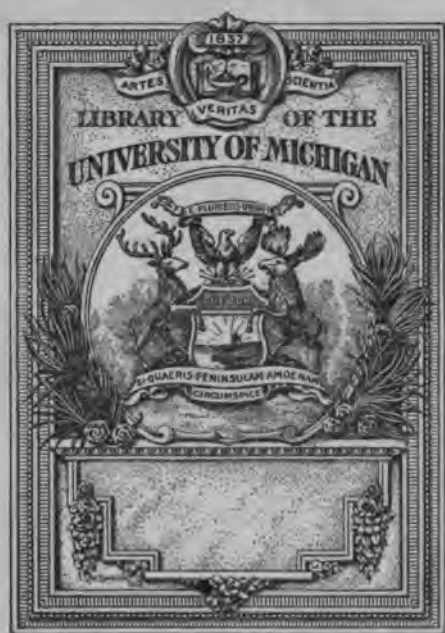
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is to accentuate the difference between the populations of Ireland and of Great Britain. It appeals to love of the past, and to the poetic delight of an imaginative people in the legends of their race. From a practical point of view it is no more necessary, or desirable, to restore Irish for general purposes than it would be to restore Anglo-Saxon. The English language is the heritage of a mixed people—Celtic, Saxon, Norman, and Danish—which equally exists in Ireland; and it owes its vocabulary to all these elements of race. Father Beckley recently advocated before the London School Board the teaching of Gaelic (by which presumably he meant Erse, and not the tongue of the Scottish Highlands), on the plea that it would enable the English commercial traveller to compete with the more educated German agent in the west of Ireland. A more absurd argument could hardly be imagined by those who know the west. For if these German agents could be discovered travelling among the local shopkeepers for some Dublin house, or even for German traders, they would find it very difficult to discover, in the most remote corners of Connemara, a shopkeeper who did not speak English. Indeed very few of this class would be found able to speak and write the national Erse.

To the antiquary the Irish language is of singular interest. The value of the literature which it enshrines is a question of taste. The practical pos-

sibility of galvanising a dead tongue into life is small, for the Irish is dying as surely as the Cornish, and faster than the Welsh. All over the world the language of a majority triumphs in time over that of a small outlying minority; for men will not be troubled to learn two languages, as a rule, where one will suffice. The priests who dominate national schools have wisely, in the interests of the people, encouraged the learning of English, which is equally needed for the migratory labour in England and Scotland, and for the emigration to America.

When, moreover, voluntary classes were formed to enable the Irishman "to be taught his own language," the first enthusiasm soon died away when the difficulties of the study became apparent. For the euphonic and grammatical peculiarities of this ancient Celtic tongue render it by no means easy to acquire, and the colloquial pronunciation—which differs in different parts of Ireland—is not indicated by the literary spelling. The newspapers which publish a column in what some of their Irish readers have supposed to be Greek, have found it necessary to append translations into English—for the encouragement they say of study, but really because no one understood a word or a letter in the column, with the exception of a few scholars. If the language be studied scientifically, on the modern principles of comparative philology, the result is one little favourable to the cause



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Chief. "All right; I will soon

less important to the gentry, as the character of the country often makes real hunting impossible, as well as the preservation of game. The annoyance is great, but the practical result on the land struggle cannot be very important. It can never suffice to drive the independent gentry out of Ireland, as Nationalists would like to do.

The decay of population is one of the most serious questions connected with the future, but one on which it is difficult to form a very exact opinion. It appears from the recent census that emigration is diminishing; and the decrease of population within the last ten years may perhaps also have been diminishing of late. Alarmist reports, founded on the Registrar's returns, represent the death-rate as increasing, with a decreasing birth-rate and marriage-rate. But it must not be forgotten that such returns are collected with great difficulty, when a large proportion of the population are under the control of men sometimes not too scrupulous, who have a political object to serve. Curious stories are told of the census. Infants of a few months are said to have been shown as speaking the Irish language. The census papers of respectable Protestants were not always called for. Even the family cat was returned as a lodger in pure contrariety; and in some cases these statements are certainly true. The Roman clergy have a rooted dread of mixed marriages, and refuse their consent

as a rule unless the heretic consents to be converted. A civil marriage they will not recognise at all, while the fees or contributions expected from the wedded pair, or from their friends and relations, are a most serious burden on the poor. In no country of Europe, perhaps, is there greater moral purity among the lower class, or stronger family affection, than in Ireland, though weddings are often arranged by the elders without any courtship between the young people. But the expense of weddings is so great that the clergy will have only themselves to thank if it leads to conditions somewhat new in Ireland. In the larger towns already, it is stated that a great many of the poor live together without the sanction of the Church. In such cases the return of marriages, and perhaps of births, will be considerably affected, while that of deaths will remain untouched. Decrease of population is best judged by the number of deserted cottages; and a comparison of the maps published by the Ordnance Survey about 1840 with those now being issued shows at once the serious decrease that followed the great famine. But in all parts of Ireland new houses may be seen building now, and the signs of increased comfort and prosperity may be noticed. The returns of population conflict in a remarkable manner with those of the savings banks, which witness the steady and increasing growth of wealth in Ireland: for such increase gen-

erally coincides with an increase of population in civilised countries; and, as it has been greater within the last few years, there is some reason to hope that the drain of population, due to want of sanitation and to emigration, is now already beginning to be stayed.

Such considerations may lead us, then, to think that the popular view as to Ireland, which finds expression in the daily press, is gloomy without due cause. Patience alone is needed. Passion is the greatest danger. Everywhere in the country new resources are being developed. The magnificent harbour of Berehaven, which was described in 'Maga' in 1894, is, it appears, at last to become the terminus of a new line of mails to America, which will not only materially reduce the time of transit, but which will create a new city in the south, and bring money to a very poor part of Ireland. The far west is equally being delivered from its state of chronic starvation: the greatest sore in Ireland has been attacked through the purchase of the Dillon estate in East Mayo. The price of horses has been raised by the war, and that of other stock is also increasing

with improvement in the breed. The sting of the reproaches levelled against England is taken out of the speeches of demagogues by every such improvement; and the people know well whence it is that money comes to their pockets, and have far too strong and shrewd a sense of their private interests to do anything that would permanently cut them off from the richer island, however much they may cheer the spouters of the League, or secretly oppose the landlord to whom they are outwardly so deferential in bearing. They ask more than they ever expect to get, and laugh in their sleeves at English simplicity. But they understand just government, and—however ungrateful—they do, in their hearts, respect those who administer impartially for their benefit the public funds which of late years have been so generously voted. We cannot doubt—nor is it doubted by those whose opinions most deserve respect—that Ireland is now being governed on the right lines, and however much the public mind may be confused by present political fictions, it is the fact that will inevitably prevail in the early future.

. WITH THE BOERS ROUND MAFEKING, 1899-1900.

TOWARDS the end of September 1899 it began to be pretty evident that matters were coming to a crisis, and on the 29th all Boers of the neighbourhood above sixteen years were expected to appear at the magistrate's office of our village *en route* for the front, Lichtenburg being the first destination. Before starting many patriotic speeches were made, the magistrate in his speech making the somewhat dubious boast that he had done good work in the '81 war, and was now not too old to *sit behind a rock and shoot an Englishman*, which somehow is not in accordance with my ideas of valour. Each Boer makes his own arrangements about waggon, oxen, and tent, and food also to begin with. A large number of waggons and oxen were also commandeered from the Kaffirs for general use, and lots of Kaffirs as servants. The large majority of Boers were mounted, the non-mounted ones remaining with the waggons, while the mounted generally started later, and overtook them for meal-times, sleep, &c. The Boers of my district were armed, about 90 per cent Mauser (German manufacture), and 10 per cent Martini-Henry (British manufacture).

I received a wire from Pre-

toria ordering me to join the commando,¹ and being an absolute non-combatant, I had no scruples,—refusal to go meaning loss of all my movable goods and house, and a free ticket to Delagoa Bay, which, seeing there were my wife and children in the question, was really not to be thought of. Of foreigners not belonging to either of the contending parties about 75 per cent volunteered to go on commando; but as a set-off against this it should be mentioned that most of them soon came back, being dissatisfied with their treatment at the hands of the Boers, and also that public opinion was very high, and all classes were more or less keen. I had to remain a day or two in the village for professional reasons, and my waggon did not leave until October 3. It was a small spring-waggon commandeered from a Scottish storekeeper, and I had six oxen commandeered from Kaffirs, and two Kaffir boys—one to drive on the journey and to cook when we were outspanned, and the other to lead the oxen on the journey and herd them when outspanned.

I need not describe the ordinary South African trek, but will only remark that in my opinion it is one of the most pleasant experiences: to lie on

¹ As medical officer. The writer at one time had a large practice in the Transvaal, and was a district surgeon under the late Transvaal Government.—Ed.

your back and read in the waggon all day, and occasionally get on to a horse (I had a good one with me of my own) and ride over to any friends you may happen to know along the route, or take a rifle and try for some game. On the second day we fell in with six waggons, containing about thirty Boers, all, like myself, a bit late on the road, and trekked in company. At our first outspan together (ammunition being plentiful and costing nothing) they began to try their shooting powers, the target being a bottle at 100 yards. I was rather pleased with myself when, after they had nearly all had their shot and all missed, I had a shot and got it all right. It is a great score to be able to shoot a bit, because the Boers *won't* have it that any *rooinek* can shoot. I took care not to have a second shot, and probably miss. There is no doubt that the Mauser is a beautifully sighted weapon. I should think a Mauser carbine with soft-nosed bullets would be an ideal weapon for game. I never managed to hit any buck, but the ordinary bullet used is certainly very small for game. On the evening of the 6th October we stopped outside Lichtenburg, and in that village heard that the laager had gone on, and we did not overtake them until the evening of the 9th at Burmans Drift, on the Transvaal border, and about five miles from Mafeking. On the road we had, of course, been "on our own," having no commissariat to apply

to, and living on tinned stuff and "Boer biscuit"—i.e., dried rusks made before we left home.

Our laager was about 1800 strong, and on either side were Wolmaranstad about 600, and Zeerust about 1200,—all waiting to cross the border, war not having been declared.¹ In the neighbourhood were also the Potchefstroom, Klerksdorp, and Lichtenburg laagers with General Cronje. I am uncertain about the numbers, but I should think there were about 4000 among the three laagers. About a quarter of the Rustenburg commando left for Sequani (Derdepoort), on the border of Bechuanaland, not far from Gaberones, so that there were 6000 to 7000 round Mafeking, excluding rebels who joined later, and the artillery, who were increased later on when the 94-pounder arrived. There were in our laager two 12- or 15-pounders, Krupp, and two Maxims or thereabouts; but they were moved about a good deal. The *personnel* of the artillery was small—two officers and about twenty men for the above four guns. At midnight, 11th and 12th October, the mounted men left to break the rail and telegraph, but returned the following morning, there having been some hitch about the order. About this time the first fighting round Mafeking took place, a train under Lieutenant Nisbet being captured by Cronje's men south of Mafeking. Two 7-pounders were in it, and these were used

¹ War was declared on October 10.—Ed.

later by the Transvaal Artillery. No one was killed on either side, but I understand from Lieutenant Nisbet that one of his men died of a trifling wound in the leg, owing to neglect while he was prisoner.

On 13th October the mounted men went out, and at 10.40 A.M. we heard a most deafening explosion, which gave rise to many and varied conjectures. It turned out to be two trucks of dynamite, which Baden-Powell had sent out of town before the siege began. The engine-driver, seeing the Boers, uncoupled his engine, and returned to Mafeking, leaving the dynamite.¹ The Boers shot at the trucks at 1500 yards' range I am told, and a certain Daniel Fouché exploded it with his third shot. I mention this because of the sickening libels that were circulated by the Boer press and Boer officers at the time, that there was a time-fuse, so that it could burst when the Boers came to inspect it,—a new scheme of the perfidious *rooinek*, &c. On the 14th was the first bit of fighting of our laager. An armoured train had come out from Mafeking, bringing out some mounted men of the Protectorate regiment under Captain Fitzclarence, 7th Fusiliers (now of the Irish Guards).² I went out myself

towards the firing at 7.30 A.M. and met the Boers coming back: they struck me as being very sick and dejected, saying they could do nothing against the armoured train with their rifles. The armoured train did not do so much damage to the Boers as Captain Fitzclarence's men. Boer loss two killed and six wounded, of whom one was severely.³ British loss, of course, I don't know for certain, but two corporals were left dead, and two or three horses.⁴ One of the dead was, I heard afterwards, a Corporal Walsh, and a Boer named Robbertse cut off his finger to get his ring. I saw the ring afterwards, but cannot swear to the amputation, as I was not present; but I know that the Boer who is credited with it is a low brute, who would be delighted to do a trick like that.

On 15th October the first post came in to the laager, bringing, however, no letters for me. Members of a commando need not stamp their letters, nor yet need their correspondents stamp theirs to them. In the laager we got always plenty of fresh meat (a food to which the Boers are very partial), and flour, and oat-hay for the horses—of these three there was always an

¹ This occurred about eight miles outside Mafeking.—Ed.

² This was the skirmish at Five-Mile Bank. A patrol under Bentinck found the Boers and engaged them; Fitzclarence with D squadron of the Protectorate regiment was sent to cover the right flank of the armoured train, which had already moved out to support patrol. D squadron getting isolated, the position was at one time very critical.—Ed.

³ Reported Boer loss, 80 killed and 160 wounded.—Ed.

⁴ The British loss was 2 killed, 12 wounded.—Ed.

abundance,—coffee also, and salt. Sugar was generally short; occasionally we had potatoes or rice. I myself always fared very well; but I always provided myself with lots of extras, and did myself very comfortably in every way. Only the first week, before I had got accustomed to it and settled down, was I not so satisfied. I had a very good servant, which is half the battle, and then I had always access to the medical comforts. My day (later on, at least, when I had settled down) was somewhat as follows: 8 A.M., get up out of my bed in the waggon, wash and dress in the tent, breakfast at about 9, generally fresh milk, coffee, eggs and bacon, bread and butter, a glass of claret to finish up with, then see a patient or so at my tent, sit and read in a very nice easy-chair which I made myself, or ride up to one of the other laagers, or perhaps have to do some professional work. Tea and bread and butter at 1 P.M. Afternoon same as the morning, with an occasional game of cards,—then sit and talk and smoke. Dinner half an hour before sundown, consisting of pea-flour soup, followed by steak fried in butter; but of course my *menu* varied considerably. But I had control of the stimulants, and found them *very* convenient for purposes of barter among the Boers—*e.g.*, a dram of gin every evening to one Boer brought me in a regular supply of fresh butter, which he used to get from his farm. As I never touch any

spirits myself, it was a very convenient arrangement for all concerned. Regarding the fresh milk, I should mention that one of my commandeered “oxen” most fortunately was a cow, and she happening to calve when we were in laager, I had a plentiful supply of milk.

On 16th October we moved to a new camping-ground a few miles to the west, still keeping within the Transvaal border, and that afternoon we were joined by Mrs Weiss, M.D., a German lady, qualified, I believe, at Berne, and two nurses, both Transvaalers of German descent,—three very nice ladies, of great assistance in the professional line, and very good friends to me personally. When we went nearer to Mafeking they occupied a small house on MacMillan’s farm as a hospital, where I was always welcomed by them. I consider Mrs Weiss ranks amongst the best of her sex. There were never any nasty anti-English remarks made by them at all, which was a great recommendation to me. At this period of the siege (which can’t, however, be said to have begun yet) mounted patrols used to go out daily towards and around Mafeking, and posts began to be taken up at night. On the night of October 16 one of these posts at the lime-pits (north of the town) was attacked, presumably by a party from Mafeking. A Kaffir was found by the Boers in the morning shot through the abdomen; he was brought into hospital and died

on the 20th, otherwise I don't think there was any damage done on either side. On October 17 the commandant called the people together and informed them that we must be prepared to leave on the morrow for the north, and upon a voice from the crowd asking where was our destination, answered, "Buluwayo!" The idea was, I believe, to invade Rhodesia along with the Waterberg and Zoutpansberg commandoes, who were engaged off and on with Colonel Plumer's force south of Tuli at this time. We were all, however, very much relieved to hear on the following morning that the order had been changed, and that we were to remain round Mafeking.

On the 19th October a circular was read to us by the commandant about looting and stealing; everything of that sort was strictly forbidden (so the circular read). It all sounded very nice, and was duly printed in the Transvaal newspapers, and outsiders began to say that it was all very much to the credit of the Boer. However, like many another Transvaal law, it was only a blind to mislead the public, because the very next day after it was read out the Boers brought in some hundreds of cattle and some thousands of sheep which they had looted, not from the British, but from the Kaffirs living outside Mafeking, who are neutrals. Even if the cattle belonged to Kaffirs inside Mafeking, it was a most unjustifiable raid, especially in the face of the above-

mentioned regulation about looting. The cattle and sheep were sold by auction, the money to be paid three months after the war. In addition to these cattle, which were nowhere near Mafeking, there were captured about twenty-five cattle from the Mafeking commonage about this time.

The Government had an easy way of providing us with clothing: they just looted the British subjects' shops in Johannesburg and sent the goods out to the laagers. Some goods, however, were bought from other stores, and sometimes paid for. The first loads of these goods began to arrive now, and it was a treat to see brother Boer making himself up. The goods were first handed over to the commissariat officer, who has to give them out as best he can to the men who really need the things; and as there is no one to say who really needs the clothing except the individual himself, it just comes to the most importunate or the biggest liar getting the best of the goods and the most often. On these occasions the most shabby clothes he can raise are put on, and he proceeds to the commissariat wagon and says, "Only look at me and you will see how dire is my necessity" for a suit of clothes, boots, blankets, &c. It is wonderful how much some of them manage to get together. I know of one man who sent home within about four weeks twenty-six pairs of boots and six or seven bundles of clothing, each bundle containing two or three suits

of clothes or a corresponding weight of blankets. I was in the waggon of a rich relative of President Kruger, and it seemed to me that the bed he was lying on was composed entirely of a heap of new clothing just received from the commissariat. In one laager I saw a man come up three times within five minutes, getting a pair of boots each time. Our commissariat officer was a good and honest man (not a Boer), and he really tried to get matters arranged more satisfactorily, and later on one had to get a note signed by your field-cornet to get anything. The field-cornet is the leader or chief man for each ward or subdivision of a district; he is chosen by the inhabitants of the ward. In peace-time he is a sort of junior justice of the peace, looking after the natives mostly; in war-time he commands his men (in a very irregular way), being under the commandant of the district, who has over him a general.

I was fortunate in the authorities placed over me during my stay in the laager. I was chiefly associated with a certain Hans Eloff for a field-cornet, an honest man although belonging to the Kruger clique, and Piet Steenkamp, a commandant, a hardy veteran possessed of only one eye, but for a Boer a good and brave man, of quite a different out from the majority of the President's party, or Doppers as they are nicknamed. These last, as regards their theology and ritual, correspond somewhat to the

earlier Free Kirkers of Scotland; but socially their great characteristic is their utter inability to act straight in any matter, however trifling. For meanness, low tricks of any sort, inhuman treatment of coloured people, all that is dishonourable, I recommend the Doppers of South Africa, especially the members of the ex-President's family with whom I am acquainted. There are of course a few exceptions, but I cannot think of more than about half-a-dozen. General Snyman, who was chief in command round Mafeking after General Cronje left, is a Dopper. A bigger ruffian I believe never existed: he is entirely and alone responsible for the shelling of the convent hospital, and later on the women's laager. I ought, however, to mention, to the credit of the other Boers, that after the relief of Mafeking they would no longer serve under him, but chose a certain Field-Cornet Lemmer for their general, who has since been killed at Lichtenburg.

On October 24 the Boers got their 94-pounder, which had come from Pretoria, in position, and at 2 P.M. the first shot was fired into Mafeking. Great were the expectations of the besiegers that the hour of capitulation could not now be long deferred; but it did not, after all, seem to make a bit of difference, 94-pound shells being dropped into the town at the rate of sometimes only five or six per diem, sometimes fifty or sixty. By this time most of the forts round the town were finished; some were later on moved for-

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ward or back, but their position remained more or less the same from now until the end of the siege.

On October 27 the laager moved to a spot about two miles due north of Mafeking, where the waggons, or some of them, stayed during the whole siege, the reliefs to garrison the forts going down from the laager every evening at about sunset, each taking with him sufficient food for his twenty-four or forty-eight hours' duty. On the night of the 27th, at 10.30 P.M., there was a large amount of firing at the trenches occupied by the Zeerust Boers (those on the Mafeking-Zeerust road): it was a night-attack (led, I afterwards heard, by Captain Fitzclarence), in which some Boers ran, and some lay in the trenches and shot as fast as they could empty their magazines. The result was, the bodies of six of Fitzclarence's party were found on the following morning, and one Boer named Gert Nel was shot dead: it was reported that he was shot accidentally by his comrades.¹

In the first week of November the Boers made an attack upon "Cannon Kopje," a post on the south-east of Mafeking.² The Scandinavian corps were the most prominent in this attack; but I did not see anything of it myself personally, as I was always with the laager to the

north of the town, and saw very little of Cronje and his men on the more southern side of the town. The men were called off after they had got to within 200 or 300 yards of the fortification, presumably because it was getting too dangerous, although to their credit it must be mentioned that some of the Scandinavians seemed very sore at having to retire. Casualties were several wounded: at first one man was reported dead, but when the ambulance went out to fetch him, he got up and walked back, having only been lying *doggo* until the danger was over.³

My diary fails me now, so that I cannot give any more definite dates; but shortly after this Cronje left for Kimberley. He took with him the Potchefstroomers, Lichtenburgers, Scandinavian corps—in fact he only left the Rustenburg and Zeerust Boers to carry on the siege of Mafeking, assisted by about twenty or thirty artillerymen, with the 94-pounder, two Krupp 12-pounders, the two 7-pounders taken at Kraaipan with Lieutenant Nisbet, and one or two Maxims, and I think a pom-pom. From this date every one had a far heavier share of fort-duty, as some 2000 took over the work that had so far been done by 6000. The laager to which I

¹ According to the war correspondents, 100 Boers were killed. The British loss was 6 killed, 11 wounded.—Ed.

² "Cannon Kopje" is an earthwork thrown up by the Warren expedition, described as "a cluster of stones on a rocky ridge a mile across the veldt"; it is very important strategically, and was held by 44 men with one gun.—Ed.

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of clothes or a corresponding weight of blankets. I was in the waggon of a rich relative of President Kruger, and it seemed to me that the bed he was lying on was composed entirely of a heap of new clothing just received from the commissariat. In one laager I saw a man come up three times within five minutes, getting a pair of boots each time. Our commissariat officer was a good and honest man (not a Boer), and he really tried to get matters arranged more satisfactorily, and later on one had to get a note signed by your field-cornet to get anything. The field-cornet is the leader or chief man for each ward or subdivision of a district; he is chosen by the inhabitants of the ward. In peace-time he is a sort of junior justice of the peace, looking after the natives mostly; in war-time he commands his men (in a very irregular way), being under the commandant of the district, who has over him a general.

I was fortunate in the authorities placed over me during my stay in the laager. I was chiefly associated with a certain Hans Eloff for a field-cornet, an honest man although belonging to the Kruger clique, and Piet Steenkamp, a commandant, a hardy veteran possessed of only one eye, but for a Boer a good and brave man, of quite a different cut from the majority of the President's party, or Doppers as they are nicknamed. These last, as regards their theology and ritual, correspond somewhat to the

earlier Free Kirkers of Scotland; but socially their great characteristic is their utter inability to act straight in any matter, however trifling. For meanness, low tricks of any sort, inhuman treatment of coloured people, all that is dishonourable, I recommend the Doppers of South Africa, especially the members of the ex-President's family with whom I am acquainted. There are of course a few exceptions, but I cannot think of more than about half-a-dozen. General Snyman, who was chief in command round Mafeking after General Cronje left, is a Dopper. A bigger ruffian I believe never existed: he is entirely and alone responsible for the shelling of the convent hospital, and later on the women's laager. I ought, however, to mention, to the credit of the other Boers, that after the relief of Mafeking they would no longer serve under him, but chose a certain Field-Cornet Lemmer for their general, who has since been killed at Lichtenburg.

On October 24 the Boers got their 94-pounder, which had come from Pretoria, in position, and at 2 P.M. the first shot was fired into Mafeking. Great were the expectations of the besiegers that the hour of capitulation could not now be long deferred; but it did not, after all, seem to make a bit of difference, 94-pound shells being dropped into the town at the rate of sometimes only five or six per diem, sometimes fifty or sixty. By this time most of the forts round the town were finished; some were later on moved for-

ward or back, but their position remained more or less the same from now until the end of the siege.

On October 27 the laager moved to a spot about two miles due north of Mafeking, where the waggons, or some of them, stayed during the whole siege, the reliefs to garrison the forts going down from the laager every evening at about sunset, each taking with him sufficient food for his twenty-four or forty-eight hours' duty. On the night of the 27th, at 10.30 P.M., there was a large amount of firing at the trenches occupied by the Zeerust Boers (those on the Mafeking-Zeerust road): it was a night-attack (led, I afterwards heard, by Captain Fitzclarence), in which some Boers ran, and some lay in the trenches and shot as fast as they could empty their magazines. The result was, the bodies of six of Fitzclarence's party were found on the following morning, and one Boer named Gert Nel was shot dead: it was reported that he was shot accidentally by his comrades.¹

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was attached was divided into two parts, the smaller remaining at the lime-pits and garrisoning the fort below the cement-reservoir, while the larger division camped on the Malopo below Mafeking, sending its men to all the three forts west of the railway — viz., Game-tree Hill (about 60 or 70), the fort on the bank of the Malopo (90 to 100), and the larger fort south-west of Mafeking (about 100 to 120). Besides fort-duty, there was a patrol sent out almost daily of twenty to thirty men into Bechuanaland to the west, at night sentries in pairs sitting round the laager every 100 yards or so — i.e., about twenty-four sentries per night, there being generally three reliefs. Another duty was night guards between the forts, consisting of about six men every 600 yards, lying in the grass and making their own arrangements for relieving one another. They can't, however, have done their duty very well, seeing that Baden-Powell was always in communication with the outer world, and that in all about 1200 Kaffirs, I am told, reported themselves at various times at Colonel Plumer's camp for rations, all having come out of Mafeking at night. Towards the end of the siege, however, I understand very many were shot—women and children with the rest; so much so that one field-cornet told me it rested rather heavily on his conscience. "We shall be punished some day by the Almighty for the sins we have committed in that respect outside Mafeking," he said.

Some of the children were taken to the farms to domestic slavery, but not many, and I only know of three cases.

On 13th November I left the laager and went home for three weeks. At this period of the siege the casualties were small, about one Boer every two weeks getting killed at the forts. A single casualty often meant the fort being shifted back a few hundred yards, the Boers saying that the danger was getting too great. In November and December all the forts garrisoned by Rustenburgers, except the Game-tree Hill one, were moved back on this account; a young Bischoff being killed at the fort below the cement-reservoir, a S. J. P. Kruger, grandson of the President, killed at the fort on the Lower Malopo, while at the larger fort west of the railway and south-west of the town no one was hit, but the bullets came too near them when they went to get water, for which reason it was moved back half a mile. I did not see much of the forts occupied by the Zeerust Boers; but the greater part of the shooting now and later on in the siege was done on the Brickfields side of Mafeking and along the Upper Malopo, the casualty rate rising before I finally left the place to about one dead per week, the shooting of the Mafeking garrison in the Brickfields being excellent.

On December 26 occurred the most terrible incident of the whole siege, which gave me a glimpse of the real horrors of war: I refer to the attack by the garrison upon the Game-tree

Hill fort. Details of the event are now a matter of history, and there is not much for me to add. When I arrived on the scene the British wounded (except one) were already in the ambulance, and the mule-trolley, loaded with the dead, was just ready to start. To my non-combatant ideas it was the most terrible sight I had ever seen in my existence, and I especially noticed the good looks and refined features of nearly all the dead, the members of the Protectorate regiment being mostly of gentle birth; and I discovered afterwards that one of the non-commissioned officers killed in this affair was a relative of my own. I counted nineteen or twenty corpses on the trolley. The reality was bad enough; but when the Boers pretty unanimously said in answer to my inquiries that this was about the third or fourth load of dead gone in to Mafeking, my heart went to my boots, and I felt as I hope never to feel again. The Boers computed that there were 209 casualties on the attacking side; how they made it out I don't know, but in a few moments' conversation which I was fortunate enough to have with Major Baillie (correspondent to some paper,¹ and author of the book on the siege), who came out with the ambulance, he told me they had lost about twenty killed, which reassured me to a certain extent, although I could hardly believe it was so few at the time, in light of

the Boer lies. It was, however, at the best a terrible business to my mind, and one which I hope never to see again.

The Boers were tender-hearted enough to the wounded, as I believe they generally were at the beginning of the war, the only exception on this occasion being a Hollander school-master who happened to be present, and who made some remarks which were typical and worthy of that very low class of Hollanders which the Dopper Government has always been in the habit of sending out to instruct the young Boer idea how to hate the British. The Boer loss on this occasion was two killed (Plessis and Roos) and about ten wounded. The occupants of the fort were pretty unanimous in saying that if the relief from the laager on the Lower Malopo had not come when it did they could not have held out much longer. I have since heard it said and seen it written that the Boers had got an inkling of the attack, and had made preparations for it by heightening the fort walls and strengthening the garrison: this was not the case, however. I was in the fort myself on Christmas (the day preceding the attack), and the men certainly knew nothing. I had leave from my commandant to sleep away from my laager that night, which he certainly would not have given if he had expected any attack there, seeing that the Game-tree Hill fort was garrisoned by Boers from my

¹ The 'Morning Post.'—Ed.

laager; and lastly, I spent part of the Christmas evening with General Snyman, two or three hours' ride (twelve to eighteen miles) from my laager, and he would certainly have sent me back double-quick if he had thought there was any likelihood of an attack the following morning. The Boer wounded were treated in their waggons or tents in the laager, preferring to remain there to being taken up to the hospital at the head laager on Macmillan's farm. They went home, however, as soon as they could travel, as is the general custom.

The health of the laager was wonderfully good. It would seem to an army medical man almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true that in my laager on the Lower Malopo we never had a definite case of enteric, and we were encamped on one spot without moving for two months, and then only moved twenty or thirty yards farther down, the reason of the move being to enable the waggons to be drawn closer together for purposes of defence. In the new spot the laager remained certainly for another three or four months. The oxen (several hundred of them) are fastened at night in the middle of the circle of waggons and tents, and the horses also, thus converting the whole space into a manure-heap, through which after a few nights no one would think of walking. In the warm weather the manure contained myriads of maggots, which in due time became myriads of flies. The flies have often been described, as they were just as

bad in Natal; but to give some idea of their numbers, I may mention that once whilst sipping a glass of claret I counted fifteen flies on my lips,—all these flies and all this filth and yet no enteric! Of course the Boers now and then made efforts to clean up a little, but the centre of the laager was not often passable on foot. Also our water-supply was not of the best. We got all our water from the Malopo, a muddy little ditch six to ten feet wide in most places, which had already passed through the upper (Zeerust) laager and also through Mafeking, naturally receiving a certain amount of sewage in its course through the town. There were two deaths (not in my laager) that I know of reported as "fever," which might have been enteric, but were, I believe, generally considered to be malarial: at any rate, granting that all deaths from sickness (about eight or ten at the outside) round Mafeking during the siege were from enteric, even then any will confess that they were wonderfully few.

I have already hinted at General Snyman's character, but some of his deeds, and those of his subordinates, require special reference. It is one thing to shoot a woman (as dozens were shot) who is trying to get through the pickets at night to get out of the short-rationed town, but it is another thing to wilfully bombard the women's laager, as was done during the siege. It was done intentionally and in no way by accident, because some of the

better class Boers remonstrated with him about it. He had all prisoners shot if possible, though he never dared to shoot a white prisoner; but the cold-blooded murders of coloured prisoners were certainly of weekly occurrence. Of course a man caught in the act of looting cattle and trying to drive them into Mafeking is, it seems to me, liable to be shot right enough; but it did not stop there, and only as an instance I may mention a case that came under my own eyes. An old man is caught miles away from Mafeking, and when questioned, says he is going to Mafeking, and from there to some Kafir village in Bechuanaland, most obviously knowing nothing about the siege or even about the war: he is brought to the laager, and after some further cross-questioning is taken over the rise and shot, and his body left unburied. This sort of thing often occurred up at General Snyman's own laager, but (I flatter myself, thanks to some talk on my part on the subject) it did not occur again in the laager where I was located while I was there, though it did again happen near at hand. In such cases the perpetrators always know that they had best keep very quiet about it, as they invariably do, showing at once that they know well enough that such things are not countenanced by civilised nations.

Regarding the treatment of myself by the Boers I can't complain very much: they of

course never trusted me, but were rather of this opinion, "We know you are an Englishman and want the English to win, and we don't expect or want you to fight against them, but we expect you, however, to give us your non-combatant services and not to play us any tricks when you are doing those services," which was reasonable enough. I could never say very much, but to Boers whom I knew well enough I always gave my opinion straight about the eventual result of the war, and the lies with which they were being stuffed. The seed often fell on barren ground, I know, but it brought forth fruit in an occasional case. The telegrams which used to be read out to us in the laager were strange perversions of the truth sometimes: of course in the first few months of the war there was not much need for the Boer Government to send lying reports about the state of affairs, the bare truth being bad enough almost, though they always added a lot to it. For instance, the number of British dead they gave for Magersfontein was 3000, Colenso 5000, Spion Kop 5000 to 7000: not that they always actually wrote it definitely, but they took care to leave the Boers under the impression that such were the correct numbers. For my own part, I made a point of never going near them when the telegrams were being read, because it only depressed me and put me off my food.

Regarding *explosive* bullets a good deal has been said on both sides. I think the term is in

many cases used by people who really mean *expansive* bullets, and it is impossible for a bullet of a calibre as small as the Mauser or Lee-Metford to carry a charge of explosive material within such narrow limits. On the other hand, soft-nosed bullets, which expand when they strike, were in stock in some of the Government magazines, and were, I believe, obtainable at any of the Transvaal Government depots for the supply of ammunition throughout the Transvaal. I have seen, especially later on in the war, many a Boer with a bandolier full of them; I know also of two cases in which a few bullets of the same nature were found upon members of the Mafeking garrison, though only perhaps two or three odd ones in the bandolier, otherwise full of regulation cartridges. I have never seen soft-nosed bullets for a Mauser myself.

Towards the end of January 1900 the bullets came too thick and fast round the 94-pounder for the Transvaal gunners, and

it was put back to a position out of rifle-range. The Mafeking riflemen were shooting exceedingly well about this time, and on some days no gunner could show his head over the fort wall without getting a bullet perilously near it.

I left Mafeking in February, and so saw nothing myself of the fighting when Colonel Plumer tried to get through into Mafeking. On that occasion there was one Boer killed and about eight wounded. I of course also missed seeing anything of the attack under Sarel Eloff (a few days before the relief), when they nearly got into the town and lost about nineteen killed, I believe. It was apparently a fairly plucky piece of work on the part of the Boers; but, as is usually the case when any dangerous work has to be done, the attacking force contained a large percentage of foreigners who had previously been with Sarel Eloff at Gaberones and places on the border north of Mafeking.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

I.

"STEPHEN K. LEPPER, Pork-packing Prince, from Chicago, U.S.A., by White Star Line, for Liverpool." Such was the announcement with which the 'Chicago Central Advertiser' made beautiful its list of arrivals and departures.

It was not exactly a definition of him. To be sure, if you had caught sight of him anywhere down the sumptuous vista of the first-class sleeping saloon on the New York and Chicago Express, you would have judged it adequate and inquired no more. You might even have put him down for a Yankee.

But if, following him on this side of the Atlantic, you had found yourself boxed up with him in a third-class compartment on the London and North-Western Railway, your curiosity would have been aroused. The first thing you would have noticed was that everything about him, from his grey travelling hat to the gold monograms on his portmanteaus, were brilliantly and conspicuously new. Accompanied by a lady, they would have suggested matrimony and the grand tour. But there was nothing else to distract you from him. He let himself be looked at; he sat there in his corner seat, superbly, opulently still. And somehow it dawned on you that, in spite of some Americanisms he let fall, he was not,

and never could have been, a Yankee. He had evidently forged ahead at a tremendous speed, but it was weight, not steam, that did it. He belonged to the race that bundles out on the up-hill grade and puts its shoulders to the wheel, and on the down grade tucks its feet in, sits tight, and lets the thing fly, trusting twenty stone to multiply the velocity.

Then it would occur to you that he must have been sitting still for a considerable period. He was not stout—you might even have called him thin; but the muscles about his cheeks and chin hung a little loose from the bony framework, and his figure, shapely enough when he stood upright, yielded in a sitting posture to the pressure of the railway cushions. That indicated muscular tissue, once developed by outdoor exercise and subsequently deteriorated by sedentary pursuits. The lines on his forehead suggested that he was now a brain-worker of sorts. Other lines showed plainly that, though his accessories were new, the man, unlike his portmanteau, had knocked about the world, and had got a good deal damaged in the process. The index and middle fingers of the left hand were wanting. You argued then, that he had changed his trade more than once; while from the presence of two vertical creases on either side of a

large and rather fleshy mouth, worn as it were by the pull of a bit, you further inferred that the energy he must have displayed somewhere was a thing of will rather than of temperament. He was a paradox, a rolling stone that had unaccountably contrived to gather moss.

And then you fell to wondering how so magnificently mossy a person came to be travelling third class in his native country.

To all these problems, which did actually perplex the clergyman, his fellow-passenger, he himself provided the answer.

He had taken out his gold watch with a critical air, and timed the run from Liverpool to Crewe.

"Better service of trains than they used to have," he observed. "Same old snorer of an engine, though."

"You seem to know the line?"

"It's not the first time I've ridden by it; nor yet the first time I've crossed the herring-pond."

"Are you making any stay in this country?"

"I am, sir."

He lapsed into meditations evidently not unpleasing; then he continued, "When you've got a mother and two sisters that you haven't seen for over fifteen years, naturally you're not in such a particular darned hurry to get away."

"Your home is in America, I presume?"

"My home is in England. I've made my pile out there, sir, and I've come to stay. Like to see the 'Chicago Advertiser'? It may amuse you."

The clergyman accepted the paper gratefully. It did amuse him. So much so that he read aloud several paragraphs, among others the one beginning "Stephen K. Lepper, Pork-packing Prince——"

It was a second or two before the horror of the situation dawned on him. That dawn must have been reflected on his face, for his fellow-passenger began to snigger.

"Ah," said he, "you've tumbled to it. Sorry you spoke. Don't apologise for smiling, sir. I can smile, myself, now, but the first time I saw that paragraph it turned me pretty faint and green. That's the way they do things out there. Of course," he added, "I *had* to be put in; but I'm no more like a prince than I'm like a pork-packer."

What was he like? With the flush on his cheeks and the laughter in his eyes he might have been an enormous school-boy home for the holidays, and genially impudent on the strength of it.

"Fact is," he went on, "you didn't expect to find such a high personage in a third-class compartment. That put you off."

"Yes, I suppose it was that." It did seem absurd that a pork-packing prince, who could probably have bought up the entire rolling stock of the London and North-Western, should be travelling third.

"You see, I never used to go anything but third on this line or any other. I'm only doing it now to make sure I'm coming home. I *know* I'm com-

ing home, but I want the feel of it."

He folded the 'Chicago Advertiser' and packed it carefully in his portmanteau. "I'm keeping this to show my people," he explained. "It's the sort of thing that used to make my young sister grin."

"You have—er—a young sister?"

"I had two—fifteen years ago."

The clergyman again looked sorry he spoke.

"All right — this time. They're not dead. Only one of them isn't quite so young as she used to be. The best of it is, it's a surprise visit I'm paying them. They none of them know I'm coming. I simply said I might be turning up one of these days—before very long."

"They won't be sorry to have you back again, I imagine."

"Sorry?"

He smiled sweetly and was silent for some minutes, evidently picturing the joy, the ecstasy, of that return. Then, feeling no doubt that the ice was broken, he launched out into continuous narrative.

"Going out's all very well," he said, "but it isn't a patch on coming home. Not but what you can overdo the thing. I knew a man who was always coming home—seemed as if he couldn't stop away. I don't know that *his* people were particularly glad to see him."

"How was that?"

"A bit tired of it, I suppose. You see they'd given him about nine distinct starts in life. They were always ship-

ping him off to foreign ports, with his passage paid, and a nice little bit of capital waiting for him on the other side. And, if you'll believe me, every blessed time he turned up again, if not by the next steamer, by the next after that."

"What became of the capital?"

"Oh, *that* he liquidated. Drank it—see? We've all got our own particular little foibles, and my friend's was drink."

"I don't wish to appear prejudiced, but I think I should be inclined myself to call it a sin."

"You may *call* it a sin. It was the only one he'd got, of any considerable size. I suppose you'd distinguish between a sin and its consequences?"

"Most certainly," replied the clergyman unguardedly.

"Well. Then—there were the women——"

"Steady, my friend, that makes two sins."

"No. You can't count it as two. You see, he never spoke to a girl till he was so blind-drunk he couldn't tell whether she was pretty or ugly. Women were a consequence."

"That only made his sin the greater, sir."

"Ye-es. I reckon it did size it up, some. I said it was a big one. Still, it's not fair to him to count it as more than one. But then, what with gambling and putting a bit on here, and backing a friend's bill there, he managed to make it do duty for half a dozen. Everything was drink that came to his net. You may say

he drank his widowed mother's savings, and his father's life insurance; and when that was done, he pegged away at his eldest sister's marriage-portion and the money that should have gone for his younger sister's education. Altogether he reduced 'em pretty considerable. Besides all that, he had the cussedest luck of any beggar I know. Not that he cared for his luck, as long as he got enough to drink. But it wore his friends out. At last they said they'd get up a subscription and pay his passage out to the States, if he'd swear never to show his ugly face in England again. Or at least not till he knew how to behave himself, which was safe enough, and came to the same thing, seeing that they didn't believe he'd ever learn. He didn't believe it himself, and would have sworn to anything. So they scraped together ten pounds for his passage, intermediate. He went steerage and drank the difference. They'd sent on five pounds capital to start him when he landed, and thought themselves very clever. The first thing he did was to collar that capital and drink it too. Then he went and worked in the store where he'd bought the drink, for the sake of being near it—he loved it so. Then—this is the queer part of the story—something happened. I won't tell you what it was. It happened because it was the worst thing that could have happened—it was bound to happen, owing to his luck. Whatever it was, it made him chuck drinking.

He left the store where the stuff was, and applied for a berth as porter in a big business in Chicago. It was a place where they didn't know him, else he wouldn't have got it.

"Then his luck turned. If it wasn't the same luck. Just because he hadn't an object in life now—didn't care about drinking any longer, nor yet about women, because of the thing that had happened, and so hadn't got any reasonable sort of use for money—he began to make it. That's the secret of success, that is. Because he didn't care what he called a tinker's cuss about being foreman he was made foreman—then, for the same reason, manager. Then he got sort of interested in seeing the money come in. He didn't want it himself, but it struck him that it wouldn't be a bad thing to pay back his mother and his sisters what they'd lost on him, besides making up for any little extra trouble and expense he might have been to them. He began putting dollars by just for that.

"I suppose you think that when he'd raked together enough dollars he sent them home straight away? Not he. He wasn't such a blamed idiot. He knew it was no manner of good being in a hurry if you wanted to do a thing in style. He pouched those dollars himself and bought a small share in the business. He bought it for *them*, mind you. You'd have thought, now he was interested and had got back a sort of object in life, that his luck would have turned again,

just to spite him. But it didn't. He rose and he rose, and after a bit they made him a partner. They had the capital and he had the brain. He'd found out that he'd more brain than he knew what to do with. Regular nuisance it was—so beastly active. Used to keep him awake at night, thinking, when he didn't want to. However, it dried up and let him alone once he gave it the business to play with. At last the old partners dropped off the concern—gorged; and he stuck to it. By that time he had fairly got his hand in; and the last year it was just a sitting still and watching the long Atlantic roll of the dollars as they came tumbling in. He stuck till he'd piled them up behind him, a solid cold five millions. And now he's ramping on the home-path as hard as he can tear. The funny thing is that his people are as poor as church mice—three brown mice in a fusty little house like a family pew. But that's the house he's going to. And that five million's just as much theirs as it is his, and perhaps a little more."

"Ah," said his fellow-passenger, "that's pretty. That sort of thing doesn't often happen outside a fairy tale."

"No," said Stephen Lepper simply; "but he made it happen."

"Well?"

"Well? So you think they'll be *sorry* to see him? I don't mean because of the dollars—they won't care about them."

"Of course they won't. My dear sir, it's fine—that story of

yours. It's the Prodigal Son—with a difference."

"A difference? I believe you!"

At this point Stephen Lepper was struck with a humorous idea. It struck him on the back, as it were, in such a startling manner that he forgot all about the veil he had woven so industriously. (His companion indeed judged that he had adopted that subterfuge, less as a concealment of his sins than as a decent covering for his virtues.)

"That prodigal knew what to do with his herd of swine, anyhow. He killed and cured 'em! And I reckon he'll order his own fatted calf—and pay for it."

He stood revealed.

The clergyman got down at Rugby. In parting he shook Mr Stephen K. Lepper warmly by the hand and wished him—for himself a happy home-coming, for his friend a good appetite for the fatted calf.

His hand was gripped hard, so that he suffered torture till the guard slammed to the door of the compartment and separated them.

Mr Lepper thrust his head out of the window. "No fear!" he shouted.

The clergyman looked back once as the train moved out of the station. The head was there, uncovered but still shouting.

"No darned——"

He saw the grey hat waved wildly, but the voice was ravished from him by the wind of the train.

II.

The train reached Little Sutton at seven. Just as he had travelled third class, so he had preposterously planned to send his luggage on by carrier and plod the five miles between town and station on foot. He wished to keep up the illusion.

The station, anyhow, was all right. They had enlarged it a bit, but it was still painted a dirty drab,—perhaps there used to be a shade more yellow ochre in the drab,—and the Virginian creeper still climbed over the station-master's box, veiling him as in a bower. If he could have swallowed up time (fifteen years of it) as the New York and Chicago Express swallowed up space, he might have felt himself a young man again, a limp young man, slightly the worse for drink, handed down to the porter like a portmanteau by the friendly arm of a fellow-passenger, on one of those swift, sudden, and ill-timed returns that preceded his last great exodus. Only that, whereas Stephen Lepper at thirty-nine was immaculately attired, the coat of that unfortunate young man hung by a thread and his trousers by a button; while instead of five million dollars piled at his back, he had but eighteenpence (mostly copper) lying loose in his front pockets. But Stephen Lepper had grown so used to his clothes and his millions that he carried them unconsciously. They offered no violence to the illusion. What might have destroyed it was the strange unharmonising fact

that he was sober. But he had got used to being sober too.

The road unrolled itself for two miles over the pale green downs. It topped the spine of a little hog-backed hill and dipped towards the town (road all right). To his left, on the crest of the hill, stood the old landmark, three black elms in a field that was rased and bleached after the hay-harvest. They leaned towards each other; and between their trunks the thick blue-grey sky showed solid as paint (landmark all right).

In the queer deep light that was not quite twilight, things were immobile and distinct, as if emphasising their outlines before losing them. The illusion was acute, almost intolerable.

Down there lay the town, literally buried in the wooded combe. Slabs of grey wall and purple roof, sunk in the black green like graves in grass. A white house here and there faced him with the stare of monumental marble. In the middle, a church with a stunted spire squatted like a mortuary chapel. They had run up a gaudy red-brick villa or two outside, but on the whole Little Sutton was all right too. He had always thought it very like a cemetery—a place where people lay buried till the Day of Judgment.

The man he had been was really dead and buried down there. It was as if a glorified Stephen Lepper stood up and contemplated his last resting-

place. The clothes he wore were so many signs and symbols of his joyful resurrection. If any doubted, he could point to them in proof. Not that he anticipated this necessity. To be sure, his people had once regarded the possibility of a resurrection as, to say the least of it, antecedently improbable. They had even refused to accept his authentic letters, written on the actual paper of a temperance hotel, as sufficient proof of it. He had not altogether blamed them for their Sadducean attitude, being a little sceptical himself.

Nevertheless, the resurrection was an accomplished fact. There had been a woman in it. She was to have been his wife if she had lived. But she had not lived, and her death was the one episode as to which he had been reticent. She was the sort of woman who drive men to drink by marrying them; for she had a face like an angel and a tongue like a two-edged sword, sheathed in time of courtship. Dying, in some strange and spiritual way she kept him straight. The miracle had happened so long ago that it had passed into the region of things unregarded because admitting of no doubt. He had never been what you might call a confirmed drunkard,—he hadn't been steady enough for that,—and fifteen years of incontrovertible sobriety had effaced the fitful record of his orgies. So it never occurred to him now that his character could be regarded otherwise than with the confidence accorded to such solid and old-established structures as the

Church or Bank. He dreaded no shrinking in the eyes of the three women he had come to see. But supposing—merely supposing—anything so unlikely as a mental reservation or suspension of judgment on their part, there was that solid pile of dollars at his back for proof. And because the better part of five million dollars cannot be produced visibly and bodily at a moment's notice, and because the female mind has difficulty in grasping so abstract an idea as capital, he had brought with him one or two little presents,—tangible intimations, as it were, of its existence.

He had had two hours to spare at Liverpool before his train left Lime Street. They had flown in the rapture of his shopping. To follow his progress through Castle Street and Bond Street, the casual observer would have deemed him possessed by a blind and maniac lust of miscellaneous spending. But there had been method in that madness, a method simple and direct. He had stalked first of all into a great silk-mercier's and demanded a silk suitable for an old lady, a satin suitable for a young lady, another satin for a lady—not so young. Then, suddenly remembering that his mother used to yearn even in widowhood for plum colour, while Minnie (who was pretty and had red hair) fancied a moss-green, and Kate (who was not pretty) a rose-pink, he neither paused nor rested till he had obtained these tints. Lace too—his mother had had a perfect passion for lace—un-

satisfied because of its ideal nature—a lace of her dreams. He had decided on one or two fine specimens of old point. He supposed this would be the nearest approach to the ideal, being the most expensive. Then he had to get a few diamond pins, butterflies, true-love knots, and so on, to fix it with. And while he was about it, a diamond necklace, and a few little trifles of that sort for Minnie and Kate. Then their figures (dimly dowdy) had come back to him across the years, one plain, the other pretty but peculiar. He accounted for that by remembering that Kate had been literary, while Minnie was musical.

So he had just turned in at a bookseller's and stated that he wanted some books—say about twenty or thirty pounds' worth. The man of books had gauged his literary capacity in a glance, and suggested that he had better purchase the *Hundred Best Books*. "Well," he had said (rather sharply, for time was getting on), "I reckon I don't want any but the best." In the same spirit he had approached the gentleman in the pianoforte emporium and ordered a Steinway Grand to be forwarded when he knew his permanent address. For as yet it was uncertain which county contained it, that princely residence—the old manor-house or baronial hall—in which henceforth they would live together in affluence. He didn't exactly see them there, those three queer, dowdy little women. God forgive him, it was his fault if they went

shabby. He remembered how they used to stint themselves, eating coarse food and keeping no servant, so that Kate had never any time for her books nor Minnie for her music. He would change all that now.

As he walked on he dreamed a dream.

In the foreground of his dream (rich parqueterie) three figures went to and fro, one adorable in plum colour and point lace; one, the one with the red hair, still beautiful in green; and one, not beautiful, but—well—elegant in pink. Now he saw a dining-room sumptuously furnished, a table white with silver and fine linen, and the same figures sitting at it, drinking champagne and eating the fool messes that women love to eat, queer things cooked in cream, and ice-puddings, and so on. And now it was a lofty music-room, and Minnie taking the roof off with one of her *So-nahters* on the Steinway Grand; and now a library (the *Hundred Best Books* had grown into a library), and Kate, studious, virgin, inviolate in leisure. Then slap through it all went the little mother driving in her own carriage, a victoria for fine weather, a brougham for wet. Somewhere on the outskirts of his dream (moorland for choice) there hovered a gentleman in shooting clothes, carrying a gun, or on the uttermost dim verge, the sky-line of it, the same vague form (equestrian) shot gloriously by. But he took very little interest in him.

Ah, there were the cross-roads and the Bald-faced Stag at the corner. Not a scrap

changed since the last time he visited it—day when he rode the Major's roan mare straight through the saloon bar into the bowling-alley. Did it for a bet, and won it too, and bought his mother a stuffed badger in a glass case with the money, as a propitiatory offering. Only another mile.

His road ran into the lighted High Street, through a black avenue of elms as through a tunnel. Reality assailed him with a thousand smells. No need to ask his way to the North End.

He turned off through an alley into a dark lane bordered with limes. The thick sweet scent dropped from the trees, a scent dewy with the childhood of the night. It felt palpable as a touch. It was as if he felt his mother's fingers on his face, and the kisses of his innocent girl-sisters.

He went slowly up the lane towards a low light at the end of it. At the corner, where it turned, was a small house black with ivy and fenced with a row of espalier limes. The light he made for came from the farthest window of the ground-floor. Through a gap in the lime fence he could see into the room.

The house was sunk a little below the level of the lane, so that he seemed to be looking straight down into a pit of yellow light hollowed out of the blackness. Two figures sat

knitting at the window on the edge of the pit. His mother and Kate. A third, in the centre of the light, leaned her elbows on the table and propped her head in her hands. He knew her for Minnie by her red hair. Beyond them a side window was open to the night.

There were two ways by which he could approach them. He could go boldly in at the iron gate and up the flagged path to the front door. Or he could go round to the side, up the turning of the lane, where the garden wall rose high, into the back-garden. Thence, through a thick yew arch into a narrow path between the end of the house and the high wall. By the one way they would be certain to see him through the front window. By the other, he would see them (through the side window) without being seen. Owing to a certain moisture and redness about his mouth and nose he was not yet quite ready to be seen. Therefore he choose the side way. Sitting on a garden seat in the embrasure of the arch, he commanded a slanting but uninterrupted view of the room and its inmates.

There, in the quiet, he could hear the clicking needles of the knitters, and the breathing of the red-haired woman. And he longed with a great longing for the sound of their voices. If one of them would only speak!

III.

"The question is"—it was and her tone suggested that the red-haired girl who spoke, the silence marked a lull in

some debate—"How much do you mean to advance me this year from the housekeeping?"

The younger of the two knitters answered without looking up.

"I've told you before; it depends upon circumstances."

"I see no circumstances."

"Don't you? I thought it was you who were so sure about Stephen's coming home?"

"That makes no difference. If he doesn't come, I shall go away. If he does, I shall go away and stay away. In that case I shall want more money, shan't I? not less." Minnie dug her sharp elbows into the table and thrust out her chin.

"You'll have to want," said Kate. "You know perfectly well that if he is here none of us can go away. We must keep together."

"Why must we?"

"Because it's cheaper."

"And suppose I choose to go? What's to keep me?"

"To keep you?"

"I see. You mean there won't be a penny to keep me?"

Kate was silent.

"If it hadn't been for Stephen I could have kept myself, long ago—by my music. That's what I wanted."

"Well, you didn't get what you wanted. Women seldom do."

"I want to go to the Tanquerays. There's no reason why I shouldn't get that."

"You can't go to the Tanquerays as you are."

Minnie gazed at her clothes, then at her reflection in an opposite looking-glass.

She wore a shabby low-necked

gown of some bluish-green stuff, with a collar of coarse lace; also a string of iridescent shells. Under the flame of her hair her prettiness showed haggard and forlorn.

"Yes, you may well look at yourself. You must have new things if you go. That means breaking into five pounds."

Minnie's eyes were still fixed on her face in the looking-glass.

"It would be worth it," said she.

"It might be, if you stopped five months. Not unless."

"Look here, Kate. It's all very well, but I consider that the house owes me that five pounds. Mayn't I have it, Stephen or no Stephen?"

"It's no use asking me now. It will depend on Stephen."

"And Stephen, I imagine, will depend on us."

"Probably. Do you hear what Minnie says, mother?"

The old woman's hands knitted fiercely, while her sharp yellow face crumpled into an expression half peevish, half resigned.

"I hear what you both say, and I think I've got enough to worry me without you talking about Stephen coming home."

Her voice was so thin that even Minnie, not hearing, had missed the point. As for the man outside, he was still struggling with emotion, and had caught but a word here and there.

Kate's voice was jagged like a saw and carried farther. It was now that he really began to hear.

"Do you suppose he's made any money out there?"

"Did you ever hear of Stephen making money anywhere?"

"If he has, he ought to be made to pay something to the housekeeping. It's only fair."

"If he's made anything," said Minnie, "he's spent it all. That's why he's coming. Look at the supper!"

The table before her was laid for the evening meal. She pointed to the heels of two loaves, a knuckle of ham, a piece of cheese, and some water in a glass jug. Oatmeal simmered on a reeking oil-stove in a corner of the room.

"How much will it cost to keep him?"

Kate's narrow peaked face was raised in calculation. Kate's eyes became mean homes for meaner thoughts of which she was visibly unashamed.

"Ten shillings a-week at the very least. Fifty-two weeks—that's twenty-six pounds a-year. Or probably fifteen shillings—a man eats more than a woman, at any rate more butcher's meat—that's thirty-nine pounds. That's only what he *eats*," she added significantly. "*What* did you say, mother?"

The old lady raised her voice, and the man outside took hope. "I say I think you're both very unfeeling. For all you know, poor fellow, he may be quite reformed."

"He may be. I know the chances are, he won't," said Kate.

"How do you know anything about it, my dear?"

"I asked Dr Minify. He has a wide enough experience of these cases."

Minnie turned fiercely round.

"And what made you go and blab to him about it? I think you might wash your dirty linen at home."

"It's only what you'd have done yourself."

"Not to him."

"Why not?"

There was terror in Minnie's face. "He knows the Tanquerays."

"Well—it's your own fault. You went on about it till it got on my nerves, and the anxiety was more than I could bear. The porridge will be boiling over."

"Well?"

"Well, I can't mind porridge and my knitting at the same time."

Minnie threw herself back, pushing her chair with her feet. She rose and trailed sulkily across to the stove. As she moved, a wisp of her red hair, loosened from its coil, clung to her fallow neck. She was slipshod and untidy.

She removed the porridge abstractedly. "What did he say?" she asked.

"He was extremely kind and sympathetic. He treated it as a disease. He said that in nine cases out of ten recovery is impossible."

"Well, I could have told you that. Anything more?"

"He says the chances are that he won't hold out much longer; his health must have broken up after all these years. I don't know how I *can* stand it, if it is. When I think of all the things that may happen. Paralysis perhaps, or epilepsy—that's far more likely. He's just the age."

"Is he? How awful! But, then, he'll have to go somewhere. You know we can't have him epilepsing all over the place here."

The old lady dropped her knitting to raise her hands.

"Minnie! Minnie! Have a little Trust. He may never come at all."

"He will. Trust *him*."

"After all," said Kate reflectively, "why should he?"

"Why? Why?" The girl came forward, spreading her large red hands before her. "Because we've paid all his debts. Because we've saved money and got straight again. Because we're getting to know one or two decent people, and it's taken us fifteen years to do it. Because we're beginning to enjoy ourselves for the first time in all our miserable lives. Because I've set my heart on staying with the Tanquerays, and George Tanqueray will be there. Because"—a queer fierce light came into her eyes—"because I'm happy, and he means to spoil it all, as he spoilt it all before! As if I hadn't suffered enough."

"You? What have you suffered?" Kate's sharp face was red as she bent over a dropt stitch. Her hands trembled. "You were too young to feel anything."

"I wasn't too young to feel that I had a career before me, nor to care when it was knocked on the head? If it hadn't been for him my music wouldn't have come to an end as it did."

"Your music! If it hadn't been for him my engagement

wouldn't have been broken off—as it was."

"Oh *that*. It was the one solitary good day's work Stephen ever did."

The old lady nodded shrewdly over her needles. "Yes, my dear, you might be thankful for that mercy. You couldn't have married Mr Hooper. I'm afraid he wasn't altogether what he ought to be. You yourself suspected that he drank."

"Like a fish," interposed Minnie.

"I know"—Kate's hands were fumbling violently over her stitch—"but—but I could have reclaimed him."

Her eyes lost their meanness with the little momentary light of illusion.

Minnie laughed aloud. "If that's all you wanted, why didn't you try your hand on Stephen?"

"Don't, Minnie."

But Minnie did. "George Tanqueray doesn't drink; I wouldn't look at him if he did. What's more, he's a gentleman; I couldn't stand him if he wasn't. Catch him marrying into this family when he's seen Stephen."

"Minnie, you are *too* dreadful."

"Dreadful? You'd be dreadful if you'd cared as much for Charlie Hooper as I do for George Tanqueray."

"And how much does Mr Tanqueray care for you?"

A dull flush spread over Minnie's sallow face, her lips coarsened. "I don't know; but it's a good deal more than your Hooper man ever cared for anybody in his life, and if you weren't such a hopeless senti-

mentalist you'd have seen that much. Of course I shan't know whether he cares or not—now."

And she wept, because of the anguish of her thirty years.

Then she burst out, "I *hate* Stephen. I don't care what you say—if he comes into this house I'll walk out of it. Oh, how I hate him!" Her loose mouth dropped, still quivering with its speech. Her face was one flame with her hair.

But Kate was cool and collected.

"Don't excite yourself. If it's only to influence George Tanqueray, he won't come," said Kate.

Then the red-haired woman turned on her, mad with the torture of her frustrate passion.

"He *will* come! He *will* come, I tell you. I've felt him coming. I've felt it in my bones. I've dreamt about it night after night. I've been afraid to meet the postman lest he should bring another letter. I've been afraid to go along the station road lest I

should meet *him*. I'm afraid now to look out of that window lest I should see him standing there with his face against the pane."

She crossed to the window and drew down the blind. For a moment her shadow was flung across it, monstrosly agitated, the huge hands working.

The man outside saw nothing now, but he heard his mother's voice and he took hope again.

"For shame, Minnie, for shame, to speak of poor Steevy so. One would think you might have a little more affection for your only brother."

"Look here, mother" (Minnie again!), "that's all sentimental humbug. Can you look me in the face and honestly say you'd be glad to see your only son?"

(The son's heart yearned, straining for the answer. It came quavering.)

"My dear, I shall not see him. I'm a poor weak old woman, and I know that the Lord will not send me any burden that I cannot bear."

IV.

He crept from his hiding-place out into the silent lane. He had drawn his breath tight, but his chest still shook with the sob he had strangled. "My God!" he muttered, "I'll take off the burden."

Then his sob broke out again, and it sounded more like a laugh than a sob. "The dollars—they shall have them. Every blessed one of the d——d five million!"

He looked at his watch by the light of the gas-lamp in

the lane. He had just time to catch the last train down; time, too, to stop the carrier's cart with the gifts that would have told the tale of his returning.

So, with a quick step, he went back by the way he had come, out of the place where the dead had buried their dead—until the Day of Judgment. And as he went he dreamed no dreams.

But they had the dollars.

MAY SINCLAIR.

AMONG THE FIFE MINERS.

BY KELLOGG DURLAND.

HAVING determined to know more of our miners, not from the standpoint of the employers only, but also, and more particularly, from the standpoint of the men, I assumed the dress of a labourer, took lodgings in a typical miner's house, and threw myself as heartily into the life of the village as was possible under exceptionally favourable circumstances. Experience had taught me that an ordinary inspection and investigation was bound to be superficial, and therefore too inadequate to be of genuine value.

The Aitken Pit is one of the largest and finest in Scotland, employing some eight hundred men. When I sought employment in this pit I frankly shared my confidence with the manager, whose most generous and sympathetic aid enabled me to accomplish in a few months what would otherwise have taken a much longer time. He was willing to give me a chance to work on equal terms with the men; and so long as I continued to do my full share of work he was willing to have me transferred from gang to

gang and shift to shift, and tried at every branch of mining—as a roadsman, drawer, brusher, miner, &c.—until I had been through all departments of the pit.

My time was spent almost entirely with the men. I worked with them; played with them; ate with them; slept with them; went to church with them, went on “jaunts” with them, joined their Union and the Workman's Club. I became, indeed, one of themselves for the time being. When I made up my diaries, I sought quiet away from curious eyes, in the woods and on the hillsides. Aside from the thoughts and theories of the men in regard to their work, their position in the “great social scheme,” their employers, and the world in general, that were naturally revealed to me, there were certain incidents and experiences, in a measure unique, though to the men but the commonplaces of their lives. The following pages constitute a chapter of those experiences in the pit.

THE PIT.

The horn blew six o'clock as we clattered across the railway-bridge, where I vainly tried to scuff over the boards with my

leather-soled shoes in the same noisy fashion as the men whose hobnailed boots scraped and banged against the wood and

iron with the rough ease that betrays long unconscious practice. A straggling procession of coal-blackened men shuffled along the broad road from the pit, slow and careless after the night-shift; another stream of men fresh for the work of the day tended toward the restless, hard-breathing, vomiting Thing, the Aitken Pit. A long cloud of heavy brown smoke from the towering brick chimney stretched strainingly over the fields to the last of the Lomonds, as if to crest old Benarty with a symbol of the workaday world.

The engine that moves the great wheels round which run the cables that support the cages intermittently belched forth heavy, full puffs of steam, that barely blew to the top of the mound of weathering blaë behind the engine-house before being dissipated in the fresh air of the morning. Railway tracks fairly veined the area beneath and around the raised sifting-shed. The loud clanging of hard hammer-strokes against resounding iron, that came from a long, low building not far from the tracks, proclaimed the smithy and machine-shop.

The human current flowed past the flaming forge; it turned in and out among the railway-waggons that stood on the tracks waiting for fresh loads, on under the sifting-shed and up a long flight of iron steps to the pit-head, where, according to my first orders, I was to present myself at a quarter after six. As we neared the top, I realised that a group of girls who stood near it had taken note of the stranger, and

were already surmising who he might be and where he could have come from.

There is something reminiscent of early days in the appearance of the pit-head girls, with their high boots, short skirts encircled by a binding string to prevent their catching, half protected by blackened aprons, and old soiled shawls, tied snugly round their heads and falling loosely over their shoulders. After the first hour of work their faces are covered with the dust that ever blows fiercely through the sifting-shed, stirred to angry restlessness by the powerful ventilating fan whose escaping puffs send eddying whirls outward from the shaft with every ascending cage. For the most part it is heavy work for the girls, pushing and jerking the heavy empty hutches from track to track, hurrying them back to the cages, snibbling the wheels of the loaded ones, dropping nimbly between the moving tubs that look for all the world like miniature railway-waggons, performing their work with tireless dexterity, keeping the whole place in a flutter from early morning till mid-evening, when, according to a factory law that almost suggests a care for these girls, the work is left to those who are better able to perform it through the night. Time was when girls worked in the pits, but now they are only allowed at the pit-head, and the time is coming when even this will not be permitted.

The little tin lamp in my cap—my “bunnet,” as the men say—felt strangely heavy, as if it

would draw my cap over my eyes, and the never-ceasing rattle was bewildering. There was not long to look about, for as one of the cages jarred to the top, and sixteen men jumped out, the manager appeared, and we joined the group awaiting the signal to step in. Caution is the watchword of the pit. Three clamorous strokes announced that men were about to ascend and descend, and a single clank signified that all was ready. The crowd rocked impatiently before the cage during the moment when the gate stood open and the pitheadman held it clear until the signal from below had been given. Then sixteen of us with lowered heads, to escape the low gate, made a quick rush into the gale of ventilating air that is forced down the shaft, and thence through all the pit.

I heard a gruff warning to "grip the bar," and as my fingers grasped the cold, wet rod a shade above our heads, the cage began to drop: fast almost from the start; down, down, down, the air forced below by the powerful fan whistling gaily upon us; then the cage dropped faster, as if to race with the wind; a rough scrape midway down shook the cage like a toy; then it settled into a speedy run, so swift and smooth that there was scarce any perceptible motion. The darkness was blinding. Suddenly there was a strong feeling as if we had stopped, and the next moment were bounding upwards, up, up, and ever so much faster than we had dropped down. What was wrong? No one spoke, yet up

we flew, up into the increasing wind. A sudden burst of light,—but not daylight; another rush, into the lurid glare of a score of tiny reeking lamps, and the cage settled uneasily towards the sump, with a mocking grating as if conscious that a greenhorn had been played a pretty trick and suffered a strange illusion.

"Light your lamp. This way—mind the hutches." He led, and I stumbled after.

Even here, twelve hundred feet down, there was the same deafening, clattering roar as above. Races of six, eight, nine, and ten hutches came rattling out of the black passages, drawn by fast-going ponies guided by a single rope which took the place of reins. Wee boy-drivers, not as high as the undersized ponies some of them, grotesque in their patched muddy clothes, cried in piercingly shrill voices at the animals; deep-chested men shouting back and forth as they rolled the coal-weighted hutches off the rails on to the smooth sheet plates and then on to the cages, or jerked the empty ones back to the rails.

"Follow this man," and without a word my new guide, a grizzled old miner, turned abruptly to the right down a dark passage—a "level"—where the last echoes of the noisy pit bottom were quickly lost, and only the weird babbling swish of an unseen stream and the sucking of the mucky ooze beneath our feet were audible.

Presently there was another turn, this time to the left, followed almost immediately by

a second through a strong wooden trap-door that closed with a prison-dull thud behind us. Here the low roof and lower proppings bent us far forward, and we began a laborious ascent over wet, muddy, slippery rock, with numerous small pools through which we splashed in silence. Occasionally when the sickening reek of the lamps, his burning oil and mine tallow, blew persistently into my face, filling my mouth and nostrils with a nauseating odour, I rolled against the soppy wall, and sometimes crashed my head with discomforting force against the roof. At the end of 250 yards we reached an open area high and wide, and in every detail a second bottom. Here I was handed over to the section "gaffer," with whom I began another and longer climb, which must have taken near a quarter of an hour.

The road was up two "wheel-braes" that are made perilous by fast-running cable-hutches.

The weight of six full hutches descending is balanced by six empty hutches that are attached to the other end of the cable, and are thus hurried to the top. Twice we had to take refuge in manholes, and both times the gaffer spoke pleasantly enough of his experience of fifty years in the pit, and pointed out certain dangers that I should constantly guard against. Even by the murky light of the lamps in our bonnets I could catch the laughing twinkle under the shaggy eyebrows and behind the strong lines of relaxed sternness; for in spite of my old clothes and my blue flannel shirt, in spite even of my workman's gravat carelessly thrown round my neck (previously arranged with the most consummate care as a matter of fact), and my tin tea-flask and "piece"-box carried so indifferently, there was no disguising the fact that whatever else I might have been I never before had been a pitman.

THE ROADS MAN.

The first task given me was with a small gang of roadsmen, to remove a heavy fall of rock from an old wheel-brae which had been out of use for a long time, and was about to be used again. Roadsmen are generally all-round practical men, who can turn their hands to anything, and their work is various. Sometimes they are platelayers, sometimes joiners, again they are brushers or repairers—in short, a roadman must be prepared to over-

come any obstacle that may be met with in making ready a section, or part of a section, for the miners who hew the coal from the rock. Some tons of rock had dropped from the roof, completely blocking the brae for nearly twenty yards; the old props had been demolished, and there was nothing left but *débris*.

The work of smashing the rocks into manageable bits that could be removed in a "bogey" and stowed away in an old

"waste"—a place from which the coal has been previously removed—occupied us for several days. Some of the stones, which for the others were not difficult to lift, proved awkward in my unaccustomed hands, and many of the rocks were sharp-cornered and cut. Every two or three yards it was necessary to put up prop-pings to make ourselves secure, and this introduced the joiner-work. Heavy bars or beams had to be fitted across the roof with the ends resting in the coal, which, as it happened, formed the walls on both sides, and larch-trees wedged tightly in from below. It was rough, unfinished work, like most work in the pit, and I venture to suggest that much of the roughness characteristic of miners comes from the fact that there is so little polishing in their lives. A passage is never swept clean, a prop is never fitted with exactness; appearances count for nothing, so long as the work is strong and safe. They start work on the fore-shift *about* 6.15, stop for their breakfast *about* "half-ten," and quit work *about* a quarter after two. Only the enginemen must be exact.

"Bill," shouted Jim, the grey old-school miner who appeared to have me in charge—among the men I was never anything but Bill, indeed that was almost all they knew about me—"Bill, saw off about twa inches fro' yon tree—I'll hold it for ye."

I began with feverish haste, which resulted in the saw jumping from the groove and tearing across the forefinger of my left hand. It wasn't the cut

that I feared, only that Jim might have seen my clumsiness: with all the strength I could muster I clutched the tree, so as to repress the bleeding as much as possible, and so that the few drops of escaping blood might trickle from underneath the tree and away from his sight. Jim was a typical pitman of the better class. For forty-nine years he had worked at the coal, and as he had been steady and saving all his days, he had no reason to dread the coming of old age. The winter of life never looks bleak and moory to men like Jim. He worked quickly, and when he was puffed into an honest sweat he would stop for a "blow." Jim, like myself and most roadmen, was an *oncost* man—that is, he worked "on the company's time" at so much per shift: hewers are paid by the ton; drawers, who draw the coal away from the face, by section contractors who receive a bargained-for sum per score of hutches drawn, the price varying according to the distance and difficulty, some roads being much harder than others. On the whole the men at the face, who are paid by the ton, make more than the oncost men, but the latter have the advantage of being able to work, as they put it, "according to their wages." Once and awhile they lose an hour or two owing to the stupidity or carelessness of some other body, as when a lot of trees and bars needed in a "wooding" operation are marked, for instance, "Campbell's No. 2" (which was where we were working during these first

days), and they are switched off to "Spion Kop" or "Meek's Level."

Once Jim saw me rise up in a forgetful moment and knock my head rather solidly against the roof.

"Ye'll be sair th' morn's mornin', Bill."

"Ay," I replied in *my* broadest Scots, as cheerily as I could under the circumstances, "but bide a wee and I'll be a' richt."

All through the long hours there was never any respite from the terribly cramped position. To stand straight one must needs lie down as it were, and the strain told. When the rocks and stones had been cleared away there was always a mass of small stuff which had to be shovelled into the bogey, and to toss nearly half a ton at a stretch was sore work for one's back. But the cheeriness of the men was always a help. Those who can sing at their work, and sometimes the words of a popular song or an old familiar Scottish ballad came out of the darkness at most unexpected moments. One morning as I was making my way along a lengthy level whistling to myself the refrain of "Sweet Genevieve," some one, so far ahead that I could not catch the faintest gleam of the lamp that I knew full well he must have, caught up the melody, and out of the lugubrious gloom came the faint, silvery echo, like sounds sent back by some eerie spirit of the earth's depths. A good song not only means a light heart, but it makes the very work seem lighter. The men have divined

this, possibly subconsciously; and though a quarter of a mile below the waving grain that in summer greets them like a smile from heaven as they come out of the depths, they make the ancient rocks re-echo with the sounds of their voices as well as with the music of their industry. But while singing is so common a feature, a ringing laugh is seldom heard, probably because conversation generally takes a serious turn.

When the stones had all been cleared away we transformed ourselves into a gang of platelayers, and worked with a speed that was surprising. With absolutely no knowledge of the matter, I had fancied this piece of work one for experts; but as fast as the sleepers could be brought up and the rails procured the ground was cleared, the hollow places raised with quickly made wedges, the bulging places brought down with a pick, and the tracks laid. An inspector comes round once a-day, and unlike inspectors and gaffers in other parts of the world, he usually bids the men stop a few minutes for a smoke, and a brief friendly chat ensues. There is almost a code or convention as to the treatment of visitors in the pit, though they be but ordinary miners from an adjoining section. It is considered the proper thing to stop for a "wee puff" at least. As for myself, I never appreciated a pipe before; but in the pit a pipe was a priceless blessing, less as an end than as a means. A smoke meant a rest. In pits where there is fire-damp and gas, smoking is not permitted;

but there is not supposed to be any gas in the Aitken, and the stolen minutes when we sat on the damp cold rock or on the warm small coal, and puffed at our blackened "cutties," stand out like oases of refreshing delight.

THE DRAWER.

One morning the gaffer met me at the bottom and told me that I must go on to the drawing. Drawing was the hardest work in the pit according to the men, so that I received my orders with a slight qualm. On long wheel-braes, where there is a distinct gradation the endless cable system is used for running the hutches back and forth, up and down; and on long levels, where it is possible, ponies draw the loaded hutches in long trains or races. Drawers push the hutches, one at a time, from the face where they are filled to the main levels or wheel-braes, where they are formed into races and sent to the bottom.

There were forty ponies in the Aitken Pit, and wonderfully intelligent beasts they were. Many of them came from Norway. Once taken into the pit some of them spend all their lives in the darkness. They become accustomed to the roads they travel, and in a very short time are able to go trotting over the roughest places at a smart pace which occasionally breaks into a gallop. When they near the bottom they are trained to leap aside at the moment they are freed from the hutches, and let the heavy load rumble past at a rate that would mean death to the animal that delayed the fraction of a moment in stepping over the

rails. But most wonderful of all are the thieving ponies, which show their fondness for food and drink by learning to open the piece-boxes of the men and eating the bread and jam or cheese, or the still cleverer ones that uncork the flasks and drain them to the last drop. When first I heard these stories I was sceptical, but it was not long ere I became convinced of their truth. One man lost his piece-box, and, after accusing his neighbours of playing him a mean practical joke, went home hungry. The next morning a pony was seen to leave his stall with an empty piece-box, which was duly dropped at the very spot where on the previous day the victim had left his breakfast.

When the man with whom I was to work appeared, I followed toward the ever-increasing heat for nearly two hundred yards, where the men were working naked to the waist, their streaming bodies streaked and begrimed with coal-dust, which permeated all the atmosphere, till they seemed little like men. Breathing was an effort, in spite of the current of air that passed through the passage. The monotonous click of the picks against the resisting coal fell on the ear like sounds from an unreal world, while from a distance the men, who crouched or knelt before the

grim wall which they attacked with the brutal force of automatons, looked like creatures damned for their sins, the muttered "T-s-s-t—t-s-s-t, sish-s—sish-h, t-s-s-t," coming from between their half-closed teeth with machine-like regularity.

An empty hutch weighs nearly 500 lb. In appearance it is like a small railway coal-waggon. An average load is from half a ton to 1200 lb. of coal: 1400 or 1500 lb. is a fairish load for a muscular man.

I started on my first trip. First a dead level, followed by a slight rise, another short level, then an abrupt fall, not sufficiently abrupt to be characterised as steep, but so inclined that it would have sent an unrestrained or unbalanced car forward at a bounding rate that would have caused it to leave the rails at the first bend, of which there were several. It took every particle of my strength to mount the first incline, and with a sense of relief I felt the forward end drop as I gripped the other to hold it back. An uneven bit of rock caused my foot to trip over a sleeper, the hutch gained in speed till I was jerked off my feet. The hot air cooled as I was dragged on with quickly increasing speed faster and faster. I struggled with might and main to hold back, but it was useless. The thing had gained a terrible headway; by great leaps and bounds I went stumbling into the nothingness ahead at a mad pace: my lamp was blown out before twenty yards had been covered, and there flashed a picture of the 160 or more

yards to go: clinging desperately, as if for my life, my weight, hanging all too loose on the end of the runaway hutch, barely balanced it to the rails. If I rose to three-quarters my height I knew I would crash against the stone roof with terrific force; if I let go, a hard tumble would be inevitable. Not knowing what was in front was terrible, and the thought of reaching the end of the level, where men, ponies, and long races were passing with every few seconds, was sickening, as with crouching leaps we—the hutch and I—went careering on, till with a joyous thrill I found it coming more and more under my control, and at last it rolled gently on to the switch, as if the whole run had been just as usual. Every muscle in my body felt pulled out, and my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth like dry leather. There was naught to do but relight my lamp, get behind an empty, and laboriously push it back to the face. How my legs stiffened and ached under the strain! My breath came in wheezes, and every pore seemed a tiny spring. With greater determination I started upon the second trip, when to my unaffected horror it was the same madcap rush over again—only worse. My fingers would not act, my strength seemed to be running like the sweat from every limb. How the hutch kept the rails throughout that breathless, perilous run I shall never know. The heat was cruel. With violently trembling hands I grasped my flask and swallowed a mouthful of tea,

lukewarm but refreshing. My lips were like blotting-paper.

Until now my mate, a broad-shouldered fellow with herculean biceps and chest, had not spoken a word, but as he passed he said lightly—

“After my first shift on this job I thought I was dead.”

With this encouragement I again started to the top with an empty. The hutch caught on the plates, and I had difficulty in getting it on to the rails. A pony-driver, a boy who looked more like an imp, pushed me aside, and the quickness with which he set it right showed that he had learned the trick. I don't know the lad, they called him Dick, but again and again during the day he gave me a friendly lift without uttering a word. Then and there I registered a vow that if Dick and I ever meet under altered circumstances I will spare absolutely nothing to do him a good turn. I remember him with deepest gratitude, for his was the only substantial sympathy I got.

As I bent over that next tub on the up journey the flame of my lamp curled down and licked the ends of my hair that had escaped the protection of my cap. I heard it crackle as it singed, and I smelt it, but dared not take a hand from the heavy hutch lest it roll back upon me.

At the top my mate was called away for a moment, and as I saw him disappear in the distance, with an indescribable sensation of relief I sank across the tracks and let my head rest on an iron rail. It was so rest-

ful—I could have slept! The drowsiness was pleasant; I wanted to yield to it. Then came the thought of my reputation among the men, and with a genuine laugh I sprang to my feet, determined to get some fun out of my job.

When we started a third time my heart was light, and the idea proved excellent. That reckless race in the dark was the most thrilling sport I ever had. The hutch kept the rails, I steadied it hard, and enjoyed the whole run hugely. But, alas! the next time, about half-way down, when I had begun to feel myself safe and happy, there was a sudden scraping, a wild leap from the rails, the coals spilled, my lamp flew out of my bonnet, and I was thrown violently against the hutch, which had nearly turned on end. In the flashing second that followed there was a simultaneous sensation of being pinned to the roof and crushed under the hutch as it righted itself empty of its load. As a matter of fact, both things *almost* happened, but neither quite.

Slowly the long day wore on, and I managed to worry through with it. The road grew familiar, the heat became less cruel, and with frequent mouthfuls of bitter tea the task came to be less hard than it had seemed at first. The deepest shaft has its sump, and when the call came that it was “lowsing” time there was a grim satisfaction in knowing that the “sairrest brae in the pit” had not proved “ower hard” for one not of mining stock.

AT THE FACE.

When I got to the "face" I began to think myself a qualified collier, for that was the last phase of actual mining, the place where most of the money is earned, and it is the work which to the uninitiated constitutes mining. The first place that I was sent to was at the top of Spion Kop, a long hard brae, which at the end of the shift was almost as hard to traverse as the work of the shift had seemed while I was at it. It certainly took nearly as much out of me. When I went to the face I went on to the "back-shift," which extends from a quarter after two to a quarter after ten. In the north of England the men who work the coal have a six-hour day, but in Scotland the eight-hour day is still universal.

The two systems of mining now employed are known as the "bord-and-pillar" and the "long-wall," of which the latter is by far the commoner, and all the time that I was at the face I worked the coal "long-wall." The word practically explains its own meaning. Instead of the seam of coal being followed along a narrow working, it is attacked broadside as it were, and perhaps thirty yards worked by a line of men ten or twelve yards apart. By certain arrangements, in the former method the miner not only gets the coal but makes all proppings and repairs; so that the face moves much more slowly than with the other method, where the hewers devote all their time to getting the coal, and merely

stop to make themselves secure with single sprags or tree proppings, and another corps of men attend to the rest of the work. It is generally considered safer to have the face move quickly, and as the men are paid by the tons they take out, the company now pays 1s. 4½d. for every square permanent pillar that they put up—a piece of work that may take an hour.

In the Aitken it was customary for a certain number of men to change from the fore-shift to the back-shift on alternate weeks; so it happened that as I rounded the head of Spion Kop on that memorable first night, puffed out of breath with the hard pull, I heard the surprised voice of roadsman Jim—

"Hi, Bill! are ye gaun to get at the coals, laddie?"

Jim had long been on the day-shift regularly until now; but as he had come to work in another part of the pit, he had found it necessary to accept the change-about system. I felt better to know that he was about, for I knew that he would give me advice when I needed it. When he heard where I was to work he merely said—

"Watch yersel', Bill, or ye'll bring the coals doon' o' top o' ye."

I should have heeded the warning; but I did not grasp its full significance until an hour or so later, when I did bring the coals down atop of me. At the long-wall the face is first "holed"—that is, the

very bottom of the coal hard against the pavement of rock is hewn out, leaving the great mass of coal hanging, with a clear space of three or four inches between it and the ground. The coal is then hewed down, or in places where it is solid it is shot down with gunpowder; and part of the art of mining is in knowing when one has holed sufficiently far in without tumbling the bank of coal down before one has got safely away. At the spot where I was working the seam was five feet high; but it was only a shaking up that I got, that reminded me of Jim's warning for the future. Sometimes serious accidents occur in this way, when the men in their anxiety to make a good wage don't stop to make themselves secure with sprags and props for which they receive nothing. In pits where big coal is mined the holing is done at the top hard against the roof, and the coal is then hewed down in great chunks.

That day for the first time I lifted a pick to strike in earnest, and frankness compels me to admit that I made very clumsy work of it. The coal was hard, and did not yield to my repeated strokes; the pick-handle jarred against my palms till they swelled, blistered, and finally bled. When I gripped the shovel to fill the coal into the hutches it was with a genuine sense of relief. My! how we worked that evening! At a quarter after six we stopped for our pieces, but in a quarter of an hour we were at work again. Hutch after hutch was filled and rolled into

the darkness by the drawers, the perspiration trickled in black rivulets from my head and arms, painful kinks caught me in the back; but as the others kept on shovelling, so I kept on. One man kept hewing away at the coal, bringing down whole hutch-loads at a time from places where it had been previously holed. At last, when the shift was nearing an end, the drawers counted up the tally, and it was found that we had sent out about five tons per man. Five tons is an average shift in the Aitken, and while I was outdistanced every time at the hewing by the experienced men, owing to the skill that is born only of practice and that is essential, at the filling I could always hold my own, and send out from ten to fourteen hutches a shift. During the first three days my hands were in a pretty bad condition, being torn and skinned and swollen a good deal; but after the third shift the hardening process set in, and they gradually lost their soreness. The strain of so much unaccustomed muscular fatigue began to tell upon my system, but this was not serious; and as the muscles became tougher, there were no effects of overstrain, and the work settled to a dull sodden routine that demanded sheer strength and dogged effort, tiring, but never so exhausting as the drawing nor so dangerous as the brushing.

Soft coal was mined at the Aitken. The black dust coated the men inside and out. We spat black at the face. The broken rays of the bad-smelling

lamps gleamed weirdly against the strata of shining mineral, that ever and anon crackled ominously as it worked loose of the pressure that had packed it together for an æon or more. One night the air grew hot and heavy; there must have been a fall on one of the air-current levels, for all that drifted to our far corner stifled rather than refreshed us. Suddenly

the lamps grew dim; my neighbour reached for his oil-flask, but his lamp was nearly full. The yellow flames flickered a lurid red, turning to a leaden blue, at times approaching a phosphorescent green. Then we knew there was gas. Some one snatched a jacket and flecked it right and left till it was completely dissipated, when the lamps flared up once more.

THE END OF THE SHIFT.

The merriest quarter of an hour in the day is often that at the pit-bottom when the men are waiting for the cage to carry them to the top. Hour after hour all through the weary days the cages rattle up and down the shaft with the coal, four hutches at a time, 1600 tons a-day. Sharply at a quarter-past two the iron signal clanks, and the men who have been gathering for some minutes rush with light if not buoyant steps towards the shaft. The open area known as the bottom fairly blazes with murky light, and from far down the distant passages come the bobbing lamps of men, will-o'-the-wisp-like, in straggling procession. Once and awhile, when the men are in the mood, they break into song as they are gathering in the bottom; and to one who has heard the chorus of those mud-covered, coal-besmirched men letting their lusty voices ring out on the catchy strains of a favourite air, recollections of the pit can never remain all shadow. One of the bottomers, whose business it was to pull

the empty hutches from the cages as they reached the bottom and push on the full ones, had a famous tenor voice, and to hear his clear musical notes ringing out with distinct sweetness above the crunching, jarring rattle that never ceased for a moment was not to be forgotten. The one-time popular ballad, "White Wings," thus sung, seemed to express a certain longing for an outlook on a broader world than they, poor cramped miners, knew aught of, as if an innate something was feeling the narrowness of its life and cried out for a boundless freedom. In the abysmal depths of the Aitken Pit 800 men are working out their lives. Their work is labour that costs hard sweat, and though they feel themselves slaves of the lamp, even as their fathers before them were serfs of the soil, they extract as much joy from life as they may, and to many of them the ideals they never realise and the pleasures they never taste are sung with spirit in the ballads of their fighting, loving sires or the songs of the

passing hour. So it was when the great bottomer sang the words—

“Sail home! as straight as an arrow
My yacht shoots along on the crest of
the sea.
.

High up where cliffs they are craggy,
There's where the girl of my heart
waits for me.”

Then came the deep-throated chorus from the crowd of rough workers, fairly drowning the boisterous noise of the pit:—

“White wings, they never grow
weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea;
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail
home to thee.”

The song ended, the roar of iron goes on till the signal is given from the pit-head. A small coupler, surely not more than four feet high, who has been performing his work of coupling the hutches into races with extraordinary quickness and dexterity, shrilly cries out, “Wha's last?” Men entering the bottom shout the same query, “Wha's last?” and peer into the surging crowd till one calls back, “Follow me.”

“Cry the bend,” orders one from the midst of the crowd. “One,” “twa,” “three”—and so on to eight, while across the shaft another eight are being tolled out. It is a puzzling proceeding. Each man as he turns the bend in the passage that leads to the open bottom follows the man who immediately preceded him, and hence his number is called the bend. As the first cage arrives with its sixteen men fresh for the next shift there is a tinny

rattle of tea-flasks and piece-boxes as the men prepare to spring on to the cage. Once on, we all grip the bar as in descending,—suddenly the cage starts, up it leaps, up into the teeth of the fresh air which, in running against it, becomes a gale. Nearly every lamp blows out at the start,—one burned uneasily a few seconds, and I could see the unprotected space between the cage and the shaft. A man slipped from an ascending cage about the time I went into the pit, and fell to the bottom, a mangled, lifeless mass. The last lamp became dark, and in the awful blackness of the pit we were drawn with breathless speed toward the top. Two-thirds of the way up there was a jar, a torrent of water appeared to be falling on to the roof of the cage, the cage stopped, then began to drop swiftly, silently down. It was the experience of the descent reversed, owing, I think, to the sudden slacking of speed, which gives the very peculiar sensation of reversing the motion.

A sudden burst of daylight dispels the illusion. Was ever daylight so pure before? Then the sun, the glorious golden sunlight, filling the vale between the hills, caressing the ripening harvests, deepening the green of the woodland. If ever I appreciated the sun it was that moment after my first shift in the pit. Old miners have since told me that the delight of the first plunge out of the darkness into the radiant light of heaven never lessens with years.

THE ANGLO-SAXON SOCIETY WOMAN.

THE subject of these notes is not so much that unapproachable being, the woman who is "in Society," as the phrase goes, but rather the woman who, whether she be a member of any privileged coterie or not, lives *for* society. She may, very possibly, be within the charmed circle; more probably she belongs to the multitudinous band of baffled but undiscouraged *Peris* who are for ever knocking at the gate of that very indefinite Paradise, the smart set. The large majority of people who live for society, and whose ideals, ambitions, and ethical code are regulated by it, are not members of any special caste; although most satirists of the vices and follies of Society (with a large S) write as though they had the aristocracy in their minds, their real aim being to disparage the exclusive. Now Society and the aristocracy, though often confused, are nowadays two totally different things; nor, though the latter doubtless have faults, like any other children of Adam, are their faults specially those that prevail in the world of fashion. Most of them, after all, lead quiet sensible lives like ordinary folk; and there are men and women with the bluest blood in their veins who cannot be said to be "in Society" at all. Possessing all the advantages which birth, training, inherited social aptitudes, and traditions

confer, these are usually the most charming people you can meet; they afford little material for the society paragraphist, and they not unnaturally resent being identified with, as one of their number is said to have expressed it the other day, "those odious people whose names one sees in the newspapers."

Society, no longer, as of old, "the profession of pleasure-seeking," is now rather an ambition, a career which is pursued, not as a source of happiness or enjoyment, but as a means of self-advancement; and the present-day Anglo-Saxon society woman is the natural product of an age when placid joys have ceased to charm, and men and women of the world are tasters rather than drinkers of the wine of life, losing its finer flavours in the ceaseless rush and whirl and change, the idolatry of useless ostentation, and the struggle for social preferment. If a multiplicity of wants and desires, and a discontent that is not exactly divine, be the true test of civilisation, then may the fashionable Eve of our day be regarded as the finest flower of these luxury-loving times; and if we follow the lines of her development, we shall find her symptomatic of much in the world around us. Restless and excitement-seeking, she is the true child of a century that was certainly an age of progress in the sense

that it was for ever on the move. She is filled with worldly ambitions of the social kind; but what she dreads beyond all else is insipidity. The meats provided for her at the feast of life must be many and full-flavoured, even though satiety and mental indigestion bring in the end their inevitable revenges. Life being in her eyes a permanent possibility of sensation, her one aim is to transform the permanent possibility into a continuous actuality—in other words, to cram as many experiences into it as possible. Nothing is more exhausting than the labour of constantly doing nothing, and the appetite of the professional pleasure-seeker needs constant pampering. It was in search of new sensations that we heard of her not long ago picnicing serenely and adorning herself in South African hotels, with carnage around her, and varying the monotony of existence by an occasional jaunt through the hospitals, and making a peep-show of our soldiers' sufferings. She emphatically does not believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive, her principles being frankly hedonistic, and her philosophy the simple one of getting all you can out of life in general, and those around you in particular. Disillusionment and discontentment may be the certain outcome of such an existence, but routine and the commonplace must be avoided at all hazards.

The selfishness of men is a favourite theme among lady writers, and the type of male

egoism usually selected is that of the old club bachelor. But is he, after all, one whit more selfish than the typical modern society woman? No doubt his ideals are not very exalted, but you have only to leave him in peace, let his dinner be well cooked, and give him something to grumble at, and he does nobody any particular harm. He is, at any rate, fairly self-sufficing. Your society-loving woman, on the other hand, needs a whole host of satellites to minister to her pleasures; and it must be admitted that she is apt to be somewhat *exigeante* and that her tastes are terribly expensive. The wife of the late Bishop of London drew attention not long ago to "the woman who *will* have a good time" as a special feature of our day. Such women regard marriage as the antechamber to that larger life when their opportunities for amusement will be increased sevenfold; and the consequence is that the terrors of matrimony bulk larger and larger in men's eyes. What may be termed the social exactions of Beatrice are often a sore trial to the modern Benedick, especially if he happens to be a business or professional man. Your City friend turns up at his office pale and with lack-lustre eye. You ask him what is the matter. "Oh! dinner last night at the Carlton, old chap; theatre, then supper at the Savoy. Dining out and going to a dance to-night. One's got to do it, you know; but it's killing work day after day."

The two prime necessities of so-called smart people are ex-

citement and money. Gambling affords a certain means of obtaining the first, while it holds out alluring promises of the second. In spite of the fascinations of "bridge," smart society probably gambles and bets less than in former days, but Stock Exchange speculation has of late years enormously increased in favour with the fashionable *mondaine*. My halfpenny morning daily, which always devotes a column to the doings of the "upper circles," tells me in capital letters that she spends her mornings with her ear "glued to the telephone," waiting to hear the last price of Rand Mines or "Westralians." I observe, too, that one at least of the ladies' newspapers, supplying probably a long-felt want, now has a financial column where tips to buy Yankee rails and mining shares are spread broadcast. The City invaded society long ago, and the latter is busily engaged in returning the call. For this the recent influx of smart young men into the Stock Exchange is largely responsible. In the daytime they act as "runners," or half-commission agents to stockbrokers, to whom they introduce their fashionable friends, and in the evening they spread tips and a taste for speculation in West End drawing-rooms. Small wonder that the cosmopolitan financier, "that dear Mr Croesus, who controls the market in El Dorados, don't you know?" is so popular in society; and we may be sure he often finds his smart lady friends most useful allies. The petticoated emissary of the company-

monger is by no means unknown in Vanity Fair, and callow youths drink in love and financial tips simultaneously from the lips of fair sirens to their ultimate undoing.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that these smart ladies not infrequently make money out of their speculations, though of course the large majority are losers. More surprising still, perhaps, is the fact that they very often (not always) pay their losses. In any case, this growing craze for gambling among women, with all the obvious evils attending it, is a very serious matter, not only for themselves, but also for their relations. In America it has reached such a pass that the clergy of various denominations have united in a crusade against it. Not very long ago we read in the 'Express' that "there is much cheating in New York at poker and bridge by fashionable matrons," and that Mrs — (the name was given in full) "has invented a score-card designed to circumvent and expose cheaters. It is being generally adopted." Judging from the last sentence, a quiet game of cards in New York society would seem to be quite an agreeable form of diversion.

In former times the leaders of society maintained a sort of dignified aloofness and inaccessibility: they would have deemed it exceedingly bad form to be always strutting before the world's footlights. A certain halo of mystery shrouded their doings from the public gaze. The smart ladies of those

days may have been "artists in egoism"; they were never machines for self-advertisement. Their successors, on the other hand, seem smitten with a perfect mania for notoriety. They must for ever be playing to the gallery. If they saunter in the Row, or go shopping in Bond Street, the fact must be duly chronicled in the fashion columns. They are appraised, like cattle, for their physical qualities. Miss —, I read in my morning paper not long ago, "has a beautiful little face." Another blushing *débutante* was inventoried as the possessor of a "charming little nose and mouth, large soft eyes, and lovely hair." The tastes, talents, and disposition of a third were set out at length. She was devoted to cycling, we read, and other country pursuits: and an astonished world was informed in capital letters that she was "FOND OF MUSIC." The above examples are selected at hazard from a single copy of my halfpenny morning daily, and they could easily be multiplied *ad infinitum*, sandwiched in between paragraphs descriptive of the doings, the dresses, and diamonds of stage beauties and other celebrities.

Suppose, dear lady reader mine—what I do not for one instant imagine to be the case—that you are afflicted with a desire to get on in society; which means, in other words, that you are anxious to make the acquaintance of people who do not wish to know you. Your first step will be to give a large and expensive entertainment, and to hire some titled dame to

invite the guests for you. You will not, of course, have so much as a bowing acquaintance with half the people who crowd your drawing-rooms; but you will be deemed to have achieved an immense success, and next morning we shall read in the newspapers that "Mrs Newlyrich gave a charming party last night; and we may be quite sure that the company was select, because Lady Hard-up arranged the invitations." I remember reading of one such entertainment—said to have cost £4000—where the most minute details were given of the supper-table and its viands, which included, we were told, "hot and cold soups, and hot quails"; of the movements of the guests—how the Duchess of So-and-so looked in for a few minutes, and Mr Snooks, arriving in hot haste from Lady Fitznoodle's rout, had shortly to leave in order to grace with his presence Mrs Spangles' ball, &c. Such details do not appear very interesting, yet they form the chief mental *pabulum* of thousands of newspaper readers.

Nor must it be supposed that these paragraphs are inserted against the wishes of the ladies concerned. On the contrary, they love the publicity and pay for it. The abjectness and the vulgarity of the whole thing never seem to strike their innocent souls. It is well known that some of the clever ladies who "do the Society pars." for the papers make a comfortable income out of their fees for inserting notices of the dresses, appearances, entertainments, &c., of women anxious to ap-

pear in print. The purveying of tittle-tattle is, in fact, becoming a recognised industry in a world where the battle is not so much to the strong as to the best-advertised.

Mr P. G. Hamerton in his 'Human Intercourse' expresses the opinion that incomparably greater than any other pleasure in life is that of sympathetic human intercourse; but he points out that "by far the greater part of what passes for human intercourse is not intercourse at all, but only acting, of which the highest object is to conceal the weariness that accompanies its hollow observances." To many people, indeed, Society, as we understand the word, seems the very antithesis of sociability, and this chiefly on account of its terrific artificiality. Men and women who breathe habitually an atmosphere of social form and convention gradually lose all spontaneity. They are perpetually at war, as it were, with human nature. Sincerity, or what Stevenson calls "truth of intercourse," becomes an impossibility, until at last the artificial seems to be the only true natural. Hence the mincing accent now so common, the strange apish antics, such as the ungainly shoulder-high hand-shake; the conversation adorned and garlanded with strange hothouse flowers of exotic speech, and all the other affectations practised by those who wish to be regarded as the social *élite*. Society has been stage-struck for many years, and its mania for attitudinising is as great as its craze for ad-

vertisement. There is a type of woman, which is growing commoner every day, who lives before a mental looking-glass, as it were, in which she is forever examining herself in order to observe the effect she is producing on others. Naturally prone to self-consciousness, and viewing the world at large from her own personal standpoint as a stage whereon it is her business to appear to the best advantage, she develops into a true "artist in egoism." Her precocity, particularly in matters affecting her worldly interests, is little short of marvellous. At eighteen she has long put off childish things, though at forty she is eager to don them again. Every word, look, attitude, and gesture is studied until her whole life becomes a pose, all that was originally natural or spontaneous in her having been lost in the maze of artificiality in which she lives and moves and has her being. She devours Ibsen and the "psychological" fiction of the day, in which she learns in a confused sort of way that she is a complex enigmatic being, the mysteries, depths, and ramifications of whose nature form a puzzle to the acutest observers; and she not unnaturally deems it her duty to endeavour to live up to the very interesting character with which sex-problem literature has invested her. Fifty years ago these things would never have suggested themselves to her. She would have regarded herself simply as a person endowed, in a greater or less degree, with the ordinary attri-

butes, intelligence, and functions of womanhood; and the last thing she would have thought of would have been the necessity of self-introspection or the examination of her relation to her environment.

It is this growing habit of posturing, the result of the highly artificial life they lead, which, more than anything else, detracts from the charm of many otherwise fascinating Englishwomen. Charm is an indefinable quality, but it is generally agreed to be a gift of nature. "A woman's charm," says M. Maulde de La Clavière in his fascinating 'Women of the Renaissance,' a work that breathes the true spirit of feminism, "depends on her acting spontaneously, even though imperfectly"; and the loss of sincerity is apt to be fatal to it, destroying as it does that sweet sense of graciousness, the magnetism of a sympathetic personality, which is the essence of true feminine charm.

The absence of any bond of union among women by virtue of their sex, their mutual distrust, and the curious underlying antagonism subsisting between them, is a mental phenomenon which has been commented on by many writers. There is certainly no such thing as the sisterhood of woman in the smart world, where everybody in the struggle for social predominance fights for her own hand. The attitude of Mrs Worldly-wise towards her fortunate rivals who have attained success in the fray may be described as one of enmity tempered by

imitation. Well for her if her knowledge of the world and its ways serves to enlarge her mind, to render her a fairly generous opponent, and to judge her fellow-women leniently. Well if she is content to "live and let live," and to forego the fearful joy of mischief-making and sport-spoiling, of stealing husbands or lovers, which for some of her sex exercises so irresistible a fascination.

There is much loose talk in the press and elsewhere of the wickedness of contemporary Society, which is represented as seething with corruption of every kind, while the "morals of the pavement" are even said to prevail among some of its leading members. Such talk, it may safely be said, is grossly exaggerated. Society is rather unmoral than immoral—using the latter word in the absurdly narrow sense which restricts immorality to one particular fault. It is worldly-minded and mercenary enough, in all conscience, and what M. Bourget calls *la dépravation chaste* may possibly be imputed to some of our charming latter-day Pagans; but the variety of the modern fashionable woman's interests and the catholicity of her tastes form a considerable safeguard against the affairs of the heart becoming too engrossing. Love is certainly not her whole existence, nor yet the half of it. Much, indeed, of what passes for love-making in Society is a mere pretence, part of that incurable habit of posing which was alluded to just now. The

superficially emotional woman who frames a mental picture of the world around her, in which she is always the central figure, naturally finds a few adorers necessary for the completion of the *tableau*. She is in reality the reverse of sentimental, though her vanity may invest her with a quasi-romantic atmosphere in her own eyes, just as in motherhood she feels as though a Madonna's halo were encircling her fair brow. Passion, in the vast majority of cases, is a far less potent force with the daughter of civilisation than self-esteem. Her craving is for what is costly and unattainable, her passion the passion for pre-eminence and power.

There are periods, no doubt, when a wave of immorality (again using the word in its restricted sense) seems to sweep over Society—just as at other times it is swept by waves of pedantry, of luxury, or of dilettanteism—but, in spite of all one reads and hears, the present cannot be said to be one of those periods. Society in our day is passing through a wave of gross materialism, for which modern scepticism and the powerful Jewish influences are largely responsible. At a time when the old aristocracy is being elbowed out by cosmopolitan financiers; when, in Lord Rosebery's words, our land is becoming "the playground and the pleasaunce of the plutocrats of all nations," the tendency to judge everything by a monetary standard grows inevitably, and the result is that gradual coarse-

ning of our social life which is now taking place. The true functions of society women are, or ought to be, to refine and elevate the amenities of life; to diffuse a spirit of graciousness, elegance, and charm in human intercourse; but nowadays the smart world is too feverishly strenuous, too much in deadly earnest over the practical business of life, to pay sufficient attention to the arts that polish it. Elegance, no doubt, there is of a sort in it; but it is the elegance of externals rather than essentials, of the garment rather than the wearer, while the *luxure effrénée des femmes*, the extravagance and display of both sexes, which issue in a mad rivalry of ostentation, are gradually ousting true refinement. A certain "pushful" arrogance of demeanour, a studied indifference that sometimes approaches perilously near to insolence, have almost slain good manners. The instinctive courtesy which consists in the avoidance of offence to others, the old stateliness without stiffness, the distinction that is devoid of condescension, yet compels respect by its unconscious dignity—these qualities are growing very rare in the smart world. Of the average *mondaine* it may be said, not so much that her manners are bad, as that she has none. Mark her stare in ball-room or opera: listen to her loud-voiced comments on her neighbours in public places, as though they possessed neither ears nor feelings. Are these things well-bred or womanly, or consistent with that true

politeness which shows itself in making other people feel at their ease?

In our growing Mammon-worship and the consequent vulgarisation of our social life Transatlantic influences are probably much greater than most people imagine. As regards the external garniture of society—its forms, dress, conventions, and the like—America, no doubt, more or less closely adheres to European models, but in more essential matters this country, at any rate, largely takes its cue from the New World. The intimate relations, social and commercial, subsisting between the two peoples; the constant

“exchange of fatted steers,
Chicago pig, and eligible peers,”

as Mr Owen Seaman has it, tend towards a gradual approximation of social habits and ideals, and those of America are undoubtedly now in the ascendant. It is from the United States—*ce pays du toujours trop*, as some witty Frenchman calls it—that we derive, not only our weather and the raw material for many of our noblewomen, but also our growing love of luxury and extravagance, the craze for publicity, the rush and hurry of our social life, its loss of dignity and restraint, and the deification of mere money-bags. And the American woman of fashion, with her keen intelligence and masterful temperament, supreme in her own sphere and with the self-confidence of one accustomed to rule, sets the impress of her

striking personality more and more upon our society. More natural and freer from the trammels of social conventionalities than her British cousin, more direct in speech and action, equally self-conscious, yet, on the whole, less addicted to posturing, she is even more sceptical and more frankly cynical in her utilitarian views of existence. She sees life clearly, and if she does not exactly see it whole, she surveys it more comprehensively, at any rate from a material standpoint, than the Englishwoman. A gulf as of ages seems to divide the youthful Transatlantic *mondaine* from our bread-and-butter misses of a hundred years ago. Alert, versatile, plastic, she is adaptable to any condition of life to which it may please Providence to call her. Her wit sparkles like a diamond, and if the diamond sometimes seem uncut we must not complain. Those steely-blue, quizzical eyes of hers seem to read you through and through, and to fathom—if not the inner workings of your soul (she is probably too sceptical of its existence for that)—at any rate what you are thinking of for the moment. As M. Bourget observes, “*c’est une créature de tête*”: the springs of her action are in her head rather than her heart. She is no society butterfly or fairy; but keen, ambitious, clothed with worldliness as with a garment, she makes a business of her pleasure and regards social intercourse mainly as a means of furthering her own interests.

This intense worldliness, which is permeating the polite circles of Europe, is the very essence and marrow of society in the States. The demon of discontent holds sway there as elsewhere; and in that strange *congeries* of different social elements everybody, democrat and would-be aristocrat alike, treats life in general as a speculation for the rise. The husband slaves day and night in Wall Street or Chicago for the dollars which his smart wife spends abroad, or else competing in the unbridled extravagance of New York or Newport conviviality; and, strange as it may seem, he is content that it should be so. To talk of domesticity in connection with these ladies is to provoke a smile; and Europeans sometimes find it difficult to see "where the turn comes in," to use a homely phrase, in matrimony under such conditions; but if the working partner is satisfied with the arrangement nobody else has a right to complain. He feels, no doubt, that a kind of reflected glory is shed upon him by his better half's brilliance; and M. Paul Bourget is probably right when he says that the American husband of a smart wife regards her as an investment that is expected to return dividends in the shape of social triumphs.

In spite of the strong apparent individuality of American society women, the oppressive uniformity of our modern life has left its mark upon them. Indeed, in the Eastern States, at any rate, they have always

seemed to the writer to converge more towards one common type than the ladies of any other country.

"And if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still;
For, 'Ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge,' he said, 'in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man!'"

Nowhere have I been more impressed with the truth of Tennyson's lines than in New York, where more well-dressed ladies are to be seen than in any other capital of the world, and each member of the fashionable mob is so perfectly groomed that she seems to the casual observer an almost exact *replica* of her neighbour. There is monotony, too, in their methods of speech and conversation, as well as in their gait and erectness of carriage, suggestive of over-rigidity of the spinal column. A friend of the writer once humorously remarked that he always feared that if he fell in love with a New York girl he would be in danger of losing his heart to half the female population, so great is their outward similarity to one another.

Their aims in life, moreover, are almost as identical as their types, being centred on two things—worldly success and self-advancement. Their view of social intercourse is essentially a commercial one; and their translation of the motto *Αἰὲν ἀπιοτεύειν* is, "Always go one better than your neighbour." Hence springs that rivalry in extravagant ostentation which

forms one of the most unpleasant features of society across the Atlantic. It is the cause of much ruin and misery, which occasionally culminate in the suicide of those who have fallen behind in the mad race for pre-eminence in luxurious display, while at best its influence is a profoundly vulgarising one. The "*toujours trop*," or want of sense of proportion in that land of extremes, is brought home to us when we read the descriptions of those tawdry Barnum-like entertainments and social functions, where the fabulous cost of the accessories is advertised in print, each article being inventoried according to its size, weight, and value. One wedding, we were told, cost over \$1,000,000; at another the wedding-cake, stuffed with expensive gewgaws and conveyed on silver tram-lines, weighed a quarter of a ton. Nor can we forget that soul-saddening spectacle of colossal wealth and luxury flaunting themselves in the face of direct misery — the Bradley-Martin ball, given when America was in the deepest distress, when armies of tramps were marching thousands of miles on New York, and churches were filled to overflowing with paupers in search of food and shelter. Small wonder that the phrase "Republican simplicity" seems to have lost all meaning in these days, except as affording American newspapers material for small jests.

Money, as we all know, is the root, not only of evil, but of

pleasure and influence; and the display of wealth is usually a display of power. As Mr Herbert Spencer says, it is intended to subjugate. These givers of colossal parties and fabulously costly entertainments are simply asserting their very real sovereignty in days when the dollar is indeed almighty. They have an eye to business the whole time. The commercial aspect of the thing is everywhere apparent. We read the other day how a bride's mother, herself a millionairess, with true business instincts set herself to avoid the duplication of her daughter's wedding presents; and with this end in view asked all friends "to state their intentions" in the matter of their gifts. Happy "groom," who to a beauteous bride endowed with prospective millions could add a mother-in-law possessed of such thrifty instincts!

Beside the colossal entertainments of American society women the finest efforts, even of the wives of our English parvenus, appear tame and insignificant; but the spirit that animates them is the same. We have caught the craze for publicity which prevails in a country where, if a society *belle* buys a new ball-dress, or a speculator decorates his house in Fifth Avenue, the fact must be advertised in the newspapers; and the various commercial features of American social life are being faithfully reproduced in the cosmopolitan Vanity Fair of London. The pessimism of those early Victorians who foretold the vulgarisation of the

smart world, which they said would ensue from the advent of the money power and the reign of the shopocracy, has been justified by the event. Society, in the larger sense of the word, has not fallen to pieces, as was feared by some timid persons, nor has the polite world quite gone to the dogs; but fashionable life has certainly changed its quality, while philosophers, essayists, and men of action unite in condemning its mercenary tendencies. Mr Lecky in his 'Map of Life' denounces that "ostentation of wealth and luxury which has a profoundly vulgarising and demoralising influence upon Society"; and he discerns in the stimulation of class hatreds and divisions, owing to "the colossal waste of the means of human happiness in the most selfish and vulgar forms of social advertisement and competition," a menace to the whole future of our civilisation. Lord Charles Beresford, as becomes a sailor, speaks out more bluntly on the subject. "British Society," he not long ago told the readers of the 'North American Review,' has been eaten into by the canker of money. "From the top downwards the tree is rotten. Beauty is the slave of gold, and Intellect, led by Beauty, unknowingly dances to the strings which are pulled by Plutocracy." We may fairly hope that things are not quite so bad as that; but the chorus of condemnation seems becoming pretty general. One writer, a lady, who writes with some

authority on such matters, thinks that there is only one thing to be done with this Society—namely, to bury it. Other people, viewing the matter from a different standpoint, are less impressed with the rottenness or immorality of the smart world than with its hopeless vulgarity; and it certainly forms a not unamusing study to the cynical onlooker. If some twentieth-century Teufelsdröckh could mount his watch-tower in Mayfair or Belgravia during the early summer months, what a fermenting-vat of petty rivalries and jealousies, entertainment-competitions, matrimonial anglings, sordid intrigue, and pitiful ambitions he would look down upon! Mankind are judged best by their ideals,—a snob, according to Thackeray, is one who meanly admires mean things,—and the very unexalted ideals set up by the smart set in these days enable us better than anything else to form a true estimate of its character.

For the existing state of things in society its women must be held mainly responsible. They are its rulers; it is for, and by virtue of, them that what is called the smart world exists. Their influence is supreme in social life, gives it its tone, regulates its amenities, and lowers or elevates its moral standard. It may not be always true that nations perish from the top downwards, but the frivolity and prodigality of the pleasure-seeking rich may go a good way towards under-

mining that national character which is the only solid foundation of our greatness, while, as Mr Lecky points out, they certainly deepen class hatreds and divisions.

"Gold and pleasure," says M. La Clavière, "were the deities to whom we owe the charming eighteenth century." But, he reminds us, they also brought about the Revolution; and the lessons of past ages all teach us that these two great world-forces should be restrained within wholesome limits. Our society of to-day has certainly missed the elegance of the Court of Marie Antoinette, and we may be permitted to hope it will also escape its disastrous end. There are, however, certain points of resemblance between the two epochs to which it may be useful to call attention; and one of these is the influence wielded by society women in affairs of State. Political power, as a 'Quarterly' reviewer recently observed, tends to gravitate into the hands of those who exercise social power, and nobody recognises this fact better than the ambitious ladies of the fashionable world. In France their dominance has always been followed by disaster, and we in England have not failed to suffer from the same cause. Our army, in particular, has always been too much under the domination of a caste. Social influence, both at home and in South Africa and in India—witness the recent Tirah campaign—has, in the opinion of many good judges, been its

especial bane; and petticoat government has done much towards sapping its efficiency. The society woman has far too much to say in the matter of military appointments, and the result at times has been deplorable. Who can measure the potency of feminine persuasion when pleading the cause of husband, brother, or friend? "Intellect led by Beauty" is apt to go sadly astray, and the meddling of these smart ladies in public affairs is a pernicious thing when the higher interests of the Empire are at stake.

There are, of course, in every country ladies of high character and attainments whose advice in public matters will always be welcomed by men of light and leading, but such women form necessarily a small minority. The trouble is that women lacking in ability, and with merely private interests to serve, are allowed to interfere. It would obviously be impossible to give instances of this meddling without trenching on personalities, which it has been the writer's aim to avoid. In the foregoing pages he has simply endeavoured to sketch the average society woman of our times without reference to individual characters. It has been left to others better qualified for the task to delineate the exceptional types—the Venuses with a passion for good works, or with purely mundane ambitions; the intellectual ladies who would reconstruct religion and adapt outworn creeds to modern requirements; the political women who know exactly

who ought to be what in Army, Senate, and Church; the social drill-sergeants, with energies as wide and multifarious as those of the German Kaiser, who occupy their time in putting all and sundry to rights. Such women, endowed with more than common energy and ability, and scorning the life of luxurious futility led by their sisters of the smart world, are no more representative of their class than the latter are representative of the great body of sensible Englishwomen.

Fashion is as fleeting as the whims and caprices of its votaries are incalculable, and time may possibly bring about a reaction against the prevailing materialism.

Some of us may live to see a decline in that passion for excessive luxury and vulgar display which has its roots deep

down in "the awful slough of commonplace," as M. La Clavière puts it, "in which present-day society is floundering." "Is it not at least possible," he asks, "to insist on simplicity in all things, to banish tinsel and brummagem and all our horrible pretentious magnificence?" Present indications, it must be confessed, give us little encouragement. Our hope must be that in some not far-distant future less baldly utilitarian ideas may prevail, and a taste spring up for simpler and more natural modes of social intercourse; that the pursuit of pure happiness may count for more in society, and that of worldly advancement for less; and that fashion and true refinement, now unhappily estranged, may be, as in the days of the "dear dead women" of long ago, once more mated.

THE WESTCOTES.¹

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

CHAPTER X.—DARTMOOR.

DOROTHEA had the profoundest faith in her brother's ability. That he hit at once on this simple solution which had eluded her through many wakeful nights did not surprise her in the least. Nor did she doubt for a moment that he would manage it as he promised.

But she could not thank him. He had beaten her spirit sorely—so sorely that for days her whole body ached with the bruise. She did not accuse him: her one flash of contempt had lasted for an instant only, and the old habit of reverence quickly effaced it. But he had exposed her weakness; had forced her to see it, naked and pitiful, with no chivalry—either manly or brotherly—covering it; and seeing it with nothing to depend upon, she learned for the first time in her life the high, stern lesson of independence.

She learned it unconsciously, but she never forgot it. And it is to Endymion's credit that he recognised the great alteration and allowed for it. He had driven her too far. She would never again be the same Dorothea. And never again by word or look did he remind her of that hour of abasement.

An exchange of prisoners is not to be managed in a day, but must take weeks—perhaps six weeks or a couple of months. He discussed this with her, quietly, as a matter of business intrusted to him; explained what steps he had taken, what letters he had written; when he expected definite news from the War Office. She met him on the same ground. "Yes, he could not have done better." She trusted him absolutely.

And in fact he had been better than his word. Ultimate success, to be sure, was certain. It were strange if Mr Westcote, who had opened his purse to support a troop of Yeomanry, who held two parliamentary seats at the Government's service and two members at call to bully the War Office whenever he desired, who might at any time have had a baronetcy for the asking,—it were strange, indeed, if Mr Westcote could not obtain so trivial a favour as the exchange of a prisoner. He could do this, but he could not appreciably hurry the correspondence by which Pall Mall bargained a Frenchman in the Forest of Dartmoor against an Englishman in the fortress of Briançon in the Hautes Alpes. Fore-

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seeing delays, he had written privately to the Commandant at Dartmoor—a Major Sotheby, with whom he had some slight acquaintance—advising him of his efforts, requesting him to show the prisoner meanwhile all possible indulgence. The letter contained a draft for £10, to be spent upon small comforts at the Commandant's discretion; but M. Raoul was not to be informed of the donor, or of his approaching liberty.

In theory—such was the routine—Raoul remained one of the Axcester contingent of prisoners, and all reports concerning him must pass through the Commissary's hands. In the last week of October, when brother and sister daily expected the cartel, arrived a report that the prisoner was in hospital with a sharp attack of pleurisy. Major Sotheby added a private note: "I feared yesterday that the exchange would come too late for him; but to-day the medical officer, who has just left me, speaks hopefully. I have no doubt, however, that a winter in this climate would be fatal. The fellow's lungs are breaking down, and if they cannot stand the fogs the cold must finish him."

Dorothea stood by a window in the library when Endymion read this out to her—the very window through which she had been gazing that spring morning when Raoul first kissed her. To-day the first of the winter's snow fell gently, persistently, out of a leaden and windless sky.

She turned. "I must go to him," she said.

"But to what purpose——"

"Oh, you may trust me!"

"My dear girl, that was not in my mind." He spoke gently. "But until the warrant arrives——"

"We will give it until to-morrow: by every account it should reach us to-morrow. You shall take it with me. I must see him once more: only once; in your presence, if you wish."

Next morning they rode into the town together, an hour before the mail's arrival. Endymion alighted at the town house to write a business letter or two before strolling down to the post-office. Dorothea cantered on to the top of the hill and then walked Mercury to and fro, while she watched the taller rise beyond. The snow had ceased falling: but a crisp north wind skimmed the drifts and powdered her dark habit.

Twice she pulled out her watch; but the coach was up to time in spite of the heavy roads; and as it topped the rise, she reined Mercury to the right-about and cantered back to await it. Already the street had begun to fill as usual, and as usual there was General Rochambeau picking his way along the pavement to present himself for the Admiral's letter—the letter which never arrived.

Would *her* letter never arrive?

He halted on the kerb by her stirrup. She asked after the Admiral's health. "Ah, made-

moiselle, if ever he leaves his bed again, it will be a miracle." She was not listening. Age, age again!—it makes all the difference. Here came the coach. Did it hold a letter for Raoul? Raoul was young.

The coach rolled by with less noise than usual on the carpet of snow churned brown with traffic. As it passed the guard lifted his horn and blew cheerily. She followed, telling herself it was a good omen. During the long wait outside the post-office she rebuked herself more than once for building a hope upon it. Name after name was called, and at each call a prisoner pushed forward to the doorway for his letter. She caught sight of the General on the outskirts of the crowd. Her brother would not come out until every letter had been distributed.

But when he appeared in the doorway she read the good news in his face. He made his way briskly towards her, the prisoners falling back to give passage.

"Right: it has come," he said. "Trot away home and have the valises packed, while I run into the Dogs' and order the chaise."

Once clear of the town, she galloped. There was little need to hurry, for her own valise had been packed overnight. Having sent Mudge to attend to her brother's, she ran to Narcissus' room—his *scriptorium*, as he called it.

Narcissus was at home to-day, busy with the cellar accounts. He took stock twice a-year, and composed a report

in language worthy of a survey of the Roman empire. Before he could look up Dorothea had kissed him on the crown of his venerable head.

"Such news, dear! Endymion has ordered a chaise from the Dogs', and is going to take me to Dartmoor!"

"Dartmoor!—God bless my soul!" He rubbed his head, and added with a twinkle, "Why, what have you been doing?"

"Endymion has a cartel of exchange for M. Raoul, and we are to carry it."

"Ah, so that is what you two have been conspiring over? I smelt a rat somewhere. But really this is delightful of you, delightful of you both. Only, why on earth should you be carrying it yourselves, in this weather?"

"He is very ill," said Dorothea seriously.

"Indeed? Poor fellow, poor fellow! Still that scarcely explains——"

"And you will be good, and take your meals regularly when Mudge rings the gong? And you won't sit up late and set fire to the house? But I must run off and tell every one to take care of you——" She kissed him again and was half-way down the corridor before he called after her.

"Dorothea! Dorothea—the drawings!"

"Ah, to be sure, I forgot," she murmured as he thrust the parcel into her hand.

"Forgot? Forgot the drawings? But, God bless my soul——!" He passed his hand again over his grey hairs and

stared down the corridor after her.

The roads were heavy to start with, and beyond Chard they grew heavier. At Honiton, which our travellers reached at midnight, it was snowing; and Dorothea, when the sleepy chambermaid aroused her at dawn, looked out upon a forbidding world of white. The post-boys were growling, and she half-feared that Endymion would abandon the journey for the day. But if he lacked her zeal, he had a true Englishman's hatred of turning back. She, who had known him always for a master of men, learned a new awe of her splendid brother. He took command; he cross-examined landlord and post-boys, pooh-poohed their objections, extracted from them in half a dozen curt questions more information than, five minutes before, they were conscious of possessing—to judge from the scratching of heads with which they produced it; finally, he handed Dorothea into the chaise, sprang in himself, and closed discussion with a slam of the door. They were driven off amid the salaams of ostler, boots, waiter, and two chambermaids, among whom he had scattered largess with the lordliest hand.

So the chaise ploughed through Exeter to Moreton Hampstead, where they supped and rested for another night. But before dawn they were off again. Snow lay in thick drifts on the skirts of the great moor; and snow whirled about them as they climbed, until day

broke upon a howling desert across which Dorothea peered but could discern no features. Not leagues but years divided Bayfield from this table-land, high over all the world, uninhabited, without tree or gate or hedge. Her eyes were heavy with lack of sleep, smarting with the bite of the north wind, which neither ceased nor eased until, towards ten o'clock, the carriage began to lumber downhill towards Two Bridges under the lee of Crockern Tor. Beyond came a heavy piece of collar-work, the horses dropping to a walk as they heaved through the drifts towards a depression between two tors closing the view ahead. Dorothea's eyes, avoiding the wind, were fixed on the tor to the left when Endymion touched her hand and pointed towards the base of the other. There, grey—almost black—against the white hillside a mass of masonry loomed up through the weather,—the great circle of the war prison.

The road did not lead them to it direct. They must halt first at the bare village of Prince Town, and drink coffee and warm themselves at the Plume of Feathers Inn, before facing the last few hundred yards beneath the lee of North Hessary. But a little before noon Dorothea—still with a sense of being lifted on a platform miles above the world she knew—alighted before an archway of piled granite set in a featureless wall and closed with a sheeted gate of iron. A grey-coated sentry, pacing here in front of his

snow-capped box, challenged and demanded their business.

"Visitors for the Commandant!" The sentry tugged at an iron bell-pull, and a bell tolled twice within. Dorothea's feet were half-frozen in spite of her wraps: she stamped them in the snow while she studied the gateway and the enormous blocks which arched it, unhewn, save for two words carved in Roman capitals—*PARCERE SUBJECTIS*.

A key turned in the wicket. "Visitors for the Commandant!" They stepped through, and after pausing a moment while the porter shot the lock again behind them, followed him across the yard to the Commandant's quarters.

The outer wall of the great war prison enclosed a circle of thirty acres: within it a second wall surrounded an acre, in which stood the five rectangular blocks of the prison proper, with two slightly smaller buildings, the one a hospital, the other set apart for the petty officers; and between the inner and outer walls ran a *via militaris*, close on a mile in circumference, constantly paraded by the guard, and having raised platforms from which the sentinels could overlook the inner wall and the area. The area was not completely circular, since, when it faced the great gate, a segment had been cut out of it for the Commandant's quarters and outbuildings and the entrance-yard, across which our travellers now followed their guide.

The Commandant hurried out from his office to welcome

them: a bustling little officer with sandy hair and the kindest possible face; a trifle self-important, obviously proud of his prison and, after a fashion, of his prisoners too: anxiously, elaborately polite in his manner, especially towards Dorothea.

"Major Westcote!"—he gave Endymion his full title—"My dear sir, this is indeed—and Miss Westcote?" he bowed as he was introduced. "Delighted—honoured! But what a journey! You must be famished, positively: you will be wanting luncheon at once—yes, really, you must allow me. No? A glass of sherry then, and a biscuit at least . . ." He ran to the door, called to his orderly to bring some glasses, and came back rubbing his hands. "It's an ill wind, as they say . . ."

"We have come with the order about which we have corresponded."

"For that poor fellow Raoul?" The Commandant nodded gaily and smiled; and Dorothea, who had been watching his face, felt the load dissolve and roll off her heart, as a pile of snow slides from a bough in the sunshine. "He is better, I am glad to report—out of bed and fairly convalescent indeed. But I hope my message did not alarm you needlessly. It was touch-and-go with him for twenty-four hours: still, he was bettering when I wrote; and to bring you all this way, and in such weather!"

"My sister and I," explained Endymion, "take a particular interest in his case."

But the voluble officer was

stared down the corridor after her.

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"My sister and I," explained Endymion, "take a particular interest in his case."

But the voluble officer was

not so easily silenced. "So, to be sure, I gathered"—he bowed gallantly to Dorothea.

"O, woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

—not of course that I attribute any such foibles to Miss Westcote—but for the sake of the conclusion——"

"Can we see him?"

"Eh? Before luncheon? Oh, most assuredly, if you wish it. Ha has been transferred to the convalescents' ward. We will step across at once." He drew from his pocket a small master-key attached by a steel chain to his belt, and blew into the wards thoughtfully while he studied the paper handed to him by Endymion. "Quite in order, of course. No doubt you and Miss Westcote would prefer to break the good news to him in private? Yes, yes; I will have him sent up to the consulting-room. The doctor has finished his morning rounds and you will be quite alone there."

He picked up his cap and escorted them out and across the court to the gate of the main prison. Beyond this Dorothea found herself in a vast snowy yard, along two sides of which ran covered ways or piazzas open to the air but faced with iron bars, and behind these bars flitted the forms of the prisoners at exercise, stamping the flagged pavement to keep their starved blood in circulation. At sight of the Commandant with his two visitors—so small a spectacle had power to divert them—all this movement, this

stamping, was hushed suddenly. Voices broke into chatter; faces appeared between the bars and stared.

"Yes," said the Commandant, reading Dorothea's thought, "a large family to be responsible for! How many would you guess, now?"

"A thousand, at least," she murmured.

"Six thousand! Each of those blocks yonder will accommodate fifteen hundred men. And then there is the hospital—usually pretty full at this season, I regret to say. Come, I won't detain you, but really in passing you must have a look at one of our dormitories." He threw open a door, and she gazed in upon a long-drawn avenue of iron pillars slung with double tiers of hammocks. The place seemed clean enough—at the far end of the vista a fatigue gang of prisoners was busy with pails and brushes; but either it had not been thoroughly ventilated or the dense numbers packed in it for so many hours a-day had given the building an atmosphere of its own, warm and unpleasant, if not precisely foetid, after the pure stinging air of the moorland.

"We can sleep seven hundred here," said the Commandant, "and another dormitory of the same size runs overhead. The top storey they use as a promenade and for indoor recreation." He pointed to a number of grilles set in the wall at the back at equal distances. "For air," he explained, "and also for keeping watch on messieurs. Yes, we find that necessary.

Behind each is a small chamber, hollowed most scientifically—quite a little temple of acoustics. If Miss Westcote now would care to step into one and listen, while I stand below here with the Major and converse in ordinary tones——”

“No, no,” Dorothea declined hurriedly. It hurt her to think of Raoul herded among seven hundred miserales in this endless barrack, his every movement overlooked, his smallest speech overheard by an eaves-dropping sentry.

“I think,” Endymion chimed in, “my sister feels her long journey, and would be glad to get our business over.”

“Ah, to be sure—a thousand pardons!” The Commandant shut the door and piloted them across to the hospital block. Here on the threshold the same warm acrid atmosphere assailed Dorothea’s nostrils and almost choked her breathing. Their guide led the way up a flight of stone steps to the first floor and down a whitewashed corridor lit along one side with narrow barred casements. A little more than half-way down the corridor the blank wall facing these casements was pierced by a low arched passage. Into this burrow the Commandant dived; and, standing outside, they heard a key turned in a lock. He reappeared and beckoned to them.

“From the gallery here,” he whispered, “you look right down into the convalescent ward.”

Through the iron bars of the gallery Dorothea caught a glimpse of a long bare room,

with twenty or thirty dejected figures in suits and caps of greyish-blue flannel, huddled about a stove. Some were playing at cards, others at dominoes: the murmur of their voices ascended and hummed in the little passage.

“Hist! your friend is below there, if you care to have a peep at him.”

But Dorothea had already drawn back. All this spying and listening revolted her. The polite Commandant noted the movement.

“You prefer that he should be fetched at once?” He stepped past them into the corridor. “Smithers!” he called. “Smithers!”

A hospital orderly appeared at a door almost opposite the passage and saluted.

“Run down to the convalescent ward and fetch up Number Two-six-seven-two—I know the number of each of my children: never make a mistake,” he confided in Dorothea’s ear. “As quick as you can, please. Stay—you may add that some visitors have called and wish to speak with him.” The orderly saluted again and hurried off. “You wish, of course, to see him alone together?”

“I think,” answered Endymion slowly, “my sister would prefer a word or two with him alone.”

“Certainly. Will you step into the surgery, Miss Westcote?” He indicated the door at which the orderly had appeared. “Smithers will not take two minutes in fetching the prisoner; and perhaps, if

you will excuse us, a visit to the hospital itself will repay your brother. We are rather proud of our sanitation here: a glance over our arrangements—five minutes only——”

Endymion at a nod from Dorothea permitted himself to be led away by the inexorable man. She watched them to the end of the corridor, and had her hand on the surgery door to push it open when a voice from below smote her ears.

“Number Two-six-seven-two to come to the surgery at once to see visitors!”

The voice rang up through the little passage behind her. She turned: the door at the end of it stood half-open: beyond it she saw the bars of the gallery, and through these a space of grey wall at the end of the ward.

She was turning again when a babble of voices answered the orderly’s announcement. “Raoul! Raoul!” half a dozen were calling, and then one spoke up sharp and distinct—

“Tenez, mon bonhomme, ce sera votre *gilet*, à coup sur!”

A burst of laughter followed.

“C’est son *gilet*—his little Westcoat—à chauffer la poitrine——”

“Des visiteurs, dit-il? Voyons, coquin, n’y-a-t-il pas par hasard une *visiteuse* de la partie.”

“Une ‘Waistcoat’ par exemple?—de quarante ans environ, le drap un peu rapé . . .”

“Qui se nomme Dorothee—ce que veut dire ‘le *gilet* dieudonné’ . . .”

“Easy now!” the orderly’s voice remonstrated. “Easy, I tell you, ye born mill-clappers!

There’s a lady in the party, if that’s what you’re asking.”

Dorothea put out a hand against the jamb of the surgery door to steady herself. She heard the smack of a palm below, and some one uttered a serio-comic groan.

“Enfoncé! Il m’a parié dix sous qu’elle viendrait avant le jour de l’an—et aussi du tabac avec tout le Numero Six. Nous en ferons la dot de mademoiselle . . .” The fellow burst out singing—

“J’ai du bon tabac
Dans ma tabatière.”

“Dites donc, mon petit,”—but the cheerful epithet he bestowed on Raoul is unquotable here—“Elle ne fume pas, votre Anglaise? Elle n’est pas Créole, c’est entendu. . . .”

Dorothea had stepped into the surgery. A small round table stood in the middle of the room; she caught at the edge of it and rested so for a moment; for the walls seemed to be swaying, and she durst not lift her hands to shut out the roars of laughter. They rang in her ears and shouted and stunned her. Her whole body writhed.

The hubbub below sank to a confused murmur. She heard footsteps in the corridor—the firm tramp of the orderly followed by the shuffle of list slippers.

“Number Two-six-seven-two is outside, ma’am. Am I to show him in?”

She bent her head and moved towards the fireplace. She heard him shuffle in, and the door shut behind him. Still she did not turn.

"Dorothea!"—his voice shook with joy, with passion. How well she knew that deep Provençal tremolo! She could have laughed aloud in her bitterness.

"Dorothea!"

She faced him at length. He stood there, stretching out both hands to her. He was handsome as ever, but pale and sadly pinched. Beyond all doubt he had suffered. His grey-blue hospital suit hung about him in folds.

In her eyes he read at once that something was wrong—but without comprehending. "You sent for me," he stammered. "You have come——"

She found her voice, and, to her surprise, it was quite firm.

"Yes, we have brought your release," she said; and, watching his eyes, saw the joy leap up in them, saw it quenched the next instant as he composed his features to a fond solicitude for her.

"But, *you?*" he murmured. "What has happened? Tell me—no, do not draw away! Your hand, at least."

Contempt—for herself or for him—gave her a moment's strength; but it broke down again.

"It is horrible!" was all she answered, and looked about her with a shiver.

"Ah, the place frightens you! Well," he laughed reassuringly, "it frightened me, at first. But for the thought of you—dearest—to comfort——"

She stepped past him and opened the door. For a moment a wild notion seized him that she was escaping, and he

put out an imploring hand; but he saw that, with her hand on the jamb, she was listening, and he too listened. The voices in the convalescent ward came up to them, scarcely muffled, through the low passage, and with them a cackling laugh. Then he understood.

Their eyes met. He bowed his head.

"Nevertheless, I have suffered."

He said it humbly, after many seconds, and in a voice so low that it seemed a second or two before she heard. For the first time she put out a hand and touched his sleeve.

"Yes, you have suffered, and for me. Let me go on believing that. You did a noble thing, and I shall try to remember you by it—to remember that you were capable of it. 'It was for my sake,' I shall say, and then I shall be proud. Oh yes, sometimes I shall be very proud. But in love——"

Her voice faltered, and he looked up sharply.

"In love"—she smiled, but passing faintly—"it's the little things—is it not? It's the little things that count."

She touched his sleeve again, and passed into the room, leaving him there at a standstill, as Endymion and the Commandant came round the corner at the far end of the corridor.

"Excuse me," said Endymion, and, stepping past Raoul without a glance, looked into the surgery. After a moment he shut the door quietly, and, standing with his back to it, addressed the prisoner.

"I perceive, sir, that my sister has told you the news. We have effected an exchange for you, and the Commandant informs me that to-morrow, if the roads permit, you will be sent down to Plymouth and released. It is unnecessary for you to thank me—it would indeed be offensive. I wish you a safe passage home, and pray Heaven to spare me the annoyance of seeing your face again."

As Raoul bowed and moved away, dragging his feet weakly in their list slippers, Mr Westcote turned to the Commandant, who during this address had kept a discreet distance.

"With your leave, we will continue our stroll, and return for my sister in a few minutes."

The Commandant jumped at the suggestion.

Dorothea heard their footsteps retreating, and knew that her brother's thoughtfulness had found her this short respite. She had dropped into the orderly's chair, and now bowed her head upon the prison doctor's ledger, which lay open on the table before it.

"O, my love! How could you do it? How could you? How could you?"

CHAPTER XL.—THE PRISONERS LEAVE AXCESTER.

Two hours later they set out on their homeward journey.

The Commandant, still voluble, escorted them to the gate. As Dorothea climbed into the chaise and Endymion shook up the rugs and cushions, a large brown-paper parcel rolled out upon the snow. She gave a little cry of dismay—

"The drawings!"

"Eh?"

"We forgot to deliver them."

"Oh, confound the things!"

Endymion was for pitching them back into the chaise.

"But no!" she entreated.

"Why, Narcissus believes it was to deliver them that we came!"

So the Commandant amiably charged himself to hand the parcel to M. Raoul, and waved his adieux with it as the chaise rolled away.

Of what had passed between Dorothea and Raoul at the surgery door Endymion knew nothing; but he had guessed at once, and now was assured by the tone in which she had spoken of the drawings, that the chapter was closed, the danger past. Coming, brother and sister had scarcely exchanged a word for miles together. Now they found themselves chatting without effort about the scenery, the horses' pace, the Commandant and his hospitality, the arrangements of the prison, and the prospects of a cosy dinner at Moreton Hampstead. It was all the smallest of small talk, and just what might be expected of two reputable middle-aged persons returning in a postchaise from a mild jaunt; yet beneath it ran a current

of feeling. In their different ways, each had been moved; each had relied upon the other for a degree of help which could not be asked in words, and had not been disappointed.

Now that Dorothea's infatuation had escaped all risk of public laughter, Endymion could find leisure to admire her courage in confessing, in persisting until the wrong was righted, and, now at the last, in shutting the door upon the whole episode.

And, now at the last, having shut the door upon it, Dorothea could reflect that her brother, too, had suffered. She knew his pride, his sensitiveness, his mortal dread of ridicule. In the smart of his wound he had turned and rent her cruelly, but had recovered himself and defended her loyally from worse rendings. She remembered, too, that he had distrusted Raoul from the first.

He had been right. But had she been wholly wrong?

In the dusk of the fifth evening after their departure the chaise rolled briskly in through Bayfield great gates and up the snowy drive. Almost noiselessly though it came, Mudge had the door thrown wide and stood ready to welcome them, with Narcissus behind in the comfortable glow of the hall.

Dorothea's limbs were stiff, and on alighting she steadied herself for a moment by the chaise-door before stepping in to kiss her brother. In that moment her eyes took one backward glance across the park and rested on the lights of

Axcester glimmering between the naked elms.

"Well," demanded Narcissus, after exchange of greetings, "and what did he say about the drawings?"

Dorothea had not expected the question in this form, and fended it off with a laugh.

"You and your drawings! I declare"—she turned to Endymion—"he has been thinking of them all the time, and affects no concern in our adventures!"

"Which, nevertheless, have been very romantic to the last degree."

"My dear Dorothea——" Narcissus expostulated.

"But you are not going to evade me by any such tricks," she interrupted sternly; "for that is what it comes to. I left you with the strictest orders to take care of yourself, and you ought to know that I shall answer nothing until you have been catechised. What have you been eating?"

"My dear Dorothea!"

Narcissus gazed helplessly at Mudge; but Mudge had been seized with a flurry of his own, and misinterpreted the look as well as the question.

"I—I reckon 'tis *me*, miss," he confessed. "Being partial to onions, and taking that liberty in Mr Endymion's absence, knowing his dislike of the effluvium——"

Such are the pitfalls of a guilty conscience on the one hand, and on the other of being unexpectedly clever.

An hour later, at dinner, Narcissus was informed that the drawings had been conveyed to M. Raoul, who doubt-

less would return them with hints for their correction.

"But had he nothing to say at the time?"

"For my part," said Endymion, sipping his wine, "I addressed but one sentence to him; and Dorothea, I dare say, exchanged but half-a-dozen. Considering the shortness of the interview, and that our mission—at least, our ostensible mission"—Endymion glanced at Dorothea, with a smile at his own *finesse*—"was to carry him news of his release, you will admit——"

"Oh—ah!—to be sure; I had forgotten the release," muttered Narcissus, and was resigned.

"By the way," Dorothea asked, after a short pause, "what is happening at the Dogs' to-night? All the windows are lit up in the Orange Room. I saw it as I stepped out of the chaise."

"Yes; I have to tell you"—Narcissus turned towards his brother—"that during your absence another of the prisoners has found his discharge—the old Admiral."

"Dead?"

"He died this morning; but you knew, of course, it was only a question of days. Rochambeau was with him at the last. He has shown great devotion."

"You have made all arrangements, of course;" for Narcissus was Acting-Commissary in his brother's absence.

"I rode in at once on hearing the news, which Zeally brought before daylight, and found the lodge"—this was a masonic lodge formed among the pris-

oners, and named by them *La Paix Désirée*—"anxious to pay him something more than the full rites. With my leave they have hired the Orange Room, and turned it into a *chapelle ardente*; and there, I believe, he is reposing now, poor old fellow."

"He has no kith nor kin, I understand."

"None. He was never married, and his relatives went in the Terror—the most of them (so Rochambeau tells me) in a single week."

Dorothea had heard the same story from the General and from Raoul. To this old warrior his Emperor had been friends, kindred, wife, and children—nay, almost God. He had enjoyed Napoleon's favour, and followed his star from the days of the Directory: in that favour and the future of France beneath that star his hopes had begun and ended. His private ambitions he had resigned without a word on the day when he put to sea out of Brest, under order from Paris, to perform a feat he knew to be impossible, with ships ill-found, undermanned, and half-victualled by cheating contractors; and he sailed cheerfully, believing himself sacrificed to some high purpose of his master's. When, the sacrifice made, he learned that the contractors slandered him to cover their own villainy, and that Napoleon either believed them or was indifferent, his heart broke. Too proud at first, he had ended by drawing up a statement and forwarding it from his captivity, with a demand for an inquiry. The

answer to this was—the letter which never came.

Dorothea thought of the room where she had danced and been happy; the many lights, the pagan figures merrymaking on the panels, the goddess on the ceiling with her cupids and scattered roses, and, in the centre of it all, that dead face, incongruous and calm.

How small had been her tribulation beside his! And it was all over for him now—wages taken, account sealed up for judgment, *parole* ended, and no heir to trouble over him or his good name.

Next morning she rode into Axcester, as well to do some light shopping as because it seemed an age since her last visit—which, to be sure, was absurd, and she knew it. Happening to meet General Rochambeau, she drew rein and very gently offered her condolence on the loss of his old friend.

The General pressed her hand gratefully and found his voice with an effort.

"Ah, never pity him, mademoiselle. He carries a good pass for the Elysian Fields."

"And that is——?"

"The Emperor's *tabatière*; and, my faith! Miss Dorothea, there will be sneezing in certain quarters when he opens it there.

'Il a du bon tabac
Dans sa tabatière,'

has the Admiral. He had for you (if I may say it) a quite extraordinary respect and affection. The saints rest his brave soul!"

The General lifted his tri-

corne. He never understood the tide of red which surged over Dorothea's face; but she conquered it, and went on to surprise him further.

"I heard of this only last night. We have been visiting Dartmoor, my brother and I, with a release for—for that M. Raoul."

"So I understood." He noted that her confusion had gone as suddenly as it came.

"But since I am back in time, and it appears I was so fortunate as to win his regard, I would ask to see him—if it be permitted, and I may have your escort."

"Certainly, mademoiselle. You will, perhaps, wish to consult your brother, though?"

"I see no necessity," she answered.

The General was not the only one to discover a new and firmer note in Dorothea's voice. Life at Bayfield slipped back into its old comfortable groove, but the brothers fell—and one of them consciously—into a habit of including her in their conversations, and even of asking her advice. One day there arrived a bulky parcel for Narcissus—so bulky, indeed, and so suspiciously heavy, that it bore signs of several agitated official inspections, and nothing short of official deference to Endymion (under cover of whom it was addressed) could account for its having come through at all. For it came from France. It contained a set of the Bayfield drawings exquisitely cut in stone; and within the cover was wrapped a lighter parcel

addressed to Miss Dorothea Westcote—a rose-tree, with a packet of seeds tied about its root.

No letter accompanied the gift, at the sentimentality of which she found herself able to smile. But she soaked the root carefully in warm water, and smiled again at herself, as she planted it at the foot of the glâcis beneath her boudoir window—the very spot where Raoul had fallen. Against expectation—for the journey had sorely withered it—the plant thrived. She lived to see it grow into a fine Provence rose, draping the whole south-east corner of Bayfield with its yellow bloom.

“After all,” she said one afternoon, stepping back in the act of pruning it, “provided one sees things in their right light and is not a fool——”

But long before this the prisoners had vanished from Axcester.

Whenever Dorothea looked back on this epoch in her life, what she found most wonderful was the suddenness of its end. One dark morning in February, before she was well awake, a troop of dragoons, followed by a company of the 52nd Regiment of foot, passed the Bayfield gates on the way to Axcester. The troopers entered the town while the Ting-tang was sounding, and before the roll could be called the prisoners were surrounded. Their release had come; and though many had sighed for it for years, it found them quite unprepared.

Their release had come; but first they must be marched through the length of the country to Kelso, there to await the formalities of exchange. At four in the afternoon the infantry marched out with the first great batch. Early next morning the rest—owners of furniture, granted a few hours to arrange for its storage or sale—followed their comrades. There was no cloud of dust upon the road for Dorothea to watch. They departed in sheets of rain and under the dusk of dawn.

She had shaken hands with General Rochambeau overnight. She never saw him again, but he carried away her promise: while she lived the Admiral's memory, aspersed and at length wholly neglected in the land for which he had given all, in the land of his hostility never lacked its wreath of living flowers.

It is recorded that in his fifty-seventh year Endymion Westcote married (but the bride was not Lady Bateson), and that children were born to him. Narcissus lived on at Bayfield and compiled at his leisure a ‘History of Axcester,’ which mentions the decoration of the Orange Room by “a young Frenchman of talent, who has been good enough to assist the author in a most important work.” But Dorothea preferred her independence and a cottage not far from the bridge, where Endymion's children might romp as they listed, but never seemed to disturb its exquisite order.

LADY SARAH.¹

No one, I suppose, of all those whose fancies have lived pleasantly in the world of Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, and Charles Fox, but has longed to see more of Lady Sarah Lennox. Glimpses we had of her radiant and beautiful youth, when George the Third wanted to marry her, when she married Sir Charles Bunbury and drove Lord Carlisle to despair, and eloped, alas! with Lord William Gordon. We had observed a rare touch of fervour in Horace Walpole, when he described her at the Coronation and in the theatricals at Holland House; we had a charming letter she wrote to George Selwyn; and Sir Joshua has left us the picture of a beauty which no changing fashion can deny. But there was more than this to engage our attention. Wise historians are never uninterested in the mothers of great men, and this beautiful giddy girl, who dazzled the world in London and at Newmarket, and lost it for love, lived to rear and give her country the most famous fighting family in its history. To run away at twenty-five, and to die at eighty revered and adored by her sons, the Napiers—that was her lot, and it is matter for your hasty moralist to perpend. To know more of

such a life must have been an ardent desire with a host of worthy readers. And all the while the letters she wrote to her most intimate friend, letters covering nearly all the years of her long life, were in the possession of Lord Ilchester's family! It is a striking reminder of a fact I have before now rejoiced at and bewailed—that thousands of profoundly interesting letters must lie unknown (at least to the world) in the libraries and lumber-rooms of old houses. Well, we have Lady Sarah's at last, piously exposed as they were written, and carefully annotated by the present Lady Ilchester and her son Lord Stavordale, and I for one am most deeply obliged.

Not that the letters are very brilliant or witty, or that they clear up mysteries, or throw strong fresh lights on persons and events. The earlier are intelligently lively and humorous, and the later full of strong sense and wide benevolence—more than enough so to furnish yet another refutation of the preposterous pretence of those vociferous modern ladies who will have it that capable and broad-minded women began with themselves. The writing is often curiously interesting for its own sake, and there is much to delight an

¹ The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and successively the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Hon. George Napier; also a short political sketch of the years 1760 to 1763 by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. London: John Murray.

interest in the persons and society of the time. But the first and chief value of the letters is that they give us an intimate knowledge of an attractive and instructive character, of an instructive and romantic history. Even readers who care nothing for the world I have spoken of may safely be recommended to these volumes if they care either for human character or for a significant story: they will find, I assure them, better entertainment here than in most of the silly romances they read in their thousands.

The letters begin with the matter most interesting to us in Lord Holland's memoir, printed now for the first time—the love of George the Third. Lady Sarah, whose parents died in her infancy, lived much with her elder sister Caroline, the lady who had eloped, very sensibly, as it turned out, with Mr Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and so lived Lady Susan Fox Strangways, daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, the elder son of old Stephen Fox. It was a gay and affectionate family party at Holland House in those days, but no doubt the atmosphere was of the world, worldly. It is no wonder that the passion visible in the young king enraptured Henry Fox and his wife, or that Lady Sarah, simple hearty girl of sixteen as she was, with most of her affections fixed on animals, was ready to be tutored how to be a Queen. There was never the least idea of anything left-handed, and the marriage of

the king to the daughter of an English duke was by no means so much out of the way then as it would be thought now. Furious resentment would have been aroused in envious quarters, but there was no impossibility about the matter. Henry Fox, a shrewd and experienced man of affairs, evidently thought the chance a fair one. So Lady Sarah was coached how to behave towards her royal suitor—if such he should veritably be—as she writes to her friend. “I am allowed to mutter a little, provided the words *astonished*, *surprised*, *understand*, and *meaning* are heard. I am working myself up to consider what depends upon it, that I may *me fortifier* against it comes—the very thought of it makes me sick in my stomach already.” We need not be concerned to rebuke her levity: she was to find out bitterly enough what passion really meant. At this time it was all an affair of a dazzling future and being a great personage, and when George was over-persuaded and gave up this desire of his youth she was more afflicted at the death of her squirrel. Naturally enough, however, she resented the slight and the double-dealing,—for George was still throwing out plain hints when his marriage with Charlotte of Mecklenburg must have been arranged,—but had the spirit to keep her feelings in the family, consenting to be a bridesmaid to the Queen. Naturally, also, she was in-

clined to recur to those tinsel possibilities in later life, and thank God—with a little human vanity—that she was not Queen, and at the end, with a gentler feeling, to pity the old man who like herself was blind.

The marriage with Sir Charles Bunbury was, as marriages go in the world, a suitable arrangement, and but for more than usual warmth in her heart and (it seemed) less than usual in his, would have gone well enough. She pleads guilty to "giddiness," but it is clear that they were fairly good friends—and she most certainly was always loyal in what she wrote of him—until Lady Sarah found in herself capacity for something more. Followed the elopement with Lord William Gordon. It is not, as a rule, profitable to dwell on these cases, but here is an exception. Given the fact of two young people forgetting duty and experience in their passion—a fact about which an ethical disquisition would be out of place—what followed showed an admirable sense of conduct in every one concerned. One may almost say—if one may say it without offence—that it was a triumph of good sense and good breeding over unhappy circumstance. Lady Sarah set an example which, *mutatis mutandis*, might well be noted by the creators of unhappy heroines in our modern fiction, to say nothing of real life. Recovering herself after a brief time, she went to her brother's house and lived there, with other members of her

family, or in the house he built for her in his park at Goodwood, for eleven years, in unaffected but strict retirement, bringing up her daughter, and otherwise interested in family affairs. Her husband, Sir Charles, had notoriously neglected her, and it is alleged that in a general way he had been a most unsatisfactory husband. But she herself never made the least attempt to excuse her conduct by any fault of his. She simply admitted that she had done him a great wrong, and was sincerely grateful for the kindness he and his family showed her child. Towards the world she maintained the same attitude of dignity and sense. It did not occur to her to rail at its "injustice"; she recognised that she had broken its laws, and by those laws was in a sense beyond its pale. Consequently when ladies of her own class sought her society, she recognised frankly that they were doing her a favour, and since that was the case avoided those from whom a favour would be distasteful. So, too, she made up her mind that her daughter should be introduced into the world by another than herself. I dare say there are readers who will see in all this a humility abhorrent to their ideas of social freedom, but to my mind it is the right sort of pride. Lady Sarah knew perfectly well that she was not a tenth part as guilty as many women received everywhere, but she made no fuss on that account: she had known the way of the world

and the consequences of her act, and she accepted them. Sir Charles, again, showed a magnanimity which those who reverence him as a father of the turf must be pleased to observe. Marriage had not suited him, and he preferred a bachelor's life. He showed no animosity against his wife, and had the good sense not to call Lord William out. He divorced her in natural course; but he more than once went to see her afterwards in friendship—it was even rumoured (but Lady Sarah contradicts it) that he wished to remarry her. Her account of one such interview does, I think, some credit to both. "He said he saw no sort of reason why he might not see me just when he pleased, nor why he was to put me out of countenance. I could not *argue* that point with him, but I told him how glad I was that he could see me with such good humour, to which he answered, 'Why should not I? You know I'm not apt to bear malice!' This set me into such a fit of crying again. . . ." Her brother, too, the Duke of Richmond, and most of her family did what was right, neither shunning her nor insisting on the world receiving her, but simply taking her back into their midst. Surely, as I said, even this part of the book is one to read with profit.

The letters are broken off for seven years after the elopement so far as we are concerned: whether they were lost or destroyed by Lady Susan appeareth not. We miss what

light they would have thrown on her character in the most critical time, and we miss what she wrote of seven years socially interesting. When the letters recommence we find much of the old vivacity gone, and in its stead the sharp wisdom which comes of looking life in the face. With her marriage, four years later, to Captain Napier, began a new life for her, a life full of material anxieties, and even, her nurture considered, of hardships, but sustained with mutual trust and devotion. It was a marriage entered into deliberately, and after listening to all dissuasions, by two people who knew the world very well and were sure of themselves. It seems to have been one of uncheckered happiness, so far as husband and wife were concerned, until his death in 1804. For us it is enough to judge of its wisdom by its fruits. She was, indeed, "a mother of men." For twenty-two years after her husband's death she lived for these sons and her daughters, who, all but one, died young—that one, Emily, oddly enough married a nephew of Sir Charles Bunbury—wisely and carefully educating them, indefatigably helping their careers, anxiously following their fortunes. But she was not exclusively absorbed in them. It was a personal age, and we need not desiderate in her great zeal for great principles; but through her connection with, and keen affection for, all the Lennoxes and Foxes and Fitzgeralds—Lord Edward was her nephew—she had incite-

ment enough for her sensible mind to play round politics and society, and not even the blindness of her later years made her a negligeeable friend and adviser. A brave and truthful and loving soul, if ever there was one, this old lady, in whose youth had been such splendour and shame.

So much for a rough hint of Lady Sarah's own history and character. I come to what she says of famous people, and to some slight reflections she suggests about her world. An examination of her language, showing minutely the differences between a hundred years ago and now in the conversational style of the English "upper classes," would amuse the present writer vastly, but I fear would bore my readers. Surely, though, they are interested in the history of slang? A word I have just used reminds me that Lady Sarah saw its useful birth, and has what should really be a *locus classicus* upon the fashionable slang of the period. "I told you," she writes in 1766, "the word 'boar' is a fashionable expression for tiresome people and conversations, & is a very good one & *very* useful, for one may tell anybody (Ld. G. Cavendish for example), 'I am sure this will be a boar, so I must leave you, Ld. George.' If it was not the fashion it would be very rude, but I own I encourage the fashion vastly, for it's delightful, I think; one need only name a pig or pork, & nobody dares take it ill but hold their tongues directly."

Spelling was rather muddled in those days, but whatever the etymology of the word it is odd it should have lost its porcine connotation. She goes on: "To 'grub up such a one' is also a new expression, which cannot be better illustrated to you than by supposing you were talking to Mr Robinson, who diverted you very much, in comes the D. of York or Gloucester, & by sitting down by you 'grubbs up' poor Mr Robinson, perhaps for the whole evening. The Dukes," she adds unkindly, "will either of them serve for an example of a boar too." "Lending a tascusa," it appears, was a phrase (quite meaningless) for to snub. Grammar took its chance then as now: "those sort" is regularly written by Lady Sarah. In the early high-spirited letters, "oh Lords!" dot the pages, and "who the d——l," &c., denote a freer style than the "middle-Victorian" young lady's — a freer style, to which, it is alleged, this generation has returned. "Did you ever hear of such a toad as 'tis?" she asks, referring, by the way, to the Princess Augusta, sister of George III. Royalty was generally held in less awe then than it is now; but Lady Sarah, in addition to her private reason for dislike, was of course in the very thick of the Whig society, which made a point of despising the king and all his family. So when the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, fell in love with Lady Waldegrave, whom he married, al-

though she was only Sir Edward Walpole's illegitimate daughter, Lady Sarah considered the match a poor one for her. "What's more extraordinary is that she *appears* to be in love with him. I don't think it possible to be so really, & he is not of consequence or rich enough to make it worth her while to feign it, I should think." It is amusing to find that she had the same experience of a royal nurse in regard to the future George IV. as the Duke of Wellington had in regard to Edward VII. "I went to see the little animal & I kissed it, for 'tis a beautiful, strong, handsome child, & my sister said it was wrong to kiss it, & the nurse reprimanded me for calling it child & said 'twas a fine young *prince*." This baby, when he grew up, was to receive her praises as those of other expectant Whigs. He did her as Regent a kindly favour for one of her soldier sons, and did it with the gracefulness his worst enemies allowed him.

But more interesting than any royalty is the authentic likeness of Charles Fox, which smiles more than once in her letters. He was four years her junior, and, of course, as a girl, she looked on him with a protecting eye, and watched his growth into a brilliant youth with affectionate approval. He charmed her, as he charmed every one else, and she never mentions a fault in him without at once recurring to his merits. That Charles neglected his affectionate rela-

tions — I speak now of his manhood—who naturally forgot that statesmanship and gambling take up a man's time, seems to have been a commonplace in his family. "Can one expect any mortal to excuse his intollerable negligence? I don't love him a bit the less for it, because I know it's *the nature of the beast*, as my poor sister used to say, & I know him to be as capable of friendship & to have as good a heart as it's possible." Even when Charles, in his ministerial days, failed to get Captain Napier a berth, Lady Sarah always found excuses for him. (It is odd that in an age of jobs Captain Napier, whose character and services really deserved promotion, for all his wife's powerful relations, was always passed over.) We have a sight of Charles frolicking with Mrs Robinson — the Regent's famous Perdita — electioneering at Westminster and fighting his duel with Mr Adam. So far from his seeking greatness, said Lady Sarah, "greatness pursues him into gaming-houses." But we have also a sight of Charles in his latter days, the devoted husband; and in his last illness, when "the privy council of his heart are Ld. Holland"—his nephew, the host of Holland House in its greatest days—"& Mrs Fox; with them he indulges I hear in low or high spirits as he feels, sometimes crying, always tender & grateful to them for loving him so much, & never quite comfortable if they are not within call." Of other

famous people, there is mention of *the* Duchess of Devonshire, over whose dissipations Lady Sarah (aged 32) moralises sadly, lamenting how that she "dines at 7, summer as well as winter, goes to bed at 3, & lies in bed till 4: she has hysteric fits in a morning, & dances in the evening," and so on. George Selwyn and his Mimi are mentioned at the happy moment when the child was given up to him, and Lady Sarah, like all who wrote letters at the time, shuddered at the murder of Miss Reay by Parson Hackman. But of the passion Lord Carlisle made such a coil of in his letters to Selwyn we hear nothing, and of him merely that his manners were charming, but that Lady Sarah "can't help looking upon him as a school boy for the life of me." I was sure he was a dull young man.

Lady Sarah's political views were those of her Whig relations, as I have said. But her own good sense tempered them now and then. She thought with her friends that George III. was utterly wrong in the American war, but she also thought the American colonists were to blame as well. We, even those of us who are Tories, ought to remember that to most Englishmen of that date—which was half as near again as ours to the beginning of English settlements in America—this war was a domestic business in which it was quite fair to take, in theory, the side that pleased you, and that to many the Americans had seemed over-

whelmingly in the right. It was the verdict, too, of capable Englishmen who served there, that the English Government could never hold the country against the Americans' will. Thus Harry Fox, returning in April 1779, "laughed at the folly of supposing it." But my point is that the affair was a domestic one, not in a true sense a foreign war: a certain comparison which has been made will not hold for a moment. Lady Sarah, if she used her own good sense, used also her own dear feminine nonsense, and "I hate the King should conquer too, because he sits there at his ease at Windsor, and fancies he has nothing to do but to *order* to conquer such a place as America." It was also her opinion that "he uses poor dear Ireland so ill already that he don't deserve to keep it." That was in 1775. Between '85 and the terrible '98 she lived in Ireland, and was consistently bitter in her invective against the Government, charging it roundly in '97 with deliberately bringing on civil war to pave the way to the Union. Exaggeration of party feeling there is again, no doubt, but the evidence she gives of Government muddling and provocation is dismal reading. She was heart and soul with the oppressed Catholics, and had an intense admiration for Edward FitzGerald: "He lived and died the most benevolent of mankind," she writes. There is also an interesting word of Pamela in '93: "I never saw such a sweet, little,

engaging, bewitching creature as Ly. Edward is, & childish to a degree, with the greatest sense. The upper part of her face is like poor Mrs Sheridan. . . . I am *sure* she is not *vile Égalite's* child; it's impossible."

In the early letters there is much of the theatre and acting, as we should expect: it was almost a mania with English society at the time. A curious point in social history arises in regard to Mr O'Brien, who ran away with Lady Susan Fox Strangways. He was apparently an actor by profession, and yet he seems to have met and played with the amateurs at Holland House on equal terms: it seems odd for the period, for of course he had not, like Garrick for example, the prestige of success—which in all periods has appealed to English society. I forget, by the way, if it was this elopement that suggested to Thackeray his Lady Maria and O'Hagan, but in this case also the loving relations followed the beautiful instinct of human nature, and packed the wayward couple off to America. It is pleasant, though, to read that old Lord Holland, remembering, perchance, his own marriage, allowed his niece, Lady Susan, £400 a-year when her father would give her nothing. Lady Susan was a woman of sense and spirit, refused, in the long-run, to stay in America, and managed to lead a perfectly happy life with O'Brien, who turned out an excellent man, at home. Her sisters, one gathers

from the letters, showed a certain snobbishness over the matter, which, again, is odd for a time of really powerful aristocracy, refusing to be seen with her in public and so forth: the fact that the Foxes, after all, were only in their third generation may have had something to do with that. The student of feminine methods will find refreshment in this part of the correspondence. And the student—I trust I am not alone—of even smaller things will find information to his heart about the influenza, dress, dinner hours, and habits of all sorts.

The first Lord Holland's memoir is now published for the first time, although both his grandson and the late Lord Holland had it in mind. We learn from it the detailed account of George III.'s almost definite proposal of marriage to Lady Sarah, an account confirmed in a memoir by her son, Henry Napier, gathered from talk with her and written nearly seventy years afterwards. Confirmed substantially, that is to say, for I think in Mr Napier's account we find a bolder and more forward manner on her part, which does not correspond with her letters either, and is probably the exaggeration of old age. Apart from this, Lord Holland's memoir is interesting for a minute account of the beginning of George III.'s reign, and for a frank statement of the origin of his riches. That was known before, but it is agreeable to find Lord Holland

indignantly explaining that all he did was to speculate in the Funds with the country's money lying in his hands as Paymaster, and that in doing so he used (of course) the judgment of a man of sense only as to likely events. The second volume contains several interesting documents from the Holland House MSS. and elsewhere, the most interesting being an extract from Mrs Charles Fox's journal recording the last days and death of her husband. It has not, I think, been quoted—certainly not published before. Few such accounts have been more touching than this of Charles Fox: his follies and ambition put by, his great brain at rest, and only his great affectionate heart left at the last.

There are also two short papers by Lady Susan O'Brien, recording the changes she had seen in her length of days: she survived Lady Sarah Napier. They are brightly written, and make the time-honoured complaints of age, how that unmarried girls had more liberty, and so on; and they remark, with a touch of sarcasm, the "refinements" in language. But—and here I end on the note I began with—Lady Susan O'Brien kept a journal. She was a clever and observant woman, knew the best of England, and lived in New York before the war of Independence: surely Lady Ilchester and her co-editor, who so clearly love those things, will give us this journal also.

G. S. STREET.

MASTER TARTAR.

HE was only a dog, to be sure—and yet in powers of discrimination of character, in his knowledge as well of the ways of the world as how to make himself personally respected in the world, and in general intelligence, he was far superior to most of the human creatures to be found in this part of the country.

Even in the matter of the bites—and these, alas! were both numerous and costly—which he distributed broadcast among an expectant though not always grateful or appreciative population, Master Tartar exercised sound discretion, and could probably have given—in fact did give, though I, being dull of comprehension, was not always able to grasp his meaning—good and sufficient reasons for having bitten Tom, Dick, or Harry—or even Betsy Jane. For he was a crusty old bachelor himself, and only really liked two petticoated beings in this world, my daughter, whose petticoats were very short in those days, and my daughter's maid. The child, I think, he regarded as a something only brought into the world for him to play with, to pet, and to spoil; the maid he loved partly because he felt that she did her duty by the child, and partly because she never omitted to invite him to share the nursery meals, and never forgot to tuck him up in the dolls' cradle after the child had been duly put to

rest. The maid, by the way, was the only person in the world whom Master Tartar ever permitted to wash him. It is true that he occasionally protested under the operation, even when performed by her fair hands; but the protest only came in the form of long-drawn whines, most exaggerated shiverings, and an inimitable air of dejected martyrdom. There came a day, however, when an officious groom took upon himself to volunteer to "give the old dog a scrub down," and in this instance the protest assumed a most active form. The groom, be it said, was one of those uncomfortable people who are ever prone to embark upon works of supererogation to the neglect of their proper business, and who seek to shroud sins of omission and commission under a veil of plausibility. I had always suspected him of being an idle varlet, though in the face of his much-paraded officiousness it was difficult to bring the charge of idleness directly home to him.

It was on the tip of my tongue, when he spoke to me, to tell him that if he gave himself, and a few other things besides, a good scrub down, it would be more to the purpose. But on second thoughts I merely remarked that he was perfectly welcome to wash the dog if he liked, always provided that he did

not waste too much time about it.

Mutatis mutandis—the truth of the proverb anent horses and water shortly received a very ready illustration. For there came a knock at my study door an hour later, and Tummas appeared.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I've come for the old dog. Come along, Tartar boy, rats!"

Master Tartar, be it understood, was essentially a house dog, and a visit to the stable in his case generally did mean rats; so, all unconscious of treachery and impending indignity, he followed the fellow out of the house readily enough, even wagging his tail with an air of *bonne camaraderie*. But the rapidity with which he accomplished the return journey to my study, and the satisfaction reflected on his countenance as—a trifle damp—he curled himself up on his pet arm-chair, were convincing proofs that there had not been overmuch washing done.

A few minutes later appeared my much-esteemed parlour-maid, one of those invaluable women who can always remember the exact spot in which she has hidden my gloves, hat, letters, and all those other small articles which a really sound female servant always does hide.

"Please, sir, Tummas would like to speak to you at once."

"Send him in here, then, please."

"Please, sir, would you mind stepping outside to speak to him. Tummas did say that he wouldn't come into the room

where Tartar was." And Tartar, who was generally on speaking terms with Emma, wagged his tail slightly by way of showing that he had heard his own name mentioned.

I went out accordingly, to find friend Tummas in a white heat of passion, which the highly dilapidated state of the clothing on his off hind-leg was perhaps sufficient to account for. All sense of decorum, all idea of respect for his master, or of even ordinary civility, had temporarily been dispersed to the four winds, and I saw at once that I had to deal, not with my smooth-tongued servant, but with a very ill-conditioned rustic.

"Pretty blooming goings on these here, Mister, bean't they!" he exclaimed by way of opening the conversation, at the same time that he accentuated the evil condition of his nether garments by holding out for my inspection a hanging flap which extended from halfway up the thigh to the bottom of the calf.

"That's not the way to speak to me, Thomas," I replied, manfully resisting an almost uncontrollable impulse to laugh. "If you've got anything to say, say it properly, please. Now, have you washed the dog?"

"Washed the dog! washed the devil, you mean!" he ejaculated, "for if that there dog ain't the devil, then there ain't no such thing." And then, as if the expression of this conviction had brought some relief, he went on less offensively: "Begging your pardon, sir, but if that there dog ain't gone

stark raving mad, hydering-phoby they calls it, such as the sight of water drives them downright crazy, and won't stand washing at no price. The sooner as you gets down your gun and shoots him the better, afore we're all murdered in our beds, the better, I says"—in view of the fact that Thomas did not sleep in the house, this was a wholly unnecessary remark—"I just says rats to him, as you knows, and he comes along of me to the stables as peart as may be, and a-wagging of his tail. But so soon as ever I took him and plumped him down into the pail as I'd got ready for him, water with the chill off, soft soap, and everything, he gives a snarl, same as you might have heard in your room, upsets bucket, and flies straight at my leg. I ain't a-going to say as he've bitten me none, as Providence were too quick for him, but he've tore my trousers terrible."

Here he paused from sheer want of breath, and then having, I fear, caught me smiling, cleared his throat, and raising his voice, in order that the whole household might have the benefit of his remarks, propounded his ultimatum, "Which it's just this—I ain't paid my wages to be bitten of no dogs, nor to have my clothes tore off my back neither, so as if you ain't a-going to shoot of that there dog, I'm off, character or no character, and I'll sue you for my wages in the police court."

"You can sue me for your wages in the High Court of

Chancery, so far as I am concerned, Thomas," I rejoined; "but I'm not going to have you shouting about here. If you like to give me notice, you can do so in a proper manner to-morrow, and in the meantime you had better go home and send your trousers to the tailor."

The upshot of the matter was that the fellow left, though he so far came to his better mind as to ask me for a character, which I gave him, with the qualification, however, that he was rather "over-confident of his own powers."

Having in the course of this digression been led into a revelation of the less amiable side of Master Tartar's character, I may as well briefly complete this portion of his biography.

In the matter, then, of the two bites, one on either leg, which he administered to our wooden-legged cobbler, there was a good deal to be said on the dog's side. If a human being of the male sex chances to be suddenly aroused from nocturnal slumber by a din close to his bedside, does not his first impulse prompt him to rush for the poker, the revolver, or any other handy weapon, and—generally speaking—to clear the decks for action? Does not the sentinel on guard challenge an unwary, though it may be innocent, intruder, and, in default of receiving a satisfactory answer, prepare to make things unpleasant for him? Are there not even cases on record when a soldier, court-martialled for having shot or transfixed a

man who has failed to reply to his challenge, has been held guiltless because his action was not of *malice prepense*, but rather forced upon him in the execution of his duties? Now it fell out that Tartar, in accordance with his usual habit after the nursery dinner, was enjoying his post-prandial nap in his own basket, which commanded the passage between the back-door and the servants' hall. Our cobbler, as evil fortune would have it, was on those terms of easy familiarity with our portly cook, that, finding the back-door ajar, he "jest stepped in to pass the time of day, like," or, in other words, to see if there was anything tasty going at the servants' dinner. Roused from his slumber by the hideous clattering of the wooden pin on the tiled floor, the family Cerberus woke up in a fright, and, biting for all that he was worth, shared the fate of Lucilius—"genuum fregit in illo"—the "illud" being a leg made of iniquitously hard wood. On that occasion, to be sure, no great harm was done, no bones and only one tooth being broken. The cobbler went on his way rejoicing, and told the story as an excellent joke in the servants' hall; Master Tartar, rather abashed by the unexpected, retired grumbling to his basket, there to muse over the uncertainty of human affairs in general and cobblers' legs in particular. So far, then, it may be said, so good. But, alas! when a month later the audacious cobbler, emboldened by success,

repeated the experiment, the boot—or rather the bite—was on the other leg, and the result from Master Tartar's point of view infinitely more satisfactory. Though it cost me half-a-sovereign to salve the cobbler's feelings, and though I spoke to Tartar somewhat severely on the matter, still in my heart of hearts I felt that the dog had reason. An animal with his highly developed powers of investigation—he once wrecked the whole floor of a pig-sty in pursuit of a rat—could hardly be expected to let the matter rest where it was; and besides, when one leg had been proved to consist of timber, the other, for all that he knew to the contrary, might be reasonably supposed to be made of pork or mutton. The uproar that followed the investigation was prodigious. For the cobbler roared murder, the cook and her attendant nymphs lapsed into hysterics, and Tartar, having satisfactorily elucidated the thirty days' mystery, and being at all times intolerant of other people's noises, galloped off into my study, barking at the top of his voice. On the whole, I am inclined to doubt whether I was really out of pocket by the transaction. For it effectually nipped in the bud the cobbler's fancy for dropping in on the servants' quarters at odd times, and, so far as I know, there are no statistics to prove that a one-legged man eats less than his neighbours.

The liberal instalment of bites, with which Master Tartar once rewarded the mis-

placed energy and native impudence of a German band, must surely go down to the credit side of his account; and if the trombone-player got rather more than his fair share of the donation, it must be urged that in the first place he was the officer in command, and in the second that he and his instrument stuck in the gateway and caused an obstruction. The matter was on this wise. The influenza fiend had laid his hands heavily upon my household; headaches and other aches were rife in the family, and though music may have charms to soothe the savage breast, the music played by an itinerant German band is a very doubtful tonic for an invalid. The band in question, uninvited and certainly not desired, had marched into my front garden by a side-door, and then, arranging themselves in a semicircle on the gravel sweep in front of the dining-room windows, commenced operations. A civil message sent through the parlour-maid, to the effect that there were invalids in the house, and that I should be glad if they would go away, produced no effect. And when I went out myself and repeated the request, the trombone-player, who acted as spokesman, absolutely declined to stir, giving me to understand that I must pay them to go. Remonstrations being obviously useless, I prepared to take more active measures.

"If you don't go off of your own accord, I shall have you turned out," I remarked.

"Oh, vill you indeed?" ex-

claimed the defiant Teuton; "ve vill see of that."

"Seeing is believing" runs the old saying, and my German friends shortly had the additional satisfaction of feeling too. Within one short half-minute, Tartar, with the temporary rank of paymaster and chucker-out, had routed the whole crew; and those who previously had showed stolid disinclination to budge a step, were now racing at full speed, swearing guttural oaths, *en route* for the garden-door. It was then that the trombone-man with his cumbersome instrument stuck fast in the doorway, and received the full wages of his insolence.

Now, in the face of the fact that I have up to this point rather posed as counsel for the defendant in sundry charges of assault, I may as well admit that there were a good many other bitings, which cost me in the aggregate a round sum of money, and of which I myself, not being a dog, cannot determine the final causes, and am even inclined to consider Master Tartar's proceedings to have been premature or unjustifiable. In justice to myself, I may remark that the culprit did not come off scot-free on these occasions. When I thrashed him he seldom howled, but contented himself with walking delicately for two or three days, and assuming an air of being misunderstood. He always found a ready sympathiser in my boot-boy Jim, and it may not be out of place to record a dialogue which, with tingling ears, I once overheard between the latter and a justly

angered sweep. Friends, partisans, and admirers Master Tartar could make by the score, but never had a dog more warm-hearted friend, more ready partisan, more devoted admirer, than my old dog had in the boy Jim. It was a friendship based on community of tastes, as I verily believe the human partner in the firm spent half his wages in importing rats on to the premises merely to gratify their mutual desire for sport.

To Jim, then, as he was polishing a boot outside his shed in the backyard, came the village sweep, smarting under a sense of indignity, and by no means in that frame of mind which prompts men to measure their words.

"I say, young man," he exclaimed, "jest you step indoors and tell that master of yours as I'm going to have the law on him."

"Go and tell him yourself," retorted Jim; "I've got my boots to clean. I ain't got no time to go no errands for you."

"Look you here, young man," and the sweep turned up his trousers and exhibited a bit of more or less black leg, "see to that now."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Jim, with feigned sympathy, "and the gaffer done that, did he? Well, I've never knowed him do that afore. I've heard him cuss and growl a time or two, but I've never knowed him bite any folk."

"I never said as he did bite neither; it was his blasted dog as done that."

"What did you say as it

were the gaffer as done it for, then? I thought it were more likely to be the dog all along, as the pore thing run in here a while back, and wellanigh emptied yon basin as was full o' water. I knowed same as if he'd told me as he'd gotten hold o' summat nasty, and wanted to get the taste out of his mouth. So it were your leg, were it? Well, I calls that a rummy go! But leastways I'm glad as it weren't the gaffer as done it. I dunno where us would all be if he were to take to biting."

As he discoursed thus pleasantly, Jim never intermitted the operation of polishing the boot, though he kept one eye on the sweep as a precautionary measure. Not being rapid of comprehension, the black-visaged gentleman did not readily appreciate the full measure of the impertinence of his interlocutor's remarks. When at last the slow-coming light dawned upon his intelligence, he exclaimed—

"I'll fetch thee a clout on the ear-hole, if thee gives me any more of your sarce, young man."

"You will, will you?" was the ready response. "Here, Tartar, Tartar!"

The scene closed with the instant appearance of Master Tartar in the distance and the rapid retirement of the sweep, who did not, however, fail to send me in a claim for damages on the following day. Whether he punched Jim's head I neither know nor care, but as usual the affair cost me half-a-sovereign.

Henceforth in these pages

Master Tartar, in the character of Snarley Yow, shall vanish from the scenes, to be replaced by Master Tartar as viewed in his more amiable lights. That, like Andrew Fairservice, he was no great friend to the fair sex has already been stated; like Andrew Fairservice, again, I will reluctantly admit that he had a very pretty notion of providing for the comfort of number one. Not merely, however, in the matters of infinitely better breeding and infinitely superior intelligence, nor yet in the circumstance that he treated the female domestics in my household with consistent if rather distant courtesy, and was even kind enough to regard my wife as being on a social equality with himself, did Master Tartar differ from the Scottish gardener.

"I will put only one before you," says Monsieur de Rosny to a place-hunter in 'A Gentleman of France.' And here lay the essential difference between Master Tartar and the canny Scot,—with the latter self always came first; for the other, not indeed "the king and his service," but the queen and her service were ever to be preferred to his own creature comforts, and the dog's queen was my small daughter. Not Kit Nubbles to Little Nell, not young John Chivery to the child of the Marshalsea, not even Henry Esmond to the jade Beatrix ever offered more unwavering and unselfish devotion than did Tartar to my only child. In point of actual years the pair were almost exact contemporaries, Tartar

being barely a year old when the child was born, but it goes without saying that he passed through the stages of youth, middle-age, and decrepitude while she was still a young child. Yet even, when to the world at large he was, as goes the saying, old enough to be a grandfather, his intense sympathy with the child enabled him to retain to a remarkable degree, in her presence at all events, a full and sufficient measure of juvenility. If, when she arrived at the romping age, she desired to romp, Master Tartar, ordinarily the most sedate of dogs, except to be sure when there were rats to the fore, would cast dignity to the four winds, and romp with her till he fairly panted with exhaustion. For even to dogs there arrives a period of life when childish things if not put away will entail stiffness of limbs and shortness of breath. In still earlier days, when the child was in the tottering rather than romping stage of infancy, she was privileged, if the fancy so moved her, to use Master Tartar's tail at once as a rudder and support. And yet to outside humanity that tail was at least as sacred an object as the person of a Roman tribune, and a violation of the warning "Noli me tangere" was liable to be visited with sharp and instant retribution. Once I myself, to whom he was at all times tolerably complaisant, prompted by curiosity as to results, administered a sly tweak to that sacred object, and was promptly rewarded

by not only having my trousers torn, but by being informed in brief but forcible language that I was no gentleman. And yet, though more than once I heard him whimper plaintively when the child, stumbling in her peregrinations, hung on to her support more lustily than usual, he never offered any more active form of remonstrance. Up to a certain point the child reciprocated the affection. I know not what exact degree of love babies in arms are capable of displaying, and more than once in my life have had my enthusiastic joy damped by the matter-of-fact remark that the sweet infantine smile, which I had fondly imagined to be intended for myself, was really due to very different emotions. But, whereas I have also been informed that a really well-conditioned baby-girl always regards her sire as the loveliest and most lovable thing in creation, and concentrates all her earliest phonetic energies on the task of addressing herself to her "Dada," on the ears of an expectant audience which had assembled in the nursery on receipt of the glad tidings that "Baby was trying to talk," there fell the one word "Tartar." It was, I may add, the one and only word that Miss Baby condescended to attempt for many weeks, and was in her estimation evidently applicable to all sorts and conditions of people as well as to the legitimate owner. It was indeed curious to note how the dog adapted his times and seasons to the requirements of the nursery. When the child was

supposed to be awake he was ever to be found on duty; when she slumbered he mutely requested the nurse to open the door that he might wander forth and pursue his ordinary vocations, which might take the form of tramp-biting, rat-hunting, or acting as companion to my wife or myself. Yet now and again it would occur to him that his tiny adopted mistress might be awake after all; and I have seen him suddenly jump down from a comfortable chair and walk literally on tiptoe to the nursery door, and there for two or three minutes listen attentively for any sound that might indicate that the sleep was over. The process of feeding the mite he watched through the several stages with marked interest, and on one occasion, at any rate, jumped to the conclusion that the food was deficient either in quantity or quality, and, by way of supplement, savoury, or *bonne bouche*, he tendered for acceptance a plump and juicy-looking mouse. He had brought the creature from a stack-yard over the way, having according to custom lent his assistance in the threshing out of a wheat-rick. It was seldom indeed that the sound of a threshing-engine in our neighbourhood failed to attract him, for it argued the certainty of mice and the possibility of rats to be killed. While the latter were unceremoniously chucked over his back, to come down as dead as herrings, the mice, after the manner of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, may be said to have gone down quick

into the pit, bolted like so many pills. But on this particular occasion it suddenly seems to have occurred to him that there was a little mouth to provide for at home, and it must have gone to his heart to find that the nursery kitten instead of the baby profited by the transaction.

It was a curious circumstance, by the way, that in our household there always was a nursery kitten which never blossomed out into a full-grown cat, each successive holder of the title apparently vanishing into thin air or overtaken by unkindly fate. And hereby hangs a tale, which may tend to illustrate the readiness wherewith Master Tartar abjured long-standing prejudices and a bachelor's ideas of comfort in his small mistress's interests. Be it said by way of preface to the story that, up to a certain period of his life, no dog had a more healthy aversion to cats than had my friend Tartar. It was an essential part of his creed, or even an innate conviction, that no cat was really in its proper place until it was either on the top of a tree or on a wall—it had to be a very high wall too,—or in some equally inaccessible position. And yet so soon as the child had arrived at such an age of maturity that the nursery kitten came to be regarded as an integral part of the establishment, Master Tartar not only suffered the intruder gladly, but even took it under his especial protection. Later on—for she who must be obeyed had so

decreed—kitten and dog peacefully slumbered side by side in the dolls' cradle, to which Tartar had heretofore had the sole prescriptive right. When the child was about six years of age, and had arrived at that pitch of intelligence which enabled her to appreciate the difference between one kitten and another, we took a holiday by the seaside, and within two days of our return the reigning nursery kitten—it was the twenty-seventh or thereabouts—disappeared. It had ever been a most commonplace and plain-featured little animal; but the child was known to be fond of it, and had especially commended it to the care of the kitchen-maid during her own absence. If, as friend Ovid says, we may compare small things with great, the loss of Master Tartar himself could hardly have created greater consternation. The wretched kitchen-maid, whom of course every one abused, went about her work with streaming eyes; housemaids congregated in odd corners and discussed the situation; and it is even on record that the fat cook, whom nature had not intended to be a great pedestrian, walked a full hundred yards along the Queen's highway, calling "Kit! Kit! Kit!"

It was then that "*unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.*" For, substitute "*fallendo*" for "*cunctando*," and you get the exact situation. To the rescue of the bereaved household came the ready wit of a gentleman who

is in the habit of supplementing his weekly income by pumping water up to the top of my house at six shillings a-week.

"What! make all that fuss about a kitten!" exclaimed this hero. "Well, I never! Whoy, we've gotten a kitten at home as is jest of the size as that 'un were when little Miss went away, and same colour and all. Give her that, and she'll never know the difference. I shall be glad to get shot on it, I shall."

And on these lines the Gordian knot was finally cut, and expectancy in the place of turmoil reigned in the household. Alas! for the moral tales of Miss Edgeworth and those old, old maxims contained in our copy-books—the deceit prospered, and Pseudo-Smerdis, accustomed probably to being mauled about by the pumping man's children, and therefore not objecting to being mauled about by mine, sat upon the throne of his predecessors in office, and did not altogether misbecome his or her sudden promotion. Yet there were remarks made which partially proved that the child had greater powers of observation than the pumping man gave her credit for. For to my wife sitting in the drawing-room suddenly appeared the small person, carrying the kitten, as her way was to carry kittens, hung over her arm like a shawl, and with Master Tartar in attendance.

"I want to show you, mum-mum, how much my dear kittie has improved." She omitted, by the way, to add how little

it had grown, though it was perhaps a shade smaller than the one she had taken leave of six weeks before.

"You 'member its nose was black, and now it is the most lovely pink, and it has growed such a bee-utiful white tip to its tail."

So far, then, so good. But in the evening there was yet another tale to tell—a tale which, though the speaker's lips were quivering and her eyes wet with tears, fairly drove me out of the room in search of a quiet place where I could laugh to my heart's content.

"Kittie isn't half so fond of Tartar as she used to be, mum-mum. When I put them to bed together she was quite cross."

Poor kittie—to be mauled about by a child was part of the day's work, but to be thrust into a dolls' bed already occupied by a stranger dog was something beyond a joke. It is something to Master Tartar's credit that either animal survived the ordeal, and it should be added that so great was his power of self-control, and such was his force of character, that the kitten, like Mr Pickwick's landlady, shortly got "composed to the situation," and the pair were often in view slumbering peacefully side by side. It must not be supposed, by the way, that the tenancy of the dolls' cradle lasted throughout the night. For when the child had finally settled down for her night's rest, a judicious nurse quietly aroused the other sleepers and sent them off

about their respective business. Where pussy bestowed herself I never had the curiosity to inquire; but I know that Master Tartar passed the night wherever the fancy took him. Sometimes when I was at home he honoured our bedroom with his presence, and if I was by any chance away for a night, my wife always invited him to take care of her. He apparently always took care of himself at the same time. For on a cold night, as soon as the bedroom fire had gone out, he vacated his own chair, and quietly worked his way under the bedclothes, where he would snore very audibly on his own account, but awake my wife by growling at her if she ventured to follow suit.

But, *apropos* of that intermittent tenancy of the dolls' cradle—where, it may fairly be asked, were the dolls themselves? Why, like Peris out of Paradise, were they to be shut out from their natural resting-place? Merely because that which Betsey Prig, most audacious woman, ventured to say of the constantly quoted Mrs Harris, practically held good of dolls in our establishment—there was “no sich person,” or if there was, she or he was never in evidence. It is true that sundry aunts and uncles from afar showered upon a most unappreciative niece dolls galore: china dolls, wax dolls, indiarubber dolls, dolls that opened and shut their eyes, dolls that squeaked and dolls that did not squeak,—but the child would have none of them. Most heartlessly, most

unceremoniously, they were chucked on one side, to take their chance of the rubbish-heap, the cupboard, or the pumping man's numerous family. For was not Master Tartar better than any doll? Did he not combine in his person the beauties and accomplishments of them all? Was not the dressing and undressing of him, the nursing, the carrying about, the “pramming” in the garden, the putting to bed, either with or without the kitten, the making him sit up at meals with his forepaws on the table—were not all these things, I say, a never-ending source of amusement? How and why the dog stood it all to this day passes my comprehension. But yet he not only stood it but apparently thoroughly enjoyed it, and never looked more happy than when he was being thoroughly tyrannised over by that small but most *exigeante* person. The only thing that I ever saw him really resent was the presence of Tom the stable-cat at a Christmas-tree given by the child to the animals of the establishment. All animals are subject to occasional fits of jealousy, and when the old dog noted that to Tom, who was supposed to be in indigent circumstances, a bigger bone—the presents on the tree were all edible—had been allotted than to himself, he spoke his mind so freely that Tom made himself scarce and left the bone behind him.

When, as years passed apace, the child, having once been present at some family theat-

ricals, took to doing a little acting on her own account, the old dog's services were in constant requisition, and I have seen him play, not without some ability, the parts of a Babe in the Wood, Maria Theresa's Grand Chamberlain, and the Wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood."

To these virtues and accomplishments in indoor life his outdoor companionship with the child was duly consonant. He who, in his leisure moments, could easily run a rabbit down in the open, was content, when on duty, to walk soberly and sedately by the child's perambulator in the days of his comparative youth, to trot after her donkey when he was middle-aged, to gallop alongside of her pony when he was really a very old dog.

I am apt to fancy that, as he became older, the feeling of responsibility rather increased with him, and that he grew to be afraid of trusting his nursling out of his sight, or at any rate out of his hearing. For when the child was at her lessons in the schoolroom, he would stand outside the door by the hour with his ears cocked and in an attitude of rapt attention. And I shall always say that the most pathetic sight that I ever witnessed in my life was the dear old fellow crawling to the front door in the effort to accompany her on the last ride that she took in his lifetime.

As he had unearthed and duly accounted for an enormous rat only on the previous day, the sudden failure of strength came as a shock to me; but something seemed to tell me that the old dog's hours were numbered. Nor was I wrong in my conjecture. In the morning of the following day he was found lying in his basket, panting and exhausted, and evidently in great pain,—so much so indeed that when the vet. who had been sent for pronounced that his case was hopeless, I most reluctantly issued orders that he should be destroyed. In such esteem was he held, however, by all the men about the place, that not one of them had the heart to carry out the sentence, and the vet. had to be again requisitioned to fire the fatal shot.

Deeply as we all deplored his loss—the child in particular being for many days inconsolable—I fancy that he was "*felix opportunitate mortis*," as I cannot believe that a life in which he could no longer be the child's constant companion would have had any charms for him.

If, as I shall ever venture to believe, there is a home beyond the grave to which the good dogs go, there most assuredly Master Tartar is living still, a king in Hades, reigning in virtue of a superior intelligence, and of faith, constancy, and courage beyond all praise.

GUERRILLA WARFARE : A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

THE Spaniards, although they cannot claim to have originated the Guerilla method of warfare, which has been employed in similar circumstances from time immemorial, can at least claim to have given it the name by which it is almost universally known at the present day. Since the commencement of last century down to the Anglo-Boer war, the Spaniards have certainly been the greatest exponents of this method of fighting; and as it is one that is particularly suited to the character of the Spanish people, as well as to the nature of their country, it has figured largely in all the wars waged in the Peninsula, whether against a foreign invader or in their numerous civil wars.

How history repeats itself is curiously exemplified in the 'Memoirs of the War of the French in Spain,' by M. de Rocca, an officer of Hussars, and Knight of the Order of the Legion of Honour, translated from the French by Maria Graham, and published by John Murray in 1816. M. de Rocca was in a very favourable position for comparing war between regular troops with the irregular war of resistance which a nation can oppose to disciplined armies. He was an officer in the 2nd French Hussars, formerly known as the Regiment of Chamboran. After the Peace of Tilsit he was ordered with his regiment directly from Prussia to Spain,

and was at once struck by the great difference between campaigning in Germany and in the Peninsula.

"In Germany the inferior classes, unaccustomed to the exercise of their own freewill, dared not act without the commands of their Government, which, by accustoming their subjects to a minutely punctual obedience, had weakened the national character, the only invincible bulwark that nations can oppose to foreign invaders.

"The clergy in Prussia had little ascendancy over the people.

"In the plains of Germany small bodies of troops could hold large extents of country, as the citizens would have found no secure retreats if they had tried partial revolts.

"On the other hand, in Spain the Government was annihilated, and the regular military force dispersed. The French, therefore, had to fight against a people insulated from all the other Continental nations, by its manners, its prejudices, and even the nature of its country. Their resistance was all the more obstinate as they believed it to be the object of the French Government to make the Peninsula a secondary state, irrevocably subject to the dominion of France.

"In Spain the priests were the only powerful executive militia that the kings of Spain could command: it was by the exhortations of the ministers from their altars that they repressed and dissipated popular tumults.

"The Spanish priests hated the French from patriotism and from interest, for they knew the French would abolish their privileges and deprive them of their riches and temporal power; so that every priest was a focus of resistance, and every Spaniard regarded the public cause as his private quarrel.

"The high and barren mountains which surround and intersect Spain were peopled by warlike tribes, always armed for the purpose of

smuggling, and accustomed to baffle the regular troops of their own country, which were frequently sent in pursuit of them. Thus the untamed character of its inhabitants, the mildness of the climate, which admits of living in the open air almost all the year, the inaccessible retreats of the mountains, all combined to give the Spaniards numberless facilities for escaping from their conquerors and for multiplying their own forces, whether by transporting them rapidly to those points where the French were weak, or by securing their escape from pursuit."

If we now apply the author's observations to the later phases of the Boer war, we find an astonishing similarity of conditions. After the occupation of Bloemfontein and Pretoria, the Governments of the two Republics were fugitives, and their regular military forces dispersed. The Boers in many ways resemble the Spaniards of the time of the Peninsular War. Their individuality is extremely strong, their manners and prejudices make them a race apart, and the nature of their country is very favourable to their irregular methods of warfare, as was that of Spain to the methods of the *guerilleros*.

Again, the Boers know that it is the irrevocable intention of Great Britain that the late Republics shall never regain the independence which was originally granted as an act of grace, and which they have so grossly abused.

The Dutch ministers wield great influence, are, as a rule, fanatical enemies to the British, and in nearly every case have been foci of resistance; while the individual Boer regards resistance to the British

as his own private quarrel, and to a great extent fights for his own hand. The history of the Boer Republics, with their constant struggles against savage foes, has made of every man a warrior, always armed, and thoroughly trained to the method of warfare best suited to his country. In addition, the veldt Boers for years depended largely for their food on the game they shot, so that, on the whole, they are probably even better fitted for irregular warfare than were their Spanish prototypes. Even the climates of the two countries are similarly favourable to out-of-door life, and in each case the enemy to be fought consisted of regular troops, with the want of mobility inseparable from formed and disciplined bodies, however lightly equipped, and quite ignorant of the country in which they were fighting, and of the language of the majority of its inhabitants. In this respect the British army in South Africa is better off than was the French army in Spain, as, besides the fact that many of the inhabitants of the two Republics spoke English, whereas practically no Spaniard spoke French, we read that the French army in Spain "was composed, besides French, of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, and even Irish and Mamelukes," whereas the British army has the great advantage of being homogeneous, and, in addition, the South African Colonial troops are, as a rule, thoroughly conversant with the country and language.

There is something very

familiar in reading that "it was extremely difficult to get guides, because the inhabitants deserted their villages on our approach. French maps were bad, so troops frequently lost their way." The latter part of this sentence is only too applicable, from all accounts, to our own experience in South Africa, more especially in the early days of the war.

Perhaps the most striking parallel between the French campaign in Spain and the British in South Africa is presented by the unwarranted belief held in each case by the commander-in-chief of the invading armies (in one case Napoleon, in the other Lord Roberts), that the occupation of the capital and the overthrow of the Government would end the war. Lord Roberts has been severely criticised for his mistake, as it subsequently proved to be; but the following extracts from M. de Rocca's book show that at any rate he has erred in good company:—

"The Emperor earnestly desired the reduction of Madrid to have the appearance of a voluntary submission. *It was then generally believed that the whole of Spain would follow the example of the capital.*

"Not a Frenchman doubted that the rapid victories of Durango, Zornosa, Guenes, Valmaceda, and Espinosa must have decided the fate of the Spaniards. We believed, and Europe believed it too, that we had only to march to Madrid to complete the subjection of Spain, and to organise the country in the French manner—that is to say, to increase our means of conquest by all the resources of our vanquished enemies."

If we substitute Pretoria for Madrid, and Paardeberg, Pop-

lar Grove, Bloemfontein, Zand River, &c., for the battles in Spain, the above might have been written of the South African war.

It appears to me that in our studies of the Peninsular campaign we have devoted so much attention to the movements of the regular forces on both sides that we have neglected the operations carried on by the Spanish partisans, an intelligent appreciation of which would have prepared us for much that has happened, and is still happening, in South Africa. However, it is quite natural that as Englishmen we should devote more attention to those operations in which our own generals and soldiers were engaged than to those in which our own men had no part. Besides, there is the undeniable fact that, however brave the Spanish partisans may have been, and however much they may have assisted in finally driving the French out of Spain by their harassing tactics, they could never have attained this object by their unaided exertions, unless they had been supported by the regular British, Spanish, and Portuguese armies, which fought all the decisive actions by which the French armies were gradually forced back across the Pyrenees, and which served as a nucleus and rallying-point for the roving bands of guerillas.

There are hundreds of passages in this book tending to show the great resemblance which existed between the character of the Spanish guer-

illas and their tactics and those of the Boers. Some of these passages might stand as descriptions of the latter, with hardly the alteration of a single word. M. de Rocca tells us that

"the people of Spain were animated solely by religious patriotism; they had no practical knowledge of discipline, or of the laws of war. They easily abandoned their standards after a reverse of fortune; *they never considered themselves bound to keep faith with their enemies.*"

This extract shows that breaches, or more often ignorance, of the laws of war, such as breaking parole, abuse of the white flag, and the employment of illegal missiles, are not peculiar to the enemy we are now fighting in Africa, but are probably common to all nations when they wage irregular warfare with men and officers who have not been trained in the rules of the game. Similar acts were alleged by the Germans, probably with truth, against the French *franc-tireurs* in the war of 1870-71, and are always met with in fighting savage and uncivilised races.

It is indeed evident that the Boers have, on the whole, been kept under better control than were the *guerilleros* of Spain, and that the effect of the hundred years which have elapsed between the two struggles with which we are dealing has been materially to curb the blood-thirsty instinct which cannot but come to the top when men are engaged in deadly combat.

In his admirable "Words by an Eye-Witness," "Linesman" says of our South African

opponents: "Poor Boers! . . . You are *not* vile, cowardly, or even more treacherous than a similarly compounded *olla-podrida* of undisciplined Europeans would be."

I will quote one or two out of many passages in M. de Rocca's book which bear out this statement of "Linesman's."

For example, soon after the capture of Madrid, the author was riding near Aranjuez, and thus describes what he saw:—

"At every step I beheld the mutilated bodies of Frenchmen, assassinated during the few previous days, and bloody fragments of clothing strewn up and down. Traces, still recent in the dust, indicated the struggle that some of those wretches had made, and the long tortures they had suffered before they expired. The brazen plates of their military caps were the only marks either of their having once been soldiers, or of the regiments to which they belonged. Those who thus attacked the French on the road to Toledo were the keepers of the royal stud, and such peasants as had deserted the villages on the arrival of our troops."

Again, speaking generally of the temper of the Spaniards towards their invaders, he says that,

"in order to satiate their inveterate resentment, they employed, by turns, the greatest energy or the deepest dissimulation and cunning, where they were the weakest. Like avenging vultures eager for prey, they followed the French columns at a distance, to murder such of the soldiers as, fatigued or wounded, remained behind on a march. Sometimes they invited the French to a feast on their arrival, and would endeavour to intoxicate the soldiers, that they might plunge them into that security which is an hundred times more dangerous than all the chances of battle. They then called

upon the partisans, and indicated, during the night, the houses in which their enemies had imprudently trusted themselves. When new Frenchmen sought to revenge the death of their comrades, the inhabitants fled."

Other passages relate deeds so horrible that it is difficult to believe them true; and if it were not for the exceedingly moderate tone in which M. de Rocca writes, and his evident sympathy with the sufferings of the Spaniards, one would be tempted to set them down as the exaggerations of an enemy, ready and willing to believe nothing but the worst of his opponents.

One passage, describing an event in which the author was personally engaged, exactly describes one of the "unfortunate incidents" with which we have become so familiar:—

"Not far from the village of Mis Casas the Spaniards had placed several squadrons of their best cavalry in ambush: this cavalry fell unawares upon the chasseurs of our advanced-guard, who were marching without order and separated at considerable intervals behind each other. Our horsemen were overpowered by numbers; their horses, fatigued by an excessively long march, could not form to resist, and in less than ten minutes our enemies completely destroyed upwards of 150 of the bravest of our 10th Regiment.

"General Lasalle, as soon as he learnt what had happened, sent us" (i.e., the author's regiment) "on hastily to assist them. We arrived too late, we saw nothing but the cloud of dust which the retiring Spaniards left behind them."

This reverse, be it remembered, occurred to regular French troops trained by years of warfare in all parts of the Continent, and commanded by

an experienced general belonging to one of the most perfect weapons of war ever organised. Yet, if a similar accident happens to a British officer and British troops, people on all sides talk of the "stupid" British, more especially members of the very nation who suffered the above reverse at a time when they were at the height of their military glory.

The Spaniards appear to have been kept in the same ignorance of what was really happening as are the rank and file of the Boers in the present war. To a certain extent this was probably due to the lack of means of communicating intelligence, but not altogether.

"Even at the time of our victories," writes M. de Rocca, "the people of the provinces manifested the greatest incredulity concerning the successes we had gained: no Spaniard would believe in the disasters of Spain."

And again:—

"News of any little advantages gained by their numerous parties were eagerly received by the people, and repeated with exaggeration, and they raised their hopes which the defeat of their armies had for the moment depressed."

The difficulty of keeping their communications secure against the attacks of small mobile bodies was evidently felt by the French in a very high degree, and they seem to have resorted to much the same means of keeping them open as we have been obliged to do in South Africa:—

"The moment the army departed the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and started up on every hand, as if out of the bosom

of the earth, from their hiding-places. Our soldiers could neither go off the roads nor lag behind the columns without exposing themselves to assassination by the peasants of the mountains.

"Every day we received some disastrous news of the small detachments left in the rear of the army to maintain the communications.

"When we marched from one province to another, the partisans immediately reorganised the country we had abandoned in the name of Ferdinand VII., as if we were never to go back, and punished severely every one who had shown any kind of zeal for the French.

"The French armies could only obtain provisions and ammunition under convoy of very strong detachments, which were for ever harassed, and frequently intercepted.

"The garrisons which we had left on the military roads to keep the country in check were continually attacked; they were obliged to construct little citadels for their safety by repairing old ruined castles which they found on the heights, and these were frequently Roman or Moorish remains which, many centuries before, had served the same purpose. In the plains the posts of communication fortified one or two of the houses at the entrance of each village. The sentinels dared not remain outside the fortified enclosures for fear of being carried off; they therefore stationed themselves on a tower or wooden scaffolding built on the roof near the chimney, to observe what passed in the surrounding country."

In South Africa, as there are no ruins of Roman or Moorish castles, we have been compelled to construct lines of block-houses, but in both cases the principle is the same. About the only really practical result which can be attained by guerilla war is that of interrupting and making difficult the communications of an army, and all the best guerilla chiefs from Mina to De Wet have

devoted their principal efforts towards that object.

There are several passages in this most interesting book which show that the fighting tactics of the Boers are not peculiar to them, or dictated by modern firearms, but are almost exactly the same as the tactical methods of the Spanish irregulars, and are probably common to all guerillas, whatever their nationality. Writing of the campaign in the north of Spain, in which the Portuguese also participated, M. de Rocca relates how,

"in the mountainous provinces of the north of the Peninsula, the French, although always conquerors where the Spaniards and Portuguese showed themselves in battle, were not, however, the less assailed by clouds of armed mountaineers, who, never coming near to fight in formed ranks or at close quarters, retreated from position to position, from rock to rock, without ceasing to fire, even while flying."

Again, during the campaign in Portugal, after Wellington had begun to advance from the lines of Torres Vedras in pursuit of Masséna, he speaks of the Portuguese militia as

"never attacking any but the weak parts of the army—that is, the advanced-guards, rear-guards, detachments, small garrisons, or single corps, and doing a great deal of mischief, as it was impossible to destroy them on account of their numbers and perfect knowledge of the country."

Here is one short sentence, which is highly reminiscent of what occurred at one time all over the Transvaal and Orange River colonies, and shows how similar circumstances produce similar results:—

"At Campillos (a village north of Ronda in Andalusia) the natives, being ordered to give up their arms, gave up all the useless ones, and hid such as were serviceable, as always happens in similar cases."

That nothing should be wanting to complete the resemblance between these two campaigns, separated by nearly a century of time, the incursion of bands of Boer raiders into the Cape Colony had also its parallel in Spain. M. de Rocca says that

"whilst the French armies lay under the walls of Cadiz and Lisbon, the Spanish partisans were making incursions to the gates of Toulouse, in the very heart of France.

"Such was the repose we enjoyed after having conquered Spain from the French frontiers even to the gates of Cadiz."

I have, I think, said enough to show that the dogged and persistently harassing resistance we are still encountering from the Boer guerillas is in no way abnormal or extraordinary, but, judging from the teachings of history, only what was to be expected under the circumstances of the conflict. It behoves the British public, therefore, to exercise patience, and afford every possible help to the commanders who are, slowly it is true, but successfully, struggling to kill the hydra-headed monster of guerilla war.

As a result of the Boer war

there is, it seems to me, one danger to be guarded against. As it is a war of regular troops on one side against wholly irregular ones on the other, it is to be feared that we may be so impressed by the trouble we have experienced in subduing them that we may be inclined to unduly magnify their importance, and so be tempted to try and convert our regular regiments into an indifferent imitation of Boer commandos, forgetting that generations of special habits of life are required to turn out such irregulars as the Boers and Spanish guerillas; and forgetting also that in the long-run the regular disciplined troops always prevail over the irregulars. If we go too far in the direction towards which there are signs of our tending, we may one day find ourselves trying to oppose a regularly organised and disciplined European army with a necessarily bad imitation of Boer commandos, or Spanish partisan bands, without having the solid base on which to fall back and rally, which the regular allied armies under Wellington's command afforded, and which eventually did what no amount of purely guerilla warfare would ever have effected unaided—that is, drove the French out of Spain, by defeating their regular troops in the open field.

"SCOUT."

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹

PART III.—LOVE IN A MIST.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ESTATE OF CLEPHANE.

YEARS had passed.

For me they had been years of weeding-out and quiet change. I had served an apprenticeship in Mr Michael Trail's office, attended the law-classes in Edinburgh, and was back again in the Town of Tarvit with my uncle,—become his right-hand man, indeed, and destined to succeed him in his business. My father and mother were dead. Mr Foster's mill drove on. Aunt Sarah clung to life in St Brise still, like the unfruitful cherry-tree on the sunny wall of her garden. Rab had carried off his family from St Brise immediately after Aunt Charlotte's death, and led them in a roving life. A short period of prosperity in the north of the county ended disastrously with an Excise trouble over some maltings. I heard of him later in the west country, and again in Berwickshire; and for a month or two at a time, at intervals, he occupied the house in the Back Bowes which his wife had inherited from the Setons. I saw him several times pass my windows in Town of Tarvit. Once in Edinburgh I ran into him turning out of Thistle Street, but I had a companion with me, and we only exchanged a "Good-day"

in passing. In all his wanderings his daughter, Charlotte, accompanied him, or kept a home to which he might return from his adventures, whatsoever they were. On one occasion at least, perhaps twice, they led him as far off as London.

I had not met Charlotte in all these years, but she was still a living memory, kept fresh by news of her I received at intervals from her brother Dave, who was a saddler in St Brise now, cut off from his father, scarce on speaking terms with him even, and doing well. My old companion James, the great scholar, after blossoming into a minister of promise, had withered in body and mind under some mysterious blight, and was lingering in an asylum, industriously perusing the Hebrew Scriptures. Tam was in Australia, a ne'er-do-weel according to all accounts, but writing home as cheerfully as if he were still keeping rabbits up the St Brise close. All was changed, but changed as the landscape changes; in the main remaining as it was; the only differences a tree fallen here, a dwelling erected there—insignificant and unnoticed save in a few hearts to which the old contours are sacred.

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In all Fife there was no man possessed of half the influence of my uncle and master, Michael Trail. Rab Cuick had a by-name for him, "The Peerie," and my wit cannot discover a better description; for apart from the bodily shape of him, which it exactly fitted, he was, as Rab said, always humming. He was a man of a large and informal capacity. Most of the affairs in the countryside seemed to be gathered up under his hand in that Town of Tarvit office; yet his way of guiding them was to run all over the shire after them—never off the railway that he himself had been foremost in promoting. It was familiarly known as "Michael Trail's Railway." He would travel twenty miles rather than write a letter; his correspondence lay in a litter on his table, for a great part unopened. To him a piece of business was like an abscess—not to be touched until ready for the lancet. Now that his cases were more numerous than even he could freely carry in his head, he established me in his infirmary (this was his joke) as a kind of confidential nurse, who should watch the more delicate of them, and report how they progressed.

One of these cases now fast approaching the crisis was the Clephane estate. The Clephanes of Clephane date from the middle of the eighteenth century, when Andrew Clephane, Burgess of Newburgh in Fife, married Jane, seventh daughter of Lord Kinghorn, and retired with her into the country on his fortune. There,

at Clephane, they founded a line of Richard Clephanes, merry and undistinguished gentlemen for the most part, who even in the dissipation of their ancestor's wealth displayed no splendid qualities. The fifth Richard—he who suffered upset driving home from Mr Adam's on the night of the legend—was the first to show originality of conduct, and to break with the family tradition, by embarking on matrimony with love without a dowry; which he did, not once, but twice (showing how hopeless his case was); and each of his wives presented him with a son, to whom at his death he bequeathed a half of his personality. These two half-brothers, between whom lay a difference in age of nearly twenty years, were bound by a tie of more than ordinary affection. The elder, Richard, shared with James his ancestral home at Clephane, for the upkeep of which they pooled a portion of their incomes. When at a mature age Richard married their neighbour, Miss Mirrin MacNab in the Den House, or she married him,—although James thought his brother was old enough to have known better,—the harmony between them was still unbroken. With her mature charms, Mrs Clephane brought her husband the Den property, including the House upon it; and there at Nocht (as it came to be called) Mr James Clephane was installed, in an occupation scarce less proprietary than that which hitherto he had enjoyed at Clephane.

During the remainder of

his sister-in-law's lifetime, however, James Clephane was seldom in Fife. He was not a man to be sensitive about living on a property belonging to a woman whom, frankly, he disliked; and, indeed, he paid a full price for that privilege, for Mrs Clephane, who ruled her husband and all within his gates, was, despite her ambition, a particularly keen woman of business. He was too densely downright also to fear (as many a more supple man would) that any show of this dislike into which he might be surprised would be attributed to chagrin at the loss of a property, in the reversion of which he had been ousted by her and by the two children who—contrary to all speculation, but she was a determined woman—appeared in Clephane before she gave up the reins there. But James Clephane was an easy, affectionate, hot-tempered man, who dreaded above all things a break with his brother; and he thought it prudent to put himself beyond range of consultation on the ambitious schemes to which Richard was urged by his wife (the Mackerel Election was one of them), concerning which it would have been impossible for him to curb his tongue. Moreover, he was still young then, or comparatively young; so he spent most of his time away from Fife, seeing enough of the world to give him a key to the scandal which reached him when he had once again settled at Nocht, with the admirable Miss Riggs to keep house for him. That was after Mrs Clephane's death,

when he was able to share fully with his brother's boy and girl the affection and confidence of their father.

Now one summer, shortly before Mrs Clephane died, Rab Cuick had turned up at the Bowes, and engaged Mr Richard Clephane with a story of there being coal on the MacNab property. Mrs Clephane, when she heard of it, was extraordinarily interested, and went across to the Bowes to interview Rab; but she came back with a black face, and from that moment would hear no more of coal in the Den, nor could she bear Rab within her sight again, or the mention of his name. But after her death the story was revived, and there came a time when Rab was up at Clephane daily, and daily you could have seen the Laird wandering along the Den burn, while Rab whistled tunes in his ear about seams and outcrops. Very soon Rab was away again upon his adventures, but not before he had set Richard and James Clephane upon an undertaking from which it needed all Michael Trail's skill to bring them safely off. The peaceful old shoemaking hamlet of the Bowes was become a grimy and squalid village of miners, and the Den property was in a medley of borings and pumping and ramshackle shafts—all swallowing up money which it gave Mr Trail sleepless nights to find. "Clephane's Folly" the undertaking came to be called; but in the end coal was reached, as Rab had prophesied, and of a quality and quantity that promised a gold lining to

the pockets of those who had sunk their money in search of it.

Scarce, however, had Mr Trail brought the fortunes of the estate to this happy conjunction, and placed them in my hands, than fresh danger threatened. A project for bringing a railway through this fruitful property raised some old and delicate questions of boundaries and common rights, and once more Mr Trail himself was operating, with a cool head, and a very fine edge on his temper. It was at this fresh crisis in his affairs that Richard Clephane, who had taken a passive share only in unravelling their complications, wound them in a fresh tangle by dying in his sleep up at Clephane.

It was James Clephane himself who brought the news to Town of Tarvit.

I was sitting with Mr Trail in his room, fingering (as it happened) some accounts connected with the estate, which were sorely involved, and Mr Trail was standing with his back to the fire, as was his way always if his temper was at the straining point, when James Clephane's foot sounded in the passage, and his head appeared round the door.

"You haven't heard?" he cried.

"Either come in or bide out, Mr James," said Michael irritably, sifting his red handkerchief through his fingers and shifting from one foot to the other.

"So you haven't heard!" James said again. "You that kens everything first before

other people,—and I tell you news about one o' your own clients,—one o' your own particular clients."

With that he stepped in, with a waggish look in his eye to match his voice, but astonishingly pale in the face.

"Take these papers to your own room," Michael said to me, making a move to turn over the grey deeds so that the endorsements should not be opened to James's eyes.

He turned next to say "Guid-day."

"What's wrong, James?" he cried. "You're not yourself this morning."

At this I looked up from gathering my papers, and I saw all the waggery go out from James's eye like smoke.

"No. I'm not myself," he answered. "Dick's dead," he said; "my brother Dick." And with that he sat down on Michael's chair, and bowed his head on the arm.

"Get out o' this with your papers," cried Michael to me in a bizz from the hearth-rug, and gathering up the accounts under my nose, before I had time to look away from Nochtly sitting there crying quietly. "Take them away, take them away anywhere," he cried, piling them on my bent arm. And then in his pernicketty way, "That's my chair, James," he said to Nochtly; "sit down here." He put his hand under James's arm, and helped him to the opposite chair, in a wonderfully humane manner.

It was some three-quarters of an hour before Nochtly came out, and Michael saw him to

his horse, in the street—itself an unusual thing,—and said a word or two there before they parted. Then Michael, putting his head into my room on his way back, said very testily, “Bring these papers into me now, Mr Shirra.” That was one of his little ways. I was his nephew, yet it was always as Mr Shirra that he addressed me.

“There’s more need of despatch than ever,” he said, when I took them in, and began to handle them afresh. “What was the man doing, going dying now!”

Being in a wonder still at the sight of Nocht’s tears—

“I couldn’t have believed some folk were so soft-hearted,” said I, with a nod towards the street up which our client had disappeared.

“Some folk are particularly soft-headed,” was all the answer he gave me.

After this Clephane affairs kept us all in a thrang. Under Richard Clephane’s will Mr Trail was a trustee on his estate, with his brother James and his friend the laird of Fallowfield. They appointed me factor, a difficult office; though James Clephane would laugh and say he was ready to niffer it with me any day for his guardianship of young Richard Clephane and his sister Jenny. “Did ever man have such a handful?” was his constant complaint, partly affectionate, partly irritated. They certainly led him a dance. Brother and sister lived on at Clephane after their father’s death, going their several ways,

which were just as far apart as their common blood had it in it to carry them. Jenny was tall and straight, comely in her features, honest and queer and courageous—proper daughter of all that line of merry Clephanes, but with the gipsy MacNab strain in her somewhere for all that. As for Richard, he doubtless was an open book to any one who understood his mother, Mirrin MacNab; but I never met the man who could say that he understood Mirrin MacNab.

Young Richard was really a stranger among us. He had been sent to a school in England and afterwards to Cambridge—his mother’s ambition again,—though I never could hear that he learned much there, save, indeed, his taste for music and painting and all the rest. Afterwards, when he came to settle with his father and Jenny in Clephane, we scarce knew him. We were familiar enough with his face, of course, with its swarthy complexion and close-trimmed, jet-black beard: he was a man you would turn to look at twice as he rode through Town of Tarvit. But that was just it. You would not have turned twice to look at a real young Fife laird. By-and-by he took to going about a great deal; but it was to Edinburgh, or among one or two country houses, superior places, no doubt, but of no account in the shire except for theatrical and musical parties that drove out from them to give performances in the coast towns. Richard Clephane, it seems,

was their great musical star. He could score music as well as play it wonderfully on his violin; and he and another, a curate, acting chaplain at one of the big houses east the coast, wrote a sacred cantata, "Felix," which the St Brise Choral Society produced to raise funds for the soup-kitchen one severe winter. I heard it, I remember. The Lord Lieutenant was in the chair, and made a long speech on the nutritious properties of lentils—he called them "wentils"; and then came the cantata, a wearisome business I thought, though Blalach's musical critic summed up very learnedly in its favour. "Felix," at any rate, was the means of raising sufficient money to fill all the empty stomachs in Fife for a generation with lentils; but it nearly wrecked the Choral Society, the basses, half-way through the rehearsals, clamouring for "Elijah" or "Israel in Egypt," in which, they declared, they could have a "good breenge."

Richard's playing might have had a reputé as widespread through Fife as Mike Runciman's of old, and his Uncle James would not have cared greatly, though it would not have raised his nephew any higher in his estimation. But it was different when Rab Cuick was once more in residence at the Back Bowes, and between it and Clephane there was a constant traffic, Richard and the Rascal spending hours together speaking and playing music. James Clephane's wrath rose when that came to his

ears. "He would give the lad a talking-to!" and he sought him out there and then. "Less fiddling!" he told him, slapping fingers on palm to enforce his counsel; and then he discovered the enigma he had to play guardian to. He returned to Nochtly with the fretful indignation of a man whose assurance of his authority is for the first time put to doubt. After that I heard nothing but the rumbling of his anger because his nephew consorted with any idle folk, instead of acquainting himself with all that was going forward on Clephane estate. The truth was, as I found out, Richard Clephane knew very well what was doing there. Nobody could call him light-headed: light-headed is glib-tongued, and Richard was a silent and laconic man. Some would have it that he was light-hearted. I need not tell you what people thought he was. You can judge for yourself when my story is told.

All this time I had been kept running between Town of Tarvit and Clephane, in consultations with James; and also I was thrown much into the company of the other trustee, Ben Duncan of Fallowfield. The laird of Fallowfield was the fifth of a family of eleven sons. Their mother was the daughter of a retired St Andrews professor, who (but not until he was hourly expecting dissolution) married her to her cousin, roaring Jock Duncan, the "Whaler." The very next voyage after his marriage Captain Duncan lost

his ship in the ice, and he settled down on his wife's little property at Fallowfield, to rear laddies, and the other pursuits of a gentleman, as he said. Of the eleven sons with which his efforts were blessed, the fifth was christened Benjamin, in a premature belief that he would be the last. Afterwards, when five others had followed him, the "Whaler" jocularly called him "Young Midway," and the name stuck to him until a silly foible of his own struck out another, "Auld Trincomalee." One of his brothers was lost commanding a clipper off the coast of Borneo. Another was drowned in Auckland harbour, going off to his ship one night, very drunk it was said. A brass tablet in Town of Tarvit kirk tells how a third fell in the Alma. Seven of them, including the wealthy merchant of Trincomalee, of whose wonderful bungalow Fallowfield was never done talking, were still living, set up in homes in every corner of the globe.

"I'm the only one of the eleven who never stirred beyond my own door," Ben used to say, "and I ken more about the world than all of them put together."

If gabbling about it was knowledge, that was true.

"How could it be otherwise?" he said. "I keep a fireside for them here in the heart of Fife, should any of them fare badly or be homesick. They write to me as they used to write to their mother, the laddies. Sometimes the Monday's post will bring me as many as four

letters that have travelled ten thousand miles: that gives me my reading for the rest of the week. It's a liberal education, and used to be for the whole parish. Nowadays, to be sure, letters from the other side of the world are left at your door as if it were a load o' peat from no farther off than the Star Moss. Just like that! But when old Geordie Barnes was the Fallowfield post, he kent the handwrite on the outside o' them as well as I did myself. He used to wait till I broke the seal, to see that the laddies and their folks were all well. Then he would go off on his rounds, dropping the news like a good going water-cart. Or if I was out and met him coming from the house, he could tell me what I was to expect waiting for me there. 'I've just left a letter from Bob,' he would say. 'I houp he's had nae mair fracasas with they blecks!' It was cheery, I tell you, to find all the bodies round you able to give you word o' your own folk without your having spread it."

Fallowfield House was crammed with maps and globes and books of travel, and the spoils of travel as well—skins, furs, precious stones, weapons, and I know not all what. It was seldom, too, that one or other of the ten families had not a representative living with their bachelor uncle at Fallowfield. Frequently several members were gathered there; and to introduce a cousin from Australia to a cousin at the Cape, who had never seen each other

before, was Ben Duncan's highest delight. At the time of which I am telling, there was staying with him a niece Edith, a daughter of his brother Alick, the New South Wales squatter—"on the Darling Downs, the very acres, mark ye, on which John MacArthur raised the first crop of wool that ever came into the home market!" So Ben explained when he introduced me to his niece.

"I have to come to Fallowfield to learn about my own home," she said to me with a roguish laugh. "Uncle Ben ought to be published for the use of intending emigrants."

Edith Duncan was the briskest little girl I had ever met—not pretty, not ugly, just a swarthy cheery face round the laughinest brown eyes that ever pleased a man. If you were not very ardent on the subject of Colonial expansion, Ben Duncan got a little tiresome, I found; but when Edith was there, Fallowfield was the most entertaining house in the world.

Early in this autumn, in the thick of the mining business that was keeping my nose so much to the grindstone, I had word from James Clephane that he wished me to come west to him for a day or two's audit of accounts; and on a ripe and sunny afternoon, having forwarded my bag by carrier, I set out from Town of Tarvit to walk to Nocht. On the hill above the Back Bowes I heard a noise in the hedgerow, and a man with the wind in his cheek came stepping into the road alongside of me. I

knew him at once, with something like a flutter at my heart.

"Guid-day to you, Rab Cuick," I cried as off-handedly as I could.

He was the same man as ever,—little and limber and clean in the face; only the hair on his head was thinned as well as grey, and where not thin was cut close, showing the shape of the head and the feel of the hard bone in a kind of indecent way you will see often with rascally old men.

"It's Dauvid!" cries he, as if surprised to see me,—but well he had known that I was on the road.

"Or rather I should say Mr Shirra nowadays," he went on,—“for I've heard of your well-doing, though I haven't seen your face for—let me see—how many years is't? A long exile from sic a pleasure."

There was the man at his vicious twittering again, and my disgust rose as it might at the sight of a weasel. I was back again at the East Port of St Brise, these years ago, and the whole story came flushing forth from the reserve of memory.

"Ay!" I answered, as much as to say, "There's many a thing taken place since then."

"A lawyer, Dauvid, a lawyer!" cries he. "That 'Ay' o' yours is the sign-token of your never-commit-yourself trade. Yours is the profession for wits," says he,—“unless it be the Excise," at which glance at my father my blood boiled.

We were at the head of the Back Bowes now, and I was

for stepping into the Den road to Noochty.

"You'll not pass the auld place without giving your friends a call?" said he.

"Charlotte will be glad to see you," he went on. Once more these things of years ago came into my mind, and especially Charlotte.

"Charlotte I'll be glad to pay a visit to," I says.

"Aye a gallant, Dauvid. Oh! ho! I've heard of the Fallowfield friendliness, and the young leddy there," he answered, giving me stroke for stroke. But I think that I had hit him hard, for the whistle came cleaner through his teeth.

"Besides," he says, "we're not far out of your way to Noochty,—for it's him you're going to see, I suppose."

"Mr James Clephane——" I says.

"A nice man, James," he chimed in. "In fact, a man that I can admire. A guid man and a frolicsome man—a nice conjunction."

"Though it's true," he continued, "he has a way of taking his own excellence, or, at any rate, other folks' frailty, for granted, and is not very delicate in fingering a body's susceptibility. I was down at St Brise market last Saturday, and he calls me over to him, and says he,—before a lot o' fouk, too,—'Rab,' says he, 'I've got my turnips all in.' 'They're weel aff that hae neeps,' answered I, 'but I'm real glad to hear it.' 'And,' continued he, rugging his cheeks and laughing to Clentry and some

more of them standing by, 'I would make a bargain wi' ye. I'll send you over a cart-load if you promise to let my pit alone all winter.' 'A cairt-fu' o' neeps,' says I; 'I wouldna tak' your twa!' It's aye the way: the big folk take advantage o' we puir bodies."

"But here we are at my door," he says; and I found myself back at the Setons' old house in the Back Bowes. A daunting shyness took me when Rab called "Charlotte," and Charlotte stepped out and put her hand in mine.

She had come into the doorway before we got to the end of the garden path. She held out her hand to me without a word, but with a welcome on her face. It was the old smile: I noticed that; and it seemed to me, too,—and this gave me a touch of disappointment,—that something had gone from the face. Perhaps it was that the sun striking fair upon it took something out of it. Perhaps it was only that these years had taken away the girlish brightness that was in my recollection, and that what they had put in its place was not to be read at a glance, especially by the eye of one so shy as I felt myself. She led the way into the house, and there I was back again in the Setons' kitchen.

"It's a long time since I was here," I said; "not since——" and then I caught Rab's eye sardonic. "Not since you and me were set back to back here for measuring," I blurted, and Charlotte nodded smilingly.

"But I knew you the moment you came into the garden," she

said. "You haven't changed—taller, that's all."

"And a lawyer," says Rab. "Mr Trail's right-hand man."

But Charlotte paid no heed to him.

"I ken no difference," she said.

"And you," I cried; and I looked full at Charlotte, now in the cool shade of the room.

She was her mother over again. The light-brown hair had the wisps of gold in it; the eyebrows, it seemed to me, had got darker over the grey eyes, and the nose longer, and the chin larger, and the mouth arched more on the upper lip, more proudly arched. I believe, now that I think of it, that the changes I saw came all from the taking up of the hair, which I had never seen save lying down on her back: now it was parted in the middle, and lay with large waves upon the temple, coiled in a large coil back on her fair neck, round which was a plain black ribbon. Proud at the mouth, grave at the nose, wonderful at the eyes!

I stood looking at her in my stupid way, in a cloud of uneasiness, not because of what I saw in her, but because of the days in St Brise, and especially that last terrible day, which my memory went slipping over; and she all the while regarded me with a grave smile.

"Ay!" says Rab, "it was here you and me first met, Dauvid. You'll not mind the bit jaunt we took with the cairt up the length of Jock Myles's?"

And that brought me to my

senses. Every word he spoke was like a blow given in front of the girl. What she felt I could not tell. She kept talking to me evenly of old times.

"I'll come back soon to see you, Charlotte," I cried out.

"We cannot expect to keep him. . . . A man run after by all the big folk in the country," Rab murmured, leading the way out to the garden.

A hand was laid on my arm.

"Wait," Charlotte said, and I waited.

She had run upstairs, and I heard her moving across the floor above my head. When she came down she had a little square leather case in her hand, which she put into mine. I unclasped and opened it, and was looking at a daguerreotype of Aunt Charlotte, under glass, and set in gilt filigree. I looked, and handed it back. I could not speak, because of a sudden happy relief. I knew that she had shown me this to remove the doubt in my mind that reproach or anger was harboured by her because of my share in the events of that terrible day. For that, at least, she had shown it to me. Her eyes were shining through a mist in them to tell me so.

I found Rab in the garden, and he whistled me out to the Nocty road. At shaking hands he mentioned something about the Clephane minerals; then, changing his mind, "I'll see you up the road a bit," he said.

He began to talk about the coal-beds, and the chances of developing them, and the effect of the railway should the bill

pass; all with a knowledge and interest that surprised me into an old foolishness.

"Man, Rab," I said, blurting out more than I meant, and saying more than I seemed to say, "Rab! Rab! you would have made a grand business man if you had liked."

"Or an exciseman, or a laird, or a lawyer even," he cried in a sudden heat, "if I had liked. But what man would like to be one or other!" And then he broke short with a laugh. "I wouldn't give my fiddle, and my gun, and God's air aye above me, and my wits aye

playing wi' other folks' wits—d'ye hear, my wits playing wi' other folks' wits. . . . Huts! I needn't tell you what I wouldn't give them for. You wouldn't understand. You're by nature one of the narrow traffickers o' life; aye sailing circumspectly—like my son Dauvid. Twa Dauvids! A pair of you! There's a lot o' your kind on the earth—and I don't care *that* for you!"

With this he snapped finger and thumb in the ripe twilight, and, swinging on his heel, went back to the Bowes without another word.

CHAPTER XV.—AUDACIOUS CREEPERS.

I went on my way to Nocht, all my heart rosy with the thought of Charlotte.

James Clephane welcomed me to his house in a very friendly manner, and commended me to the favour of his housekeeper, Miss Antonia Riggs. If only I had time, I could tell you the full romance about that little lady. Years ago a band of Italian plasterers travelled through Fife by easy stages, from country-house to country-house, the ceilings of which they were employed to decorate. I remember Rab Cuick, who had a sense for everything of the kind, explaining that that is how you find the garlic trailing through so many Fife gardens. One of these Italians died in the middle of a piece of work near Falkland; which threw upon Fife a widow, a foreign prize, for whom half the lads in the coun-

tryside had a scramble. Ultimately, after a romantic bit of courting, she was carried off by Hugh Riggs, a bower from the hill-foots; and from them was descended in the second generation Antonia. To all the world she was known as Tony—Nocht's Tony. She was deep in James's counsels, and as constant to him as his shadow. Indeed, this figure of a shadow pictures her perfectly. Her dainty light body, always clothed in black silk, flitted from room to room, and from dairy to poultry-yard,—as brisk as a working-bee, as James said; and it was surmounted by a head of black curls, like a full peruke, out of which glimmered at you the keenest of Scots faces, startling in its olive dye. And if you gave it a chance, in banter or in temper, there leapt from it also a Scots speech, surprisingly broad, yet as

sharp as an old Edinburgh lady's.

She and James were very gracious to me at dinner (which was early at Nocht); and after it young Richard dropped in, evidently by appointment. His Uncle and I ran over with him some urgent points of business; or rather, we ran them over in his hearing, for he did not pay us the compliment to profess anxiety to understand them. Business bored him, or he affected that it did, and to-night he showed more than usually indifferent and anxious to be done with it. No sooner was he gone than James, with a motion to me to do likewise, drew in his chair to the table!

"The tumblers, Tony!" he cried: "tumblers and hot water! For if Mr Shirra is at all like me, he's very dry in trying to sharpen his wits on that dull whetstone of a laddie. What say you, Mr David?"

"Jenny's bad enough at times," he went on before I could find a discreet answer. "Yet, maybe, she is only properly deep. I cannot tell, for she has aye a ruffled surface. But that laddie's a well."

He mixed the toddy in his rummer, and ladled out a glass for Tony.

"Who's this Paraboo that he's bringing to Clephane?" he started afresh, and I learned that the great fiddler was to sleep the next night at Richard's on his way to one of the country houses I have spoken of. In truth, the news interested me little, for my restless heart was whispering "Char-

lotte." James entertained me with a medley of estate figures, and Paraboo, and a racy story of how Pap Inn came courting Tony. I listened with a discreet show of interest, but my eyes were turned inward, entranced, upon the vision of Charlotte that afternoon in the Back Bowes doorway.

It must have been near ten of the clock, I daresay, when there was a small stir in the house, and a maid with a hand on a laugh came in to announce Mr Rab Cuick.

"Speak of the devil," Nocht said to us: it shows where his thoughts had been, for we had not been speaking of Rab; and to the maid, "Bring him in."

"Come away, Rab," he cried, as the rascal appeared in the doorway.

"Have you come for your cartload?" he continued,—and to most men in the circumstances that speech would have been disconcerting.

"No," says Rab, as cool as a crab—"no; yet I've come to ask a favour all the same, though, unfortunately, there's not a man about the place to grant it. You maun know, I was bringing a cart home by the Den, and Jess reested, and not a foot will she move."

"You and Jess were up late?" says Nocht.

"Oh! stuff for a body in the Bowes. To tell you the truth—and it eases my feelings in bothering you at sic an hour—it was one o' your young folk, Mr James, that detained me."

"Your nevvie honoured me wi' a call," he went on, "and the crack fell on music, and

that means nothing less than a night of't. He's daft about the fiddle, Mr Richard, and very full, and no wonder, about Paraboo coming to stay wi' him—the great Paraboo—the graundest fiddler. Clephane should be proud. . . . We sat cracking; and before Charlotte, who is at the washing in the Den to-night, came back for her supper and let me awa', the night had slipped by unconscionable."

James was sitting frowning and silent.

"Your fiddle's still your friend, Rab?" said Tony, filling up the pause.

"Friend? Lover, mem. A woman, sweetheart or wife,—just an instrument out o' which a man draws the music that's in himsel'."

"Hum! Well — and the favour you want?" Nochtly said curtly.

"A theat," answers Rab. "I came for a theat. Your men are very willing, Sandy your stable-man 's particularly obleeing, but there's none of them about. So I've had to come to yourself to ask for the loan of a horse."

"Willingly," said Nochtly, always courteous, and rose to put on his boots.

But Rab stopped him.

"Not a foot, Mr Clephane," he said. "I go without it if you're to put a foot across your threshold to-night to get it for me. I can easy get the horse myself. I *could* easily have got it," added the rascal, "but I canna bear to take anything by-leave."

James snickered, despite his gloom.

"I'll go with Rab," I cried, in eagerness.

In truth, I could not rest for thought of Charlotte. All the evening I had been seeking an excuse for going to the Back Bowes for a word with Charlotte, or a look at her. Now, with the news that she would be back in the washing-houses in the Den, and that I might meet her there, came my opportunity.

"I'll come with you, Rab," I cried.

"Ho! ho!" said he. "It won't be the first time you've lent me a hand wi' a horse."

"Can't you forget that?" I said, desperately, at that glance at the Jock Myles' affair.

"I'm not likely to. It was my first inkling o' your sagacity," he answered me. "Time's flying and Jess is standing still, else I might give the company the story."

"It'll keep," I said. "Come."

Making excuse to James that I wished the air before turning in, I accompanied Rab to the stables. He took out a horse and walked it down to the Den road. I, at his side, had to give ear to his oblique chatter, in which he seemed ever to be about to surprise me with the discovery of my errand; and all the time I whispered to myself, "Charlotte! Charlotte!" and it seemed to me I would have gone to her before the whole world. I could not walk slow enough for him.

"But I'm detaining you," he said. "Your company is kind, but I must not keep it to myself."

I slackened my pace without a word.

"Thank you," he said, "if, in your goodness, you can spare me some minutes of your time from a pleasanter ploy. I'm in a quandary, Mr Shirra, that's the truth,—a quandary, and it's a man o' the world's help that I need. Supposing—as I hope to live to see it—supposing you were at the head of a large family, like me, lasses and lads growing up around you—ah, the proud parental feeling, Dauvid! And supposing, in the spring-time, one of them was doing a foolish thing and you discovered it—not an ill thing, mark, but just an imprudent, allowing the affection, in the vigours of its youth, to rush up like a clematy on the house-front and entwine itself about an object higher in station than itself,—would you think it your duty to nip that creeper, Dauvid?"

"I ken what you would say. It would depend on the person,—I name no names, you see: it's a supposititious case. But suppose this person higher above the other was also a creeper, wi' wild and wayward affections, a fine, lovable, likeable thing, whose parent or guardian or gardener, so to say, wasn't noticing its trailing romance—would you think it your duty to point it out to him, so that he, if he wanted, could drag it away, before these two were bound till death did them part? Creepers! Awa' wi' the figure. It's a love affair I'm talking about, Dauvid, and asking your advice, as a man o' the world,—a young man o' the world, but as cool and tough a lawyer, so I'm told, as the oldest."

What was the devil driving at? I thought to myself.

"Ponder it! Ponder it!" said Rab at my side, seeing my hesitation.

Ponder it! The blood rushing to my head beat Charlotte. All that lawyer's coolness, of which I was so pitifully proud, vanished in one flame of Charlotte.

"I have been wronging this man," thought I (poor fool). "It is thus delicately that he tells me. It is me he means. And Charlotte. Ah! can it be even so that her affections have strayed to twine themselves about me?"

"Rab," I cried, "as a lawyer—a lawyer's able to look after himself, is he not? As a man, *Amor vincit omnia*," cries I, with a laugh to hide the passion I was shaking with.

"Your hand, Mr Dauvid," he cries, "your hand, and thank you. *L'amour! l'amour!* Why should I nip the romance? That was my own heart's instinct, but I mistrusted myself. But now you've said it. I thank you."

"And I thank you," said I. "It was kind of you."

"Not a word, not a word. I will not understand you. Kind? You ken better than that; it was to ease my own conscience. Have you not told me yourself often I am selfish, unscrupulous . . ."

"If I have wronged you in the past, Mr Cook," I said, "I am sorry. But it was natural. My father's life . . ."

"Na, na," Rab said, "say not that I stood in the way of the supervisorship. Nothing

stands in any man's way save his want of grit to surmount difficulties. Your father—if I had been in his shoes, I'd have got the supervisorship though I'd walked over corpses."

"My father was a good man," said I.

"Ah! there you touch the riddle of the universe, I'm thinking. The relations of virtues to the ends reached by other virtues—might and right, and the like. Take a case. There's a mild, sweet-tempered man ettling at a supervisorship, and in his path is an unscrupulous, clever devil. Sweet-tempered men cannot ride down clever, unscrupulous devils: yet the supervisorship for that mild-tempered man meant virtue. Where are you? Mild temper is itself a virtue. Again, where are you? . . . Well, here we are at the parting of our ways, Dauvid. I maun away to Jess, and you to—Good-night," he interrupted himself. "Good-night."

We were at the slap in the dyke where the path ran through to the Den, to Charlotte; and with a lift like a quick-step in my blood, I started out upon it, and the whistling of that rascal died in my ears.

Among the trees, winding the hill on the south side of the Den, the footpaths hung like so many galleries, this one from the Nocht road the highest, and all, like it, descending gently towards the village at the farther end. At first my walk lay in the gloom of the hill, till, turning its northernmost brow, I faced the late moon hung level with me, it

seemed, above the grey and red roofs of the Back Bowes. Its light, fitful among the beech trunks, filled the open valley with an even, lustreless glow. The murmur of the stream reached me now, as the path made a sharper descent, and I could distinguish the green-sward beyond, flecked with the washings spread upon it. A steady lamp here and there kept watch high up above it in the village; down below, the lights in the washing-houses flashed and died at the opening and shutting of their doors that made no sound for me. Now and then a laugh, a voice, a snatch of song among them reached me, and died. Some of the lasses were back from supping, and had gone in to the washing-houses for the night; their escort of lads were mounting the path homeward already. I could hear their repeated signals grow fainter as they turned the house ends.

"Charlotte!" I cried in my heart. Romance glowed in the valley and in the boscaiges on the hill around me. In all the world the moon hung there for me alone, and Charlotte only was in the valley. And I ran down the path to her.

Towards the ford, every here and there, the boys had cut steps in the hillside by which one descended from terrace to terrace. Down these I climbed, the sounds from the washing-greens becoming louder in my ears, till, on the last of them, a laugh and a voice arrested me. Looking down, I could see two figures in the shadows beside the stepping-stones, on which the

moon, shooting behind the Back Bowes roofs, lay in a silver circle. Presently into the circle stepped Charlotte, skipping from stone to stone, plainly disdaining some offer of help. Presently she was on the other side; I could hear her adieu, and see the little wave of the hand accompanying it. Richard Clephane's good-night in response, immediately below me, rose fainter, and before I recognised it for his he had turned into the Clephane path, and Charlotte was lost in the shadow of the opposite bank.

The light in my heart, set there by Rab Cuick, was eclipsed, and a bitter black hate of Rab filled it. Then, suddenly, a light filled my heart again, set there by myself. Charlotte was mine! I knew it! I needed no man to tell me! The figure of the creeping clematis came into my mind afresh. It had climbed high, he said; and I, standing high above her on the terrace, took the figure to myself like an inspiration.

To catch up Charlotte by way of the ford was impossible, but farther down upon the river was a bridge, and crossing by it I might intercept her even now. She came level with it and stopped, as I crossed it.

Once more the light in my heart was eclipsed, not by cloud of jealousy or hate, but out-

dazzled by the sight of her so radiant.

I remembered that day in the Back Bowes kitchen, when I measured myself back to back with her, a tall slim lass, and noticed the gold which the sunlight picked out in her wisps of hair. I remembered that other day, in the room overlooking the ships, when the cloud in her grey eyes bade me look out on life. I remembered that terrible day when the elder Charlotte sailed to the golden islands. They had run in my mind all night like bits of an air that I knew, and yet could not find the end of; and here was the end of it.

Grave, and sweet, and radiant withal.

I knew the end of the song, but I could not sing it.

She was without a hat. A light shawl wound round her beauty.

"It's nipping cold," I said, "and you must not stand. I'll walk with you. You're at the wash-houses the night—your father told me."

She walked with me in the silver and green of the bank.

I knew the end of the song, but I could not sing it.

"Good night," she said, at the wash-house door.

"Good night," I said.

And for me, also, she had a little wave of the hand.

CHAPTER XVI.—JENNY CLEPHANE.

Next morning showed me Charlotte, mine, like a piece of amber, but with Rab a fly in it. Being up betimes even for

Nochty, I was shaving leisurely looking out upon the fine scenery of the Lowlands westward, and seeing nothing of it

because of that disconcerting imperfection in my jewel, when there was a terrific knock at my door. Before I could clear my lips for a comfortable answer to his summons, James Clephane followed it hard into my room.

"Where's Michael Trail due to-day? Where is he to be found?" he cried.

"That I can't say, Mr James Clephane," I answered, being a little annoyed at his manner.

"Oh! I ken fine," he said; "that Michael Trail louns about Fife like a flea. But you maun e'en lay your finger and thumb on him, for there's work for him this day."

"Is it so pressing?" said I.

"Man! It's at the gallop," he answered. "To think that a Clephane should elope wi' flesh and blood of a vagabond tailor! Is not that pressing?"

At this Richard Clephane and Charlotte leapt to my mind, and the blood ran out of my legs.

"When was this? Where are they gone?" I cried. "What's to be done?"

"Indeed," says Mr Clephane testily, "if you could tell me all that, then you might shave in peace. That laddie Dick is a bone with little marrow; but sucking's in a lawyer's line, so haste you down and try it on him."

"Richard Clephane downstairs!" cried I in bewilderment. "And is not Charlotte with him?"

"Charlotte! Wha's Charlotte! If I but had Jenny by the tails, you might be off with the best Charlotte that ever stepped."

"I wish nothing better," I cried in my thankfulness when I saw the mistake I had made; and I burned in the face at this discovery of my emotion. James was too douce a man to be lighted at my fire; but he eyed me curiously, and I think that in some vague way he may have associated Richard and Charlotte in his mind.

"It's Rab Cuick's son David, him that's a saddler in St Brise," he said. "I would have you come quick down and sound Richard about the matter, and in the meantime cast about in your mind for the best way of getting at Mr Trail."

By the time I had dressed and was in the dining-room with the others, I had settled Mr Trail's whereabouts (always supposing, that is, that he had kept in the same mind about his movements as when I left him), and had mastered as well the business that was calling him so loudly. Richard had no other news than the bare fact that his sister Jenny was away, stolen out of Clephane the previous evening, leaving a note for him that she was being married to David Cook in St Brise.

"Might I see the note?" I asked; but Richard declared he had torn it up in anger at the first reading of it. That I could believe, if Jenny's pen was as caustic as her tongue in its opinion of him. Uncle and nephew were in a daze. There was no doubt that the news hit the two badly; and it seemed to me that Richard was always rubbing at his own sore. I could understand James Cle-

phane's disgust, and even sympathise with him, though he harped away at the necessity of having Michael Trail with him, as if Michael, any more than myself, could untie that knot. It was easy to see that James felt that the good name of the Clephanes was in his keeping; and that, even more than this smudge on it, he took to heart the ill-fare of his niece. He could not but deem it ill-faring, for to him, Rab Cuick was the symbol of the family Jenny had married into; and I was sorry for him. But this David was Charlotte's brother, and Jenny's elopement with him had brought into me a hopeful and happy state of mind in which a Cook marrying a Clephane seemed the most natural and desirable thing in the world, or only a little less so than a Cook marrying a Shirra. The completeness of Jenny's escapade pleased me the more when I saw that Richard had never a thought of the consequences to her, but only a fear that they would direct a finger of ridicule upon himself.

"Have you seen Rab Cuick about this?" I asked.

"Rab Cuick!" says James, rubbing his palms slowly, and repeating my words as if they were a hullo! upon his wits; and then, when they came to him at that bidding, "God's mercy! he's a connection o' mine by marriage now," he cries, and laughed to himself at the thought of it.

But the thought of it made Richard yellow to the lips, as I could see out of the tail of my eye.

"You're right, Mr Shirra, we'll better see Rab," James said after a minute's reflection,—"you and me; while Richard rides over to the Junction and intercepts Michael. For Rab's a very ferret."

"He and his son don't get on overly well," I said. "But with Rab, that's the better reason for his knowing David's affairs. We had better step down to the Bowes."

At the end of the Back Bowes road, where the St Brise and Nocht roads meet it, we saw Rab Cuick walking towards us. I believe he had lain at the hedge-side, sunning himself like a partridge, waiting our coming; but when we set eyes on him he was stepping it out like one in great haste.

James Clephane stopped short on the road.

"Mr Shirra," he said, "I cannot trust myself yet to face that man. See you him, and bring word of what he knows to me at Nocht." And James turned on his heel, and left me to meet Rab alone.

I meant to go straight to the heart of the matter, but Rab was there before me.

"I see Mr James takes the news ill," he says.

"Ah! you ken," I cried.

"Ken!" he cried. "All Fife kens. But to be frank, I heard it before anybody else. As you must have guessed, I heard it last night."

"Ah! after you left Nocht," I said.

"Before ever I came to Nocht, man," he answered.

"Rab," I cried, "you don't

mean to tell me that your visit to Nochtty last night was designed to help these two——”

“No, no,” he answered. “I thought you had better understood me. To help myself. Love was *their* theat. But I own I had met the two stravaigers in their happy gait—and even tendered them fatherly counsel,” he said.

“Yet you kept silence at Nochtty?”

“And did not you, your own self, approve my silence?”

“Then,” I cried, the truth breaking on me,—“these two—they were the—the creepers!”

“Precisely.”

“But—‘a supposititious case,’ says you?”

“To be sure. What man’s advice is worth anything on a particular. Yet you maun admit that I put it to you fairly, as both lawyer and man . . . But . . . Mr Dauvid. It did seem to me that you were a little shy in speaking of it. Can it be that this affair—how shall I say it?—is a disappointment? Was Miss Jenny Clephane . . . ?”

“Jenny Clephane!” cried I. “I am here as the Clephane lawyer, to get at the ins and outs of this matter.”

I spoke in a heat. Well I knew that he was playing with me. This man was, as James said, a very ferret, and I had shown my heart to him.

“You relieve me,” he said.

“For the minute I was afeared that one of my own family, my own son Dauvid to wit, was mixed up wi’ your manly affections. . . . Just lawyerly inquiries is it? Well, then, I’ll

tell you all—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me . . .”

He was holding up his hand, gingerly, as if he were taking the oath.

“Stop your blasphemous nonsense, Rab,” I cried, not able to endure him.

“I thought you were better lawyer than to bully your own witness,” he answered me. “But I’ll tell you all about it if you’ll listen.”

“I will not deny,” he said—he had indeed a wonderful knack in telling a story, and drew himself up for the recital of it as if he were singing a song—“I will not deny that the transaction was not quite on all fours. It was not a bonny transaction at all, but it was done to obleege a ledgy. I met her between the hedges west from Nochtty, at one o’ James Clephane’s fields, on the Cariston side of the Bowes. I had yoked Jess with the spring-cart, and—to tell you the truth—it was Nochtty’s neeps I was after. You ken my provocation: ‘a cairtfu’ o’ neeps,’ says he! . . . It was Nochtty’s field and Nochtty’s neeps, and the cairt was that full of them that Jess reested, and would not, or could not, move it out of the bit in the soft field. So there was I with a cartful of neeps not of my own growing, stuck fast in their owner’s field.

“‘Take your will o’t, Jess,’ I says to the mare; and with that I sat down on the paling at the field-gate and hummed awa’ to a star. All of a sudden a hand was laid on my shoulder—and there was that

brown-faced dochter-in-law of mine to be (set me up!), James Clephane's niece, Jenny Clephane. I wasn't surprised to see her there alone at that late hour, for I knew her for the mettlesomest lass in the county;—but it was awkward she should come upon the cart with her uncle's neeps. It was a black night, for the mune, you'll mind, is late, with just that one star that looked so glad of my company; and I hoped she could not make out Jess standing there yoked, and as dour as the paling-stab I was gripping. I thought she might not see her, so I whipped round, and says—

“‘Hech, Mistress Jenny, it's a fine nicht for a ramble.’

“‘Yes,’ she says, ‘and for carting turnips,’ and she showed her white teeth in the dark.

“‘Wark maun be done,’ I answered, with a bit cackle as a signal for the daffing o't; and she flung it back.

“‘And you have a heavy load of other folks' burdens to bear,’ she said.

“‘The heavy end of it falls to the women in this world,’ I says, with a nod towards the mare; and she—

“‘We are to be pitied, Jess,’ and laughed in my face.

“‘I had long ettled her to be one of my kidney. ‘Here's ane o' your own mettle,’ says I to myself; and I wouldn't have lost these turnips for a fortune.

“‘And now,’ she says quite suddenly, ‘Good night, Rab’; and then she gives a little skirl with a false note in it. I'm

shairp at sounds, and I detected that note in a minute.

“‘Mr Cuick,’ says she, holding off in the dark—‘Mr Cuick, you must be off.’

“‘Talk to Jess, then,’ says I.

“She ran up to the mare, all in a whirl, and cries, ‘Gee up, Jess!’ and ‘Good horse, Jess!’ and chuck - chucked in her mouth as she tugged at the reins. But Jess would not budge, and all of a sudden I sees a white flash in the dark, and hears a rattle of harness, and a scrunt in the shafts as Jess shook her head clear of the blow. At that I gave a laugh, low-like to myself, and Jenny was back and saying in my ear, ‘Hush, you old—,’ and then up went her two close little blue-veined fists to her face, and she cried, ‘I forgot, Mr Cuick, I forgot.’

“‘Forgot what, my dawty?’ I says (little thinking my right to say it), and put my hand on her arm; at which she held away from me, for she has the high spirit I like, Jenny has.

“So I whipped about again, and whistled to the star.

“In a little she came up to me, and I felt that she had something on her mind.

“‘How's Charlotte the night?’ she asked.

“‘Well, thank you.’

“‘And Tam—any word from him?’

“‘Oh yes,’ says I, ‘Tam's done very well at ill-doing, and James has done ill at well-doing, and Dave's pursuing a mean in St Brise, of course.’

“‘Of course,’ she says—‘of course Dave is in St Brise,

and market - fairing now, I doubt not,' and she gave a little laugh, in which I joined.

"'I doubt not,' I said. 'At the market, with I ken not what lass—Dave's sic a deevil'—for Dave, you know, is of the still kind, and very respectable.

"At that she says, with a viciousness I can fathom now, 'It's to his credit that he's so steady, all things considered.'

"'He's sair held down wi' a father—if that's what you mean,' I said, and went on in my whistling.

"'You're a good whistler, Rab,' she says again.

"'I'm called so,' I answered, jumping off my spar, and trying again to coax Jess out of the bit.

"When I saw it was of no use, I came back to my paling, near where Jenny was still standing.

"'Maybe,' she says, very low, and coming up close to me again—'maybe I might as well tell you. Although I don't care *that* for you,' she went on in vexation, snapping her fingers.

"If I was to get these neeps clean out of that field, I had to depend on two folk, Jess and Jenny, and I thought the best card to play was the silent one.

"'Not *that*,' she cried again, and again snapped her fingers, 'although you will be my father-in-law.'

"At that, I maun confess, I gave a start on the paling.

"'Sit quiet,' she says, 'and listen to me. I'm going to marry your son. I'm running away with him—now. Now!' she cried, vexatiously stamping

her foot. 'He'll be here for me any minute, and yet you'll not get out of my way.'

"'I have more than one son,' says I.

"'None of your make-believe,' she cried. 'It's David.'

"'Oh! It's Dave,' I said. 'I thought you might mean James.'

"With that she up with her hand, as I had seen her use it against Jess, and flung it straight on my mouth. 'I'm not worthy of doing more for James than that,' she says; and I says, 'I'm sorry for Dave.'

"'Rab,' she cried all of a sudden, 'I think we understand each other.'

"'We're on very friendly terms,' I said, stroking my mouth that was itching with her soft blow.

"'Dave and I are driving to-night to—— I'll not tell you where,' she continued, 'and you cannot stop us. He'll be here any minute with his carriage—and if you try to stop us,—there's the neeps!'

"'No, we don't understand each other,' I cried, 'not a bit,' and with that I jumped off my seat, very angry. 'Not a bit, or you wouldn't have mentioned the neeps. I had no more intention of stopping you in your silly gait than I had of hitting you back for that blow on my mouth. Your uncle shall ken of these neeps—but he'll drive them home for me before that,'—for I had a plan.

"Just as I would have left her, a coach comes up, and the driver pulled up at the gate-side. I saw Dave look out and draw back again.

"'It's a luxurious way of spending your market,' I says, putting my head into the coach window. I could see the thoughts working below the surprise in his eyes.

"'You needn't look to your father to pay the bill,' I cries.

"'The son pays the father's bills in our household,' he answered me—which was a lie.

"'I can keep myself,' he cries again furiously.

"'God keep you both,' I answered, and went down the Nochtly road.

"When I came to Nochtly there was not a soul to be seen in the steading—gone to St Brise market, though maybe the stableman, so obleeing, was lying somewhere in the straw. There was nothing for it but to go up to the House. I looked into the dining-room window to make sure that Mr Clephane wasn't entertaining; but there was nobody with James and Tony but yourself, who hardly count for company, being almost one of the family up there now, it would seem. The three of you looked very coosh together, even you casting aside the burdens of your office, and I was loth to intrude. As it was, as you'll remember,

I parted with you at the Nochtly slap, greatly relieved in mind and conscience by your counsel that justified my own instincts. What a nicht it was, Dauvid! I maun say it was well chosen by the lovers for an elopement: even for you and me, wi' no suchlike fancies in our heads, a braw romantic night. You found it so, I take it, for when I returned wi' the horse you hadn't got back, and Nochtly and Tony were still on the crack by the fireside. Talking o' you and me when our backs were turned, doubtless. I ken not how near they hit the truth wi' you, Dauvid, but I'll warrant they didn't think o' saying that I was theating home Nochtly's neeps wi' Nochtly's horse, and trying to reckon my new degrees of affinity with the owner of them. . . . Ho! ho! I got paid back for his market joke, I'm thinking."

"Rab," I said to him when he had finished, "what does Charlotte think of Dave's marriage?"

"What could she think," he answers with a grave snigger, "but just the more highly of audacious-growing creepers?"

And I returned to Nochtly with my spirit limping at that prick.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

LORD ROSEBERY AT CHESTERFIELD—A GREAT OCCASION OF THE PRESS—ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR—LORD ROSEBERY'S RECORD—A COLLECTION OF PLATITUDES—ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT—THE NECESSITY OF PEACE—FACTION V. PARTY—POLITICAL PARALLELS—THE SPANISH MAIN—SIR HENRY MORGAN AND THE BUCCANEERS—THE DECAY OF PIRACY—BLACKBEARD AND MAJOR BONNET.

IT is by this time a commonplace of history that Lord Rosebery was "rising to a great occasion" when he delivered his famous speech at Chesterfield. But, like many other historical commonplaces, this one cannot face the light of truth. The occasion was great in one aspect only—in the skilful advertisement which forced it upon the notice of the world. The country is passing through no crisis of uncertainty. The Government not only retains the confidence of those who placed it in power a year ago; it has a definite policy, which it means to pursue unto the end. There is no fear that it will imitate the tactics of Majuba, or conclude an inglorious peace. The difficulties of the campaign are not caused by indolence or inefficiency. They spring from the size and the character of the country which is the seat of war; and if Lord Rosebery went round with a band to every city in the Empire, he could not level a single kopje, or retract the area by a paltry perch. From the Government's point of view, then, the occasion to which the Radical Imperialist rose was not great. And how could it appear great

in the eyes of his own colleagues? True, the Liberal party is passing through a period of storm and stress. It lacks both policy and followers; it has been driven back upon calumny, because it is sure neither of itself nor of the country. The men who were ruled for so many years by the rhetoric of Mr Gladstone cannot support life upon the hard bread of truth, and are more busy in explaining away their own slanders than in dreaming how to govern the Empire with energy and spirit. But to them Lord Rosebery said no word either of encouragement or of censure. There was a sentence in the speech whose application to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is more than probable. The words "crazy foundation" assuredly suggest the ambiguities of the "revered leader" and the impotent anger of the 'Daily News.' But a great occasion cannot be satisfied by suggestion or innuendo. What the disordered rout of the Liberal party expected was a trumpet-call to battle, and the trumpeting was over before Lord Rosebery opened his lips to speak.

For the success of Chesterfield, such as it was, is wholly and solely due to the Press. "Walk up! walk up!" shouted the nimble leader-writers, "and see what will happen inside the booth!" In truth the performance was stage-managed like the circus of a country fair. The drums beat, the trumpets blared, and the clowns threw somersaults without, in earnest of the fun which presently would scintillate within. And it is not Lord Rosebery's fault that the fun seemed a little faint and flat. Had he spoken with the tongue of angels, he could not have realised the expectations of his friends. His two Derby winners have cost him very dear. They have made him the favourite of the public and of the Press, which resolutely refused to believe that he could be any less successful at Chesterfield than at Epsom. But at any rate the Press has been loyal to its fancy. It has supported its favourite with the same energy after as before the event. One newspaper, more reckless than the others, declared with enthusiasm that "our country had produced a man"! We know not whether this loyal partisan desired to imply that Lord Rosebery was not "produced" before the meeting at Chesterfield; but if we translated the journal's statement into the jargon of the race-course, we might describe his lordship as "by Clamour out of the Country." Now, a feebler sire than Clamour cannot be imagined; and if it be true that Lord Rosebery was "pro-

duced" at Chesterfield, we cannot look forward to his career with the smallest interest.

One speech does not make a politician. Actions alone can prove the statesman's temper, and when we remember what Lord Rosebery achieved as Prime Minister, we are not sanguine of the future. Lord Chatham, with whom Lord Rosebery entertains a friendly rivalry, did not win his triumphs by his tongue. He did not come forth upon a widely advertised platform to offer himself as the leader of a party which had no existence. He took the reins of Government in his hand, and in a few brief years drove our Empire on a victorious course. So that, if Lord Rosebery's speech had been a masterpiece of constructive oratory, which it was not, it would have been far from justifying the foolish eulogy of the Press. We cannot in a moment forget his lordship's record: we must still remember that when he led the Liberal party he was powerless to hold its scattered elements together; we must still point a warning finger to the facts that he is not only uncertain but hysterical. It is difficult to believe that a politician who has sojourned for a while at the Foreign Office should ever have discussed the probability of war with France in the loud voice of alarm; yet Lord Rosebery was guilty of this folly in the House of Lords, that discreet chamber, which is not commonly provo-

cative of passion or hysteria. Moreover, he is seldom of the same mind two days together. Now, he is bent upon retirement and a lonely furrow; now, he is at the service of his country; and who can tell which humour might take him in a moment of national danger? Worst of all is the levity from which his intellect is never free. The politician who can assert, even in jest, that the successful distribution of sausages and tea is a sound qualification for a statesman, cannot be followed with respect, though he tip his tongue with golden eloquence.

Lord Rosebery, then, has been found wanting whenever he has been tried; and they who assert that "the country has produced a man," because the miners of Chesterfield listened with moderate patience to a popular harangue, are wantonly spoiling their own idol. But even if speech were a guarantee of action, the general enthusiasm would not be justified by the famous oration, which a little attention exposes as a collection of facile platitudes. Only one quality could have achieved success at Chesterfield—the strenuous energy of opposition. Had Lord Rosebery been able to impeach the Government in such terms as might have united the forces of the Liberal party, he could have put in a claim to leadership. But his impeachment, if such it can be called, most monstrously failed. The charges which he brought against the Government he either withdrew

or failed to sustain. The most of them, besides, were frivolous, and utterly unworthy the widely advertised "occasion." For example, not only did he condescend in his best demagogic tone to criticise the forgotten election of last year, but he reproached the present Government with the hatred of England still alive upon the Continent. The Government is as much to blame for that hatred as for the snow-flakes which fill the winter air. The hatred of the Continent is familiar and immaterial; it has been hurled at either party with equal injustice, and Lord Rosebery might remember that England was unpopular even under Mr Gladstone, who loved his neighbours more than himself, and who rarely held a brief for England. But Lord Rosebery's remedy is more foolish than his reproach. "At the beginning of the war," said he, "the King's Government should have addressed to the King's agents abroad a despatch recapitulating all the steps we had taken to obtain justice for our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal, the gradual movement of the negotiations, winding up with what I consider the unprovoked attack of the Boer Government on British territory." Was there ever made a more fantastic proposal! To end the hatred of France and Germany with a despatch would be as reasonable as to stop the flow of Niagara with a tin-tack; and we should have thought that Lord Rosebery knew too much of the

world to prescribe so vain a remedy. Radical though he pretend to be, he surely cannot believe that the manifesto of an interested Government would prevail against the money-bags of Leyds. Nor would the suggested tactics have been permissible, even had they a chance of success. We are not yet so humbly obsequious to the Continent that we need promulgate our own accusation by vain excuses.

That is one example of Lord Rosebery's statesmanship, and it is not the worst. Being unable to oppose the war, he was compelled to criticise its conduct, and here again he failed lamentably. Once more he gave with one hand, and took back with the other. He finds no fault with Lord Kitchener; he is indignant at the suggestion that Lord Milner should be cashiered and Mr Chamberlain superseded. What his grievance is neither he nor any other can find out. He is anxious for peace: but that anxiety puts him in opposition to no member of the Government; and he has no proposal to make, no method of pacification to suggest. He is angry with Lord Milner because that eminent statesman declared at Durban that the war might never formally be at an end. Now, that was not a declaration of policy; it was the statement of a plain fact, which Lord Milner neither deplored nor glorified. Yet it was an opportunity to Lord Rosebery for emphatic protest, and having mistaken a fact for an opinion, his lordship

cheerfully proceeded to another criticism. Again he was content, as he is too often content, to condemn without proposing a remedy. He is confident that the Government should make peace; he is equally confident that the overtures should not come from the Government: why, then, does he waste his eloquence upon England? If the peace depends upon the Boers, if we are powerless in the matter, as Lord Rosebery declares, why does he not address a mass meeting of our enemies, and find another Chesterfield in the wilds of Africa? Even the Boers have studied the art of advertisement, and brass-bands and lime-lights might be carried to the veldt. But Lord Rosebery, having assured his audience that proposals of peace must come from the enemy, and having with characteristic ingenuousness blamed our own Government because the enemy declines to negotiate, has a pleasant vision of an inn-parlour, in which Mr Kruger and Mr Chamberlain shall smoke a friendly cigar. And assuredly the mountebank in politics can go no further. Even though it be another specimen of Lord Rosebery's humour, it proves again that he has not cared to face the truth, or to understand the temper of his kind.

In such terms Lord Rosebery has sketched the duty of an Opposition, which in his eyes is no more than a half-hearted support. The Government is wrong; but what it has done is right.

Lord Milner and Mr Chamberlain are indiscreet; but they must not on any account be removed. The necessity of peace is instant and pressing; but we must not breathe a word which can be construed into a proposal. To an overflow meeting Lord Rosebery quoted the fable of the Big Endians and the Little Endians, and it is not surprising that he did not grasp its application. For he himself is but playing the part of Little Endian to the Big Endians of the present Government. He has no sympathy whatever with Liberalism past or present, and, having lost his party, he finds nothing left him but faction. So he rates the party with which he agrees, and thinks that he separates himself from it by murmuring the word "Efficiency" from time to time. But a small faction cannot benefit the country, and before Lord Rosebery presumes to govern us he must find an alternative policy as well as an alternative Prime Minister. Can we suppose that his past achievement is a better guarantee of efficiency, which is the sole object of every statesman, than the achievement of Lord Salisbury (let us say) or of Mr Chamberlain? Hardly; and, therefore, it is idle to bid Cincinnatus leave his plough on the strength of one speech delivered in the Midlands.

But while Lord Rosebery's destructive criticism was at once feeble and vague, of constructive policy he had none. Platitudes took the place of sound advice, and it is impossible to

divine from his speech what he would do if the reins of office were placed in his hands to-morrow. He has thrown over Home Rule, but that was not unexpected, since he has never given it direct encouragement. And for the rest he quoted historical parallels, and delivered homilies, which prove that he has a blunted sense both of history and of politics. Why should he remind us at the present moment of Lord North's Government, when the only link which binds that hapless Government to our own is the state of war? Unless Lord Rosebery is prepared to prophesy ultimate disaster, the parallel is neither true nor ingenuous. But he does not prophesy disaster; therefore we may conclude that he drags in the name of Lord North for the sake of prejudice, and to remind the world that the modern Chatham is still lurking in some remote patch of arable land. Again, he declares it "a national disgrace that the Empire can produce no alternative Government to this." But so long as the Empire is satisfied with its Government, it has no need of an alternative. When Lord Liverpool guided us through the crisis which threatened our national existence, no alternative Government presented itself. Yet that did not diminish Lord Liverpool's glory, and it is no disgrace to the country that there is not a rival now to threaten the dominion of the Conservative party. If Lord Rosebery's words have any

meaning, they must mean that there is some virtue in an alternative Government apart from an alternative policy, which, as Euclid says, is absurd. Let him and his colleagues sketch a plan of campaign which is something better than a timid echo of the plan adopted by our present Government—if they can. But until that plan is sketched we decline to believe that the unanimity of all good men—in other words, the absence of an alternative Government—is a sound reason why we should “for-swear our Empire, and go and dig cabbages in our cabbage-garden.” In brief, Lord Rosebery has not solved one of the questions which perplex his party. At Chesterfield he displayed only one quality which is necessary to a leader of Radicals: he proved that, like Mr Gladstone, he can hold two opinions on any given subject at one and the same time; he can applaud and condemn Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener in the same speech; and the approval of Sir Robert Reid is clear evidence that he has not succeeded in exasperating the paltry remnant of the pro-Boers. They, if they be wise, will pretend to indorse the views (if any) expressed at Chesterfield; and, should they keep silence, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may still snap his fingers over the hedge at the lonely furrow. At any rate, the famous speech has had little influence outside the journals which advertised it

into notoriety. But the theatrical display was amusing enough while it lasted: for one night only Lord Rosebery played the part of Richard II. to the Wat Tyler of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the pitiful victim of political assassination. “You have lost your leader,” he cried to the people; “I will be your leader!” but he forgot to explain in which direction he wished to be followed; and he is not likely to achieve a greater triumph than did the unfortunate monarch whose magnanimous policy he would imitate, if he could.

But after all, of what avail is the eloquence of politicians? At its most brilliant, it is but a jugglery, which deceives the ear of the people, until in a brief space its effect is forgotten. There is no case so good but it may be riddled by the shafts of satire, and his tongue is as heavy as his wits who cannot put an heroic adversary to the shame of ridicule. Indeed, however carefully a politician choose his words, however cunningly he frame his criticism, he cannot vie with the achievement of chance. Two or three words thrown together at a seeming hazard may produce a result, by memorable association, which eludes many hours of painful eloquence. “Those three little words, *the Spanish Main*,” says Mr Mowbray Morris in, the most agreeable of the Christmas books,¹ “are among the most eloquent in our language, and

¹ *Tales of the Spanish Main.* By Mowbray Morris. London: Macmillan & Co.

dull indeed must be the imagination in which they can kindle no spark of enthusiasm." What visions of battle do they not bring to our mind! What sharp impressions they produce of fire and sword, of murder and rapine! We cannot hear them without thinking of pieces of eight, of doubloons, and of golden nuggets. The Spanish Main! No sooner have we written the words than we are back in the youth of the world, which, its childhood gloriously accomplished, gathers itself for new enterprises in the pride of growing strength. Nor could we find a better guide to that sea of wild romance than Mr Morris. He has sketched for us the exploits of such heroes as Columbus, Drake, Raleigh, and the rest, in a style of studied simplicity, and in the right spirit of restrained enthusiasm. In his pages we may admire the bravery which discovered new continents and won them, even if we deplore the cruelty which was the necessary handmaiden of conquest. He knows his subject as few have known it, and while he makes no parade of documents, he easily convinces you of an impartiality which looks with understanding upon either side.

The story of Columbus is familiar. We all know the achievements of Drake, and of those other adventurers who sought the Land of Gold. But the Brethren of the Coast, the famous buccaneers, have not won the fame which they deserve. When they are dis-

cussed it is generally in the hushed voice of disapproval. Their cruelty, which was notorious, has overshadowed the good qualities of courage and generalship which were indubitably theirs, and the historian, in deploring their excesses, too often overlooks the benefits which they conferred upon England. In the first place, they put a finish upon the work of the Armada: they broke the power of Spain. In the second place, as we shall see, they were the early champions of the open port. They pursued in the Caribbean Sea the policy of free-trade, which our most enlightened politicians are now advocating in the Far East; and they pursued this policy with success. They were manifestly inferior in nobility of mind to Drake and his colleagues. As they loved themselves more, so they loved their country less, than did the valiant adventurers of Elizabeth's reign. Compare the comedies of the Restoration with the comedies of Shakespeare's time, and you will measure the distance between Sir Henry Morgan on the one hand and Hawkins or Raleigh on the other. If Wycherley and Congreve had found fresh material and a new vocabulary, they were still true to the old tradition, and in Ben Jonson, if not in Shakespeare, you may find the germ of many a later comedy. So Sir Henry Morgan and his merry men carried on, with a difference, the ancient tradition honoured by those who were the real founders of Britain overseas. Yet they still have a

bad name, and it is in a manner their own fault. They were so fiercely jealous of one another's prowess that they exchanged charges of cruelty and malversation with the lightest heart. The history of Esquemeling, from which we derive our chief knowledge of the buccaneers, is, in its several translations, a fine study of international jealousy. The French translator, for instance, suppresses the wanton cruelties of such monsters as François l'Ollonois, upon whom others linger with malicious pleasure; while one and all pour out their hate, as in duty bound, upon Sir Henry Morgan and the English. Hence it is that whatever excesses were committed by the buccaneers lost nothing in the telling; and if you compare Esquemeling's account of Morgan with that hero's own despatches, it is difficult, indeed, to put faith in the Dutchman, who was not merely a pirate, but the historian of pirates.

Look out *boucan* in Cotgrave's Dictionary, and you are told that it means "a woollen gridiron, whereon the cannibals broile peeces of men, and other flesh." The natives called it *barbecu*, and it was in effect a grid, upon which they and the early settlers cured the flesh of beeves and of goats, which was the reward of the chase. Strips of smoked meat being their chief industry, the settlers, French or English, easily earned the name, which was applied to them in contempt, and which defined a

very small corner of their enterprise. But, at any rate, their trade was sometimes peaceful, and had not the Spaniards interfered with their profits, the Brethren of the Coast might never have signed a charter-party, or sent forth a fire-ship. The Spaniards, however, had embraced a policy of protection. If they were ill-adapted for trade themselves, they were determined that no other should profit by their failure. With a sort of satisfaction they ruined Hispaniola; and the Brethren of the Coast, who had formed their headquarters at Tortuga, turned perforce from the hunting of cattle and the handling of the *boucan* to the slaughter of Spaniards and the chase for gold. This conversion from peace to war was easy, even inevitable. The English Brethren felt the blood of Drake coursing in their veins, and the cry of battle was sweeter in their ears than the crackling of a wood-fire under a grid. Moreover, no sooner were they gathered in strength, no sooner were their stout ships stoutly manned and armed, than England saw their usefulness. If we were at war with Spain, they were privateers, obeying the orders of their king; if we were at peace with Spain, they were pirates whom the power of England could not control: in either case they scourged the Spaniard, and showed him that not even his haughtiness would avail to crush the trade of the New World.

Nor did they make war in

lawless cruelty. Though personal gain may have been their chief end, the buccaneers displayed no brutality at the outset; indeed, they learned their earliest lessons in savagery from the Spaniards, who punished any trespass upon their domain with torture and death. Yet it must be acknowledged that the buccaneers proved apt pupils, and were amazingly quick to follow a bad example. True, something must be discounted, as we have said, for international jealousy; but, although the French version of Esquemeling has no word to say of François l'Ollonois, this monster cannot be the mere fiction of an envious brain; and if he were guilty of one of the crimes imputed to him, he was an ogre indeed. Once upon a time he was marching to attack San Pedro, and having been ambushed, he had overcome the troop of Spaniards which had tried to trap him, and put most of them to the sword. "There were still remaining some few prisoners," says Esquemeling, "who were not wounded. These were asked by l'Ollonois if any more Spaniards did lie further on in ambuscade? To whom they answered there were. Then he commanded them to be brought before him one by one, and asked if there was no other way to be found to the town but that? This he did out of a design to excuse, if possible, these ambuscades. But they all constantly answered him they knew none. Having asked them all, and finding

they could show him no other way, l'Ollonois grew outrageously passionate; insomuch that he drew his cutlass, and with it cut open the breast of one of these poor Spaniards, and, pulling out his heart with sacrilegious hands, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth like a ravening wolf, saying to the rest, 'I will serve you all alike if you show me not another way.'" But l'Ollonois was not a fair specimen of the buccaneers. They were not all thus savage with the lust of blood; and in excuse for their worst exploits it may be said that a life of adventure does not soften the manners, but permits those who live it to be as fierce as they like. The triumphant capture of a Spanish galleon crammed with gold and jewels and wine was always followed by a carouse at Port Royal or elsewhere, and thus the buccaneers would fleet the time carelessly until their money was spent. In truth, had they been thrifty they would not have been half so formidable to the Spaniards, as Mr Morris wisely points out. It was an empty pocket that drove them to their rendezvous, and by their thriftlessness the haughty don was constantly compelled to meet a foe whom he both hated and despised.

But when the buccaneers were at work nothing was allowed to divert their purpose or to cool their ardour. They obeyed their leader, they respected the articles of their compact, and, since they were always their own historians,

we know at first hand what these articles were. Before they went to sea, then, they gave due notice on which day they would embark; they explained how many pounds of powder and bullets each man should bring; and no sooner were they come on board than they took counsel together where they should provision their ships. Nor did they ever start without an abundance of meat. Their rations were easily measured: every man was allowed as much to eat and drink as he could hold; and so, their ship being victualled, they determined the end of their expedition. Thereafter the salary of the captain and the shipwright was fixed, as well as the sums of money each pirate should receive from the spoil, for their motto was, No prey, no pay. And, lastly, they set down in writing what recompense each man should receive who was wounded or maimed. Thus a right arm was worth 600 pieces of eight, or six slaves; for an eye 100 pieces of eight were given, or one slave—and so for the rest, on a definite scale. In fact, had the leaders of the pirates always kept faith with their men there would have been few disputes; but unhappily there is no chief who was not charged at one time or another with embezzling more than his fair share of the spoil.

The most famous of all the buccaneers was Sir Henry Morgan. He was a Welshman

of good family, who, not caring to till the lands of his ancestors, went early to sea, and after a sojourn in the Barbadoes came to Jamaica, where he speedily commenced pirate. With some friends to help him, he purchased a ship and sailed the coast of Campeachy with courage and success. Not many years elapsed before he was chosen vice-admiral of the fleet on the expedition to Saint Catherine, led by the notorious buccaneer, Mansfield. Now, Mansfield was a statesman as well as a pirate, and his plan was to establish the Brotherhood in an island of its own. The design was fantastic and foredoomed to failure, since the buccaneers, to whom plunder was the rule of life, would, if left to themselves, speedily have exterminated each other. However, the Spaniards soon recaptured St Catherine, which was to have been the Utopia of the pirates; and Mansfield's hanging at Havana bequeathed to Morgan the command of the Brethren. For six years (from 1664 to 1670) the Welshman's triumph was unchecked. He plundered the Spaniards in Cuba, in Darien, in Venezuela. Yet the defence of the Spaniards was always valiant, and Morgan paid dearly for every ounce of the immense treasure which he secured. But his greatest feat of arms was the sacking of Panama, at once the strongest and the richest city on the Main. Of this heroic deed there are two accounts: the first is contained in Esquemeling's familiar narrative; the other is

written by Morgan's own hand, and is to be found among the state papers of the Record Office. Mr Morris has done good service in reprinting a portion of Morgan's graphic statement, for it enables us to check the bitter charges of cruelty and lust brought against the captain by his colleague. If we are to believe his brother pirate, he threw away a hard-won victory that he might enjoy two days of wanton destruction. If we may believe (as we think we may) the leader's own statement, he took the city with the utmost skill, driving the Spaniards into the bog in which they hoped to entrap the pirates, and afterwards pillaged the city in deliberate accordance with the laws of war. On neither side was the loss great. Morgan counted five killed and ten wounded, and the enemy some 400. The pirates in vain attempted to extinguish the fire which seized upon the city. By midnight all was destroyed save two churches and 300 houses of the suburbs.

"Thus was consumed," to quote from Morgan's own despatch, "the famous and ancient city of Panama, which is the greatest mart for silver and gold in the whole world, for it receives all the goods into it which comes from Old Spain in the king's great fleet, all the silver and gold which comes from the mines of Peru and Potosi. Here in this city we stayed twenty-five days, making daily incursions upon the enemy by land for twenty leagues round about, without having so much as one gun shot at us in anger, although we took in this time near three thousand prisoners of all sorts, and kept like-

wise dargues in the South seas, cruising and fetching of prisoners which had fled to the islands with their goods and families."

The division of the vast treasure which followed the sacking of Panama involved Morgan in a general charge of peculation, which he made no attempt to refute. Nor did his dishonourable conduct seriously damage his character. He returned to England with the glory of conquest shining upon him. He was fêted by Lord Berkeley and approved by Evelyn, who thought that Morgan's exploit was such "as had not been done since the famous Drake." In brief, the buccaneer was the lion of a season: flattered at Court, and knighted by the king, he returned to Jamaica Sir Henry Morgan and Lieutenant-Governor of the island; and, as Mr Morris tells us, "the king reposed particular confidence in his loyalty, prudence, courage, and long experience of that colony."

The last years of Sir Henry were as disgraceful as one would expect. The beggar, mounted on horseback, travelled the accustomed road. In other words, the bold pirate was ill-fitted to play the part of a loyal governor. Although at first he justified his appointment by hanging all those of his old friends that he could catch, and by keeping excellent order in the streets, he soon fell into evil ways. Mr Morris draws a sad picture of him and his brother Charles, shunned by decent citizens, and followed in fear and self-interest by a

"drunken silly little party." "In his drink," writes Sir Thomas Lynch, quoted by Mr Morris, "he abuses the Government, swears, damns, and curses most extravagantly, and if you knew all of his excesses and incapacity, you would rather wonder why he was ever in employment than why he is turned out." A miserable end, truly, to an intrepid and useful career. For that Sir Henry Morgan ever showed fear his worst enemy would not assert, and there is no doubt that after his own fashion, and for his own selfish end, he did the best possible service to his country.

With Sir Henry Morgan the race of the great buccaneers comes to an end, and we may here briefly estimate their achievement. They threw open the Spanish Main to the trade of the world, as Mr Morris points out. They wrung from Spain the Treaty of America, by which the Spaniards formally renounced the exclusive dominion of the Caribbean Sea. They accomplished that which the fleets of England and France were powerless to accomplish; and they enjoyed the peculiar advantage of being able to attack the ships of Spain in times of peace. That the English Government appreciated the work of the Brethren is proved by a minute of the Council of Jamaica, dated February 22nd, 1666, and quoted by Mr Morris. The reasons for their encouragement are set forth with a curious cynicism: they are said to furnish Ja-

maica with necessary commodities at easy rates; to replenish it with bullion, cocoa, logwood, and other useful products; to help the poorer planters, and to enable them to buy slaves. Moreover, they were deemed a great security to the island, since they intercepted Spanish despatches, and thus performed a secret service for the governor. It is not strange, therefore, that Morgan and his comrades were flattered by the Court and Parliament; and maybe, if Esquemeling and his translators had not indulged their international hatreds, they might have shared the glory of Drake, which Evelyn at any rate was disposed to confer upon them. But, as Mr Morris says, with the signature of the Treaty the work of the buccaneers was done; and it is but natural that, once their task accomplished, they should be officially regarded as the enemies of the human race.

It is natural we say, but none the less unjust. The spirit of piracy was alight from end to end of the Main, and the mere disapproval of Governments could not extinguish it. While the Brethren had performed a useful task for their country, they had learned how they might live without enduring the toil of a slavish industry. There was still treasure to dig up, and heavily-laden ships to capture; it is not strange, therefore, that the pirates outlived their excuse. Their cruelty increased as their use diminished, and when the Main no longer tolerated them,

they cheerfully launched their ships upon the South Sea. Ringrose, Coxon, and Sawkins were not so brutal as those who followed them, and they still cherish a respect for the Brethren, although the ancient Brotherhood was dissolved never to reunite. But after them came a raffish, bloodthirsty crew, whose only intent was death, drink, and plunder, and who preserved nothing save the greed and brutality of the buccaneers, whose manners they most insolently parodied. We have said that Sir Henry Morgan and the best of his comrades stood to Drake as the poets of the Restoration stood to Shakespeare. If we would find a literary parallel for Teach, Bonnet, and their like, we must seek it in Shadwell and Colley Cibber. The old excuse is gone, and with it the old elegance. Nothing, in brief, is left save a faint touch of a worn-out tradition, now void and purposeless. The pirates of the early eighteenth century—they no longer have the right to be called buccaneers—are eminent only in ruffianism. Teach is the best of them, and he is only a hero for the penny gaff, but he was an excuse to Captain Johnson for some pages of classic prose, and his very eccentricity makes him memorable.

"Plutarch and other grave historians," says the pompous captain, "have taken notice that several great men amongst the Romans took their surnames from certain odd marks in their countenances, as Cicero from the mark of a vetch on his nose. So

our hero, Captain Teach, assumed the cognomen of Blackbeard from that large quantity of hair which, like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time."

And being as we have said the hero of a penny gaff, Teach made the best of his oddity.

"This beard was black," says the chronicler, "which he suffered to grow to an extravagant length; as to the breadth, it came up to his eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with ribbons, in small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wigs, and turned them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders for three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters like bandoliers. He stuck lighted matches under his hat, which appearing on each side of his face, and his eyes looking naturally fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful."

No wonder that his apparition terrified America: no wonder that his success did not equal his wickedness. However, he died fighting, and when asked just before his death if his wife knew where his treasure was hid, he replied that nobody but himself and the devil knew where it was, and the longest liver should take all.

Major Stede Bonnet, Teach's comrade, cuts a far stranger figure. He was not bred to the sea, and therefore was ill-qualified for the life of a pirate; but buccaneering had seized his imagination, and he could but fit out a sloop and sail from Barbadoes. He achieved little enough until he fell in with

Teach, and then his temper was far too kindly to stomach Blackbeard's atrocities: in fact, when Blackbeard marooned a round dozen of his friends, Bonnet, from sheer pity, rescued them. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he was caught, tried, and received sentence of death. He had indulged his humour for a time, and he is reputed fortunate by his biographer in that he was sentenced by Judge Trot in a most excellent speech. But all were not so fortunate as the Major. Many wandered back penniless and undistinguished to their native country, with nothing to solace their age but

the knowledge of a hidden treasure which they might never discover. So they hobbled with black shade on eye and wooden leg strapped tightly on its stump along the quays of Bristol, promising in their cups a fortune to any one who would fit out a sloop and sail once more to the Spanish Main. But Mr Morris wisely enough stays his narrative at the golden age. He begins with Columbus and ends with Sir Henry Morgan, and he has traced the history of the period which intervenes in a style which should be acceptable to young and old alike.

BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE NEW COLONIES.

IN his first speech as Prince of Wales the Heir-Apparent has given the nation advice that it will do well to take to heart. Amongst other things, he has recalled to our recollection the vast areas in the colonies visited by him of fertile soil lying waste and unproductive for want of hands to till it. He has told us how those colonies look to this country for suitable emigrants to occupy their wastes. In supporting this call the Prince adds, "I would go farther, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the mother land to her children by sending to them only of her best."

These wise and pregnant words were spoken, no doubt, with special reference to Canada, Australia, and the Island Colonies. They will bear, however, a more instant and pressing application to the newly won colonies in South Africa. It is true that in the case of these our latest acquisitions, peopled for the most part by men of another race, the motive of kinship has not the same force. But nevertheless there rests on England in respect of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies an even more pressing obligation to send them emigrants, and those only of her best.

We have been forced, much against our will, to remove the corrupt and impossible Governments of the Dutch South African Republics, and to take

on our own shoulders the responsibility of ruling them. We have spent blood and treasure with both hands in accomplishing the task. Our reward and our justification will be found in replacing the oligarchies we have destroyed by an honest and intelligent administration, and in giving to the inhabitants greater prosperity and a better civilisation than have hitherto fallen to their lot. Without boasting, it may be said that England brings to this work no unaccustomed hand. As we have succeeded in other regions of the earth in the past, so do we hope to succeed in South Africa in the present and in the future, in spite of the extraordinary difficulties thrown in our path.

One of the first conditions of success in dealing with the new colonies is the infusion into them of a large admixture of British blood. It would be quite possible, no doubt, to maintain an army of great strength in South Africa, and to govern the Dutch as we govern India, gradually admitting them, as they gained intelligence, and as their hostility subsided, to a larger share in the administration. In the course of years they would become reconciled, if not sincerely loyal, to the rule of the British Government; and in the fulness of time it might become safe to reduce greatly, or even to dispense with, the army of occupation, and to

give a free and ample measure of self-government to the inhabitants. They would remain, however, a Dutch people, more or less apart from the Englishmen who would govern them. They would prosper, no doubt, and would enjoy freedom and an impartial administration of the law. This picture, however, does not represent the ambition of England.

Apart from the burden it would involve, we have no wish to hold these countries merely by force of arms, or to undertake, except for a necessary and limited period, to compel their obedience. We must seek, therefore, some means of influencing the spirit of the people, and of changing their too exclusively Dutch character. And this can be done only by settling a large body of British emigrants in the annexed territories. Such is the conclusion to which Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission on the Lands Settlement, South Africa, has come:—

“Dealing with the question [they write] as a whole, we desire to express our firm conviction that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa.”

This is the problem that has to be solved. But it is only part of it. There can be little doubt that when the pacification of the conquered territories has been completed, an event now in our belief near at hand, there will be a great impulse given to mining, and as a conse-

quence to business of every kind. For every man with a trade, and for every man who has a little capital to start a store, there will be numerous openings. On the railways there will be employment for some thousands. Many of the reservists and men entitled to their discharge from the army, who may desire to remain in the country, will find employment in these directions and in the mines. The British-born and presumably loyal population of the towns will be largely increased. But more than this is needed. One great cause of the failure of the Transvaal republic was the complete separation between the Dutch and the Uitlander population. The latter were congregated in the towns, and occupied exclusively in mining, commerce, and trade. The former lived on their farms in the veldt. The one party had no influence on the other. They lived apart, in language, in sentiment, and in interests, and time only widened the gulf which lay between them.

It appears more than probable that this condition of things will be reproduced in an exaggerated form after peace is established, unless some powerful and earnest effort is made to control and guide the flow of immigrants. That this is the opinion, not of mere theoretical politicians, but of those practically acquainted with the social conditions of the country, is abundantly clear from the evidence taken by Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission. It is sufficient here to quote the

words of Mr Rhodes in his letter to the High Commissioner, written on the 7th May 1900: "This plan [referring to a scheme set forth by him] would place a number of our people on the soil, and would lead to social intercourse and amalgamation between the Dutch and the English, which will never occur so long as the one race lives in the towns and the other on the land."

More than once in the pages of 'Maga' we have had occasion to emphasise the necessity of reckoning with the hatred of the Dutch people for the English as a race. It would be strange if, with the end of active hostilities, an immediate change should be wrought in this feeling. What has occurred as yet to mitigate it? Perhaps the Boer may have learnt not to despise the British soldier so much as he did. Perhaps he may have formed a truer estimate of his own weakness and of our strength. On the other hand, two years of determined fighting are not likely to beget love. The sight of devastated fields, wrecked and burnt homesteads, farms stripped of their stock—in a word, of a country which has been a battle-field—is not likely to conciliate an enemy. When the Boer prisoners return these are the sights that will greet their eyes. In many cases, in the very nature of things, it must happen that they will find parents or brethren, or it may be wife or child, no longer living. However unreasonably, all this will be scored up

to our account, none of it charged to the folly and wickedness of their own nation and government. We must reckon on having to do with a stubborn and hostile race, nursing its wrath and determined to do us a mischief when the time comes. The only hope of softening this hostility is the acquisition of knowledge of the real character and disposition of the English people. Nothing but the intercourse of daily life, in the pursuit of common occupations and interests, can give that knowledge; and so long as the British cling to the towns and the Dutch live apart on the veldt, it is unattainable.

It is to be hoped that the settlement of a considerable number of British upon the soil of the annexed territories will lead in time to a better understanding between the two races. Even if this hope was shown to be visionary, there would still remain a very solid advantage in the presence of British settlers in appreciable force intermixed with the Dutch population. Some people are sanguine enough to think that the ill-feeling of the Dutch will subside before very long, and that they will accept the decree of fate and lay aside their hostility. It will not be wise, however, to reckon on the coming of this millennium. Having regard especially to the known rancour of the Boer women, and to the disloyalty and enmity of many of the Dutch in the Cape Colony, we ought to be prepared for the worst. It is, therefore, much to be desired that we

should be able to count on getting information and assistance from a strong body of British settlers living on their farms side by side with the Boers. The advantages from every point of view are great and worth noting for. The question is how is the object to be attained? We propose to discuss in the course of the Arnold-Forster's Report some of the suggestions that have been made.

In the first place, it will be asked, can the land necessary for the purpose be obtained? The Land Settlements Commission answer Yes —

"We are of opinion that there is a considerable amount of land suitable for settlement in the two new colonies. That a portion of this land is well watered, and that while some of it is already within reach of a market, other parts not as yet so easily accessible will before long be reached by railway. Such land will probably be obtainable in almost every part of the two colonies, provided that adequate prices be paid for it." (p. 23 of Report).

The area of the two colonies may be divided for the present purpose into the following classes: Firstly, there is the land belonging to the Government; secondly, the land held by large speculative companies; thirdly, land in the hands of private individuals.

In the Transvaal a good deal of public land is at the disposal of the Government; but it is for the most part of an inferior quality, for the burghers naturally have selected the best for their own occupation. In the Orange Free State the area of public land is small;

but the quality, especially in the Murrumbidgee and what is known as the "Conquered Territory," is good. Nothing remains to be done in respect of the public lands but to lay down such conditions as will induce suitable persons to take up farms.

The syndicates of land companies own a very large area in the Transvaal. Their object in selecting their grants was mining, not agriculture or stock-breeding. The greater portion is, consequently, of inferior quality, and would not attract farmers. Nevertheless, in these extensive properties there are areas very suitable for settlement. The difficulty is to acquire them at a reasonable price. It is against the public interests that wide territories should be shut against settlers and kept unproductive for the benefit of the foreign shareholders of speculative companies. Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission are of opinion that the matter is of such very great importance that legislation to enable the Government to acquire the land needed will be amply justified. They cite the New Zealand Act (No. 37) of 1894, by which power is given to the Government to acquire private lands for the purpose of settlement; and they point also to the action taken in the colony of Natal, where a Commission has been appointed to inquire "into the appropriation of suitable lands, which are not beneficially occupied, for settlement thereon of persons who will beneficially

occupy and improve the lands so appropriated."

If the opinion of Mr Arnold-Forster and his colleagues is accepted, that "it is impossible to examine the economical and political conditions of the two colonies without arriving at the conclusion that the settlement of a vigorous and well-affected population upon the land is absolutely essential," there should be no hesitation in arming the Government with such powers as may be necessary. If this is not done, there will be great difficulty in placing settlements anywhere, except on such portions of the public lands as may be found fit for the purpose. Every one who is capable of giving an opinion has laid stress on the necessity of confining the experiment to really good agricultural land, of which unfortunately only a small area is in the hands of the Government. Mr Rhodes considers, it is true (p. 44 of Part II. of the Report), that legislation will not be needed. He says: "I think, if it was not too publicly known that the Government were purchasing, sufficient land could be obtained by private bargain." The condition is important and almost impossible, especially as the widest publicity has been given to the recommendations of the Commission and to his opinion. It may be taken as certain that every one will combine to extort the highest possible price out of the British Government. And, indeed, from what the Commissioners say (p. 10 of the Report) the wily capitalist

had begun already to make his plans before their opinions had been published. Mr Rhodes advocates the raising of a loan for the purpose of establishing settlements on the security of the Transvaal revenues, "which means that the obligation will fall on the much-abused capitalist," who, he assures us, "will make no objection." This generosity will perhaps appear less improbable, as well as less admirable, if it is founded on the expectation of selling the waste or surplus land to the Government at a fancy price.

It may be added that the Commission invited seventeen land companies to assist them with information as to the price they would take for suitable land, and whether the Government might expect any help from them in this matter. The majority of these bodies did not reply to the invitation, and two only showed any friendly disposition. In spite, therefore, of Mr Rhodes' opinion, it may be assumed that legislation will be necessary, and there should be no hesitation in passing such ordinances as may be required before the benevolent capitalist has time to consider how to evade them.

In the third class, the properties held by private individual owners will be found the lands best suited for the purpose of settlement. Such lands have been chosen and occupied for farming purposes, and on portions of them there must necessarily be a supply of water, without which any kind of farming is impossible. But how are they to be obtained?

There are, it is understood, many cases in which the areas owned by farmers are far beyond their needs or their powers to occupy. In South Africa the selection of sites for farms has been made with reference to the water-supply; and agricultural operations, excepting the growth of such crops as mealies and oats, are restricted to comparatively small areas. Between the lands actually occupied by contiguous farmers will lie vast tracts which have been included in the adjacent properties, but which the owners cannot employ profitably. After the war the Boer farmers may show less reluctance to part with superfluous acreage than has been their custom. In many cases they will undoubtedly be hard pressed for money to replace their stock. If the Government does not intervene, many of these men will have to part with their lands to speculators and land-jobbers.

Moreover, it is known from the public records of the two colonies that before the war a very large proportion of the Burghers were involved in debt, and had mortgaged their farms to the extent of one-fifth to one-half of their value. Many of these mortgages are held by the Government or by institutions under the Government control. It may be taken for granted that the mortgagors will be unable to meet their obligations. Steps will be taken by the private creditors, at any rate, to foreclose, and many farms will be put up for sale, and thrown on an over-

stocked market. Two ways are proposed by the Commission of turning this state of affairs to the public good, so as to serve the purposes of settlement. Firstly, where Government or a public institution under its control is the mortgagee, it is suggested that the mortgagor's rights should be purchased on equitable terms, the farm, free of encumbrance, thus becoming the property of the State. In some, possibly in many, cases, the owner may be glad to sell for a reasonable cash payment, if he is desirous of leaving the country or taking to other pursuits. And in that event the Government may acquire a suitable property for a comparatively small cash price, in addition to the surrender of the mortgage money, which at the best could not be realised within any reasonable time without foreclosing.

Secondly, it is proposed by the Committee that when a mortgaged property is put up for sale at the instance of a private mortgagee, the State should have a right of pre-emption at a fixed valuation. This seems a perfectly equitable proposal; and a step further might be taken, in our opinion, by providing that in the case of any mortgaged property the Government might pay off the mortgage, and assume the rights of the mortgagee. In this way the Government might acquire the mortgages on all the encumbered farms in the two colonies, or on such farms as it is thought advisable to obtain possession of.

The next step would be to

deal with the owners of these mortgaged properties who were not willing to part with their rights for a cash payment. The majority of these men will be, as it has been said, in a very impecunious condition. In many cases they will be unable to start afresh unless the Government comes to their aid. It will be expedient, doubtless, if not absolutely necessary, to give them assistance. It is most expedient, and certainly not unjust, to impose some conditions on them in return. They may be divided into two categories: those, namely, whose farms are not larger than they can profitably occupy; and those who hold unnecessarily wide areas, beyond their power to make use of for agricultural purposes, with a due allowance for grazing land.

The Government, as mortgagee, would be within its legal rights if it used the power of foreclosure to drive the owners to surrender a portion of their farms. It need not be said that no responsible person proposes such a measure. What is suggested is this, that the Government should say to the owners of farms on which the State holds mortgages: "You owe us so much money, secured on your land. If you will surrender to the State a certain portion of your farm, we will not only pay you a fair price for it, but we will give you an acquittance for the whole of your debt. You will thus start afresh, with a reduced area of land, it is true, but still with quite as much as you are able to work; and you

will not only be relieved from the burden of the mortgage, but provided with a sum with which you can restock your farm." A proposal more favourable to the interests of the Boer farmer can hardly be imagined; and, if the Government proceeded to foreclose on those who were foolish enough to reject it, no one could fairly charge them with harshness.

The difficulty, indeed, is not to justify such a measure from the Dutch Burgher's point of view, but to defend it from the charge of neglecting the interests of the taxpayer. In that respect it is not on the face of it a perfectly fair proposal. There are considerations, however, which go to show that no real sacrifice of those interests is proposed. It is admitted by all sides that the State must be prepared to advance or give money in order to enable the Boers to return to their avocations and to support themselves and their families. In the abortive negotiations which took place between Lord Kitchener and Mr Botha this was assumed as one of the conditions of peace; and the British Government were then willing to spend a million of money for this purpose. As for the Opposition and the pro-Boers, their affection for their enemies, or rather the enemies of their country, is of so truly pious a character that they were willing to raise the sum to any number of millions which Parliament might vote, or the unfortunate Briton submit to have exacted from him. Now, for that money we were

to get nothing but the general benefit to the country from the return of the people to their homes and their occupations; and it is not intended to suggest that this would have been a small or insufficient recompense. The scheme we are discussing will cost probably more than might have been necessary in order to enable the Boers to restock their farms. The return for the expenditure, however, is far greater. In addition to the results which would be obtained by a simple unconditional gift of money, we obtain the means of settling numerous families of our own people on the soil, and thus giving security to our position in the country. The measure ought to commend itself especially to those who wish to hasten the advent of the day when representative government can be conferred on the people of the new colonies. Every loyal settler who can be induced to remain in the Transvaal or Free State territory will shorten the time which must elapse before that day will arrive.

It will be said that this argument takes no notice of a very important distinction between the gift of money, unconditioned in any way, for the restocking of the farms and the measure now proposed. In the first place, from the Boer point of view, the farmer will be restored, but only to a part of his land. From the State point of view, the large sums of public money secured on the land will be given up. There is some substance in these objections, but they can be answered. It is

not to the advantage of the country, or to the true interests of the Boer, that he should be encouraged to isolate himself and his immediate family in a remote corner of an enormous area, which he may call his farm, but which he cannot cultivate or farm in any but the most slovenly and primitive manner. The war has made conspicuous some very fine qualities of the Boer race. It has also brought home to us the fact that in point of education, and in many of their manners and customs, and it might be said in some departments of their morals, they have descended from the standard of the European to the level of their Kaffir surroundings. This is not due to any inherent vice of the Dutch blood. It would happen to any of us, if, from generation to generation, we were bred under similar conditions—a fact which must never be lost sight of in the establishment of British settlers in these regions. It is therefore urged, and that not with any side-glance towards our own interests, that it is for the advantage of the Boer people to reduce the extravagant areas of their farms, and to bring them more within reach of civilising and social influences. In the next place, still from the Boer point of view, there is this compensation in the new scheme, that he will be relieved absolutely from the burden of debt now hung round his neck. He will start a free man, and the money given to him will enable him, with a reduced acreage, to begin well.

Now let us look to the Government side of the question. On the assumption that the State retains its lien for the mortgages on the farms, and advances the necessary money to the Boers to enable them to restore their homesteads and to begin life afresh, is there any reason to think that they will improve their methods of cultivation, or be brought within reach of any of the influences of civilisation? There is an old saying about the sow returning to the mire. If no change is made, the Boer will return to his solitude and nurse his hatred of the British, of whose character and intentions he will remain supremely ignorant. He will probably keep more and more to himself, and sink bit by bit nearer to the level of the savage whom he treats so savagely. But what about the mortgages? Can any one suppose that, from the people returning to their farms under such conditions, it will be possible to recover the money within any time that can be foreseen? It is improbable in the extreme that one farmer in a hundred will make, or, it may be even said, will be capable of making, an effort to pay the Government. If they contracted these debts before, they are not likely to work to pay them off now. The conditions, at starting at least, will not be more favourable either to making or saving money. In order to enforce payment it would be necessary to enter upon a regular campaign of foreclosure; and a more injudicious task it would be hardly possible for a

foreign Government in a conquered country to attempt. It is sufficient to have to appear in the guise of a conqueror. There would be little hope, indeed, of his winning back the people to willing acquiescence in the rule of the King's Government, if Lord Milner had to assume the rôle of universal creditor and mortgagee.

It is to be hoped that the proposals we have sketched will obtain earnest attention from the Government and the people of the United Kingdom, as those most likely to lead to the beneficial settlement of our countrymen on the land of the new colonies, with great advantage to the Dutch and to ourselves. To quote Mr Rhodes once more — and his greatest enemy will admit that he knows South Africa: "The intercourse which must necessarily take place (from this settlement) would tend to amalgamate the country-people with ourselves, which never will occur so long as we remain entirely in the towns and they apart from us in the country, with different thoughts, different ideas, and with no chance of daily intercourse."

An attempt has been made to show how the land can be obtained. It remains to see how settlers of a suitable class can be induced to take the land.

It will be remembered that Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission was appointed to inquire into "the question of the possibility of a settlement in South Africa of soldiers who desire to remain there after the war."

give a free and ample measure of self-government to the inhabitants. They would remain, however, a Dutch people, more or less apart from the Englishmen who would govern them. They would prosper, no doubt, and would enjoy freedom and an impartial administration of the law. This picture, however, does not represent the ambition of England.

Apart from the burden it would involve, we have no wish to hold these countries merely by force of arms, or to undertake, except for a necessary and limited period, to compel their obedience. We must seek, therefore, some means of influencing the spirit of the people, and of changing their too exclusively Dutch character. And this can be done only by settling a large body of British emigrants in the annexed territories. Such is the conclusion to which Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission on the Lands Settlement, South Africa, has come:—

“Dealing with the question [they write] as a whole, we desire to express our firm conviction that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa.”

This is the problem that has to be solved. But it is only part of it. There can be little doubt that when the pacification of the conquered territories has been completed, an event now in our belief near at hand, there will be a great impulse given to mining, and as a conse-

quence to business of every kind. For every man with a trade, and for every man who has a little capital to start a store, there will be numerous openings. On the railways there will be employment for some thousands. Many of the reservists and men entitled to their discharge from the army, who may desire to remain in the country, will find employment in these directions and in the mines. The British-born and presumably loyal population of the towns will be largely increased. But more than this is needed. One great cause of the failure of the Transvaal republic was the complete separation between the Dutch and the Uitlander population. The latter were congregated in the towns, and occupied exclusively in mining, commerce, and trade. The former lived on their farms in the veldt. The one party had no influence on the other. They lived apart, in language, in sentiment, and in interests, and time only widened the gulf which lay between them.

It appears more than probable that this condition of things will be reproduced in an exaggerated form after peace is established, unless some powerful and earnest effort is made to control and guide the flow of immigrants. That this is the opinion, not of mere theoretical politicians, but of those practically acquainted with the social conditions of the country, is abundantly clear from the evidence taken by Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission. It is sufficient here to quote the

words of Mr Rhodes in his letter to the High Commissioner, written on the 7th May 1900: "This plan [referring to a scheme set forth by him] would place a number of our people on the soil, and would lead to social intercourse and amalgamation between the Dutch and the English, which will never occur so long as the one race lives in the towns and the other on the land."

More than once in the pages of 'Maga' we have had occasion to emphasise the necessity of reckoning with the hatred of the Dutch people for the English as a race. It would be strange if, with the end of active hostilities, an immediate change should be wrought in this feeling. What has occurred as yet to mitigate it? Perhaps the Boer may have learnt not to despise the British soldier so much as he did. Perhaps he may have formed a truer estimate of his own weakness and of our strength. On the other hand, two years of determined fighting are not likely to beget love. The sight of devastated fields, wrecked and burnt homesteads, farms stripped of their stock—in a word, of a country which has been a battle-field—is not likely to conciliate an enemy. When the Boer prisoners return these are the sights that will greet their eyes. In many cases, in the very nature of things, it must happen that they will find parents or brethren, or it may be wife or child, no longer living. However unreasonably, all this will be scored up

to our account, none of it charged to the folly and wickedness of their own nation and government. We must reckon on having to do with a stubborn and hostile race, nursing its wrath and determined to do us a mischief when the time comes. The only hope of softening this hostility is the acquisition of knowledge of the real character and disposition of the English people. Nothing but the intercourse of daily life, in the pursuit of common occupations and interests, can give that knowledge; and so long as the British cling to the towns and the Dutch live apart on the veldt, it is unattainable.

It is to be hoped that the settlement of a considerable number of British upon the soil of the annexed territories will lead in time to a better understanding between the two races. Even if this hope was shown to be visionary, there would still remain a very solid advantage in the presence of British settlers in appreciable force intermixed with the Dutch population. Some people are sanguine enough to think that the ill-feeling of the Dutch will subside before very long, and that they will accept the decree of fate and lay aside their hostility. It will not be wise, however, to reckon on the coming of this millennium. Having regard especially to the known rancour of the Boer women, and to the disloyalty and enmity of many of the Dutch in the Cape Colony, we ought to be prepared for the worst. It is, therefore, much to be desired that we

should be able to count on getting information and assistance from a strong body of British settlers living on their farms side by side with the Boers. The advantages from every point of view are great and worth paying for. The question is, How is the object to be attained? We propose to discuss, on the basis of Mr Arnold-Forster's Report, some of the suggestions that have been made.

In the first place, it will be asked, Can the land necessary for the purpose be obtained? The Land Settlements Commission answer, Yes:—

"We are of opinion that there is a considerable amount of land suitable for settlement in the two new colonies; that a portion of this land is well watered; and that while some of it is already within reach of a market, other parts not at present easily accessible will before long be reached by railway. Such land will probably be obtainable in almost every part of the two colonies, provided that adequate prices be paid for it" (p. 23 of Report).

The area of the two colonies may be divided for the present purpose into the following classes: Firstly, there is the land belonging to the Government; secondly, the land held by large speculative companies; thirdly, land in the hands of private individuals.

In the Transvaal a good deal of public land is at the disposal of the Government; but it is for the most part of an inferior quality, for the burghers naturally have selected the best for their own occupation. In the Orange Free State the area of public land is small;

but the quality, especially in the Moroka district and what is known as the "Conquered Territory," is good. Nothing remains to be done in respect of the public lands but to lay down such conditions as will induce suitable persons to take up farms.

The syndicates or land companies own a very large area in the Transvaal. Their object in selecting their grants was mining, not agriculture or stock-breeding. The greater portion is, consequently, of inferior quality, and would not attract farmers. Nevertheless, in these extensive properties there are areas very suitable for settlement. The difficulty is to acquire them at a reasonable price. It is against the public interests that wide territories should be shut against settlers and kept unproductive for the benefit of the foreign shareholders of speculative companies. Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission are of opinion that the matter is of such very great importance that legislation to enable the Government to acquire the land needed will be amply justified. They cite the New Zealand Act (No. 37) of 1894, by which power is given to the Government to acquire private lands for the purpose of settlement; and they point also to the action taken in the colony of Natal, where a Commission has been appointed to inquire "into the appropriation of suitable lands, which are not beneficially occupied, for settlement thereon of persons who will beneficially

occupy and improve the lands so appropriated."

If the opinion of Mr Arnold-Forster and his colleagues is accepted, that "it is impossible to examine the economical and political conditions of the two colonies without arriving at the conclusion that the settlement of a vigorous and well-affected population upon the land is absolutely essential," there should be no hesitation in arming the Government with such powers as may be necessary. If this is not done, there will be great difficulty in placing settlements anywhere, except on such portions of the public lands as may be found fit for the purpose. Every one who is capable of giving an opinion has laid stress on the necessity of confining the experiment to really good agricultural land, of which unfortunately only a small area is in the hands of the Government. Mr Rhodes considers, it is true (p. 44 of Part II. of the Report), that legislation will not be needed. He says: "I think, if it was not too publicly known that the Government were purchasing, sufficient land could be obtained by private bargain." The condition is important and almost impossible, especially as the widest publicity has been given to the recommendations of the Commission and to his opinion. It may be taken as certain that every one will combine to extort the highest possible price out of the British Government. And, indeed, from what the Commissioners say (p. 10 of the Report) the wily capitalist

had begun already to make his plans before their opinions had been published. Mr Rhodes advocates the raising of a loan for the purpose of establishing settlements on the security of the Transvaal revenues, "which means that the obligation will fall on the much-abused capitalist," who, he assures us, "will make no objection." This generosity will perhaps appear less improbable, as well as less admirable, if it is founded on the expectation of selling the waste or surplus land to the Government at a fancy price.

It may be added that the Commission invited seventeen land companies to assist them with information as to the price they would take for suitable land, and whether the Government might expect any help from them in this matter. The majority of these bodies did not reply to the invitation, and two only showed any friendly disposition. In spite, therefore, of Mr Rhodes' opinion, it may be assumed that legislation will be necessary, and there should be no hesitation in passing such ordinances as may be required before the benevolent capitalist has time to consider how to evade them.

In the third class, the properties held by private individual owners will be found the lands best suited for the purpose of settlement. Such lands have been chosen and occupied for farming purposes, and on portions of them there must necessarily be a supply of water, without which any kind of farming is impossible. But how are they to be obtained?

offered for what it is worth. The city of London may be persuaded to take a share in this great undertaking, as it did some three centuries ago in the settlement of the North of Ireland. There must be many young men in the city of London amongst those who served in the City Imperial Volunteers, and their brethren, who would gladly exchange the drudgery of a clerk's life, with its dismal prospects, for a free and manly existence on the veldt. They may not, it is true, possess experience in farming; but they are men of education and business habits, whose wits have been sharpened in the keenest school in the world. It would be a grand enterprise, worthy of the great city, to form and to nurse to maturity a large settlement of British-born people in the new colonies. If the corporation undertook the task, it would be sure to succeed, so far as a wise and strong administration could guarantee success.

It is impossible to do more within the compass of a magazine article than to touch lightly on some of the more salient features of this very important subject. We shall have attained our object if

what has been written draws the attention of our readers to the necessity of earnest, well-considered, and speedy action in the matter.

Of course it means the expenditure of money—of much money. Few great efforts of administration can be made without spending money as well as thought. The question is, Will the money be well spent, and on a work which will give a satisfactory return? The answer is in the words of Mr Arnold - Forster's report, which we have quoted before, but make no apology for quoting again:—

“We find among those who wish to see British rule in South Africa maintained, and its influence for good extended, but one opinion upon this subject. There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country at the close of the war a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible. We venture to believe that to this end some sacrifice may reasonably be made, and that a certain amount of pecuniary loss at the outset may be contemplated with equanimity in view of the value of the result to be attained, and of the certainty that if that result be achieved, any expenditure will be recouped and any loss retrieved.”

BLACKWOOD'S
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No. MXXXVI

FEBRUARY 1902.

VOL. CLXXI.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

II. THE MEET!

THE driver leaned out of the cab of his engine and gave the brigadier a little of his mind.

"Look here, I am a civilian; I know my duties. I had my eight bogies on, and by the rights of things I had no business to take on your beastly truck—and now I tell you that the line is not safe, and here I stay for the night. Bear in mind that you are now dealing with civilian driver John Brown, and he knows his duties."

"My hearty fellow!" answered the brigadier, who had commanded a Colonial corps too long to be put out by "back-chat" from a representative of the most independent class in the world, "that is not the point. If we were all to do our duty rigidly to the letter,

we should get no forwarder. It is not a matter of saving this train, it is a matter of a gentleman keeping his word. I have given my word that I will march out of Richmond Road to-morrow at day-break. You wouldn't like it on your conscience that not only had you made a pal break his word, but you had also been the means of leaving a gap in the line for De Wet. Duty be hanged in the Imperial cause! What did Nelson do at the battle of Copenhagen? Now this is just a parallel: I know that you are loyal and sportsman to the backbone, I want you to be the Nelson of this 'crush.' I know I can't order you—but I know that you are a sportsman, and as a sportsman you will not give me away. Look here, I am just

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXVI.

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going into the telegraph-office for ten minutes. Think it over while I'm there !”

The driver's face was a study, and as for Fireman Jack, he just smiled all over his dirty countenance. There is only one way to a Colonial's heart, and you must be shod with velvet to get there. We then adjourned to the little shanty that served Deelfontein for a stationmaster's office. We — that is such of the staff of the New Cavalry Brigade as the brigadier had been able to collect in De Aar.

“Where's a map?” asked the brigadier. The chief of the staff looked at the intelligence officer. The intelligence officer looked at the supply officer. A map! No one had ever seen a map. But a “Briton and Boer” chart had been part of the chief of the staff's home outfit, and after considerable fumbling it was produced from his bulging haversack.

“Well, you are a fine lot of ‘was-birds’ with which to run a brigade: but this will do. Now, Mr Intelligence, jot down this wire:—

“*From O.C. New Cavalry Brigade to O.C. first squadron 20th Dragoon Guards which arrives at Richmond Road.*

“On receipt move with all military precautions at once to Klip Kraal, twenty-six miles on the Britstown Road. I will follow to-morrow morning. Look out for helio. communication on your left, as another

column is moving parallel to you to the south.”

“There,” said the brigadier, “we have got over that difficulty, and anticipated Kitchener's orders by twelve hours. May Providence protect those raw dragoons if old Hedgehog¹ is in the vicinity. Three days off a ship and to meet Hedgehog is a big thing!”

The dirty and smiling face of Fireman Jack was poked in at the doorway.

“Please, sir, the driver says as how he is ready to move, and would like to start as soon as possible.”

“Hearty fellow!” said the brigadier; and then as we climbed into our saloon again he added: “There is only one way of treating these fellows. Treat them as men, and they are of the very best on earth; combat them, and they won't move a yard. Some one at De Aar ordered an extra truck on to this man's train, and he has been sulking ever since. Now that he's on his mettle and emulating Nelson, you will see that he will bustle us along. Nothing but a dynamite cartridge will stop him. My fellows in Natal were just the same.”

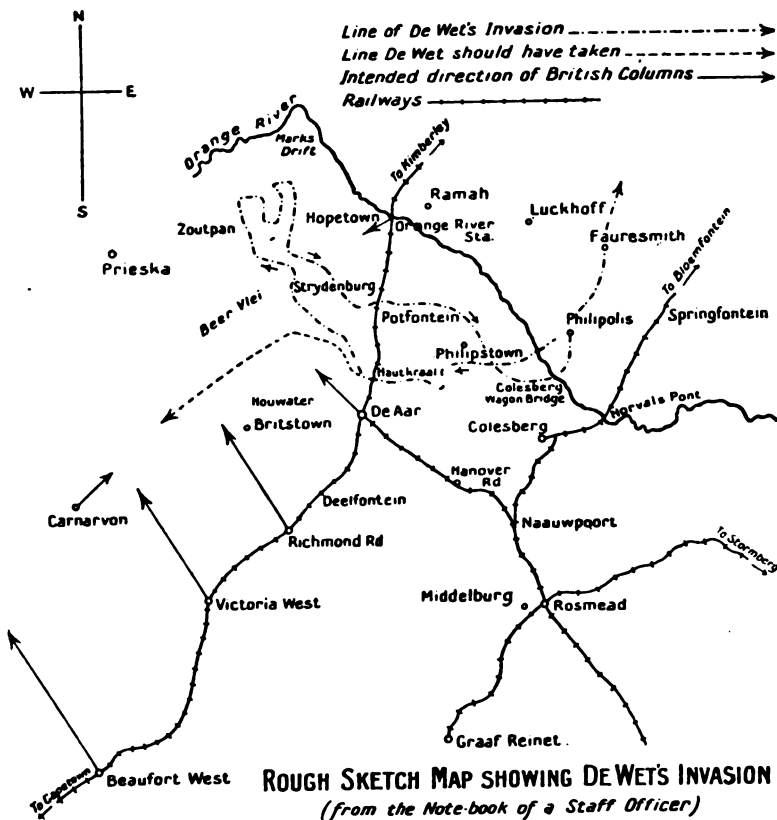
Two hours later, just before it was dark, we ran into Richmond Road. The driver jumped off his engine and strode across the platform. “General,” he said, with the frank familiarity of the Colonial, “I should just like to say, that I had shaken hands with you. I wish that

¹ Commandant Hertzog.

there were more like you ; we should all be better men. Good-bye and good luck to you, sir !”

It is not intended in these papers to compile a historical record of the operations in South Africa to which they relate. But in order that the

part which the New Cavalry Brigade played in the campaign which arrested De Wet's invasion in February last year may be intelligible, and in order that the readers may better understand the peregrinations of our own particular unit, it may be expedient here to give a brief



outline of the initial scheme which, sound as it may have appeared, within twenty-four hours of its birth became enshrouded in the usual fog of war. After outlining the scheme all we can hope is that these papers may furnish occasional and momentary gleams of light

in that fog, since their object is not to build up contemporary history, but to furnish a faithful record of the life and working of one of the pieces on the chess-board of the campaign—a piece which, in this De Wet hunt, had perhaps the relative importance of a “castle.”

De Wet's long-promised invasion—of which Kritzinger's and Hertzog's descent into Cape Colony had been the weather-signal—was now an accomplished fact. He had invaded with 2500 to 3000 men and some artillery. Plumer had located him at Philipstown, had effectually "bolted" him, and, in spite of heavy weather, had pressed him with the perseverance of a sleuth-hound in the direction of the De Aar-Orange River Railway into the arms of two columns in the vicinity of Hautkraal. A week previous to this, as soon as it was known that De Wet had evaded the force intended to head him back when moving south down the Orange River Colony, the railway had been taxed to its utmost to concentrate troops on the Naauwpoort-De Aar-Beaufort West line. Day and night troop-trains, bulging with khaki and bristling with rifles, had vomited columns, detachments, and units at various points upon this line—Colesberg, Hanover Road, De Aar, Richmond Road, Victoria West, and Beaufort. Lord Kitchener himself, at a pace which had wellnigh bleached the driver's hair, had hied down to De Aar in his armoured train. Plumer had diverted the invasion west, Crabbe and Henniker and the armoured trains had kicked it over the railway-line. Kitchener was content. If De Wet followed his jackal Hertzog into the south-western areas, the columns on the line from De Aar downwards were to move west as parallel forces

and tackle the invader in turn. Each would run him till exhausted, with a fresh parallel to take up the running from them as soon as they were done; while at the end, when the last parallel was played out, De Lisle as a stop stood at Carnarvon, ready to catch the ripe plum after the tree had been well shaken. Admirable plan—on paper. Admirable plan if De Wet had only done what he ought to have done—if he had only allowed himself to be kicked by each parallel in turn, churned by relays of pom-poms, until ready to be presented to De Lisle. But De Wet did not do the right thing. He was no cub to trust to winning an earthen by a direct and obvious line, where pace alone would have killed him. He was an old grey fox, suspicious even of his own shadow, and he doubled and twisted: in the meanwhile Plumer ran himself "stone-cold" on his heels, and the majority of the parallel columns, played by his screen of "red herrings," counter-marched themselves to a standstill. The old, old story, which needs no expansion here. Admirable plan, if only the British columns had been as complete at their rendezvous as they appeared on paper. We were the New Cavalry Brigade—the 21st King's Dragoon Guards and the 20th Dragoon Guards, just out from home; the Mount Nelson Light Horse, newly raised in Cape Town; a battery of R.H.A., and a pom-pom. But where were we? We were due to

march out of Richmond Road at daybreak on the morrow. Two squadrons of the 21st King's Dragoons and one of the Mount Nelson's were with Plumer—Providence only knows where—learning the law of the veldt. The rest of the Mount Nelson's and one squadron of the 21st King's Dragoons were at Hanover Road. One squadron of the 20th Dragoon Guards was at Richmond Road; two squadrons were in the train on the way up from Cape Town. The guns at least had arrived. Yet we were about the value of a "castle" on the chess-board which was to mate De Wet.

"Now we shall have to take our coats off."

The brigadier was right. It was no mean affair to arrive at sundown at a miserable siding in the Karoo, called by courtesy a station, to find its two parallels of rails blocked with the trucks containing the nucleus of a cavalry brigade, and to get that nucleus on the road by daybreak. The supply column was all out, the battery half out—these were old soldiers; but the two squadrons of 20th Dragoon Guards had not yet awakened to the situation. The brigadier looked up and down the platform, gazed a moment at the long tiers of laden trucks, and then made the above remark.

And we had to take our coats off. The 20th were new but they were willing; and it is difficult to say which hampers you most, an over-willing novice or an unwilling expert.

You who sit at home and rail at the conduct of the campaign, rail at the wretched officer, regimental or staff, little know what is expected of him. You have your type in your mind's eye—an eyeglass, spotless habiliments, and a waving sword; you pay him and expect him to succeed. You place the greatest man that you can select to guide and cherish him, therefore if he does not succeed it must be through his own shortcomings. In your impatience you opine that he has not succeeded. Therefore he must be ignorant, indifferent, and incompetent. Little do you realise the injustice of your opinion. You sweat during a war an intelligent class—the same class, be it said, from which the best that your universities can produce is drawn,—you sweat it as no other educated class would allow itself to be sweated in the whole civilised world, and yet, though men drop in harness for you by dozens every month, you turn upon them and revile them. Can you not appreciate the fact that it is not always the medium, through which the Great Head you have selected works, that is in error,—that the pilot's hand may be at fault, and not the steering-gear? Take us that night at Richmond Road. New troops, no staff, little or no information, and an order to be in position at a point 50 miles distant in 36 hours. If bricks have to be made, has not the workman a right to expect to be supplied with the ingredients? Is the blame alto-

tenance of order, and would enable the Government materially to reduce the army of occupation. Even on this point there appears to be a doubt. Lieut.-General Prettyman says on this subject: "I am not altogether certain that the training of the regular soldier fits him particularly for this sort of warfare here, and so long as a man can ride and shoot, and look after himself in a rough country like this, he is as good a soldier as the best-drilled man from Aldershot, if not better—far better, I think. I hold the view very strongly that the Aldershot training has led to a great deal of our trouble here." What we have to anticipate in South Africa is a recrudescence of guerilla fighting from time to time. The regular soldier has been so trained as to unfit him for work of this kind, as well as for farming or looking after himself in any way. Unless the men were carefully selected, many of them would prove unable to ride, which is essential for South African police work, and still fewer would know anything about the care of a horse. It is evident from the orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief that even the cavalry soldier is a bad and ignorant horsemaster, as indeed the great mortality among the horses in this war has indicated.

Enough has been said to show that, before vast sums are spent in establishing military colonies in South Africa, the scheme must be carefully considered and worked out.

The better opinion seems to be in favour of enrolling the retired soldier in the police force, and enabling him to acquire some experience of the country. The plan which commends itself most to our judgment is that advocated by Colonel Ivor Herbert (p. 34, Part II. of the *Blue-Book*), of forming local regiments composed of men in the Reserve, and men who retire or get their discharge, from all branches of the forces now in South Africa. The regiments should have permanent headquarters in the most suitable parts of the new colonies. A large married establishment should be sanctioned, and every facility given to married men to bring out their wives and families; and to unmarried men to take to themselves wives from the United Kingdom. Colonel Herbert proposes to give easy terms of discharge to those who can show that they have obtained permanent employment in South Africa; and free discharge with a grant of land to married men desirous of settling in agricultural districts. To this should be added the establishment of a regimental farm with competent instructors. There are many advantages in this scheme, which is commended to the attention of the Colonial Office.

It appears to us that there are certain principles which can be laid down in connection with military settlements. They should consist of as many men as possible, say fifty at least. The men should be married or

the telegraph-office at Richmond Road. But they are a fair enough sample to illustrate the difficulties with which the brigadier had to contend. The communication about the rebel gathering at Nieuwjaarsfontein moved him to moralise. "Alas for my advance squadron! If I believed that it was true, I would move out at once with what we have got and nab those rebels. But as it is I will leave it to the advance squadron, and we will supply the burial-party in the morning! Look here, Mr Intelligence, you have got to form an Intelligence Department to-night. You had better set about it at once."

The Intelligence officer walked out into the clearing in front of the station and surveyed the scene. It was now too dark to see his face; but there was that something in his attitude that betrayed the feeling of utter hopelessness which possessed him. It is in just such an attitude that the schoolmaster detects Smith Major's failure to prepare his Horace translation before that youth has hazarded a single word. The Intelligence officer had been ordered to raise an Intelligence Department for the brigade. Trained in the stern school of army discipline, he had no choice but to obey. And with this end in view he left the precincts of the station. Then the absolute impossibility of the situation dawned upon him. Not a soul was in sight,

and even if there had been, though the powers of the press-gang officer were vested in him, he did not know a word of the Dutch or Kaffir tongues. He stood upon the fringe of the gaunt Károo. On either hand stretched a waste of lone prairie,—a solitude of gathering night. Out of its deepest shades rose masses of jet-black hill: the ragged outline of their crests bathed purple and grey in the last effort of the expiring twilight. Already the great dome of heaven had given birth to a few weary stars, and but for the shrinking wake of day still lingering in the west the great desolate pall of night had fallen upon the veldt—the vast, mysterious, indescribable veldt!

But as treasure-trove is found when the tide is at its lowest ebb, so often when the wall of impossibility seems an insuperable mass of concrete, it is found to be the merest paper. As the Intelligence officer, awed by the great solitude of the sleeping veldt, stood musing on its fringe, a voice hailed out of the darkness—

"What ho! Whose column is that?"

A moment more and a mounted man cantered up, and a young Africander threw himself out of the saddle.

"Whose column?" asked the new-comer.

"The New Cavalry Brigade!"

"Not Henniker's?"

"No; who are you?"

"I'm one of Rimington's Tigers.¹ I'm attached to Hen-

¹ Rimington's Guides wear a piece of leopard-skin in their hats, and are known as Rimington's Tigers.

gether his if, when exposed to the heat of a tropical sun, his hurriedly constructed clay crumbles to pieces for want of the straw with which his taskmaster failed to supply him? We think not. But that night at Richmond Road we had no time to ruminate upon our difficulties. We had to surmount them, and with our brigadier we took our coats off and buckled to the job.

Telegrams :—

1. *To Intelligence, New Cavalry Brigade, Richmond Road, from Intelligence, De Aar.*

"You must organise your intelligence locally, impossible to supply so many columns with men from here. Will see what can be done later. Authorise such expenditure as you think fit."

2. *To Int. N.C.B. from Int. De Aar.*

"De Wet Expert¹ reports De Wet moving towards Vosberg. Plumer still in touch. Hertzog, Brand, Pretorius, all between Prieska and Vosberg with large quantities remounts for De Wet. Theron has been detached by De Wet, moving south rapidly to join Brand, intention attacking Britstown. Local farmers Hanover and Victoria West districts collecting to assist invaders. Inform New Cavalry Brigade. This wire is repeated to Intelligences Victoria West, Carnarvon, Fraserberg, 'Chowder'²

Cape Town, Orange River, Beaufort, and Chief Pretoria."

3. *From Brigade - Major New Cavalry Brigade, Hanover Road, to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road.*

"Hope to move out here tomorrow. No trains available. As ordered by you, proceed direct to Britstown. Saddles for Mount Nelson's not yet arrived."

4. *From Asst. Director Transport De Aar to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road.*

"Impossible to equip you with more mule transport than has been forwarded to you; will make up your deficiencies with ox transport, which will be waiting for you at Britstown when you arrive."

5. *From O.C. De Aar to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road (60871).*

"Proceed with extreme caution, as local rebel commando under Van der Merwe said to be collected at Nieuwjaarsfontein between you and Britstown. As extra precaution you may take the company of Wessex Mounted Infantry stationed at Richmond Road with you as far as Britstown."

6. (Six hours later) "*Vide my 60871. Wessex M.I. countermanded.*"

These only represent a portion of the communications which were waiting for us in

¹ A special Intelligence officer was told off to watch De Wet's movements.

² "Chowder" was telegraphic address of general commanding line of communications in Cape Colony.

the telegraph-office at Richmond Road. But they are a fair enough sample to illustrate the difficulties with which the brigadier had to contend. The communication about the rebel gathering at Nieuwjaarsfontein moved him to moralise. "Alas for my advance squadron! If I believed that it was true, I would move out at once with what we have got and nab those rebels. But as it is I will leave it to the advance squadron, and we will supply the burial-party in the morning! Look here, Mr Intelligence, you have got to form an Intelligence Department to-night. You had better set about it at once."

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niker's column, and I've been sent down here to round up a man who lives about these parts!"

"Have you got him?"

"No. Who may you be? Have you got a match?"

The Intelligence officer felt in his pocket, and an inspiration came to him as he fumbled for the matches.

"How did you see me? I never saw you, and you were against the sky-line."

"A cigar is a big beacon, old chap!" Then the Tiger struck a light, and for the first time realised that he was talking to an officer. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought that you were a civilian."

In the short life of the match each had taken stock of the other,—the one, a pleasant-faced Imperial officer, the other a hard-bitten Colonial. The Intelligence officer was the first to speak.

"Do you speak Dutch and Kaffir?"

"I do."

"Are you in a giant hurry to get back to Henniker's?"

"I'm not wearing myself out with anxiety."

"Well, look here, we shall probably meet Henniker in the course of the next few days. Come along with us till we strike your column. I am Intelligence officer of this brigade, and I want to get together some sort of an Intelligence gang to-night. We start at 4.30 to-morrow morning."

"In what capacity do you want me?"

"As my chief guide. Do you know this country?"

"Indifferently; but I'll soon find some one who does. Have you got any boys?"¹

"Not a soul. I've only just this moment arrived!"

"Well, we must have boys. Where are we to go?"

"To Britstown."

"Then we want a white guide and at least four boys. Yes, I'll come, sir. What's the force?"

"It's an embryo brigade; but when we get it together it will be quite a handsome force—three regiments and six guns!"

"Any Colonials?"

"Yes, the Mount Nelson Light Horse."

"Never heard of them, but you now want to raise these boys. What kind of a man are you? Do you go straight in up to the elbows, or do you play about in kid gloves?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, will you come down to a farm over there, and back me up in everything that I do? We can get all we want there!"

"I'll back you up in everything that is in accordance with the exigencies of the service."

"Which means——?"

"That I don't wear kid gloves——!"

"Come along, then; we'll soon round up a gang!"

A quarter of a mile brought the two men to the enclosure of a little Karoo homestead, nestling in a hollow in the veldt. The Tiger was leading

¹ Native boys.

his pony, and after he had tied it to the rail outside, they walked boldly up to the verandah. They were greeted by an excited dog, and a minute later the door was opened by a tall cadaverous-looking youth.

"What do you want?"

The Tiger answered in Dutch. The farmer had evidently seen him before, as he bridled angrily.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" came the answer. "You have come back again. Well, I am sorry we have no forage for you!"

"It is not forage I want. Where is your father? Here is an officer who must see the 'boss.'"

"I tell you the 'boss' is not here. But will not the officer come in. Good evening, mister, come in here. I will bring a light!"

The two men were shown into a sitting-room, and the youth disappeared. A moment later a slender girl of about seventeen whisked into the room with a lamp, put it on the table, and disappeared. But the light had shone upon her just long enough to show that she was very comely. The true Dutch type. Flaxen hair, straight forehead and nose, beautiful complexion and faded blue eyes. The farm evidently belonged to people of some substance. The room, after the manner of the Dutch, was well furnished. Ponderously decorated with the same lack of proportion which is to be found in an English middle-class lodging-house. Harmonium and piano, — crude

chromos and distorted prints upon the walls; artificial flowers, anæmic in colouring and glass-protected, on the shelves; unwieldy albums on the table; coarse crotchet drapings on the chairs; the Royal Family in startling pigments as an overmantel. For the moment one might have fancied that it was Mrs Scroggin's best parlour in Woburn Square.

After considerable whispering in the passage, the mother of the family, supported by two grown daughters and three children with wide-opened eyes, marched into the room.

"Good evening," and there was a limp handshake all round.

The attitude and expression of the good dame was combative. She was stout, slovenly, and forty. And the first impression was that she had once been what her pretty daughter was now at seventeen. There is nothing of the beauty of dignified age in the Dutch woman passed her prime.

"Where is your man?"¹ asked the Tiger.

"He has gone to Richmond to sell the *scaapen*."²

"And your sons?"

"I have no sons."

The Tiger threw open the photograph album on the table, and put his finger on a recent photo of two hairless youths in bandoliers. The likeness to the good lady in front of us was unmistakable.

"Who are these?"

"My sister's children," came the glib answer.

¹ Husband.

² Sheep.

"Good," said the Tiger, as he slipped the photograph out. "I shall keep this. Who is the young man who opened the door?"

"Bywoner."¹

"Good; then he can come along with us. How many boys have you on this farm?"

"They have all gone with my man."

"All right, I am going round to see—bring a candle. All right, don't make a fuss, my good lady. Don't take that lamp; the officer will stay here while I go out."

The stout *vrau* produced a piece of paper, and laid it on the table with all the confidence of a poker-player displaying a Royal Flush. The Tiger picked it up and read:—

"This is to certify that Hans Pretorius can be implicitly trusted to give all assistance to the military authorities. He has furnished the required assurances.

"(Signed) L—,
"Resident Magistrate."

The Tiger held the slip of paper and photograph side by side for a moment, and then slowly lit the former in the flame of the lamp. The women and children stood solemnly and watched the blaze. Only the pretty girl showed any emotion. The faded blue of her eyes seemed to darken. She said something. It sounded like "hands opper."² How the

Dutch hate the English Afriander!

The Tiger only laughed as he said, "You wait here, sir, while I go round the premises. Come along, Mrs Pretorius."

The Intelligence officer had not been alone five minutes before the door opened and the pretty daughter appeared with a glass of milk on a tray. The look of indignation had disappeared—a smile lurked on the pretty features. Now the Intelligence officer was tired and thirsty—a glass of milk was most refreshing. Moreover, he was an Englishman—a pretty face was not without its charms for him.

The Daughter. "Please, sir, the Khaki³ is taking Stephanus with him. You will not let him do that. There will be no one left to look after the farm and to protect us from the boys."

Intelligence Officer. "Who is Stephanus?"

D. "He does not stay here, he is" (*then the blue eyes filled with tears*)—"he is—my sweetheart!"

I. O. (softening) "But we will not hurt him; you will have him back in a few days."

D. "Who can say? You are going to make him fight, and then I shall never see him again. Oh, please, sir, don't take him" (*and a hand—a fair dimpled hand—rested on the Intelligence officer's sleeve*).

I. O. (moving uncomfortably) "I am afraid that I must; but

¹ Farm working hand.

² Traitor. Lit., Hands upper—i.e., surrendered man.

³ The Boers speak of all British soldiers as Khakis.

no harm shall come to him, that I promise!"

D. "But he doesn't know the way, and you will shoot him if he shows you a wrong road."

I. O. "He will know all that we want him to know."

D. "Where will you want him to take you? I know he doesn't know the way."

I. O. "Why, he has only to go to Britstown!"

D. (*the tears drying*) "And you promise me that you will not harm him?"

I. O. "Of course I won't."

D. "Oh, thank you." She was gone, and the Intelligence officer was left to his own thoughts. It had slipped out unawares. He had been caught: he realised that much as soon as the word had left his lips. He had much to learn yet.

There was a noise in the verandah. The Tiger had arrived with Stephanus, four ponies, and three native boys.

"This will do for a start, sir; we will amplify on the march!"

But as the Intelligence officer handed over his department to the quarter-guard of the 20th Dragoon Guards for safe keeping until the morrow, Miss Pretorius was saddling a pony in the kraal. She had to find her father before daybreak. Her father with his two sons was at Nieuwjaarsfontein!

Richmond Road is not a township. It is only a railway-station, but it boasts of one winkel¹ adjoining the railway buildings. Here the O.C. of the New Cavalry Brigade had

taken up his quarters for the night, and here the Jew proprietor had arranged food and lodging for the staff. Part barn, part shop, and part dwelling, this dilapidated hostelry is typical of its kind. You meet with them all over the South African veldt. You bless them when they shelter you from the wind and rain; curse them when, housed in a six-storeyed mansion, which boasts the same legend over the door—hotel—you remember to what you have been reduced by the chances of a soldier's life.

The brigadier was just sitting down to the only meal that the slatternly wife of the Jew could produce—a steaming mess of lean boiled mutton—when the Intelligence officer returned from his adventure.

"Come and sit down, Mr Intelligence; have you raised a band of robbers yet?"

"Yes, sir; I've collected a trooper of Rimington's Guides and some boys."

"You seem a brighter fellow than I took you for. Well, here you are; here is another telegram for you. We ought to come right on the top of the swine to-morrow."

*To Intelligence N.C.B. from
Int. De Aar.*

"Gathering of rebels at Nieuwjaarsfontein confirmed from two sources. Repeated, &c."

The Intelligence officer kept his own counsel. He felt certain that there would be no

¹ Store.

should be able to count on getting information and assistance from a strong body of British settlers living on their farms side by side with the Boers. The advantages from every point of view are great and worth paying for. The question is, How is the object to be attained? We propose to discuss, on the basis of Mr Arnold-Forster's Report, some of the suggestions that have been made.

In the first place, it will be asked, Can the land necessary for the purpose be obtained? The Land Settlements Commission answer, Yes:—

"We are of opinion that there is a considerable amount of land suitable for settlement in the two new colonies; that a portion of this land is well watered; and that while some of it is already within reach of a market, other parts not at present easily accessible will before long be reached by railway. Such land will probably be obtainable in almost every part of the two colonies, provided that adequate prices be paid for it" (p. 23 of Report).

The area of the two colonies may be divided for the present purpose into the following classes: Firstly, there is the land belonging to the Government; secondly, the land held by large speculative companies; thirdly, land in the hands of private individuals.

In the Transvaal a good deal of public land is at the disposal of the Government; but it is for the most part of an inferior quality, for the burghers naturally have selected the best for their own occupation. In the Orange Free State the area of public land is small;

but the quality, especially in the Moroka district and what is known as the "Conquered Territory," is good. Nothing remains to be done in respect of the public lands but to lay down such conditions as will induce suitable persons to take up farms.

The syndicates or land companies own a very large area in the Transvaal. Their object in selecting their grants was mining, not agriculture or stock-breeding. The greater portion is, consequently, of inferior quality, and would not attract farmers. Nevertheless, in these extensive properties there are areas very suitable for settlement. The difficulty is to acquire them at a reasonable price. It is against the public interests that wide territories should be shut against settlers and kept unproductive for the benefit of the foreign shareholders of speculative companies. Mr Arnold-Forster's Commission are of opinion that the matter is of such very great importance that legislation to enable the Government to acquire the land needed will be amply justified. They cite the New Zealand Act (No. 37) of 1894, by which power is given to the Government to acquire private lands for the purpose of settlement; and they point also to the action taken in the colony of Natal, where a Commission has been appointed to inquire "into the appropriation of suitable lands, which are not beneficially occupied, for settlement thereon of persons who will beneficially

words of Mr Rhodes in his letter to the High Commissioner, written on the 7th May 1900: "This plan [referring to a scheme set forth by him] would place a number of our people on the soil, and would lead to social intercourse and amalgamation between the Dutch and the English, which will never occur so long as the one race lives in the towns and the other on the land."

More than once in the pages of 'Maga' we have had occasion to emphasise the necessity of reckoning with the hatred of the Dutch people for the English as a race. It would be strange if, with the end of active hostilities, an immediate change should be wrought in this feeling. What has occurred as yet to mitigate it? Perhaps the Boer may have learnt not to despise the British soldier so much as he did. Perhaps he may have formed a truer estimate of his own weakness and of our strength. On the other hand, two years of determined fighting are not likely to beget love. The sight of devastated fields, wrecked and burnt homesteads, farms stripped of their stock—in a word, of a country which has been a battle-field—is not likely to conciliate an enemy. When the Boer prisoners return these are the sights that will greet their eyes. In many cases, in the very nature of things, it must happen that they will find parents or brethren, or it may be wife or child, no longer living. However unreasonably, all this will be scored up

to our account, none of it charged to the folly and wickedness of their own nation and government. We must reckon on having to do with a stubborn and hostile race, nursing its wrath and determined to do us a mischief when the time comes. The only hope of softening this hostility is the acquisition of knowledge of the real character and disposition of the English people. Nothing but the intercourse of daily life, in the pursuit of common occupations and interests, can give that knowledge; and so long as the British cling to the towns and the Dutch live apart on the veldt, it is unattainable.

It is to be hoped that the settlement of a considerable number of British upon the soil of the annexed territories will lead in time to a better understanding between the two races. Even if this hope was shown to be visionary, there would still remain a very solid advantage in the presence of British settlers in appreciable force intermixed with the Dutch population. Some people are sanguine enough to think that the ill-feeling of the Dutch will subside before very long, and that they will accept the decree of fate and lay aside their hostility. It will not be wise, however, to reckon on the coming of this millennium. Having regard especially to the known rancour of the Boer women, and to the disloyalty and enmity of many of the Dutch in the Cape Colony, we ought to be prepared for the worst. It is, therefore, much to be desired that we

should be able to count on getting information and assistance from a strong body of British settlers living on their farms side by side with the Boers. The advantages from every point of view are great and worth paying for. The question is, How is the object to be attained? We propose to discuss, on the basis of Mr Arnold-Forster's Report, some of the suggestions that have been made.

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occupy and improve the lands so appropriated."

If the opinion of Mr Arnold-Forster and his colleagues is accepted, that "it is impossible to examine the economical and political conditions of the two colonies without arriving at the conclusion that the settlement of a vigorous and well-affected population upon the land is absolutely essential," there should be no hesitation in arming the Government with such powers as may be necessary. If this is not done, there will be great difficulty in placing settlements anywhere, except on such portions of the public lands as may be found fit for the purpose. Every one who is capable of giving an opinion has laid stress on the necessity of confining the experiment to really good agricultural land, of which unfortunately only a small area is in the hands of the Government. Mr Rhodes considers, it is true (p. 44 of Part II. of the Report), that legislation will not be needed. He says: "I think, if it was not too publicly known that the Government were purchasing, sufficient land could be obtained by private bargain." The condition is important and almost impossible, especially as the widest publicity has been given to the recommendations of the Commission and to his opinion. It may be taken as certain that every one will combine to extort the highest possible price out of the British Government. And, indeed, from what the Commissioners say (p. 10 of the Report) the wily capitalist

had begun already to make his plans before their opinions had been published. Mr Rhodes advocates the raising of a loan for the purpose of establishing settlements on the security of the Transvaal revenues, "which means that the obligation will fall on the much-abused capitalist," who, he assures us, "will make no objection." This generosity will perhaps appear less improbable, as well as less admirable, if it is founded on the expectation of selling the waste or surplus land to the Government at a fancy price.

It may be added that the Commission invited seventeen land companies to assist them with information as to the price they would take for suitable land, and whether the Government might expect any help from them in this matter. The majority of these bodies did not reply to the invitation, and two only showed any friendly disposition. In spite, therefore, of Mr Rhodes' opinion, it may be assumed that legislation will be necessary, and there should be no hesitation in passing such ordinances as may be required before the benevolent capitalist has time to consider how to evade them.

In the third class, the properties held by private individual owners will be found the lands best suited for the purpose of settlement. Such lands have been chosen and occupied for farming purposes, and on portions of them there must necessarily be a supply of water, without which any kind of farming is impossible. But how are they to be obtained?

De Wet's long-promised invasion—of which Kritzingers and Hertzog's descent into Cape Colony had been the weather-signal—was now an accomplished fact. He had invaded with 2500 to 3000 men and some artillery. Plumer had located him at Philipstown, had effectually "bolted" him, and, in spite of heavy weather, had pressed him with the perseverance of a sleuth-hound in the direction of the De Aar-Orange River Railway into the arms of two columns in the vicinity of Hautkraal. A week previous to this, as soon as it was known that De Wet had evaded the force intended to head him back when moving south down the Orange River Colony, the railway had been taxed to its utmost to concentrate troops on the Naauwpoort-De Aar-Beaufort West line. Day and night troop-trains, bulging with khaki and bristling with rifles, had vomited columns, detachments, and units at various points upon this line—Colesberg, Hanover Road, De Aar, Richmond Road, Victoria West, and Beaufort. Lord Kitchener himself, at a pace which had wellnigh bleached the driver's hair, had hied down to De Aar in his armoured train. Plumer had diverted the invasion west, Crabbe and Henniker and the armoured trains had kicked it over the railway-line. Kitchener was content. If De Wet followed his jackal Hertzog into the south-western areas, the columns on the line from De Aar downwards were to move west as parallel forces

and tackle the invader in turn. Each would run him till exhausted, with a fresh parallel to take up the running from them as soon as they were done; while at the end, when the last parallel was played out, De Lisle as a stop stood at Carnarvon, ready to catch the ripe plum after the tree had been well shaken. Admirable plan—on paper. Admirable plan if De Wet had only done what he ought to have done—if he had only allowed himself to be kicked by each parallel in turn, churned by relays of pom-poms, until ready to be presented to De Lisle. But De Wet did not do the right thing. He was no cub to trust to winning an earthen by a direct and obvious line, where pace alone would have killed him. He was an old grey fox, suspicious even of his own shadow, and he doubled and twisted: in the meanwhile Plumer ran himself "stone-cold" on his heels, and the majority of the parallel columns, played by his screen of "red herrings," counter-marched themselves to a standstill. The old, old story, which needs no expansion here. Admirable plan, if only the British columns had been as complete at their rendezvous as they appeared on paper. We were the New Cavalry Brigade—the 21st King's Dragoon Guards and the 20th Dragoon Guards, just out from home; the Mount Nelson Light Horse, newly raised in Cape Town; a battery of R.H.A., and a pom-pom. But where were we? We were due to

march out of Richmond Road at daybreak on the morrow. Two squadrons of the 21st King's Dragoons and one of the Mount Nelson's were with Plumer—Providence only knows where—learning the law of the veldt. The rest of the Mount Nelson's and one squadron of the 21st King's Dragoons were at Hanover Road. One squadron of the 20th Dragoon Guards was at Richmond Road; two squadrons were in the train on the way up from Cape Town. The guns at least had arrived. Yet we were about the value of a "castle" on the chess-board which was to mate De Wet.

"Now we shall have to take our coats off."

The brigadier was right. It was no mean affair to arrive at sundown at a miserable siding in the Karoo, called by courtesy a station, to find its two parallels of rails blocked with the trucks containing the nucleus of a cavalry brigade, and to get that nucleus on the road by daybreak. The supply column was all out, the battery half out—these were old soldiers; but the two squadrons of 20th Dragoon Guards had not yet awakened to the situation. The brigadier looked up and down the platform, gazed a moment at the long tiers of laden trucks, and then made the above remark.

And we had to take our coats off. The 20th were new but they were willing; and it is difficult to say which hampers you most, an over-willing novice or an unwilling expert.

You who sit at home and rail at the conduct of the campaign, rail at the wretched officer, regimental or staff, little know what is expected of him. You have your type in your mind's eye—an eyeglass, spotless habiliments, and a waving sword; you pay him and expect him to succeed. You place the greatest man that you can select to guide and cherish him, therefore if he does not succeed it must be through his own shortcomings. In your impatience you opine that he has not succeeded. Therefore he must be ignorant, indifferent, and incompetent. Little do you realise the injustice of your opinion. You sweat during a war an intelligent class—the same class, be it said, from which the best that your universities can produce is drawn,—you sweat it as no other educated class would allow itself to be sweated in the whole civilised world, and yet, though men drop in harness for you by dozens every month, you turn upon them and revile them. Can you not appreciate the fact that it is not always the medium, through which the Great Head you have selected works, that is in error,—that the pilot's hand may be at fault, and not the steering-gear? Take us that night at Richmond Road. New troops, no staff, little or no information, and an order to be in position at a point 50 miles distant in 36 hours. If bricks have to be made, has not the workman a right to expect to be supplied with the ingredients? Is the blame alto-

gether his if, when exposed to the heat of a tropical sun, his hurriedly constructed clay crumbles to pieces for want of the straw with which his taskmaster failed to supply him? We think not. But that night at Richmond Road we had no time to ruminate upon our difficulties. We had to surmount them, and with our brigadier we took our coats off and buckled to the job.

Telegrams :—

1. *To Intelligence, New Cavalry Brigade, Richmond Road, from Intelligence, De Aar.*

"You must organise your intelligence locally, impossible to supply so many columns with men from here. Will see what can be done later. Authorise such expenditure as you think fit."

2. *To Int. N.C.B. from Int. De Aar.*

"De Wet Expert¹ reports De Wet moving towards Vosberg. Plumer still in touch. Hertzog, Brand, Pretorius, all between Prieska and Vosberg with large quantities remounts for De Wet. Theron has been detached by De Wet, moving south rapidly to join Brand, intention attacking Britstown. Local farmers Hanover and Victoria West districts collecting to assist invaders. Inform New Cavalry Brigade. This wire is repeated to Intelligences Victoria West, Carnarvon, Fraserberg, 'Chowder'²

Cape Town, Orange River, Beaufort, and Chief Pretoria."

3. *From Brigade - Major New Cavalry Brigade, Hanover Road, to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road.*

"Hope to move out here tomorrow. No trains available. As ordered by you, proceed direct to Britstown. Saddles for Mount Nelson's not yet arrived."

4. *From Asst. Director Transport De Aar to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road.*

"Impossible to equip you with more mule transport than has been forwarded to you; will make up your deficiencies with ox transport, which will be waiting for you at Britstown when you arrive."

5. *From O.C. De Aar to O.C. N.C.B. Richmond Road (60871).*

"Proceed with extreme caution, as local rebel commando under Van der Merwe said to be collected at Nieuwjaarsfontein between you and Britstown. As extra precaution you may take the company of Wessex Mounted Infantry stationed at Richmond Road with you as far as Britstown."

6. (Six hours later) "*Vide my 60871. Wessex M.I. countermanded.*"

These only represent a portion of the communications which were waiting for us in

¹ A special Intelligence officer was told off to watch De Wet's movements.

² "Chowder" was telegraphic address of general commanding line of communications in Cape Colony.

his pony, and after he had tied it to the rail outside, they walked boldly up to the verandah. They were greeted by an excited dog, and a minute later the door was opened by a tall cadaverous-looking youth.

"What do you want?"

The Tiger answered in Dutch. The farmer had evidently seen him before, as he bridled angrily.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" came the answer. "You have come back again. Well, I am sorry we have no forage for you!"

"It is not forage I want. Where is your father? Here is an officer who must see the 'boss.'"

"I tell you the 'boss' is not here. But will not the officer come in. Good evening, mister, come in here. I will bring a light!"

The two men were shown into a sitting-room, and the youth disappeared. A moment later a slender girl of about seventeen whisked into the room with a lamp, put it on the table, and disappeared. But the light had shone upon her just long enough to show that she was very comely. The true Dutch type. Flaxen hair, straight forehead and nose, beautiful complexion and faded blue eyes. The farm evidently belonged to people of some substance. The room, after the manner of the Dutch, was well furnished. Ponderously decorated with the same lack of proportion which is to be found in an English middle-class lodging-house. Harmonium and piano, — crude

chromos and distorted prints upon the walls; artificial flowers, anæmic in colouring and glass-protected, on the shelves; unwieldy albums on the table; coarse crotchet drapings on the chairs; the Royal Family in startling pigments as an overmantel. For the moment one might have fancied that it was Mrs Scroggin's best parlour in Woburn Square.

After considerable whispering in the passage, the mother of the family, supported by two grown daughters and three children with wide-opened eyes, marched into the room.

"Good evening," and there was a limp handshake all round.

The attitude and expression of the good dame was combative. She was stout, slovenly, and forty. And the first impression was that she had once been what her pretty daughter was now at seventeen. There is nothing of the beauty of dignified age in the Dutch woman passed her prime.

"Where is your man?"¹ asked the Tiger.

"He has gone to Richmond to sell the *scaapen*."²

"And your sons?"

"I have no sons."

The Tiger threw open the photograph album on the table, and put his finger on a recent photo of two hairless youths in bandoliers. The likeness to the good lady in front of us was unmistakable.

"Who are these?"

"My sister's children," came the glib answer.

¹ Husband.

² Sheep.

niker's column, and I've been sent down here to round up a man who lives about these parts!"

"Have you got him?"

"No. Who may you be? Have you got a match?"

The Intelligence officer felt in his pocket, and an inspiration came to him as he fumbled for the matches.

"How did you see me? I never saw you, and you were against the sky-line."

"A cigar is a big beacon, old chap!" Then the Tiger struck a light, and for the first time realised that he was talking to an officer. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought that you were a civilian."

In the short life of the match each had taken stock of the other,—the one, a pleasant-faced Imperial officer, the other a hard-bitten Colonial. The Intelligence officer was the first to speak.

"Do you speak Dutch and Kaffir?"

"I do."

"Are you in a giant hurry to get back to Henniker's?"

"I'm not wearing myself out with anxiety."

"Well, look here, we shall probably meet Henniker in the course of the next few days. Come along with us till we strike your column. I am Intelligence officer of this brigade, and I want to get together some sort of an Intelligence gang to-night. We start at 4.30 to-morrow morning."

"In what capacity do you want me?"

"As my chief guide. Do you know this country?"

"Indifferently; but I'll soon find some one who does. Have you got any boys?"¹

"Not a soul. I've only just this moment arrived!"

"Well, we must have boys. Where are we to go?"

"To Britstown."

"Then we want a white guide and at least four boys. Yes, I'll come, sir. What's the force?"

"It's an embryo brigade; but when we get it together it will be quite a handsome force—three regiments and six guns!"

"Any Colonials?"

"Yes, the Mount Nelson Light Horse."

"Never heard of them, but you now want to raise these boys. What kind of a man are you? Do you go straight in up to the elbows, or do you play about in kid gloves?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, will you come down to a farm over there, and back me up in everything that I do? We can get all we want there!"

"I'll back you up in everything that is in accordance with the exigencies of the service."

"Which means——?"

"That I don't wear kid gloves——!"

"Come along, then; we'll soon round up a gang!"

A quarter of a mile brought the two men to the enclosure of a little Karoo homestead, nestling in a hollow in the veldt. The Tiger was leading

¹ Native boys.

his pony, and after he had tied it to the rail outside, they walked boldly up to the verandah. They were greeted by an excited dog, and a minute later the door was opened by a tall cadaverous-looking youth.

"What do you want?"

The Tiger answered in Dutch. The farmer had evidently seen him before, as he bridled angrily.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" came the answer. "You have come back again. Well, I am sorry we have no forage for you!"

"It is not forage I want. Where is your father? Here is an officer who must see the 'boss.'"

"I tell you the 'boss' is not here. But will not the officer come in. Good evening, mister, come in here. I will bring a light!"

The two men were shown into a sitting-room, and the youth disappeared. A moment later a slender girl of about seventeen whisked into the room with a lamp, put it on the table, and disappeared. But the light had shone upon her just long enough to show that she was very comely. The true Dutch type. Flaxen hair, straight forehead and nose, beautiful complexion and faded blue eyes. The farm evidently belonged to people of some substance. The room, after the manner of the Dutch, was well furnished. Ponderously decorated with the same lack of proportion which is to be found in an English middle-class lodging-house. Harmonium and piano, — crude

chromos and distorted prints upon the walls; artificial flowers, anæmic in colouring and glass-protected, on the shelves; unwieldy albums on the table; coarse crotchet drapings on the chairs; the Royal Family in startling pigments as an over-mantel. For the moment one might have fancied that it was Mrs Scroggin's best parlour in Woburn Square.

After considerable whispering in the passage, the mother of the family, supported by two grown daughters and three children with wide-opened eyes, marched into the room.

"Good evening," and there was a limp handshake all round.

The attitude and expression of the good dame was combative. She was stout, slovenly, and forty. And the first impression was that she had once been what her pretty daughter was now at seventeen. There is nothing of the beauty of dignified age in the Dutch woman passed her prime.

"Where is your man?"¹ asked the Tiger.

"He has gone to Richmond to sell the *scaapen*."²

"And your sons?"

"I have no sons."

The Tiger threw open the photograph album on the table, and put his finger on a recent photo of two hairless youths in bandoliers. The likeness to the good lady in front of us was unmistakable.

"Who are these?"

"My sister's children," came the glib answer.

¹ Husband.

² Sheep.

"Good," said the Tiger, as he slipped the photograph out. "I shall keep this. Who is the young man who opened the door?"

"Bywoner."¹

"Good; then he can come along with us. How many boys have you on this farm?"

"They have all gone with my man."

"All right, I am going round to see—bring a candle. All right, don't make a fuss, my good lady. Don't take that lamp; the officer will stay here while I go out."

The stout *vrau* produced a piece of paper, and laid it on the table with all the confidence of a poker-player displaying a Royal Flush. The Tiger picked it up and read:—

"This is to certify that Hans Pretorius can be implicitly trusted to give all assistance to the military authorities. He has furnished the required assurances.

"(Signed) L——,
"Resident Magistrate."

The Tiger held the slip of paper and photograph side by side for a moment, and then slowly lit the former in the flame of the lamp. The women and children stood solemnly and watched the blaze. Only the pretty girl showed any emotion. The faded blue of her eyes seemed to darken. She said something. It sounded like "hands opper."² How the

Dutch hate the English Afrikaner!

The Tiger only laughed as he said, "You wait here, sir, while I go round the premises. Come along, Mrs Pretorius."

The Intelligence officer had not been alone five minutes before the door opened and the pretty daughter appeared with a glass of milk on a tray. The look of indignation had disappeared—a smile lurked on the pretty features. Now the Intelligence officer was tired and thirsty—a glass of milk was most refreshing. Moreover, he was an Englishman—a pretty face was not without its charms for him.

The Daughter. "Please, sir, the Khaki³ is taking Stephanus with him. You will not let him do that. There will be no one left to look after the farm and to protect us from the boys."

Intelligence Officer. "Who is Stephanus?"

D. "He does not stay here, he is" (*then the blue eyes filled with tears*)—"he is—my sweetheart!"

I. O. (softening) "But we will not hurt him; you will have him back in a few days."

D. "Who can say? You are going to make him fight, and then I shall never see him again. Oh, please, sir, don't take him" (*and a hand—a fair dimpled hand—rested on the Intelligence officer's sleeve*).

I. O. (moving uncomfortably) "I am afraid that I must; but

¹ Farm working hand.

² Traitor. Lit., Hands upper—i.e., surrendered man.

³ The Boers speak of all British soldiers as Khakis.

no harm shall come to him, that I promise!"

D. "But he doesn't know the way, and you will shoot him if he shows you a wrong road."

I. O. "He will know all that we want him to know."

D. "Where will you want him to take you? I know he doesn't know the way."

I. O. "Why, he has only to go to Britstown!"

D. (*the tears drying*) "And you promise me that you will not harm him?"

I. O. "Of course I won't."

D. "Oh, thank you." She was gone, and the Intelligence officer was left to his own thoughts. It had slipped out unawares. He had been caught: he realised that much as soon as the word had left his lips. He had much to learn yet.

There was a noise in the verandah. The Tiger had arrived with Stephanus, four ponies, and three native boys.

"This will do for a start, sir; we will amplify on the march!"

But as the Intelligence officer handed over his department to the quarter-guard of the 20th Dragoon Guards for safe keeping until the morrow, Miss Pretorius was saddling a pony in the kraal. She had to find her father before daybreak. Her father with his two sons was at Nieuwjaarsfontein!

Richmond Road is not a township. It is only a railway-station, but it boasts of one winkel¹ adjoining the railway buildings. Here the O.C. of the New Cavalry Brigade had

taken up his quarters for the night, and here the Jew proprietor had arranged food and lodging for the staff. Part barn, part shop, and part dwelling, this dilapidated hostelry is typical of its kind. You meet with them all over the South African veldt. You bless them when they shelter you from the wind and rain; curse them when, housed in a six-storeyed mansion, which boasts the same legend over the door—hotel—you remember to what you have been reduced by the chances of a soldier's life.

The brigadier was just sitting down to the only meal that the slatternly wife of the Jew could produce—a steaming mess of lean boiled mutton—when the Intelligence officer returned from his adventure.

"Come and sit down, Mr Intelligence; have you raised a band of robbers yet?"

"Yes, sir; I've collected a trooper of Rimington's Guides and some boys."

"You seem a brighter fellow than I took you for. Well, here you are; here is another telegram for you. We ought to come right on the top of the swine to-morrow."

*To Intelligence N.C.B. from
Int. De Aar.*

"Gathering of rebels at Nieuwjaarsfontein confirmed from two sources. Repeated, &c."

The Intelligence officer kept his own counsel. He felt certain that there would be no

¹ Store.

gathering at Nieuwjaarsfontein when the force arrived. But he had bought his experience, and determined to profit by the same in the future.

"I think that we have a chance of a show this jaunt," said the brigadier, after somebody had produced a bottle of port. "This is about the best plan that K.¹ has thrown off his chest. But I am afraid the Plumer will spoil it. He is a holy terror when he gets on a trail. That is his great fault: you will never catch these fellows by holding on to a trail after you have been on it three days. I don't care how red-hot it may be. You run yourself stone-cold, only to find that your quarry has outlasted you. Now, after De Wet crossed the railway at Hautkraal, Plumer's obvious move was to Stydenburg. They could have pushed stuff out there to him from Hopetown. K. wants De Wet to go south-west into the loop of the J which our five columns make. Now, if Plumer, Crabbe, & Co. stick to him, he'll break back to the Orange River as sure as fate. But if Plumer lets him alone, and we

are not messed about by too many general-men, we'll have him. Once De Wet gets south as far as Britstown he's a dead bird. But we shall be messed about by too many generals. See, who have we?—Lyttelton, Settle, Bruce-Hamilton, Knox, Paget. That's enough in the way of cooks to spoil any pottage. But personally I don't think De Wet will be the good little fly and walk into our pretty parlour. They don't ask me for opinions; but if I was running this show, I would have halted Plumer on the railway, left the J as it is, and collected an infernal 'push' of men north of the Orange River. I should have held a line from Mark's Drift to Springfontein. When I had got that, I would have turned our sleuth-hound Plumer loose again. Then all we fine fellows could have played with De Wet until he was sick of the Colony. We could then escort him to the Orange River, and then the 'pushes' on the far side could have picked up the pieces. But here we are; may Providence guide him to us! I'm for bed. Good night!"

¹ Lord Kitchener is commonly spoken of as "K." in South Africa.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

"Who has not felt a longing to apostrophise that romantic, uncanny, desperately uncomfortable hour which precedes the dawn?"—"A Side-Show," by "LINESMAN," 'Maga,' August 1901.

"It was not in the open fight
We threw away the sword,
But in the lonely watching
In the darkness by the ford."

—"The Benoni Bar," by RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE purple night-pall softly breathes, the veldt stirs in its sleep ;
The stars, with paling fires, essay their ebbing watch to keep ;
O'er slumb'ring friend and watchful foe faint zephyrs croon their
round ;
The ghostly hour before the dawn throbs dull with pulsing
sound.

Before the sentry's aching eyes dim shapes begin to loom ;
A thousand men seem gath'ring there, wrapt in that velvet
gloom.
Chill Fear is gnawing at his soul, but chiller still the clasp
On steel-tipp'd rifle grimly held within his guardian grasp.

A restless charger's pawing hoof, a dreaming trooper's moan,
The rustling of a mealie-stalk, a truant beetle's drone,
The myriad voices of the night, so soon to greet the day,
Choir awesome concert to the ears of him who guards the way.

The sleeping camp behind him lies,—in front, the prowling foe ;
The lives of men are in his charge,—his own the first to go.
God ! that the next relief would come, and save his reeling brain !
The last dread hour before the dawn,—Lord help him bear the
strain !

Hark ! What is that ? Do muffled oars upon the river ride ?
'Tis but the splash of rising fish that herald morning-tide.
And whence that light ? A firefly's flare that skims the gaining
breeze.
A mounted man ? The "Cossack post" beneath yon clump of
trees.

How long, O Lord, how long, until the sun, that set so red
Last night upon the battlefield, once more shall lift his head?
How long before his warming rays shall give the new day
 breath,
And light the waiting world again — to Life, — perchance to
 Death?

Far better, far, the Mauser's roar, the pom-pom's yapping bark,
The bellow of the Creusot, than this waiting in the dark!
The singing lead, the screaming shell, are easier far to bear
Than this eerie, weary watching for the foeman in his lair.

"Halt! Who comes there?" The ready steel springs swiftly to
 the guard,—
Come friend, come foe, it is a MAN who keeps the camp in
 ward.
"Relief at last!" That golden sphere that climbs the orient
 sky
Has killed the hour before the dawn,—the dreadful vigil's by.

H. R.-M.

NATAL.

THE HOME-COMING OF GUNGA BISHUN.

GUNGA BISHUN, Dubé Brahmin, had been resident in England for four years. He came straight from the holiest city in India to a small house in Bayswater. The change from sacred Kashi to common if not unclean Bayswater was great enough; but it was nothing to the transformation which four years had wrought in the man Gunga Bishun. Born and bred in a narrow lane of Benares, as closed to modern life as to the sun, he belonged to one of the strictest sects of the Hindoo Pharisees, scrupulous in the observances of all the laws of caste, and dreading pollution more than death. The English education he received in the school of a Scottish missionary had, it is true, loosened the roots of his belief. But until he came to England, and mixed familiarly with English people, living their life as he talked their language, he had remained in heart a Hindoo and a Brahmin. And now, as he looked back over the four years of his sojourn in Europe, he could hardly recollect what manner of man he had been when he landed at Southampton. Whatever he had been, there was no doubt what he was now. A man who talked English like an Englishman, who had eaten his dinners at the Inner Temple with the best of them, and had passed every examination not only with credit but with great

distinction. He had come plain Gunga Bishun, the Dubé Brahmin from Benares. He was returning as G. B. Dubé, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple. And this was the style under which his name appeared in the passenger list of the mail-steamer Ganges from Marseilles to Bombay.

He would tell you, not that he was returning to his own country, but that he was "going out" to India, and, sooth to say, he did not feel like an exile going back to the house of his fathers. He had acquired habits and tastes foreign to his own people. He had lived the life of a second-rate man about town, and could not look forward with contentment to the humble dwelling in a narrow lane of an Eastern city and the society of untravelled and bigoted Hindoos, which he knew awaited him. Not that he was wanting in natural affection. The thought of seeing his father and mother warmed his heart and sometimes brought tears to his eyes. But the Western education, the long association with Englishmen and Englishwomen, had changed him even more than he himself knew. It was not possible that he should contemplate his return with that joy which fills the breast of the young Englishman who rushes on board the homeward-bound ship on his first furlough.

Gunga Bishun's father was

one Jowalla Pershad, Brahmin, a pleader in the Judges' Court at Benares. He was an illiterate man, in so far that he was unable to read and write even his mother tongue with facility. He had inherited a modest property in land. But family disputes arose, as they often do in Hindoo families, and led to litigation. The lawsuit went on for years, and was taken up by the losing side from one court to another in the succession of appeals allowed by the Indian procedure. Jowalla Pershad had sworn by the Ganges that he would take the case to London if necessary, and when the last local appeal was given against him, to London it went. "Jowalla Pershad, defendant, appellant, *versus* Ram Buksh, plaintiff, respondent," before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council. It was a day of rejoicing when the news came that the suit had been filed. For, in his eyes, to have a case in the Privy Council was a distinction more precious than all the titles and orders which the Feringhee Government could bestow. Perhaps he was right, in his generation. When after many months the Lords delivered their judgment and advised her Majesty to reverse the decision of the Indian court and affirm the appeal, his pleasure became exquisite. In his imagination the happy appellant saw the mighty Queen-Empress in the robes of royalty seated on a throne, with the great nobles and judges in all their glory on humble benches before her, while she affixed her

sign-manual to the decree. He rejoiced exceedingly, and the Brahmin priests, feasting sumptuously, shared his joy. This joy, however, was all that he gained by his success. A case is not fought up to the Privy Council for nothing. He had mortgaged his land to its full value, and sold all he had, even his wife's jewels, to pay the lawyers. He was beggared. Nevertheless, it was the best investment he could have made.

He was a man of great natural powers. During the long litigation he had developed a keen taste for law. He applied himself to study, having treatises and reports of cases read to him in his leisure time. A grand memory, unimpaired by what is called education, and an instinct for seizing the points of a case, aided him. He began by writing petitions for persons who wished to institute proceedings in the magistrate's court, and after a while obtained leave to practise as a pleader in the subordinate civil courts. Success rewarded him. All the time he could snatch from his clients' business he gave to study. Eventually he was promoted to a pleadership in the judges' court, and frequently received briefs in criminal cases from the Crown.

One thing, however, was lacking to his happiness,—he was not a barrister-at-law, and never could be. But he had a son in whose person this ambition might be realised. He placed him in the school of a

—*ekkas* drawn by wiry haggard ponies, or bullock-coaches, comparatively neat and smart. So the procession sets out for the pleader's house, which is in one of the main streets of the town.

And the principal actors in this little scene of the son's return, is either of them satisfied with his part? I fear not. The old Hindoo hardly recognises his boy in this imitation *sáhib*, who treats him in a cool supercilious fashion. Nor is this the sort of triumphant entry which the son had anticipated. He had hoped that his reception would have had something of a public character. Surely his fame must have caused some excitement. Was he not a barrister-at-law, the first that Benares had produced, and of the Inner Temple? No; he did not quite expect that any of the arrogant Englishmen would come down to meet him. But his own countrymen, the deputy-*sáhibs*, and the *tahsildars*, and the court officials, and the members of the Municipal Board—they at least might have come to the station to welcome a compatriot returning with such honours after a long sojourn in foreign parts. This much at the least he had hoped for. Then for one who had driven about town in hansom cabs, who had taken smart women to Richmond in phaetons with fast horses and top-booted grooms—he was Prince Gunga on those days—the paternal vehicle which he had wellnigh forgotten was a surprise. This old Hindoo father, with his antiquated clothes and

primitive ways—he, too, was a shock. Even before he reached his home, Mr G. Dubé felt that he could live in the fashion of his people no more. "These natives," he said to himself, unconsciously adopting the contemptuous style of English speech.

The barrister-at-law did not remain long with his father. First there was a great uproar among the Brahmins on account of caste matters, and strong objections were raised to receiving him back into communion. Scruples of this kind, however, even among Brahmins, are not insuperable, if there is money to soften them; and as the money was forthcoming, Gunga Bishun was allowed, after many ceremonies and rites of purification, involving much feasting and generous gifts to the Brahmin priests, to live with his family, and to smoke and drink with his caste fellows. This union, however, was of short duration. The travelled Hindoo could not content himself with their way of life. The appetite he had acquired for strong meats and drinks could not be assuaged with the cold water and vegetarian diet of his father's house. He made little secret of his disbelief in the religion, or of his contempt for the ways, of his fathers, and it was soon rumoured in Benares that he did not adhere to the laws of caste. One evening an enemy saw him coming out of the railway refreshment-room. A meeting of the caste brethren was summoned, and it was found that he had been partak-

seen him go and come from Calcutta half a score of times? Was it not thus that he had last appeared when he had started to cross the black water? He will of course be in the second-class. Gunga Bishun always travelled second. Ah! there at the farther end of the train are some Indian gentlemen alighting and pulling out innumerable packages and bundles of clothing from the carriage. See! there is one with a bird-cage. Gunga Bishun's mother is fond of birds. He has probably brought some strange bird for her from Vilayut, good son that he is. Yes; that is he, doubtless. Off toddles the old man as quick as he can, his followers after him. He is disappointed. It is not his son. "The boy must have missed the train," he says, "or has been left behind at some station. What think ye? Let us give up the search, brothers, and return home." But hark! what is that? He hears a voice from a first-class carriage calling imperiously for porters. Before he can get there, two or three porters have run up, the door is opened, and a gentleman descends. He is dressed in a suit of large checks, with a huge sun-helmet on his head. Just as the old man comes up, he turns his face. Is it possible? yes, this man, that for a moment he took for a European, is Gunga Bishun. It is he indeed. "Ah, father," he says, "how is your health?" and puts out his hand. But the old man has not learnt to shake hands, at least with his own people, and tries to fall on his neck and embrace him. The relations likewise press close to give him affectionate greeting. Seeing the European dress, the stiff all-round collar, the red silk scarf with the large gold pin, the hideous sun-hat, and the outstretched hand, all the marks of a *sáhib* in fact except the white skin, their enthusiasm flags, and they draw back instinctively and salaam. Some of them, however, volunteer to look after the barrister's baggage; others go to call the rickety old four-wheeler, which carries the successful pleader to and from the courts. Before he went away Gunga Bishun was proud enough of this magnificent family coach. The father and son are helped to mount it—not an easy matter unless the passenger is skilled in jumping through a hoop, and the sun-helmet makes a violent contact with the roof as Gunga Bishun clambers in. As much luggage as possible, or rather more than is possible, is rammed in after them. The rest is piled on the roof. The sorry beast, with his prehistoric harness held together in places with rope and twine, is whipped up into a shuffling trot by the sorrier driver, who is perched on the uncomfortable coach-box, dressed in a soiled cotton jacket that was once white, and a scanty dhotee that leaves his legs bare. The footman, in like livery, shares with a bundle of grass a precarious position on a board behind. The relations, connections, and friends make each for his own conveyance,

—*ekkas* drawn by wiry haggard ponies, or bullock-coaches, comparatively neat and smart. So the procession sets out for the pleader's house, which is in one of the main streets of the town.

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ing of beef-steaks and bottled ale in the company of a Eurasian police-officer. This was an unpardonable sin. Gunga Bishun was formally excommunicated, and the whole family were threatened with a like doom if they held any intercourse with him. He dared not return to his father's house. So he rented a small bungalow in the European quarter of the station, put up a black board with "Mr Gunga Bishun, barrister-at-law," painted on it in large white letters, and waited or touted for clients.

The only Hindoo visitor at the young barrister's bungalow was an old schoolfellow, Shiva Pershad, who, in spite of his education, had remained constant to the old religion and the old ways. In the evenings after office hours Shiva would go to sit with his friend, who was to be found usually smoking a cheroot and enjoying a brandy-and-soda after a hot day in court. But no ridicule or persusion would induce him to share in these forbidden pleasures. Hanker as he might for a different life, the idea of breaking the caste laws and becoming unclean was to Shiva repulsive and intolerable. He listened, however, with delight and envy to the stories of his friend's experiences in London, which lost nothing in the telling. The somewhat sordid house in Bayswater, where the law student had lodged, became a palace grander than that of the Maharaja. The woman who kept it figured as a lady of birth and breeding, to whom

even the Commissioner's wife would yield place. Her daughter, with whom Gunga Bishun had, according to his own account, carried on a warm flirtation, appeared as an English girl of beauty and refinement.

"I tell you," he would say, "they give themselves great airs here, but it is very different in England. Why, in London, my dear boy, I was waited on by a *pukká mém-sáhib*, quite as good as the magistrate's wife. She used to ask leave to come in the morning to see what I would have for dinner, and she never thought of sitting down until I invited her to a seat. And as for her daughter, or for that matter any of their daughters—well, they were very kind and good-natured," and Gunga Bishun would smile as if his recollections were of a most pleasant and confidential nature.

"Faugh!" he went on, "when I see you all salaaming and bowing down to these European fellows, I can hardly help laughing outright. It was the other way about in London, I can assure you, my dear boy. There they were all bowing down to me, and the girls thought I was a blooming prince. When I dined with Lord —, I took Lady — in to dinner, and she talked to me as if I had been her son, and introduced me to her daughters as an Indian nobleman. I had a real good time. I danced with one of them afterwards at a ball. Ah! what a fine girl: I could have danced all night with her without wanting to rest."

"Ah! how I envy you," said Shiva. "If I could go to England, marry an English girl, and live a year with her, I would give up the remainder of my life." He sighed, thinking of his weary days with the dull child he had to call his wife.

"What stuff, my dear fellow!" sneered Gunga Bishun; "you are a simpleton. You need give up nothing, but you must have money, and enough of it. You may go home" (England he meant) "and marry any of them, or as many of them as you choose. Yes, of course you can. Here, in India, these unclean dogs of English affect to despise us; but in London, I tell you, if a black man has money enough and calls himself a prince, he can go where he likes, and enjoy himself as much as a Brahmin priest at Hurdwar fair. Ah!" he continued in Hindustani, and his little black eyes burnt like coals, "how I hate them all. Small wonder that Azimulla and the Nana sáhib sent their souls to hell. What would happen now if we got the same chance?"

Shiva shuddered. Brutality of this sort was not to his liking.

"I thought," he said, "you wished to mix with the sáhib-log. Did you not ask permission a little while ago to join their club? You have been seen driving round the station calling on all the chief people."

"That is true—and they told me I was not eligible for admission to the club. Of the men I

called upon not one has returned my visit or asked me to his house. When I go to the public gardens where the band plays in the evenings, no one save the Commissioner and the magistrate speaks to me. The other evening I saw the Commissioner's daughter sitting in her carriage, so I went up and bowed to her. She took no more notice of me than if I had been one of her father's grooms. Not so much indeed, as I heard her afterwards speaking kindly to one of them. But at me she looked as if she did not see me at all. I was going to speak and introduce myself, when two young officers who were talking to her got in my way. 'Out of this with you, Baboo!' said one in his vile Hindustani; 'this is not the place for you,' and he glared at me as if he would strike me. So I walked quickly away. What else could I do?"

"Well," said Shiva, "it serves you right for breaking your caste and leaving your own folk. The girl does not know you, and who are you that you should thrust yourself forward to speak to her? You ought to know their customs better, as you have been to Europe."

"Customs! confound their customs! I tell you in England none of their customs stood in my way. It is only the English here, these Anglo-Indians, who treat us thus. I hate them; I will do my best to make the people hate them and destroy them. Look at our numbers and at theirs. If we were men we should turn them

all out of India to-morrow and rule the country ourselves. Look at the way we are treated. Think of the pay you get, and the salary they give that white-faced boy who came out yesterday. Don't you know and feel you are worth twenty of him? Yet he may be Lieutenant-Governor, and you or I cannot rise even to the rank he holds to-day. I tell you it is maddening, and it is foul injustice. Members of Parliament in London asked me why we submitted to it. We won't stand it. I used to meet many of our people in London, and they are all of one mind. If we could only act together, the thing would be done—quickly done, too.”

“Doubtless,” said Shiva. “When the lion lies down with the lamb. When the Mohammedan eats with the Hindoo and the Brahmin takes water from the hand of the pariah, then shall these things be. You will be joining the Congress soon, and that may please you; but I am a Government servant, as my father was before me, and I hope for promotion and pension. Are you a fighting man, or am I? What sort of saying is this of yours?” he continued, bursting into his mother tongue in his excitement. “It is altogether the speech of madness. If the white men are turned out, the power would not come into my hands or yours. Would you like that we should be the slaves of a Masalman emperor again?”

“You are afraid,” replied Gunga. “I have joined the Congress, and I shall do all I

can to further the cause. They fear us already, and there is much talk of appointing men to the Council by the votes of the majority of the people, as they do in England. Then where will your Mohammedans be? Ho, you there! bring me another bottle of soda-water.” And as Shiva rose to go he filled his tumbler, lit a fresh cheroot, and waved his hand with a “Ta! ta! dear boy,” in the most recent style of the London swell.

These revolutionary schemes were not at all after Shiva's heart. He and his father were on the best of terms with the Englishmen, and had received nothing but kindness from them. His father, he was well aware, was both liked and respected by all the European officers. The distance between himself and the Englishmen he acknowledged to be due not to ill-feeling or pride, but to the great diversity of race, religion, and social customs—a barrier which the Hindoo rather than the Englishman had built up. For his part, he had no desire to overleap it: he had no sympathy, therefore, with Gunga Bishun's antipathy. Even if he had felt with him, he was by no means prepared to join in seditious schemes, and he had not the courage so much as even to contemplate armed resistance to the British Government. His friend, however, missed no opportunity of sneering at his humble position, regretting his poor prospects of advancement, until the poison of discontent took hold of Shiva, and he be-

gan to believe that he was really the victim of injustice. He began to think that if he could have gone to London he would have won a place in the great Civil Service, which, in the eyes of his class, is the very summit of ambition. Want of money had made that impossible for him, and the tyranny of the Government refused him the opportunity which an examination held in India would have afforded. He brooded over these things until he became moody and morose. Whether Gunga Bishun's influence would have driven him in time to give more active expression to his discontent can only be conjectured, for their intercourse came to an end in this wise. The visits of Shiva to the barrister were observed, and brought to the notice of the caste. The orthodox Hindoos were bitterly hostile to Gunga Bishun, and would have no truck with him. They would have dealt with him as the Inquisition dealt with heretics in Alva's time. Four or five of them came one evening to call on Shiva's father, Sital Pershad, a retired official, who seldom went out, and had little knowledge of his son's doings and less of his feelings. To him all appeared to be going well. Shiva had risen rapidly to a responsible post, and his further promotion was only a question of time. He was taken by surprise when his friends told him they had come to complain of his son's conduct.

"Why, what has he done?" he asked. "He is a good son

and dutiful. He works hard, I know, and the Commissioner tells me he is well pleased with him."

"It is not that," said Krishna Dubé, a stout Brahmin of some fifty years of age, holding a high post in the Maharaja of Benares' service, and noted for his strict orthodoxy and attention to caste observances. "We know your son is a good man, industrious, and not given to wine or women. What we come to complain of is his intimacy with that pariah Gunga whom we have expelled from caste, the unclean scoundrel! Every day after office your son goes and sits with him while he drinks brandy and commits sacrilege and eats the flesh of the cow. It is said that Shiva Pershad countenances him in this sin — nay, some assert, shares in it. How do we know it is not so? Some of the temple priests are saying that he also should be excommunicated."

"It is false!" said Sital hotly. "Shiva is a good Hindoo, and performs all the rites enjoined on Brahmins by our scriptures. If he visits his old friend to talk English with him; what harm is there?"

"There is this harm, Baboo sáhib, that he will be led astray by Gunga. Do you not know scripture, 'The distance one should keep from a wicked man cannot be measured'?"

"Ay, I know that, Dubé sáhib; but I do not know that the barrister sáhib is wicked. He has broken our rules, it is true, and lost caste."

"What sort of saying is this?" said Krishna. "You don't call that wicked? Ah!" he cried, raising his voice, "just look at him! There he goes driving back from court in his dogcart. Mighty fine he thinks himself. He puts on European clothes and a tall hat, and imagines himself a *sáhib*. To my mind he is more like Mr Joseph, the new Christian, who used to sweep the police-office. Ay, all these young men who learn English and go to college are of one sort. Each is wise in his own conceit, and, calling his forefathers damned fools, goes his own way."

"It is a true saying," said one of the others. "He went out last week to a village where a friend of mine lives,—you know him, Lalla Mohun Lal,—and he put up in the rest-house. Every day a basket of bread and fresh meat and vegetables came out to him from the district headquarters, just as if he was a magistrate *sáhib*. My friend, who has a big case in court, hearing that a barrister had come, went to salaam to him. There he was in the verandah lolling in a long chair with his legs on the arms of it, drinking brandy-and-soda. When the Lalla appeared and salaamed, he got angry and said, 'God damn!' exactly like a real *sáhib*."

"Ay, ay," chimed in another, "that is a true story. Did I not also hear it? But there is worse than that. What! have you not heard how he treated his own father, who, as we all know, stinted himself and his

family for years in order to provide money for this accursed evil-doer to defile himself withal in London? When his father, the old pleader *sáhib* whom we all respect, went to see him in his grand bungalow (for the poor old man could not live without a sight of his son, out-caste though he is), he was kept waiting half an hour in the verandah. When he was admitted into the presence, the barrister took out his grand gold watch, and before the old man could utter a word, 'Well, what dost thou come for?' he said. 'Be quick and say what thou hast to say. I am very busy to-day, and can only spare thee five minutes.' The old man himself told me with tears in his eyes, and said, 'You see, brother, what we get by sending our sons to these English colleges.'"

"True, indeed," chorused the hearers, "that is our reward."

"And that will be your reward also, my friend," said Krishna, turning to Sital Pershad, "if you let your son associate with this evil-liver. Moreover, brother, we warn you that the caste-folk will not suffer it. We have had enough of scandal over this Gunga Bishun, and we do not wish that our sons should be led away by his example. I tell you in the name of the Caste Committee that unless Shiva Pershad stops his intercourse with Gunga Bishun we will excommunicate him and you."

And then, with formal obeisances to the master of the house, they shuffled on their

slippers, which they had left in the verandah, and stalked away slowly and impressively.

Thus it was brought about that Shiva ceased to visit the barrister and shunned meeting with him. The post often brought him letters addressed to "Shiva Pershad, Esq.," urging him to come and see him. He dared not answer or obey them.

Meanwhile Gunga Bishun went his own way. He spoke at Congress meetings, demanded representative government, shrieked wildly for the repeal of the Arms Act and the reduction of the British army, and declaimed, in periods that Burke might have envied, against the tyranny of the Government in refusing to

allow the millions of India, who were eager to shed their blood for their country, to be enrolled as volunteers. "Arm us," he would exclaim to audiences of admiring schoolboys—"Arm us, and we will roll back for you the tide of Russian conquest; arm us, and you need fear no foe within or without; arm us, and your finances will recover their prosperity, your treasury will overflow, you need pay for no army, and the English soldiers may embark in your ships and return to their own shore." He spoke well, and in point of style, and of matter too, perhaps, his speeches were not far behind the recess orations of the average member of the Lower House, and had more effect.

ON A BRANCH LINE.

BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

THE station lies on our left, in a basin-shaped valley, surrounded by low rounded knolls, whose sloping flanks are powdered over with a thin coating of dry snow, leaving pale golden patches here and there where the wind has swept bare the frozen prairie grass. The ridges are fringed with bristling poplars, dark and thick-set, like the close hogged mane on a stallion's crest; down the floor of the valley the railway line unrolls a long white ribbon, edged with black, and bordered by a rollicking procession of telegraph-poles, lurching unevenly from side to side till they dwindle away over the shoulder of a distant hillock.

The thermometer was down to 35° below zero last night, and the dogs are trying to solve the problem of locomotion on one paw at a time, the object being to reduce the point of contact with the frozen soil to a minimum. They will run a hundred yards on three legs, about fifty on two, and then sit down hastily, and worry and lick one foot after the other, so as to get the job over and their toes properly thawed out before you catch them up on the road; Ruby, the red cocker, who is disgracefully spoiled, limping up to you occasionally and imperatively demanding to be carried.

Now and then you will hear

the jingle of sleigh-bells—if you are an Englishman and a tenderfoot, you will promptly find yourself thinking of Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum—and see a small cloud of steam from a farmer's team along the trail. The farmer himself is muffled up to the ears in a huge fur coat, with his cap pulled down till his features are invisible, save the tip of his nose and a frozen moustache; and when he is going your way he will invariably offer you a friendly lift, staring at you incredulously if you say you are merely out for exercise. When there is no wind, or when the wind is on your back, walking is a joy, because the sun overhead is blazing in a cloudless sky of pale turquoise blue, and the prairie is carpeted with diamonds; but when you turn homewards and face the breeze, you are too busy with your pocket-handkerchief to waste time on the beauties of the landscape.

Once in a while a jack-rabbit will spring out of the crackling grass beside the trail, and skip for the horizon, with the whole pack of excited dogs toiling frantically after him, forgetting cold feet and previous failures, and giving tongue in every canine key, from the fierce bark of the Newfoundland to the hysterical yapping of the small terriers,

There are days, however, even in midwinter, when the jack-rabbit, or the grey shaggy prairie wolf, startled by a piercing human holloa, turns suddenly to see a very different enemy in swift silent pursuit, and when he has to travel in deadly earnest if he wants to save his skin. For we will don our buffalo coats, harness a pair of sure-footed little bronchos to a stoutly-built "jumper" or small wooden sleigh, tuck ourselves close in fur robes, and drive out to the kennels near the town. One of us jumps down and throws open the doors, and there streams out a pack of long-limbed, rough-coated dogs, with narrow heads tapering from the ears, sloping shoulders, and arched loins; broad across the hips; coloured dark blue, or iron-grey, or fawn, or black-brindled; crossed between wolf-hounds and deerhounds, but bred with speed and strength to enable them to run a jack-rabbit till he drops in his tracks with limbs as stiff and rigid as steel bars, or to tear down a coyoté and shake the life out of him with a couple of quick fierce wrenches from those iron jaws.

You trot off over the rolling prairie, just fast enough to keep horses and hounds warm, straining watchful eyes on the mottled expanse of white and gold; of broad stretches of snow, interspersed with patches of crisp yellow stubble; till you see something that looks like a dirty-white sheep-dog staring at you from a distant knoll, . . . and then you holloa! The "long dogs" stretch out at racing

speed, and the sturdy little bronchos jump into their bridles and gallop after them; while you—if you have a taste for philology—realise the nice discernment of the man who first called these small wooden sleighs "jumpers." The prairie wolf is doing all he knows, but the going is deep and his relentless foes are high on the leg; that long tireless stride is carrying them fifteen feet to his ten, till he turns quick and gains a desperate length or two in his race with death. But the "long dogs" fling themselves round in a furious whirl of snow, hot on his trail, and the turns grow shorter and shorter, and the tired limbs stiffer and stiffer, till he drops on his haunches and faces about with back-drawn lips, fiercely determined to make those gleaming teeth meet once at least, through hair and hide and flesh and bone, before he dies.

Sometimes, after a heavy snowfall, you will put on knickerbockers and thick woollen stockings, and moccasins with toe-caps of beadwork or dyed porcupine quills, and beneath them "skis" ten or twelve feet long, turned up at the toes. Then, with a pea-jacket made of buffalo-hide fitted with a hood to pull over your head, and fastened tight round the waist with a red sash, and a pair of fur-trimmed mits to match the moccasins, you will look as gaudy as a salmon-fly, but you can defy the cold. You take a stout iron-shod pole some five feet long, and all the dogs you can collect, and start off to exercise

them on the prairie. If they should happen to catch sight of a stray coyoté or a jack-rabbit, you will have an interesting quarter of an hour: it doesn't last longer as a rule, because the "long dogs" will make short work of their prey when the snow is deep; but by the time you have shuffled after them at a maximum rate of speed of five or six miles an hour, you will have ceased complaining of the cold. Anyhow, you will get plenty of exercise, because the dogs find the "skis" capital rests for their feet when they are getting tired, and you will have your time fully occupied turning somersaults and teaching them to keep at a respectful distance.

Or you can haul the toboggans up to the summit of one of the neighbouring hills, and sit on them, two or four in a row, the rear man kneeling with one leg stretched out behind to steer by. Then you shove off and career madly down, for half a mile or more, disappearing bodily at the end of your course in a deep snowdrift; at least that was our experience during our visit, for the unpractised steersman invariably attained this result by accident, and the skilful one by design. It was the comic poetry of motion, and reminded you of the Chinaman's justly celebrated description of the electric car, "No puff-puff, no gee-gee; no pushee, no pullee; go like hellee."

There was a club too in the little town at the bottom of the saucer among the hills, where we used to spend an hour or

two in the evenings. It was situated down a side-street, and reached by a perilous wooden sidewalk, full of holes, and raised about four feet above the level of the road, evidently erected by an ardent advocate of total prohibition. The club consisted of two rooms and a lawn-tennis ground, and each member took it in turns, week and week about, to act as caretaker and man-of-all-work. During the winter he had to light the stove, clean the lamps, and brush the billiard-table, or — more generally — to invent some more or less specious excuse for arriving half an hour after the work had been done for him by somebody else. The walls are decorated with pictures, lent or contributed by various members; and no one could complain of the monotonous uniformity of the collection. There were copies of Landseer, and copies of Albert Moore; landscapes by Corot, and portraits of prominent actresses, scissored out of the illustrated papers; sporting sketches, and horrors from the Wiertz gallery in Brussels: you had to be pretty hard to please if you couldn't find something to suit your taste. Over the mantelpiece in the sitting-room was a big photograph of a meet of the neighbouring foxhounds, with the master and whips attired in hunting boots and white breeches; with velvet hunting-caps and square-cut coats of white caribou-skin, trimmed with dark fur—a really workmanlike and effective get-up for this country, though it might have excited attention in

Leicestershire. The field were dressed for comfort, and wore all sorts of garbs: breeches from Conduit Street and solar-topees, or cowboy hats and ragged trousers, according to the taste and inclination of the individual.

The billiard-table is about eight feet by four, and the balls about the size of cricket-balls, with pockets to match. There are several well-defined trails leading down the latter, and when you have thoroughly mastered their topography it is quite possible to make breaks that would paralyse your friends at home. But the average visitor finds himself handicapped by the fact that a temperature of several degrees below zero overnight has somewhat interfered with the elasticity of the cushions, and that the balls appear to be about as lively as puddings: it requires unusual strength and accuracy to drive the latter twice up and down the table. The top left-hand pocket is particularly difficult to reach from spot, because to make the stroke properly entails standing so near the stove that you get your clothes singed; the top right-hand pocket is a yawning grave.

There are dances, too, occasionally during the winter, but they are not what they used to be in the good old days; there are too many dress-coats now. A few years ago the male sex used to consider that full evening dress consisted in the simple addition of a collar to their ordinary day clothes, and the innovation was made gradu-

ally: the first man who ventured to appear in a swallow-tail coat combined it with a red tie, light trousers, and moccasins. At the same time there began to creep in a slavish deference to the fair sex which was quite unknown when *the* ball of the season mustered twenty-one ladies and nine gentlemen. The two sexes occupied opposite ends of the ballroom, and when a man wanted to ask a girl to dance, he did not bow and inquire deferentially whether she could spare him number blank on the programme, as he does to-day; he simply marched up and addressed her in the thrilling words "Coom 'ere!" and she went, meekly and thankfully. When he had done with her he took her back to her chair, gave her a friendly shove which caused her to sit down precipitately, and departed to join his friends at the door or outside.

There was a concert given by the "Illinois and Michigan Quartette" during our visit, which was attended by all the county people. It was given in the Presbyterian church, and timed for eight o'clock, commencing punctually at a quarter to nine. It was a very cold night, and most of the audience retained their furs till the place had got properly heated up: the room was pervaded with a faint atmosphere of eucalyptus oil, chewing-gum, and fresh varnish. Everybody knew everybody else, and you were surreptitiously kicked all the way down the aisle by friendly boots, till the usher—aged four-

teen, and very uncomfortable in a brand-new, home-made suit and a butterfly tie—began to find the process tedious, and offered to take a particular friend outside and fight him. The vestry was used as a dressing-room, but the “lightning changes” were made behind a screen on a platform in the corner, used on Sundays as a pulpit and reading-desk. When the four ladies from Illinois and Michigan finally appeared, they were welcomed with enthusiastic applause by an impatient audience, who wanted an excuse for stamping the circulation into their feet—a greeting which they returned by a cold and calculating stare, which gave you the impression that they were reckoning up the money in the house. They disappeared behind the screen for a moment or two to divest themselves of their outer garments, and then walked on to the platform, dressed respectively in mauve, white, pink, and green, wreathing their arms round one another’s waists with a sort of girlish innocence: the mauve girl led off with a piercing scream, and then they all started fair. There was a pleasing recitation,—a “Romance of the Telephone”; when the white girl—who looked rakish, with a hair “bun” over one eye and a blue chrysanthemum over the other—informed us that she had been engaged to a young man for over six months, and never had “one single quar’l.” In order to relieve this painful monotony she proceeded to call up a supposititious *fiancé* on an

imaginary telephone, and began by telling him that his voice sounded “afful squeaky,” after which the return of the engagement-ring was easy. They were subsequently reconciled by the intervention of an illusory mouse, who scared the young woman till she cried aloud for help, and convinced her that the protection of an able-bodied male was a desirable thing occasionally, and—presumably—that the *timbre* of her own voice was not altogether above reproach.

We travelled down the main line one day to visit a neighbouring M.F.H. and procure two or three couple of fox-hounds to help us to bustle the prairie-wolves out of the bluffs next season. There were half a dozen of us on the train, and the conversation ran principally on horses and dogs; on polo, and shooting, and wolf-hunting. The master of the “long dogs” regretted pathetically that poor old “Montana” was getting too stiffened up to be of further use, which at the age of eighteen was hardly to be wondered at. Montana was bought out of a “bunch” at a local horse-fair. A neighbouring farmer had borrowed a beautiful new buggy, and driven with his wife some twenty miles to attend the sale. Montana’s owner assured the would-be purchaser that the horse was perfectly quiet, and that any lady could ride or drive him with a silk thread, so they harnessed him up in the new buggy to prove the truth of the assertion. He kicked himself loose first of all,

and then turned on the buggy and reduced it to splinters, what time the vendor was trying to borrow a gun with intent to shoot him. But the master of the long dogs offered forty dollars, and his owner closed the deal promptly. The horse took a liking to his new master, and began to "behave like a Christian": he would occasionally throw himself down suddenly when at full gallop, and rarely missed an opportunity of trying to smash his rider's knee-cap against a tree, but otherwise he was as pleasant a mount as you could wish to find. One day the master lent him to an Englishman, a tenderfoot, at the earnest solicitation of the latter. Montana bolted five miles to a friend's stable, and unshipped his rider on the lawn in front of the house, in the middle of a garden-party. The Englishman had plenty of grit, however, and insisted on riding him home, though his friend offered to change mounts. Montana bolted again: it was getting dark, and the other man followed him anxiously. Suddenly the latter's pony shied at something beside the trail, and the rider dismounted to find the tenderfoot lying on his back, bleeding at the nose and mouth, and quite unconscious, but still holding on to the reins: the saddle, with both girths broken, was picked up a few yards back. They got him home somehow, and he was all right in a day or two, but some of the master's friends are not altogether sorry

to hear that the old horse is past work.

But that gentleman's particular pet is "The Kid," one of the best polo-ponies in the North-West. She is well-known at all local gymkhanas, shows, and polo-tournaments, and the men in the livery stables of the small towns greet her advent with joy. They take a particular pleasure in turning her loose in the stable, when The Kid immediately starts off in search of oats. If she can find them she is perfectly amiable, but if not, she picks out the biggest horse she can see and proceeds to "kick the tar out of him." She will follow her master anywhere like a dog, and when you make much of her she will rub her head gently up and down your coat, look at you with loving eyes, and plant one forefoot squarely and firmly on your boot. Her only fault at polo is that she knows just a little too much.

There was a tall man in the corner of the smoking-car, with a short black beard and long loose limbs, who had spent twenty years on the ranches under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. We were talking about lynxes and the way in which they will punish a dog with those long terrible claws when they are fighting for their lives, and he asked us if we had ever seen one "roped." One day he was on the range with a companion when they came across one of these animals near a small bluff. The other cowboy was an expert with the lariat, and out of pure

bravado proceeded to rope the lynx, principally because he had never done such a thing before. When he found that he had succeeded he was "scared simply silly, his eyes stuck out of his head, and he put for home like h—l bent for election. He was yelling like a fog-horn, and the way he rowelled his horse along was simply shameful, but he got there all right—with a dead lynx. You can bet your shirt-waist he'll never try that game on again."

It is always interesting to talk to these men; their dress, —fur caps, buckskin coats, flannel shirts, and patched breeches,—their tanned faces, and their wild Western slang are all in such strange contrast to their quiet cultivated voices. We were sitting in the "rotunda" of the hotel after dinner that evening. There was a "drummer" or commercial traveller there, a big man in a frock-coat, with a fat white face and long shiny hair. His "line" was cheap corsets, and he was trying to make a corpulent spaniel sit up and beg, for the benefit of six sad taciturn men who sat in a semicircle near the stove, smoking stolidly, and apparently looking right through him. When you realised that the drummer was trying to show off as a gentleman of sporting proclivities, and that his audience numbered among them owners of foxhounds bred from some of the best blood in England, of setters who had won at Bench shows and in field trials, and of one deer-

hound in particular who was champion of North America, you began to find the situation rather funny. Finally, the spectators rose with one accord and retired to the club, where they began to play billiards on a full-sized table, and had some of the conceit taken out of them. For the champion of the little town among the hills was heard to make sarcastic remarks about the difficulty of scoring with "balls the size of peas on a table like a ten-acre field," and a break of fourteen—including two flukes—was hailed with rapturous applause.

Next morning, after breakfast, there was a wild trampling of feet on the wooden side-walk, and the door of the hotel flew open, letting in a rush of cold air and a small mob of long clean-limbed men in broad-brimmed Stetson hats and heavy overcoats. Some of them wore khaki uniforms, and had medals on their breasts; others were in mufti; but they all looked like born horsemen, and they all walked with the same careless swagger. There were Englishmen among them in beautifully made brown field boots; and Canadians in black shirts, open at the throat in spite of the weather; men who looked as if they were at home in Piccadilly, and men who were evidently just off the cattle-range. For about five minutes the glasses rattled, and the corks flew behind the counter in the bar, and then they all tramped out again noisily, and a sudden uproar of cheering at the railway station told that the British Columbia

men, and the ranchers and cow-boys from the Territories, had gone on their way to join the Third Contingent at Halifax. We who were left behind remarked shortly that they were a "pretty useful looking lot, and should shape well," and then climbed into a big sleigh and drove off, rather silently, to inspect the foxhounds.

We had little time to spare, for there was a dog-show to be arranged for next month, a good deal of shopping, for ourselves and others, and one or two calls to pay before the train left. We found the principal lawyer in the town in his office, and took up a good deal of his valuable time, finally inviting him to bring a few of his friends down the branch line during Christmas week for a quiet little game of poker; intimating that business was a bit slack with us just now, and that we favoured the introduction of foreign capital. Whereat he grinned derisively, and said that we would have to work harder than we had ever done in our lives if we expected to win money at *that* game from the men of the main line. Not that they seemed to work themselves to death here, for that matter, judging by the fervent interest they displayed in the dog-show, and in next year's gymkhana, and in a prospective ball to which they were bidden on condition that they promised to wear clean collars. These men of the main line require to be kept in their places.

The wind blew bitter cold when the train threaded its

wintry way home along the many-breasted rolling prairie. Through the ice-dimmed windows in the cars we caught ragged glimpses of desolate snow-clad knolls and thin coppices of pale naked poplars; the farms looked bleak and bare in the watery sunlight; and the stooks stood up in the stubble like sugar-loaves set in frosted gold,—for all the threshing gangs in the country were far too few to cope with the great harvest this year. The passengers waiting on the platforms of the tiny stations wore coats of coon-skin and buffalo-hide, and were girt tight about the waist with bright-coloured sashes; there were Galicians in quaint bell-shaped garments that fitted them like tents, with sleeves hanging loose outside, and caps of shaggy sheep-skin; fair-haired Doukhobors with pleasant round faces; black-bearded half-breeds, and Indians close muffled in their blankets: all the strangely contrasted types that owe allegiance to King Edward VII., and are destined one day to blend into a new race of mankind.

We spent nearly three weeks in the little town on the branch line, with its population of fourteen or fifteen hundred, and during all that time never saw either a policeman or a drunken man—a somewhat curious comment on the fact that the provincial government of Manitoba has recently thought it necessary to pass an Act enforcing total prohibition throughout the province. This Act is to

come into effect in a few months, and is another instance of the fondness of young countries for experimental legislation. Englishmen out here are considerably startled at the simple faith in the efficacy of Government machinery, and at the cheerful willingness to interfere with the personal liberty of the subject displayed by a certain fanatical section of the population. It is quite true that the majority of sensible men in the North-West are individually opposed to the movement, but—as is usually the case—they defer organisation until the mischief has been done. Encouraged by their success in this direction, a strong party of the “cranks” is now advocating a Curfew Act, whereby it shall be the duty of the police to see that the children are in their own homes at a certain hour, and another measure of the same nature to prevent them from smoking cigarettes—implying a lack of faith in the ability of parents to look after their own offspring which is almost insulting. Curiously enough, these very men are the loudest in their denunciation of the bureaucracy of certain European nations, and the first to complain of over-taxation when they find that the employment of policemen to do the work of dry-nurses costs money.

Not that we were always orderly on the branch line. The oldest inhabitants, who have lived here for nearly a quarter of a century, recall with ill-concealed pride the time when Big John Mac-

dougall “held up” the whole town for four days, and chased the entire police force down the main street to the bank of the river, where he plunged in and swam for his life, while John stood on the bank and hurled maledictions at him. The town council called a meeting to protest against the tyranny of this autocrat, and Big John, hearing of it, attended in person and moved to report progress. He was a fervid orator, and enforced his peroration by picking up a box-stove by one leg and hurling it across the table, clearing the room before anybody had found time to second the motion. Finally he was arrested by a diminutive detective, who stood about five foot nothing, and who pointed out that he was too small to be worth fighting, and that the warrant had to be enforced eventually, even if it entailed calling out the militia. Big John had a sense of humour and he yielded like a lamb, being ultimately let off with a nominal fine.

We had travelled some three hundred odd miles with the primary object of looking at certain deerhounds and foxhounds, but the game was well worth the candle. We had realised that, even in the hard Canadian winter, the people in the outlying districts manage to get a good deal of fun out of life, and that a stranger among them is sure of a hearty welcome, and of a hospitality that will sometimes astonish him by its warmth and kindliness.

There is another side to the shield, of course. Life out on the prairie is not all wolf-hunting, and tobogganing, and snow-shoeing; nor, alas! is the harvest always so plentiful as to outstrip the utmost efforts of the threshing-machines. There are months of hard unceasing toil followed by bitter disappointment, and long lonely winters when men and women do queer things under the spell of solitude and isolation. There are still writers of "immigration literature" who make no mention of these drawbacks to the country, and who fall foul of those who do, branding them with all sorts of unpleasant names, as traitors to the land of their birth or of their adoption—as if Canada were not big enough, and rich enough, and powerful enough to stand erect in the light of truth. It is all so useless and short-sighted, for the best immigration agents are those who come out here and succeed; and the bitterness of those who fail is intensified by the knowledge that they have been deceived.

There was a pale gibbous moon hanging in a sky of dark dim blue the night we left. The stars seemed immeasurably high, and two broad faint bars of shimmering light floated above the black poplar-fringed summit of the snow-clad range to the north. Here and there the windows of remote farm-houses gleamed yellow through the trees, and far away on the rolling prairie the distant sleigh-bells jingled low, and died away, and shrilled high again, clear and ringing, in the still frosty air.

CROSS-ROADS: A LITTLE COMEDY.

BY JULIAN STURGIS.

Cross-roads in a German forest. There is an old inn; and in front of it is a rough deal table, a form, and a high-backed wooden chair. There is sunshine in the open space; but the forest is cool and dark, for the leaves of the trees are dense, and it is late summer in the wood.

LADY ROEDALE enters supporting SOPHIA. *She drops her on the form and stretches her arms as if to rest them, smiling, looking around her with bright observant eyes. SOPHIA, seated on the form, flops forward on the table; but presently she rouses herself with an effort and turns to LADY ROEDALE with clasped hands.*

SOPHIA.

How can I ever thank you?

LADY ROEDALE.

I need no thanks, Sophia. I have hunted other beasts, but never a man before. I do like novelty.

SOPHIA.

Cynthia! How *can* you? Don't talk of hunting him.

LADY ROEDALE.

The question is if we shall catch him.

SOPHIA.

Do you doubt it? Oh, if I should never see him again!

LADY ROEDALE.

You may be sure we've headed him.

SOPHIA.

Headed him? Is that a sporting term? I am so hopelessly unsportsmanlike. *[She sighs.]*

LADY ROEDALE.

You are *sure* that he left Frauenheim on foot?

SOPHIA.

At dawn, at the first glimpse of day.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then, unless he borrowed the seven-league boots of German fairy-tale, he could not have reached this place so soon. The day is still young.

SOPHIA.

Yes—young as he. *[She sighs.]*

LADY ROEDALE.

We came *ventre à terre*.

SOPHIA.

Cynthia!

LADY ROEDALE.

Is the phrase coarse? I am not sure that to hunt a man is not somewhat coarse. You will prefer that I should say that our good Hungarian horses came like the wind, and that mine host's new Frankfort victoria bounded at their tails. Really their performance speaks volumes for their diet. They are fed on the remnants of the hotel breakfast, broken rolls and marmalade.

SOPHIA.

Are horses not generally fed on marmalade?

LADY ROEDALE.

Not invariably.

SOPHIA.

I am so woefully ignorant of sport. *(She sighs.)* But you are sure that we are here before him? If we have passed him, why have we caught no glimpse of him on the way?

LADY ROEDALE.

Because without doubt he took the footpath.

SOPHIA.

And is the footpath *certain* to bring him here?

LADY ROEDALE.

All the paths in the forest meet in this place.

SOPHIA.

And you are *sure* that he took the footpath?

LADY ROEDALE.

Otherwise we should have passed him on the road. Moreover, the footpath is shorter, more beautiful, and better walking.

SOPHIA.

But he would think of none of those things to-day.

LADY ROEDALE.

Because you refused him last night?

SOPHIA.

It was as if he had received a stunning blow.

[*She gazes on LADY ROEDALE with eyes full of anxiety.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

They are always like that; it's the least they can do.

SOPHIA.

Other men, perhaps; but he is different,—he is a poet.

LADY ROEDALE.

The last poet! There will be another when the Saturday papers come out in London. We shall know his name in Frauenheim on Tuesday morning.

SOPHIA.

And perhaps Harry will be dead!

LADY ROEDALE.

They don't die on the appearance of a successor.

SOPHIA.

Oh, Cynthia, you would not jest if you had heard him sob in the darkness. It was not exactly a sob. It was more like a deep breath drawn in agony—something between a groan and a sigh.

LADY ROEDALE.

I know it.

SOPHIA.

You? [*She gazes on her with wonder.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Oh yes, I've heard it too. A man refused is bound to produce a sort of noise like that. It's the least he can do.

SOPHIA.

But a poet!

LADY ROEDALE.

It is easier for poets. Sighs and groans are in stock with them. Besides, they work off their agonies in verse.

SOPHIA.

Oh, how I trust that you are right!

[*With clasped hands, she turns up her eyes to heaven.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

I'm right enough. We are here first; and he is tramping merrily—

SOPHIA.

Merrily!

LADY ROEDALE.

Dismally to this favoured spot. And, while we await his coming, as they say in the plays, we will draw this picturesque tavern for black bread and goat-cheese. I am hungry as a hunter—as a man-hunter.

SOPHIA.

Oh, Cynthia!

LADY ROEDALE.

You must have something. You look faint.

SOPHIA.

I am a prey to the most poignant anxiety.

LADY ROEDALE.

You'd be better for a cup of tea—if that were possible.

SOPHIA.

Oh, that is possible. There is a packet of my own tea in the carriage.

[*She sits erect at the refreshing thought.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

You brought your own tea?

SOPHIA.

My doctor is *so* particular. Common tea does not go well with the waters.

LADY ROEDALE.

Ugh for the waters of Frauenheim ! I am grateful for a day off.

SOPHIA.

And I regret it so. I lose a bath and two drinks.

LADY ROEDALE.

What a solemn thought ! But you can console yourself with tea !

SOPHIA.

Yes ; my doctor does allow me tea —if I drink my own tea and make it myself.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then I will get the tea from the carriage and bread from the inn, while you sit here and await the doleful swain.

SOPHIA.

Ah, if I could be sure that he will come !

[She clasps her hands and turns her eyes to the road.]

LADY ROEDALE.

You may be sure of your tea anyway.

[LADY ROEDALE goes. SOPHIA rises, and with anxious eyes explores the Frauenheim road. Presently she speaks with tremulous voice to the delaying wayfarer.]

SOPHIA.

Harry, how shall I ever forgive myself if anything has happened to you ? I may never be more to you than a sister ; but even a sister's anxiety is something. Ah, Cynthia !

[She starts as LADY ROEDALE enters from the inn with a packet of tea, followed by a German maiden bearing a tray on which is a teapot, a brown loaf, and a cut-glass saucer of compote. The maiden deposits the tray upon the table, smiles broadly on the ladies, and departs. SOPHIA takes the packet of tea from LADY ROEDALE, draws from her little bag a silver teaspoon, and carefully measures three spoonfuls, which she puts into the teapot.]

LADY ROEDALE.

Not a spoonful for Harry ?

SOPHIA.

Cynthia ! As if he could !

LADY ROEDALE.

So good for him after his walk. *(SOPHIA sighs, and looks round for hot water.)* I said in my best German that you'd like to carry the teapot in to the kettle. Your doctor is so particular, you know.

SOPHIA.

Indeed he is. He insists on my making it myself.

[She sighs, and departs with the teapot.] LADY ROEDALE looks after her with surprise, with pleasure.

LADY ROEDALE.

Amazing Sophia ! That I should attend upon this heroine like the confidante of fiction ! Well, I have always said that I was the most good-natured woman in England ; and now I can include Germany. Poor Sophia ! These women of one offer are like the hen with one chick ; they take it so seriously. To refuse a suitor should be a mere detail of the day. To refuse a man at night and hunt him at full gallop the next morning ! Amazing Sophia ! If I had pursued each of my swains to see how he looked on the next morning ! —Amazing Sophia !

SOPHIA enters, bearing her teapot carefully.

SOPHIA.

Yes, dear ?

LADY ROEDALE.

Did I speak ?

SOPHIA.

You distinctly said, "Sophia !" "

LADY ROEDALE.

I must have been indulging in soliloquy. And now we will indulge in tea.

[She deftly arranges the things on the table. Then she lays hold of the teapot ; but SOPHIA will not let it go.]

SOPHIA.

I had better keep it. I know ex-

actly when it should be poured out.
My doctor is——

[*She pauses to sigh.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

So particular.

SOPHIA (*seriously*).

Yes, he is.

[*Thoughtfully she holds the teapot for a time, and then with the air of a priestess pours tea into the cups.*]

LADY ROEDALE

(*seated at the table*).

Now this is pleasant. What a holiday from Frauenheim!

SOPHIA.

Don't remind me of Frauenheim. Then I am forced to remember that I am missing a bath and two drinks. I don't know what my doctor——

[*She sighs.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Would say. Oh, I know; but I don't care. I am missing a bath and two drinks, and I don't care a——

SOPHIA.

Cynthia!

LADY ROEDALE.

A fig. I am afraid I disappoint you, dear.

SOPHIA.

Ah! You don't take the cure seriously. I can't think why you come to Frauenheim, if you don't take the cure seriously.

LADY ROEDALE.

I came to Frauenheim to be rid of men.

SOPHIA.

Cynthia!

[*She appears to be shocked.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

It is a fact. I was sick of men, of their compliments and their rudenesses, of their sighs and yawns, and the hollow comedies which they play with us poor women.

SOPHIA.

Are you so persecuted by men, dear?

[*She appears to be sympathetic.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes, dear. As the season drew towards a close, I could bear it no longer I inspected the map of Europe for a place abjured by men. Frauenheim leapt to my eyes; and I am here.

SOPHIA.

But we are not there. We are missing——

LADY ROEDALE.

A bath and two drinks. And we are hunting a man. He was the only man in the place—and he was a boy. It is no wonder that he flies like Actæon from a town of bathing ladies.

SOPHIA.

Cynthia! [*She is shocked.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

It is no wonder that we pursue him through the forest, like Dian's savage maids.

SOPHIA.

Do you take sugar?

LADY ROEDALE.

Does your doctor allow it?

SOPHIA.

Oh yes—does yours?

LADY ROEDALE.

I never asked him. Another, please! Thank you!

SOPHIA.

Cream?

LADY ROEDALE.

Cream! I didn't know that you were humorous.

SOPHIA.

I brought a little cream in my little bag.

[*She opens her little bag, and produces a small bottle of cream, securely corked. She carefully draws the cork, and gives cream to LADY ROEDALE and to herself. LADY ROEDALE sips with delight.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Excellent! It delights me, Sophia, to recognise your admirable sense. You are the female Gilpin. Even on a sentimental journey, even in the

ardour of the chase, you do not forget your little comforts.

SOPHIA.

They *do* make such a difference!

LADY ROEDALE.

They *do*. This is really delightful. Frauenheim! Ha, ha! (*She kisses her hand towards distant Frauenheim.*) What is Frauenheim? It is all women, with occasional thunderstorms. You wake to a brass band playing a hymn of resignation. You go forth and drink water among drinking women. It is like a super-annuated girls' school, and the flavour of the water is as that of the inky fingers of the schoolroom.

SOPHIA.

It is so important not to miss a day!

LADY ROEDALE.

After breakfast, under the trees rows and rows of women flat on their absurd chairs, with feet displayed on those ridiculous little extra bits that hook on unsteadily. And the talk! "Do you bathe to-day?" "Yes, at 11." "Oh, I bathe at 10." "Really?" "Does your doctor allow salad?"

[*She pauses, and SOPHIA breaks in with interest.*

SOPHIA.

Does he?

LADY ROEDALE.

Does he what?

SOPHIA.

Allow salad?

[*She awaits with eagerness the answer which she does not get.*

LADY ROEDALE.

Ah! To be laid out under those eternal trees—on one side old Lady Dunduff, whom one had been trying not to know for the last ten years; on the other side little Mrs Tympany, who sticks her horrid little feet out farther than anybody, because she can wear a size smaller than I. The *table d'hôte* dinner; the daily struggle with one's conscience at the bun-shop; the crawling round the band-stand,

where music gurgles with Teutonic levity; the weekly ball, where women dance together. I wanted the society of women. Well! I am cured!

SOPHIA.

Oh, I *do* believe in the cure! Don't you?

LADY ROEDALE.

The woman-cure. Into this open-air nunnery on a sudden came a man, or a boy, who in such a world may pass for a man. A delicate shiver passed over the rows of recumbent females, as a summer breeze passes over the wheat-field. A man, a boy, a poet! Poets are anæmic, too.

SOPHIA.

Not Harry. [*She is limp but confident.*

LADY ROEDALE.

If he did not need the waters, why did he come?

SOPHIA.

I think he must have heard that I was there. [*She sighs.*

LADY ROEDALE.

Did he say that?

SOPHIA.

Not in so many words.

LADY ROEDALE.

He implied it; he looked it: they all do that; they don't count that a lie.

SOPHIA.

Ah, if I could be sure that all is well with him! Cynthia, should we have heard a shot?

LADY ROEDALE.

He was not out shooting.

SOPHIA.

Cynthia! [*She is shocked*

LADY ROEDALE.

He talked about it. Being a poet and young, he felt bound to talk of sport, to prove that he was not a prig. He was always talking of going after a buck; but he never went.

SOPHIA.

I think he preferred——

[*She sighs.*

LADY ROEDALE.

To read poetry to ladies. And, after all, the deer are small. Colonel Hardy stalked one half a day, and at the critical moment it ran up a tree.

SOPHIA.

Do stags run up trees? I am so absurdly unsportsmanlike. *(She sighs.)* I hope it escaped, whatever it was.

LADY ROEDALE.

It was a squirrel.

SOPHIA.

But when I spoke of a shot, I was not thinking of a dying deer. Oh, Cynthia, I shall not know a happy moment till I have looked upon his face again. I wish to be sure that he is alive.

LADY ROEDALE.

He will not die of a twenty miles' walk. *[SOPHIA stumbles to her feet.]*

SOPHIA.

Cynthia! That is why I am here—to see him and be sure. There is nothing I would not give up for that.

LADY ROEDALE.

Even a bath and two drinks?

SOPHIA.

Even my whole cure—though it is so important. *[She wrings her hands.]*

LADY ROEDALE.

Have another cup of tea?

SOPHIA.

No, Cynthia; my doctor would not approve. And, besides, my anxiety grows unbearable. If I took one of my headache powders and lay down for a quarter of an hour!

[She looks at her with appealing eyes.]

LADY ROEDALE.

Do. I am sure that nice stout maiden would let you lie on a bed, with a Falstaffian pillow piled on the top of you.

SOPHIA.

And you will call me if—when—when he comes?

LADY ROEDALE.

All in good time.

SOPHIA.

I can trust you, Cynthia?

[She anxiously awaits the answer which she does not get. Then with a sigh she corks the cream, and clasping her little bag of comforts, goes into the inn. LADY ROEDALE laughs, raises her arms in the air, and then goes to look down the Frauenheim road.]

LADY ROEDALE.

Do I? or don't I? There is something on the road. It moves; therefore it lives. It is erect; therefore it is human. It has no skirt; therefore it is a man. *(She takes out a pair of opera-glasses and gazes through them.)* It's he: the poet, the swain—Harry.

[She looks about her quickly, and presently hides herself behind the high-backed chair. After a time HARRY tramps in. His hat is on the back of his head; his boots are dusty. He stands and regards the inn. Then he stretches himself and yawns pleasantly.]

HARRY.

Ah, and ah, and ah!—What ho, ancient hostelry! Hola! Beer! Beer!—

The German Maiden enters from the inn. She smiles upon the youth.

GERMAN MAIDEN.

Bitte?

HARRY.

Yah! Bitter. *(The German Maiden goes.)* How lucky that it's the same in German! *(The Maiden comes back bearing beer. She places it on the table, smiles again upon the youth with friendliness, and goes. HARRY takes a deep draught and wipes his lips, which melt into a smile.)* Ah! *(He seats himself on the form, and leans at ease upon the table. Presently he draws from his pocket his hotel bill, regards the items with*

raised eyebrows, but smiles again as he turns the bill over. He lays it face downward on the table, then feels in all his pockets, and in the last finds an old stump of pencil. Thoughtfully, with many a pause, now and then touching his lips with the pencil-point, he tries this word and that upon the paper, mouthing them too without a sound. At last he begins to chant the first lines, not over-loud, as to his own ear.)

"Do you love her, little breeze,
That your busy murmur dies,
Where her head is backward thrown
In the shadow of the trees,
And you kiss"—"And you kiss"—
"And"?—

"That you kiss?"—"That?"
"In the shadow of the trees," comma—
"That you kiss her ta ta eyes."
Hum-m-m!

(He leans back, looking upward, with the pencil in his mouth. LADY ROEDALE peeps from her hiding-place, trying to see what is on the paper. HARRY resumes his writing. Presently he tries words and lines aloud.)

"Do you love her, little grass"—
"little grass?"—

"Do you love her, little grass,
That you peer and—and ta ta rise——"

(His lips move, and he hums low as he writes the rest of the stanza. Then aloud and with a bolder tone he begins the third stanza.)

"Do I love her"—"Do I love her"
—Ah!

(Again he leans back thoughtfully. LADY ROEDALE laughs. He leaps up, quickly cramming the paper into his pocket. Then he confronts her, recognises her, and cries out with pleasure.)
Lady Roedale! by all that's wonderful!

LADY ROEDALE.

How theatrical! I ought to knock over the chair.

HARRY.

How charming of you! I hated to go without saying good-bye to you.

LADY ROEDALE.

And you think I came all this way to bid you farewell?

HARRY.

You did—didn't you? Do let me believe it anyway! It's a day of enchantment.

LADY ROEDALE.

You are so happy to-day?

HARRY.

Yes, if you are kind. You did wish to say good-bye? Didn't you? It isn't much to say good-bye.

LADY ROEDALE.

Behold the vanity of boys!

HARRY.

Boys?

LADY ROEDALE.

Also the effect of a fortnight at Frauenheim, the only man among prostrate ladies.

HARRY.

Man! You said "Man!"

LADY ROEDALE.

At Frauenheim boys count as men. What was that paper which you hid in such a hurry?

HARRY.

My hotel bill. They let me off cheap on the whole.

LADY ROEDALE.

As an unattached male they ought to have paid you to come. Also they should have arrested you when you tried to escape.

HARRY.

I was early afoot. Oh, it was too delightful. It was a dawn of the gods and a day for the road. I was up with the dawn.

LADY ROEDALE.

After a sleepless night?

HARRY.

Oh no; I slept like a top, and I woke humming. My window was wide open, and there was the first light of day. I had packed before I

slept, and paid this blessed bill, and given orders about my luggage. So I had nothing to do but to lace my old boots and out to the road. Not a soul stirring; only the sun, and the dear old road. How I love it, wherever one strikes it in the world. One knows not whence it comes nor whither it goes; but there it lies pale-brown in the pure light of the morning with a welcome for honest boots. It may come from Frankfort and lead to the garden of the Hesperides, or start from the fountain of youth and end in Paris; but there it is, the common road of common men, and it sings under the feet of the wayfarer.

LADY ROEDALE.

Hadn't you better put some of that down?

HARRY.

Put it down?

LADY ROEDALE.

On the back of the bill.

HARRY.

Oh! You mean that I am gushing.

LADY ROEDALE.

Gush! I like it. Gush like the fountain of youth! And I like the road too. That's the luck of you boys. If a girl is in a scrape, she has to sit at home with her nose in her knitting. She can't go swinging alone along the highway and sleep it off in a strange inn in Wonderland.

HARRY.

By Jove! you are right. You always are. I wish you had walked with me.

LADY ROEDALE.

Stevenson would have been a better companion for you.

HARRY.

Ah! I should have liked that. Oh! you mean—

LADY ROEDALE.

I was thinking of his travels in the Cevennea.

HARRY.

Oh, I say!—Well, it was a divine morning; and I don't care. Did you

notice the barley? It was pale, pale gold, almost white in the sunshine, over-ripe, bending; but the poppies stood up to the sun; and as I went up, I could see farther and farther the great curves of the low hills with patches of corn or roots, and never a hedge or wall to break the lines; and then, before the pleasant light grew hot, I plunged into the cool, sweet, friendly German forest and found the footpath which brought me here—to you.

LADY ROEDALE.

I am much indebted to the footpath. Is it a pretty path?

HARRY.

Pretty! By George! it's enchanting. It's firm and dry, and your feet go off themselves over the dappled light and shade; and down below you see the sunshine strike where the trees are thinner, till all the leaves are gold down there; and in your ears is the old mysterious murmur of the silent wood, as if, by George! the old German songs of the people were imprisoned there.

LADY ROEDALE.

You don't know any German, do you?

HARRY.

Not a word. But I feel Germany.

LADY ROEDALE.

That's much easier. You ought to have a crammer.

HARRY.

You always are down on me. You think me an affected beast.

LADY ROEDALE.

I think I rather envy you. I should like to have got up early like Pippa, and plunged my face in cold water and sunbeams, and kept you company on the road.

HARRY.

I wish you had.

LADY ROEDALE.

I should be very red in the face now. Probably my nose would be peeling.

raised eyebrows, but smiles again as he turns the bill over. He lays it face downward on the table, then feels in all his pockets, and in the last finds an old stump of pencil. Thoughtfully, with many a pause, now and then touching his lips with the pencil-point, he tries this word and that upon the paper, mouthing them too without a sound. At last he begins to chant the first lines, not over-loud, as to his own ear.)

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Man ! You said "Man !"

LADY ROEDALE.

At Frauenheim boys count as men. What was that paper which you hid in such a hurry ?

HARRY.

My hotel bill. They let me off cheap on the whole.

LADY ROEDALE.

As an unattached male they ought to have paid you to come. Also they should have arrested you when you tried to escape.

HARRY.

I was early afoot. Oh, it was too delightful. It was a dawn of the gods and a day for the road. I was up with the dawn.

LADY ROEDALE.

After a sleepless night ?

HARRY.

Oh no ; I slept like a top, and I woke humming. My window was wide open, and there was the first light of day. I had packed before I

sleep, and paid this blessed bill, and given orders about my luggage. So I had nothing to do but to lace my old boots and out to the road. Not a soul stirring; only the sun, and the dear old road. How I love it, wherever one strikes it in the world. One knows not whence it comes nor whither it goes; but there it lies pale-brown in the pure light of the morning with a welcome for honest boots. It may come from Frankfort and lead to the garden of the Hesperides, or start from the fountain of youth and end in Paris; but there it is, the common road of common men, and it sings under the feet of the wayfarer.

LADY ROEDALE.

Hadn't you better put some of that down?

HARRY.

Put it down?

LADY ROEDALE.

On the back of the bill.

HARRY.

Oh! You mean that I am gushing.

LADY ROEDALE.

Gush! I like it. Gush like the fountain of youth! And I like the road too. That's the luck of you boys. If a girl is in a scrape, she has to sit at home with her nose in her knitting. She can't go swinging alone along the highway and sleep it off in a strange inn in Wonderland.

HARRY.

By Jove! you are right. You always are. I wish you had walked with me.

LADY ROEDALE.

Stevenson would have been a better companion for you.

HARRY.

Ah! I should have liked that. Oh! you mean—

LADY ROEDALE.

I was thinking of his travels in the Cevennes.

HARRY.

Oh, I say!—Well, it was a divine morning; and I don't care. Did you

notice the barley? It was pale, pale gold, almost white in the sunshine, over-ripe, bending; but the poppies stood up to the sun; and as I went up, I could see farther and farther the great curves of the low hills with patches of corn or roots, and never a hedge or wall to break the lines; and then, before the pleasant light grew hot, I plunged into the cool, sweet, friendly German forest and found the footpath which brought me here—to you.

LADY ROEDALE.

I am much indebted to the footpath. Is it a pretty path?

HARRY.

Pretty! By George! it's enchanting. It's firm and dry, and your feet go of themselves over the dappled light and shade; and down below you see the sunshine strike where the trees are thinner, till all the leaves are gold down there; and in your ears is the old mysterious murmur of the silent wood, as if, by George! the old German songs of the people were imprisoned there.

LADY ROEDALE.

You don't know any German, do you?

HARRY.

Not a word. But I feel Germany.

LADY ROEDALE.

That's much easier. You ought to have a crammer.

HARRY.

You always are down on me. You think me an affected beast.

LADY ROEDALE.

I think I rather envy you. I should like to have got up early like Pippa, and plunged my face in cold water and sunbeams, and kept you company on the road.

HARRY.

I wish you had.

LADY ROEDALE.

I should be very red in the face now. Probably my nose would be peeling.

HARRY.

You would look perfect in my eyes. Ah!

LADY ROEDALE.

Ah? What does that mean?

HARRY.

It's no good speaking to you. You turn everything into ridicule. But when I saw you just now, unexpected, unhoped-for, I—well, I felt—

LADY ROEDALE.

You felt? What? Germany?

HARRY.

Ah, Lady Roedale, you don't know what you might make of me.

LADY ROEDALE.

A fool, perhaps.

HARRY.

You don't know what you are to me.

LADY ROEDALE.

A sort of kind adopted aunt, I think. What were you writing on the back of the bill? It's there in your pocket—next to your so-called heart.

[HARRY awkwardly pats his left breast.

HARRY.

Oh, that!

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes; that is what I was trying to read over your shoulder.

HARRY.

Oh!

LADY ROEDALE.

Shocked? But I couldn't make it out. Poetry?

HARRY.

It's nothing. Only the day was so jolly; and one's feet seemed to beat a sort of rhythm; and I made verses of a sort as I walked; and I was just trying to remember them when you appeared—and that was better than rhyming.

LADY ROEDALE.

Let me see the rhymes.

HARRY.

They ain't worth your notice.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then they ain't worth hiding. Come!

[She raps him on the chest; he reluctantly draws the paper from his pocket; she takes it and smooths it out, and begins to decipher it, frowning.

"Do you love her, little"—what?

HARRY.

"Breeze"—

LADY ROEDALE.

"That your busy"—hammer?

HARRY.

"Murmur."

LADY ROEDALE.

Hammer would be more original. So many breezes murmur. Could not a breeze hammer for once?

[She tries to read further. He fidgets near her.

HARRY.

Oh, you'll never make out my scrawl. I'd better read it, if you really—

[He stops, smiling foolishly.

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes, I really—

HARRY.

Oh, well—it's rot, you know.

LADY ROEDALE.

Let me judge.

[He reads, at first with a shame-faced air; but more and more he tastes the words with pleasure, falling into a monotonous chanting tone.

HARRY.

Do you love her, little breeze,
That your busy murmur dies,
Where her head is backward thrown
In the shadow of the trees,
That you kiss her dreaming eyes?

Do you love her, little grass,
That you peer and slender rise,
Gaze on grace that's like your own,
While the tremulous shadows pass
'Neath the shadows of her eyes?

Do I love her, that I seem
Like a breeze of tender sighs,
Or a dreamer left alone,
When the happy guests are gone,
And they leave him to his dream
Of the fond remembered eyes.

[*Half shy, half defiant he looks up. She raises her eyebrows.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

What a lot of eyes! It's like the tail of a peacock.

HARRY.

One can always ridicule poetry.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then you call it poetry?

HARRY.

Isn't it really rather jolly? The second verse runs, doesn't it! Eh?

LADY ROEDALE.

Who is the lady?

HARRY.

Oh, well——

[*His gaze becomes more full of intention.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Don't say it's me. I hate lies even more than grammar.

HARRY.

Well, I don't know; I can't say; I——

LADY ROEDALE.

You were working it off in poetry.

HARRY.

Working what off?

LADY ROEDALE.

A slight affection of the heart. I heard a rumour of last night.

[*He starts, vexed, anxious.*]

HARRY.

Oh, by George! I hope it isn't all over the shop.

LADY ROEDALE.

Set your poetic mind at rest. It is not all over the shop. Frauenheim yet dozes on her thousand chairs unhappily unconscious of this scrap of gossip. (SOPHIA appears in the doorway and stands still, wondering. Neither LADY ROEDALE nor HARRY is conscious of the coming of SOPHIA.)

Boys always think that all the world are occupied with the cut of their coats or the beating of their hearts. That is what makes them shy and silly.

HARRY (*ruefully*).

I made an ass of myself last night.

LADY ROEDALE.

Doubtless! It is so easy. But what particular ass did you make of yourself last night?

HARRY.

You know.

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes; I know.

HARRY (*ruefully*).

The biggest sort.

LADY ROEDALE (*quoting*).

"Do you love her, little——

[SOPHIA in the doorway sighs. They both turn and see her. Her mouth is open; her eyes are wide with wonder; she is very grave.]

Ah!

[SOPHIA advances. Her eyes fall from HARRY, who stands awkward and dumb, to the jug on the table.]

SOPHIA.

Beer!

HARRY (*confused*).

Yes—I am afraid so—may I—will you——

SOPHIA.

Beer!! [*She is lost in amazement.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Bitte! (*She turns briskly to SOPHIA.*) Don't you think the horses will be rested? (SOPHIA looks at her vaguely, sadly.) So odd we should chance upon this wayfarer on our drive, and so lucky! We can say good-bye.

SOPHIA.

Good-bye!

[As LADY ROEDALE turns to go, HARRY takes a step towards SOPHIA with outstretched hand.]

HARRY (*with emotion*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

I am glad to see you looking so well.

HARRY.

You are very good.

SOPHIA.

I am glad to see you looking so—so—so alive.

HARRY.

Yes. (*He gazes on SOPHIA with deepening emotion.*) I don't know what to say; I don't know what you'll think of me.

LADY ROEDALE (*turning back*).

Come along, Sophia! (*To HARRY*) I daresay we shall see you in London.

HARRY.

I think not: I think of going to Persia or Bagdad or somewhere in the west of America.

LADY ROEDALE.

I recommend the Cevennes — Sophia!

[HARRY starts. SOPHIA, who has been like one in a dream, shows sudden interest.

SOPHIA.

The tea?

LADY ROEDALE.

It's safe in the carriage. (*SOPHIA goes. HARRY moves as if to follow her.*) No! You've had walking enough for to-day. To-morrow take the road again and trampon to fortune. The road is the real cure. Good-bye!

[*She wrings HARRY's hand and goes after SOPHIA. HARRY is left sucking his pencil.*

STRINGER LAWRENCE.¹

THE story of Stringer Lawrence deserves a place in every biography of English Heroes. The man to whom the native soldiers whom he led to victory gave the proud title of "the Father of the Indian Army" is one of the builders of our Indian Empire. When he landed on the southern coast of the continent he found a few companies of British soldiers, and a small irregular force of native footmen, hastily recruited, and armed with old matchlocks. By introducing a regular discipline among the European troops, by drilling the sepoy and teaching them to fight in "the European manner," by combining them into an organic body, he laid the foundation of those armies who by their splendid victories have advanced the power of England from the fabled bridge of Rama to the snowy mountains, and made her undisputed mistress of the broad continent of India. Stringer Lawrence was also one of the first to realise that England's dominion could not rise entirely on disciplined power. By his lofty daring he won the confidence of his soldiers, and by his wide humanity and generous sympathy the loyalty and affection of the natives. In his conflict with the native Princes there was always a feeling of genuine chivalry which disarmed their enmity

and hastened the final work of pacification. The high nature of the man is also revealed to us in his treatment of the officers who served under him. It was Stringer Lawrence who fired Clive's imagination to be a soldier; it was Lawrence who told Clive that Trichinopoly was the Gibraltar of India and must be held by the English; it was mainly due to Lawrence that Clive was sent to command the expedition to avenge the massacre of the Black Hole, and so gave him the opportunity of winning his decisive victory in the grove of Plassey. Most beautiful and attractive is the father-like interest that Stringer Lawrence took in fostering the glory and advancing the fortunes of the young soldier. It is refreshing to turn from the paltry jealousies and spiteful detractions of this time to the frankness and simplicity of the official communications between Lawrence and Clive. In their desire to win distinction by fighting their country's battles there was no alloy of selfishness, no feeling of rivalry. If the opportunity of doing a gallant deed like the defence of Arcot did not come to Lawrence, he was glad it had come to a younger man, who deserved it as well and needed it more. Inferior to Clive in original genius, he was his equal in the art of command

¹ Stringer Lawrence, *The Father of the Indian Army*. By Colonel T. Biddulph. London: John Murray.

and in bravery. The memoir of so goodly and gallant a soldier deserves to be recorded, and the miniature biography by Colonel Biddulph is a sound bit of work, demanding labour in preparation, and care and diligence in execution. But it is a miniature, and there is a coldness in the colouring which neither invites sympathy nor kindles the imagination. We look in vain for a gleam of the stately rhetoric of Orme or the magic eloquence of Wilks, which transport us into the heart of the scenes which they describe. Nor has the author made sufficient use of Lawrence's own modest narrative and of the ancient archives preserved at Madras and the India Office. From these old silent pedantic record-books, and from the stately pages of the Gibbon of our Indian Empire and Lawrence's own narrative, we propose to give a sketch of Lawrence's career and an account of his campaigns, fortified by a knowledge of the theatre of their enactment.

Stringer, the son of John Lawrence of Hereford, and Mary his wife, was born March 6, 1697. Nothing is known of his parentage or his early life. At the age of thirty he was appointed ensign in General Jasper Clayton's regiment (afterwards the 14th Foot, and now the West Yorkshire), then stationed at Gibraltar, and there is some reason to suppose that he served in the ranks of some regiment during the previous siege. Colonel Biddulph is silent on the point. He also makes no mention of

the fact that Clayton's regiment was at Gibraltar for some years, and was employed as marines in Wager's fleet on the coast of Italy. Legend states that Lawrence was taken prisoner by an Italian pirate vessel, and was for some time on board it. In 1746 he became lieutenant. He was present when the column, headed by the king's son, broke the heart of the French line at Fontenoy; and he heard the wild yell with which the Highlanders threw themselves on our ranks at Culloden. At the close of the year 1746 the E.I.C. Court of Directors

"Resolved that the garrison of Fort St George be strengthened with a number of recruits, sergeants, and Ensigns, and that an able officer be sent from hence as Major thereof, at the salary of £250 per annum, and one hundred guineas for his charges out. And Captain Lawrence being recommended as a person qualified for the post, Resolved by the Ballot that the said Captain Lawrence be appointed Major of the Garrison on the terms above mentioned, and being called in, he was acquainted therewith."

On the 18th of February 1747 Stringer Lawrence took the usual oath, and set sail in the *Winchelsea*. His appointment was notified to the Governor of Madras in the following terms: "Stringer Lawrence, Esq., is entertained by us to be Major of our Garrison at Fort St George upon the same terms as Major Knipe, viz., two hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum and one of the Companies." But before the notification reached India the Government of Madras had ceased to exist, the town had sur-

rendered (16th September 1747) to the French, and the English officials had been released on parole. The Directors, on hearing the news of the disaster, appointed a fresh Governor and a fresh Council, of which Lawrence was made the third member; but it was ordered that his work in the Council was to be confined to military advice and duties. His salary was to be £850 a-year, inclusive of his allowances as Member of Council.

In January 1748 Stringer Lawrence, a stout hale man of fifty, landed at Fort St David. In one of the old letters to the Court of Directors from Fort St David we have an announcement of the arrival of Colonel Lawrence:—

"Fort St David, February 13, 1747.—By the Winchester (sic), which arrived here the 13th ultimo, came Stringer Lawrence, Esq., whom your Honours appointed to be Major of the Fortes of this Coast. On the 18th the Military Forces of the Garrison were drawn up, at the head of which he was presented with a Commission.

"Your Honours direct that, in regard to Major Lawrence's allowances, they be on the same footing as Major Knipe enjoyed. We must take the liberty to acquaint you that that gentleman having borrowed money of the Company in England and dying soon after his arrival in Madras, he received no pay there, nor can we get certain information of what was to be allowed him. We have therefore settled his salary as Major at £300 per anum, and pagodas 50 per month for other allowances, besides £70 per anum as third in Council, which we hope Your Honours will approve of; and we must assure you he takes a great deal of pains in training up the military and making the several dispositions necessary. Already this Garrison is in better order than could be expected, con-

sidering the short time that gentleman has been with us."

As Fort St David, situated on the sea twelve miles from Pondicherry, is associated with the great names of Lawrence and Clive, it must always be to Englishmen who take pride in the brave deeds of their forefathers, one of the most memorable places in the Empire. It was in the year 1690 that we purchased it from the Mah-rattas, and one M'Hatsell was ordered "to go and to receive possession of the fort and pay the money," and with him were to be sent "some factors to be of council there, also a lieutenant, two ensigns, gunners, &c., officers, 100 soldiers, 20 matrosses, 20 laskars, 30 great guns, 100 barrels of powder, 200 musquets, 100 cartouches, 100 swords, and ammunition, &c., necessary for such a garrison and settlement," and it was resolved that "the guns, stores, and household stuff be removed from Conemier and the southern factories thither." The cession included not only the fort but the adjacent towns and villages "within ye randome shott of a piece of ordnance." The best brass gun at Madras was sent with M'Hatsell, and he was informed that it "lyes in the gunner's art to load and fire it to the best advantage." The gunner was evidently skilled in his art, for on the 23rd September 1690, at the time when Dutch William was busy establishing his power in Ireland, the "randome shot" was fired, and it fell beyond Cuddalore. And to this day the villages included

within the range of that "random shot" are known as "Gundu Gramam" or "Cannon Ball Villages."

Three times before Lawrence landed did the French endeavour to take the small fort, and three times they were gallantly repelled by the small garrison. It was in resisting these attacks that Clive gained, by the daring courage which he displayed, his first commission. In a despatch to the Court of Directors, dated the 2nd May 1747, we read, "Mr Robert Clive, writer in the service, being of martial disposition, and having acted as a Volunteer in our late engagement, we have granted him an Ensign Commission, upon his application for the same." Eight months later Lawrence landed, and he had no sooner assumed the command when he received intelligence that Dupleix was preparing to make another attempt against Cuddalore. He at once formed a camp a mile and a half from the fort, and there awaited the advance of the enemy.

On the night of the 9th of June an English 20-gun ship, returning from a cruise, brought the intelligence to Fort St David that she had discovered seven large ships to the south. Next day at noon the French squadron was discerned in the south-east. The sea-wind was set in, and they were sailing directly before it towards St David. The English squadron was at anchor near the land, and during the sea-breeze could not get near the enemy. At four in the afternoon, the

French squadron, "being within three leagues of the road," altered their course, and as they kept to the windward the English admiral thought their intention was to gain Pondicherry at all events. About midnight the English fleet put to sea with the land-wind. In the morning they shortened sail, in expectation every minute of seeing the French squadron again to the south. But when evening came, and no ships were seen, Admiral Griffin, feeling that he had been deceived, made sail for Madras, "where he arrived the next evening and found no French ships in the road." Bouves, the commander of the French squadron, an able and experienced mariner, had reached it in the morning, and having landed 400 soldiers and £200,000 in silver, put out to sea at once on his return to Mauritius.

When Dupleix, at Pondicherry, saw that the English squadron had sailed to Madras, he determined to again attack at once Cuddalore. Eight hundred Europeans, with 1000 sepoy, marched from Pondicherry; but owing to their making a circuit inland, it was not till the morning of the 17th June that they reached the hills of Bandopolam, within three miles of Cuddalore. Here they halted during the day, and intended at night to attack the town by surprise. Lawrence, on receiving intelligence of their design, ordered the garrison to march, and the cannon to be removed to Fort St David, intending by this operation to make the French believe that

he did not think the place tenable.

"As soon as night came on," writes Orme, "the garrison, augmented to the number of 400 Europeans, together with the cannon, were sent back to Cuddalore with the precautions necessary to prevent the enemy from receiving intelligence of their return. The stratagem succeeded. At midnight the French advanced with scaling-ladders, which they no sooner began to apply to the walls than they received the fire from the ramparts, together with that of four or five pieces of cannon loaded with grape-shot. This unexpected resistance struck the whole body, officers as well as soldiers, with a panic. Most of the men flung away their arms without firing a shot; but the precipitation of their flight prevented the English fire from doing much execution amongst them. Nor did their fears quit them when arrived at the place of their encampment, for, expecting to be followed, they marched on without halting until they came to the bounds of Pondicherry."

On the 29th of July Admiral Boscawen, with a fleet carrying 800 marines and a commission from the king as General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces employed in the expedition, arrived at Fort St David. Admiral Griffin, who had returned from Madras, resigned the command to him, and a few days after proceeded with a sixty-gun ship and two frigates to Trincomalee.

"The junction of the two squadrons," Orme writes, "formed the greatest marine force belonging to any one European nation that had ever been seen together in the East Indies; for it consisted of more than 30 ships, none of which were of less than 500 tons burden, and 13 of them men-of-war of the line. Every person attached to the English cause, who beheld this formidable force, was elated with joy, from expectation of

its success, and no one doubted that the loss of Madras would be revenged by the capture of Pondicherry."

On the 8th of August the army of 4120 Europeans, to which were joined 1100 sepoys who had not yet been disciplined, began their march. On approaching the bounds of Pondicherry they came in sight of Ariancopang, a small fort built by the French about two miles south-west of the town. Boscawen, whose engineers had reported that it was of little strength, sent 700 men to take it by a sudden onset. On approaching it the storming-party found that it was fortified with a cavalier at each of the angles, a deep dry ditch full of pitfalls, and a covered way. A warm fire of musketry and grape smote them from the walls, and 150 of the gallantest men and some of the bravest officers in the army were either killed or wounded. The attack had to be abandoned. During the day the French erected close to the fort a battery of heavy guns to obstruct and enfilade the approaches. The English engineers built a battery to silence and oppose that of the enemy, and a deep trench was thrown up before it, which was filled with soldiers and sailors. At daybreak our guns began to play on those of the enemy. After the fire had been continued for some time a troop of French horse and a body of French sepoys crept up without being seen, and attacked the entrenchment. The sailors, terrified at the cavalry, abandoned it. The regular troops caught the panic, "in spite of

the efforts and exhortations made by their officers to keep them in their post." Major Lawrence, who commanded in the entrenchments, "rather than participate of the ignominy of taking flight with the troops, remained there with two or three officers: he was disarmed, and obliged to surrender himself prisoner to a French trooper, who knowing, it is probable, the value of his prize, immediately hurried him away by the side of his horse to Ariancopang in sight of the army; and no efforts were made to rescue him."

In announcing the disaster to the Court of Directors, and "how very unfortunately our brave Major was made prisoner," the Governor and Council of Fort St David state, "We have since received a letter from the Major, who says he received not hurt in the action, and that they met with extreme good treatment." In their next letter mention is made of an attempt to exchange him. But Dupleix "was very ready to exchange all but Major Lawrence, as he is justly well acquainted with the use that gentleman is of to us; but as the General has returned him for answer that unless he is exchanged none of the rest shall, but be sent to Europe, we hope that may have an effect upon him, and induce him to favour us with the Major again." But Dupleix was too wise to favour them with the Major again, and it was owing to his absence and Boscawen's want of knowledge of the art of war that the siege proved so disastrous a failure. On the

30th of September, "after 1065 Europeans had perished," it was raised. In November news was received of the cessation of arms in Europe, and Lawrence was permitted to return to Fort St David on parole, pending the ratification of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Madras to the English.

In 1749 Stringer Lawrence commanded an expedition for the reduction of Devicotah, in Tanjore, against which Boscawen had made a fruitless attempt after raising the siege of Pondicherry. The force consisted of 800 Europeans and 1500 Sepoys, and Clive, who held the rank of lieutenant, was one of the officers who accompanied it. He volunteered to lead the attack at the storm of the breach. His small platoon of thirty-four Europeans became separated from the sepoy, and was attacked by a large body of the enemy's horse in the rear. They had no time to face about and defend themselves, and in an instant twenty-six of the platoon were cut to pieces. "A horseman had his sword uplifted to strike at Lieutenant Clive, who escaped the blow by stepping on one side whilst the horse passed him: he then ran towards the sepoy, whom he had the good fortune to join, being one of four, who were all that escaped from the slaughter." Lawrence, on seeing the disaster, attacked with all the Europeans, and Devicotah was taken. The next year Lawrence joined with 600 Europeans the camp of Nazir Jung, Sabahdar (Viceroy)

of the Deccan, who was opposed by the rival pretenders to the Sabahship and the Nawabship (Governorship) of the Deccan, supported by a force of 2000 French under D'Auteuil, the brother-in-law of Dupleix. Lawrence, in his 'Narrative of the War on the Coast of the Coromandel,' states that when the two armies were drawn out to engage—

"A messenger came to me from Mr Dautueil to acquaint me 'That although we were engaged in different causes, yet it was not his design nor inclination that any European blood should be spilt. But as he did not know our post, should any of his shot come that way and hurt the English, he could not be blamed.' I sent him for answer 'That I had the honour of carrying the English colours on my flag-gun, which, if he pleased to look out for he might know from thence where the English were posted'; and I assured him, I should also be loth to spill European blood, but if any shot came that way he might be assured I would return them."

A shot was fired from the French battery over the English troops, and Lawrence ordered three guns to answer it, "and saw them well pointed." D'Auteuil, owing to the desertion of some of his officers and a panic among his troops, thought it more prudent to retreat in the night, leaving his guns behind him. Lawrence marched back to Fort St David, of which place he was appointed temporary governor. Finding, however, that the Madras Government was determined to remain at peace, he now left Fort St David, and sailed for England in the month of October. He had not been two months at

home when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Company's military forces in the East Indies, "on a salary of £500 per annum, to which was added a yearly allowance of £250 in lieu of diet money, servants' houses, and all other privileges and perquisites whatever." On arriving at Fort St David he found a small force under the command of Clive on the point of marching to the relief of Trichinopoly, which was sore pressed by the enemy. Dupleix was most anxious to gain possession of the Gibraltar of Southern India. He sent Law every soldier he could spare, and wrote to him: "Veillez sur la route que suivent les Anglais; vous avez été averti à temps; il est de votre honneur de détruire le secours. . . . Tout dépend de ce coup. Ne négligez rien pour réussir. Je vous laisse carte blanche." The weak, vacillating Law determined to wait till it reached the vicinity of Trichinopoly, and Dupleix added to him: "Il sera pour-tout difficile de persuader en France que trente mille hommes en aient laissé passer deux mille, embarrassés d'un charroi et d'un transport effroyables. . . . Quand cesserez-vous de remettre d'un jour à l'autre pour aller au-devant du convoi." But neither taunts nor commands had any effect on Law.

On the 17th of March Lawrence as senior officer assumed command of the relieving force, which consisted of 400 Europeans and 1100 sepoys, with eight field-pieces. It escorted a large convoy of military stores.

raised eyebrows, but smiles again as he turns the bill over. He lays it face downward on the table, then feels in all his pockets, and in the last finds an old stump of pencil. Thoughtfully, with many a pause, now and then touching his lips with the pencil-point, he tries this word and that upon the paper, mouthing them too without a sound. At last he begins to chant the first lines, not over-loud, as to his own ear.)

"Do you love her, little breeze,
That your busy murmur dies,
Where her head is backward thrown
In the shadow of the trees,
And you kiss"—"And you kiss"—
"And"?—

"That you kiss?"—"That?"
"In the shadow of the trees," comma—
"That you kiss her ta ta eyes."
Hum-m-m!

(He leans back, looking upward, with the pencil in his mouth. LADY ROEDALE peeps from her hiding-place, trying to see what is on the paper. HARRY resumes his writing. Presently he tries words and lines aloud.)

"Do you love her, little grass"—
"little grass?"—

"Do you love her, little grass,
That you peer and—and ta ta rise——"

(His lips move, and he hums low as he writes the rest of the stanza. Then aloud and with a bolder tone he begins the third stanza.)

"Do I love her"—"Do I love her"
—Ah!

(Again he leans back thoughtfully. LADY ROEDALE laughs. He leaps up, quickly cramming the paper into his pocket. Then he confronts her, recognises her, and cries out with pleasure.)
Lady Roedale! by all that's wonderful!

LADY ROEDALE.

How theatrical! I ought to knock over the chair.

HARRY.

How charming of you! I hated to go without saying good-bye to you.

LADY ROEDALE.

And you think I came all this way to bid you farewell?

HARRY.

You did—didn't you? Do let me believe it anyway! It's a day of enchantment.

LADY ROEDALE.

You are so happy to-day?

HARRY.

Yes, if *you* are kind. You did wish to say good-bye? Didn't you? It isn't much to say good-bye.

LADY ROEDALE.

Behold the vanity of boys!

HARRY.

Boys?

LADY ROEDALE.

Also the effect of a fortnight at Frauenheim, the only man among prostrate ladies.

HARRY.

Man! You said "Man!"

LADY ROEDALE.

At Frauenheim boys count as men. What was that paper which you hid in such a hurry?

HARRY.

My hotel bill. They let me off cheap on the whole.

LADY ROEDALE.

As an unattached male they ought to have paid you to come. Also they should have arrested you when you tried to escape.

HARRY.

I was early afoot. Oh, it was too delightful. It was a dawn of the gods and a day for the road. I was up with the dawn.

LADY ROEDALE.

After a sleepless night?

HARRY.

Oh no; I slept like a top, and I woke humming. My window was wide open, and there was the first light of day. I had packed before I

alept, and paid this blessed bill, and given orders about my luggage. So I had nothing to do but to lace my old boots and out to the road. Not a soul stirring; only the sun, and the dear old road. How I love it, wherever one strikes it in the world. One knows not whence it comes nor whither it goes; but there it lies pale-brown in the pure light of the morning with a welcome for honest boots. It may come from Frankfort and lead to the garden of the Hesperides, or start from the fountain of youth and end in Paris; but there it is, the common road of common men, and it sings under the feet of the wayfarer.

LADY ROEDALE.

Hadn't you better put some of that down?

HARRY.

Put it down?

LADY ROEDALE.

On the back of the bill.

HARRY.

Oh! You mean that I am gushing.

LADY ROEDALE.

Gush! I like it. Gush like the fountain of youth! And I like the road too. That's the luck of you boys. If a girl is in a scrape, she has to sit at home with her nose in her knitting. She can't go swinging alone along the highway and sleep it off in a strange inn in Wonderland.

HARRY.

By Jove! you are right. You always are. I wish you had walked with me.

LADY ROEDALE.

Stevenson would have been a better companion for you.

HARRY.

Ah! I should have liked that. Oh! you mean——

LADY ROEDALE.

I was thinking of his travels in the Cevennes.

HARRY.

Oh, I say!—Well, it was a divine morning; and I don't care. Did you

notice the barley? It was pale, pale gold, almost white in the sunshine, over-ripe, bending; but the poppies stood up to the sun; and as I went up, I could see farther and farther the great curves of the low hills with patches of corn or roots, and never a hedge or wall to break the lines; and then, before the pleasant light grew hot, I plunged into the cool, sweet, friendly German forest and found the footpath which brought me here—to you.

LADY ROEDALE.

I am much indebted to the footpath. Is it a pretty path?

HARRY.

Pretty! By George! it's enchanting. It's firm and dry, and your feet go of themselves over the dappled light and shade; and down below you see the sunshine strike where the trees are thinner, till all the leaves are gold down there; and in your ears is the old mysterious murmur of the silent wood, as if, by George! the old German songs of the people were imprisoned there.

LADY ROEDALE.

You don't know any German, do you?

HARRY.

Not a word. But I feel Germany.

LADY ROEDALE.

That's much easier. You ought to have a crammer.

HARRY.

You always are down on me. You think me an affected beast.

LADY ROEDALE.

I think I rather envy you. I should like to have got up early like Pippa, and plunged my face in cold water and sunbeams, and kept you company on the road.

HARRY.

I wish you had.

LADY ROEDALE.

I should be very red in the face now. Probably my nose would be peeling.

HARRY.

You would look perfect in my eyes. Ah!

LADY ROEDALE.

Ah? What does that mean?

HARRY.

It's no good speaking to you. You turn everything into ridicule. But when I saw you just now, unexpected, unhopd-for, I—well, I felt—

LADY ROEDALE.

You felt? What? Germany?

HARRY.

Ah, Lady Roedale, you don't know what you might make of me.

LADY ROEDALE.

A fool, perhaps.

HARRY.

You don't know what you are to me.

LADY ROEDALE.

A sort of kind adopted aunt, I think. What were you writing on the back of the bill? It's there in your pocket—next to your so-called heart.

[HARRY awkwardly pats his left breast.

HARRY.

Oh, that!

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes; that is what I was trying to read over your shoulder.

HARRY.

Oh!

LADY ROEDALE.

Shocked? But I couldn't make it out. Poetry?

HARRY.

It's nothing. Only the day was so jolly; and one's feet seemed to beat a sort of rhythm; and I made verses of a sort as I walked; and I was just trying to remember them when you appeared—and that was better than rhyming.

LADY ROEDALE.

Let me see the rhymes.

HARRY.

They ain't worth your notice.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then they ain't worth hiding. Come!

[She raps him on the chest; he reluctantly draws the paper from his pocket; she takes it and smooths it out, and begins to decipher it, frowning.

"Do you love her, little"—what?

HARRY.

"Breeze"—

LADY ROEDALE.

"That your busy"—hammer?

HARRY.

"Murmur."

LADY ROEDALE.

Hammer would be more original. So many breezes murmur. Could not a breeze hammer for once?

[She tries to read further. He fidgets near her.

HARRY.

Oh, you'll never make out my scrawl. I'd better read it, if you really—

[He stops, smiling foolishly.

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes, I really—

HARRY.

Oh, well—it's rot, you know.

LADY ROEDALE.

Let me judge.

[He reads, at first with a shame-faced air; but more and more he tastes the words with pleasure, falling into a monotonous chanting tone.

HARRY.

Do you love her, little breeze,
That your busy murmur dies,
Where her head is backward thrown
In the shadow of the trees,
That you kiss her dreaming eyes?

Do you love her, little grass,
That you peer and slender rise,
Gaze on grace that's like your own,
While the tremulous shadows pass
'Neath the shadows of her eyes?

Do I love her, that I seem
Like a breeze of tender sighs,
Or a dreamer left alone,
When the happy guests are gone,
And they leave him to his dream
Of the fond remembered eyes.

[*Half shy, half defiant he looks up. She raises her eyebrows.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

What a lot of eyes! It's like the tail of a peacock.

HARRY.

One can always ridicule poetry.

LADY ROEDALE.

Then you call it poetry?

HARRY.

Isn't it really rather jolly? The second verse runs, doesn't it! Eh?

LADY ROEDALE.

Who is the lady?

HARRY.

Oh, well——

[*His gaze becomes more full of intention.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Don't say it's me. I hate lies even more than grammar.

HARRY.

Well, I don't know; I can't say; I——

LADY ROEDALE.

You were working it off in poetry.

HARRY.

Working what off?

LADY ROEDALE.

A slight affection of the heart. I heard a rumour of last night.

[*He starts, vexed, anxious.*]

HARRY.

Oh, by George! I hope it isn't all over the shop.

LADY ROEDALE.

Set your poetic mind at rest. It is not all over the shop. Frauenheim yet dozes on her thousand chairs unhappily unconscious of this scrap of gossip. (SOPHIA appears in the doorway and stands still, wondering. Neither LADY ROEDALE nor HARRY is conscious of the coming of SOPHIA.)

Boys always think that all the world are occupied with the cut of their coats or the beating of their hearts. That is what makes them shy and silly.

HARRY (*ruefully*).

I made an ass of myself last night.

LADY ROEDALE.

Doubtless! It is so easy. But what particular ass did you make of yourself last night?

HARRY.

You know.

LADY ROEDALE.

Yes; I know.

HARRY (*ruefully*).

The biggest sort.

LADY ROEDALE (*quoting*).

"Do you love her, little——

[SOPHIA in the doorway sighs.

They both turn and see her.

Her mouth is open; her eyes are wide with wonder; she is very grave.

Ah!

[SOPHIA advances. Her eyes fall from HARRY, who stands awkward and dumb, to the jug on the table.

SOPHIA.

Beer!

HARRY (*confused*).

Yes—I am afraid so—may I—will you——

SOPHIA.

Beer!! [*She is lost in amazement.*]

LADY ROEDALE.

Bitte! (*She turns briskly to SOPHIA.*) Don't you think the horses will be rested? (SOPHIA looks at her vaguely, sadly.) So odd we should chance upon this wayfarer on our drive, and so lucky! We can say good-bye.

SOPHIA.

Good-bye!

[*As LADY ROEDALE turns to go,*

HARRY takes a step towards

SOPHIA with outstretched hand.

HARRY (*with emotion*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

I am glad to see you looking so well.

HARRY.

You are very good.

SOPHIA.

I am glad to see you looking so—so—so alive.

HARRY.

Yes. (*He gazes on SOPHIA with deepening emotion.*) I don't know what to say; I don't know what you'll think of me.

LADY ROEDALE (*turning back*).

Come along, Sophia! (*To HARRY*) I daresay we shall see you in London.

HARRY.

I think not: I think of going to Persia or Bagdad or somewhere in the west of America.

LADY ROEDALE.

I recommend the Cevennea. — Sophia!

[*HARRY starts. SOPHIA, who has been like one in a dream, shows sudden interest.*

SOPHIA.

The tea?

LADY ROEDALE.

It's safe in the carriage. (*SOPHIA goes. HARRY moves as if to follow her.*) No! You've had walking enough for to-day. To-morrow take the road again and trampon to fortune. The road is the real cure. Good-bye!

[*She wrings HARRY's hand and goes after SOPHIA. HARRY is left sucking his pencil.*

STRINGER LAWRENCE.¹

THE story of Stringer Lawrence deserves a place in every biography of English Heroes. The man to whom the native soldiers whom he led to victory gave the proud title of "the Father of the Indian Army" is one of the builders of our Indian Empire. When he landed on the southern coast of the continent he found a few companies of British soldiers, and a small irregular force of native footmen, hastily recruited, and armed with old matchlocks. By introducing a regular discipline among the European troops, by drilling the sepoys and teaching them to fight in "the European manner," by combining them into an organic body, he laid the foundation of those armies who by their splendid victories have advanced the power of England from the fabled bridge of Rama to the snowy mountains, and made her undisputed mistress of the broad continent of India. Stringer Lawrence was also one of the first to realise that England's dominion could not rise entirely on disciplined power. By his lofty daring he won the confidence of his soldiers, and by his wide humanity and generous sympathy the loyalty and affection of the natives. In his conflict with the native Princes there was always a feeling of genuine chivalry which disarmed their enmity

and hastened the final work of pacification. The high nature of the man is also revealed to us in his treatment of the officers who served under him. It was Stringer Lawrence who fired Clive's imagination to be a soldier; it was Lawrence who told Clive that Trichinopoly was the Gibraltar of India and must be held by the English; it was mainly due to Lawrence that Clive was sent to command the expedition to avenge the massacre of the Black Hole, and so gave him the opportunity of winning his decisive victory in the grove of Plassey. Most beautiful and attractive is the father-like interest that Stringer Lawrence took in fostering the glory and advancing the fortunes of the young soldier. It is refreshing to turn from the paltry jealousies and spiteful detractions of this time to the frankness and simplicity of the official communications between Lawrence and Clive. In their desire to win distinction by fighting their country's battles there was no alloy of selfishness, no feeling of rivalry. If the opportunity of doing a gallant deed like the defence of Arcot did not come to Lawrence, he was glad it had come to a younger man, who deserved it as well and needed it more. Inferior to Clive in original genius, he was his equal in the art of command

¹ Stringer Lawrence, *The Father of the Indian Army*. By Colonel T. Biddulph. London: John Murray.

and in bravery. The memoir of so goodly and gallant a soldier deserves to be recorded, and the miniature biography by Colonel Biddulph is a sound bit of work, demanding labour in preparation, and care and diligence in execution. But it is a miniature, and there is a coldness in the colouring which neither invites sympathy nor kindles the imagination. We look in vain for a gleam of the stately rhetoric of Orme or the magic eloquence of Wilks, which transport us into the heart of the scenes which they describe. Nor has the author made sufficient use of Lawrence's own modest narrative and of the ancient archives preserved at Madras and the India Office. From these old silent pedantic record-books, and from the stately pages of the Gibbon of our Indian Empire and Lawrence's own narrative, we propose to give a sketch of Lawrence's career and an account of his campaigns, fortified by a knowledge of the theatre of their enactment.

Stringer, the son of John Lawrence of Hereford, and Mary his wife, was born March 6, 1697. Nothing is known of his parentage or his early life. At the age of thirty he was appointed ensign in General Jasper Clayton's regiment (afterwards the 14th Foot, and now the West Yorkshire), then stationed at Gibraltar, and there is some reason to suppose that he served in the ranks of some regiment during the previous siege. Colonel Biddulph is silent on the point. He also makes no mention of

the fact that Clayton's regiment was at Gibraltar for some years, and was employed as marines in Wager's fleet on the coast of Italy. Legend states that Lawrence was taken prisoner by an Italian pirate vessel, and was for some time on board it. In 1746 he became lieutenant. He was present when the column, headed by the king's son, broke the heart of the French line at Fontenoy; and he heard the wild yell with which the Highlanders threw themselves on our ranks at Culloden. At the close of the year 1746 the E.I.C. Court of Directors

"Resolved that the garrison of Fort St George be strengthened with a number of recruits, sergeants, and Ensigns, and that an able officer be sent from hence as Major thereof, at the salary of £250 per annum, and one hundred guineas for his charges out. And Captain Lawrence being recommended as a person qualified for the post, Resolved by the Ballot that the said Captain Lawrence be appointed Major of the Garrison on the terms above mentioned, and being called in, he was acquainted therewith."

On the 18th of February 1747 Stringer Lawrence took the usual oath, and set sail in the *Winchelsea*. His appointment was notified to the Governor of Madras in the following terms: "Stringer Lawrence, Esq., is entertained by us to be Major of our Garrison at Fort St George upon the same terms as Major Knipe, viz., two hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum and one of the Companies." But before the notification reached India the Government of Madras had ceased to exist, the town had sur-

rendered (16th September 1747) to the French, and the English officials had been released on parole. The Directors, on hearing the news of the disaster, appointed a fresh Governor and a fresh Council, of which Lawrence was made the third member; but it was ordered that his work in the Council was to be confined to military advice and duties. His salary was to be £850 a-year, inclusive of his allowances as Member of Council.

In January 1748 Stringer Lawrence, a stout hale man of fifty, landed at Fort St David. In one of the old letters to the Court of Directors from Fort St David we have an announcement of the arrival of Colonel Lawrence:—

"Fort St David, February 13, 1747.—By the Winchester (sic), which arrived here the 13th ultimo, came Stringer Lawrence, Esq., whom your Honours appointed to be Major of the Fortes of this Coast. On the 18th the Military Forces of the Garrison were drawn up, at the head of which he was presented with a Commission.

"Your Honours direct that, in regard to Major Lawrence's allowances, they be on the same footing as Major Knipe enjoyed. We must take the liberty to acquaint you that that gentleman having borrowed money of the Company in England and dying soon after his arrival in Madras, he received no pay there, nor can we get certain information of what was to be allowed him. We have therefore settled his salary as Major at £300 per anum, and pagodas 50 per month for other allowances, besides £70 per anum as third in Council, which we hope Your Honours will approve of; and we must assure you he takes a great deal of pains in training up the military and making the several dispositions necessary. Already this Garrison is in better order than could be expected, con-

sidering the short time that gentleman has been with us."

As Fort St David, situated on the sea twelve miles from Pondicherry, is associated with the great names of Lawrence and Clive, it must always be to Englishmen who take pride in the brave deeds of their forefathers, one of the most memorable places in the Empire. It was in the year 1690 that we purchased it from the Mah-rattas, and one M'Hatsell was ordered "to go and to receive possession of the fort and pay the money," and with him were to be sent "some factors to be of council there, also a lieutenant, two ensigns, gunners, &c., officers, 100 soldiers, 20 matrosses, 20 laskars, 30 great guns, 100 barrels of powder, 200 musquets, 100 cartouches, 100 swords, and ammunition, &c., necessary for such a garrison and settlement," and it was resolved that "the guns, stores, and household stuff be removed from Conemier and the southern factories thither." The cession included not only the fort but the adjacent towns and villages "within ye randome shott of a piece of ordnance." The best brass gun at Madras was sent with M'Hatsell, and he was informed that it "lyes in the gunner's art to load and fire it to the best advantage." The gunner was evidently skilled in his art, for on the 23rd September 1690, at the time when Dutch William was busy establishing his power in Ireland, the "randome shot" was fired, and it fell beyond Cuddalore. And to this day the villages included

within the range of that "random shot" are known as "Gundu Gramam" or "Cannon Ball Villages."

Three times before Lawrence landed did the French endeavour to take the small fort, and three times they were gallantly repelled by the small garrison. It was in resisting these attacks that Clive gained, by the daring courage which he displayed, his first commission. In a despatch to the Court of Directors, dated the 2nd May 1747, we read, "Mr Robert Clive, writer in the service, being of martial disposition, and having acted as a Volunteer in our late engagement, we have granted him an Ensign Commission, upon his application for the same." Eight months later Lawrence landed, and he had no sooner assumed the command when he received intelligence that Dupleix was preparing to make another attempt against Cuddalore. He at once formed a camp a mile and a half from the fort, and there awaited the advance of the enemy.

On the night of the 9th of June an English 20-gun ship, returning from a cruise, brought the intelligence to Fort St David that she had discovered seven large ships to the south. Next day at noon the French squadron was discerned in the south-east. The sea-wind was set in, and they were sailing directly before it towards St David. The English squadron was at anchor near the land, and during the sea-breeze could not get near the enemy. At four in the afternoon, the

French squadron, "being within three leagues of the road," altered their course, and as they kept to the windward the English admiral thought their intention was to gain Pondicherry at all events. About midnight the English fleet put to sea with the land-wind. In the morning they shortened sail, in expectation every minute of seeing the French squadron again to the south. But when evening came, and no ships were seen, Admiral Griffin, feeling that he had been deceived, made sail for Madras, "where he arrived the next evening and found no French ships in the road." Bouves, the commander of the French squadron, an able and experienced mariner, had reached it in the morning, and having landed 400 soldiers and £200,000 in silver, put out to sea at once on his return to Mauritius.

When Dupleix, at Pondicherry, saw that the English squadron had sailed to Madras, he determined to again attack at once Cuddalore. Eight hundred Europeans, with 1000 sepoy, marched from Pondicherry; but owing to their making a circuit inland, it was not till the morning of the 17th June that they reached the hills of Bandopalam, within three miles of Cuddalore. Here they halted during the day, and intended at night to attack the town by surprise. Lawrence, on receiving intelligence of their design, ordered the garrison to march, and the cannon to be removed to Fort St David, intending by this operation to make the French believe that

he did not think the place tenable.

"As soon as night came on," writes Orme, "the garrison, augmented to the number of 400 Europeans, together with the cannon, were sent back to Cuddalore with the precautions necessary to prevent the enemy from receiving intelligence of their return. The stratagem succeeded. At midnight the French advanced with scaling-ladders, which they no sooner began to apply to the walls than they received the fire from the ramparts, together with that of four or five pieces of cannon loaded with grape-shot. This unexpected resistance struck the whole body, officers as well as soldiers, with a panic. Most of the men flung away their arms without firing a shot; but the precipitation of their flight prevented the English fire from doing much execution amongst them. Nor did their fears quit them when arrived at the place of their encampment, for, expecting to be followed, they marched on without halting until they came to the bounds of Pondicherry."

On the 29th of July Admiral Boscawen, with a fleet carrying 800 marines and a commission from the king as General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces employed in the expedition, arrived at Fort St David. Admiral Griffin, who had returned from Madras, resigned the command to him, and a few days after proceeded with a sixty-gun ship and two frigates to Trincomalee.

"The junction of the two squadrons," Orme writes, "formed the greatest marine force belonging to any one European nation that had ever been seen together in the East Indies; for it consisted of more than 30 ships, none of which were of less than 500 tons burden, and 13 of them men-of-war of the line. Every person attached to the English cause, who beheld this formidable force, was elated with joy, from expectation of

its success, and no one doubted that the loss of Madras would be revenged by the capture of Pondicherry."

On the 8th of August the army of 4120 Europeans, to which were joined 1100 sepoys who had not yet been disciplined, began their march. On approaching the bounds of Pondicherry they came in sight of Ariancopang, a small fort built by the French about two miles south-west of the town. Boscawen, whose engineers had reported that it was of little strength, sent 700 men to take it by a sudden onset. On approaching it the storming-party found that it was fortified with a cavalier at each of the angles, a deep dry ditch full of pitfalls, and a covered way. A warm fire of musketry and grape smote them from the walls, and 150 of the gallantest men and some of the bravest officers in the army were either killed or wounded. The attack had to be abandoned. During the day the French erected close to the fort a battery of heavy guns to obstruct and enfilade the approaches. The English engineers built a battery to silence and oppose that of the enemy, and a deep trench was thrown up before it, which was filled with soldiers and sailors. At daybreak our guns began to play on those of the enemy. After the fire had been continued for some time a troop of French horse and a body of French sepoys crept up without being seen, and attacked the entrenchment. The sailors, terrified at the cavalry, abandoned it. The regular troops caught the panic, "in spite of

the efforts and exhortations made by their officers to keep them in their post." Major Lawrence, who commanded in the entrenchments, "rather than participate of the ignominy of taking flight with the troops, remained there with two or three officers: he was disarmed, and obliged to surrender himself prisoner to a French trooper, who knowing, it is probable, the value of his prize, immediately hurried him away by the side of his horse to Ariancopang in sight of the army; and no efforts were made to rescue him."

In announcing the disaster to the Court of Directors, and "how very unfortunately our brave Major was made prisoner," the Governor and Council of Fort St David state, "We have since received a letter from the Major, who says he received not hurt in the action, and that they met with extreme good treatment." In their next letter mention is made of an attempt to exchange him. But Dupleix "was very ready to exchange all but Major Lawrence, as he is justly well acquainted with the use that gentleman is of to us; but as the General has returned him for answer that unless he is exchanged none of the rest shall, but be sent to Europe, we hope that may have an effect upon him, and induce him to favour us with the Major again." But Dupleix was too wise to favour them with the Major again, and it was owing to his absence and Boscawen's want of knowledge of the art of war that the siege proved so disastrous a failure. On the

30th of September, "after 1065 Europeans had perished," it was raised. In November news was received of the cessation of arms in Europe, and Lawrence was permitted to return to Fort St David on parole, pending the ratification of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Madras to the English.

In 1749 Stringer Lawrence commanded an expedition for the reduction of Devicotah, in Tanjore, against which Boscawen had made a fruitless attempt after raising the siege of Pondicherry. The force consisted of 800 Europeans and 1500 Sepoys, and Clive, who held the rank of lieutenant, was one of the officers who accompanied it. He volunteered to lead the attack at the storm of the breach. His small platoon of thirty-four Europeans became separated from the sepoy, and was attacked by a large body of the enemy's horse in the rear. They had no time to face about and defend themselves, and in an instant twenty-six of the platoon were cut to pieces. "A horseman had his sword uplifted to strike at Lieutenant Clive, who escaped the blow by stepping on one side whilst the horse passed him: he then ran towards the sepoy, whom he had the good fortune to join, being one of four, who were all that escaped from the slaughter." Lawrence, on seeing the disaster, attacked with all the Europeans, and Devicotah was taken. The next year Lawrence joined with 600 Europeans the camp of Nazir Jung, Sabahdar (Viceroy)

of the Deccan, who was opposed by the rival pretenders to the Sabahship and the Nawabship (Governorship) of the Deccan, supported by a force of 2000 French under D'Auteuil, the brother-in-law of Dupleix. Lawrence, in his 'Narrative of the War on the Coast of the Coromandel,' states that when the two armies were drawn out to engage—

"A messenger came to me from Mr Dauteuil to acquaint me 'That although we were engaged in different causes, yet it was not his design nor inclination that any European blood should be spilt. But as he did not know our post, should any of his shot come that way and hurt the English, he could not be blamed.' I sent him for answer 'That I had the honour of carrying the English colours on my flag-gun, which, if he pleased to look out for he might know from thence where the English were posted'; and I assured him, I should also be loth to spill European blood, but if any shot came that way he might be assured I would return them."

A shot was fired from the French battery over the English troops, and Lawrence ordered three guns to answer it, "and saw them well pointed." D'Auteuil, owing to the desertion of some of his officers and a panic among his troops, thought it more prudent to retreat in the night, leaving his guns behind him. Lawrence marched back to Fort St David, of which place he was appointed temporary governor. Finding, however, that the Madras Government was determined to remain at peace, he now left Fort St David, and sailed for England in the month of October. He had not been two months at

home when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Company's military forces in the East Indies, "on a salary of £500 per annum, to which was added a yearly allowance of £250 in lieu of diet money, servants' houses, and all other privileges and perquisites whatever." On arriving at Fort St David he found a small force under the command of Clive on the point of marching to the relief of Trichinopoly, which was sore pressed by the enemy. Dupleix was most anxious to gain possession of the Gibraltar of Southern India. He sent Law every soldier he could spare, and wrote to him: "Veillez sur la route que suivent les Anglais; vous avez été averti à temps; il est de votre honneur de détruire le secours. . . . Tout dépend de ce coup. Ne négligez rien pour réussir. Je vous laisse carte blanche." The weak, vacillating Law determined to wait till it reached the vicinity of Trichinopoly, and Dupleix added to him: "Il sera pour-tout difficile de persuader en France que trente mille hommes en aient laissé passer deux mille, embarrassés d'un charroi et d'un transport effroyables. . . . Quand cesserez-vous de remettre d'un jour à l'autre pour aller au-devant du convoi." But neither taunts nor commands had any effect on Law.

On the 17th of March Lawrence as senior officer assumed command of the relieving force, which consisted of 400 Europeans and 1100 sepoys, with eight field-pieces. It escorted a large convoy of military stores.

Marching through the Tanjore country, they arrived on the 27th of March within ten miles of Trichinopoly. Between Lawrence and his goal stretched a vast veldt full of hollow ways sufficient to conceal or cover troops, and studded with huge kopjes, "which afford," says Lawrence, "very good posts for an army, either as advanced ones or to cover flanks." Due south of the town is the Golden Rock, and a little to the north-east Sugar Loaf Rock, both rising a hundred feet above the plain. Almost east is the French Rock. Between Sugar Loaf Rock and the French Rock, three miles farther to the east, is the rock of Elimeseram, with a fortified pagoda on the summit. On this wide veldt the French and English struggled for two years who should be the masters of India. Many a gallant deed of arms did these old rocks witness.

During the night Lawrence was joined by 100 Europeans and 50 dragoons from the garrison. At break of day he advanced towards Elimeseram, where the French had mounted cannon. He had not advanced far when an officer, who had ridden from the town across the veldt, informed him that the enemy's left was drawn up between Elimeseram and the French Rock, and their right extended from the latter kopje to their encampment on the Cauvery. Soon Lawrence came in sight of their vast host, and, earnestly surveying their position, he saw that if he passed north of Elimeseram,

the direct route to the town, they would sweep home on him and coil his small army up rear and front. Prompt were his orders, — "March south"; and at noon he found, half way between Elimeseram and the Sugar Loaf Rock, Dalton, who had stolen forth during the night from the city with 200 Europeans, 400 sepoy, and four field-pieces. The heat was now intense, and Lawrence ordered his troops to halt and take their breakfast. They had hardly sat down when at good speed came the scouts and reported that the whole of the enemy's army was advancing, and their cannonade had put the Mahratta horse to flight. They soon galloped up, and forming with the rest of the native allies in the rear of the Europeans and sepoy, followed them slowly. Clive having reconnoitred the enemy, reported that there was a large *choultry* (caravansary) with some stone buildings not far from the front of the French battalion. Lawrence ordered him to advance with the first division of artillery and the grenadiers and seize it. Clive did as bidden: the enemy opened a heavy fire and pushed forward their French battalion. But they had not advanced eight hundred yards when Clive reached the *choultry*, and his guns opened fire. Then

"A cannonade ensued — without doubt, for the time it lasted, the hottest that had ever been on the plains of Indistan, for the French fired from 22 pieces of cannon and

the English from nine. Such of the English troops as were not employed at the guns found shelter behind the *choultry* and the buildings near it, whilst the whole of the enemy's army stood exposed on the open plain—suffering in proportion to this disadvantage."

For half an hour the French battalion bore it; they then began to waver, and withdrew their guns. Clive continuing to advance with his artillery, the French retreated to their camp, "and left us," says Lawrence, "to finish our march to Trichinopoly."

Lawrence was desirous to attack the French camp without delay; but the Muhamadan and Hindu allies insisted on waiting for a lucky hour. Thus three or four days were thrown away, "and the enemy, apprised of our design, prudently, as we then thought, determined to retreat to the island for their greater security, burning and destroying a large magazine intended for the siege of Trichinopoly." It was a fatal move; and Lawrence, with the instinct of a good commander, took advantage of it. He determined to cut off their supplies, which they mostly received from beyond the Colerun. "Promising myself great success from the activity and vigilance of Captain Clive, I detached him with 400 of my best Europeans, 1200 sepoy, and 4000 horse, to take post on the other side. He crossed the two rivers about seven miles below Seringham." Lawrence also sent Captain Dalton to take Elimeseram, which surrendered after a faint resist-

ance. On hearing from Clive that he had taken post at Samiaveram, about ten miles from Seringham, on the high road to Arcot and Pondicherry, he paid him a visit, "to concert what proper measures were further to be pursued." It was decided that Clive should attack the fortified pagoda of Pitchanda, "situated on the bank of the Colerun, opposite to Seringham, and commanding the passage of that river." But it was first necessary to storm the fort of Lalgudi, where the enemy had a large magazine of grain. On the 22nd of April it was taken by assault, and Clive was making the necessary dispositions to lay siege to Pitchanda when he heard that a party of the enemy with a large convoy were approaching Samiaveram. On the 24th he set forth to intercept them. It was a small force which Dupleix had despatched under D'Auteuil, who was to assume the command in place of Law. In the letter announcing to him his supersession, Dupleix wrote to Law with cruel irony: "Je suis persuadé, disait-il, que cet arrangement va faire plaisir à madame votre femme, que ne désire que le moment de vous tenir dans ses bras."

But the efforts of Dupleix were of no avail against the superior strategy of Clive and Lawrence. On the 21st of May 1752 Pitchanda was taken, and on the 8th of June D'Auteuil surrendered with his whole force to Clive. Three days later Law, seeing that all hope of relief was gone, came

out of the great pagoda with some of his officers and conducted Dalton's detachment of 250 men into it, "where they formed with their backs to the gate opposite to the French troops, who immediately flung down their arms in a heap and surrendered."

At the close of the campaign Lawrence left the army in the field and went for his health to Madras. He had not been there a month when the French, having received a large reinforcement from Europe, resumed active operations. Lawrence at once returned to Fort St David, and on the 26th of August he marched to attack the enemy encamped near Bahoor, a village two miles from the Fort on the high road to Pondicherry. At the first streak of dawn he saw the French battalion, five hundred strong, drawn up on his left. As the English force advanced they were saluted by a brisk fire from the enemy's cannon. "The small arms soon began," says Lawrence, "our men advanced firing, and the French stood their ground till the bayonets met." After a rough death wrestle the English grenadiers broke the enemy's centre, and their whole line became a ruin. "They then threw down their arms and ran for it." This is the battle of Bahoor, famous in military annals as one of the very few actions on record where bayonets were fairly crossed. More than a hundred of the French fell by "the queen of weapons" alone. Three commanders and fifteen officers were made prisoners; their artillery, with all

their ammunition, tumbrils, and stores, became the spoil of the victors.

At the beginning of the new year (1753) the French again took the field with 500 Europeans, 60 European cavalry, 2000 trained sepoy, and 4000 Mahratta horse under Morari Rao, the most daring and skilful leader of the day. The force marched to within sight of Trivedi, fifteen miles from St David, and began to form entrenchments on the banks of the Paniar, "which with the usual dexterity of that nation in works of this kind were soon completed, and rendered little inferior to the defences of a regular fortress." The Mahratta horse scoured the whole country, and "we were obliged often to march our whole body to escort stores and provisions from St David to our camp, always harassed more or less by the Mahrattas." On the 1st of April, while bringing up a convoy from Fort St David, Lawrence was attacked by a large body of Mahratta horse, supported by a French battalion. A sharp contest ensued. "The Mahratta leader, Morari Rao's nephew, the same who came to Captain Clive's assistance after the siege of Arcot, was killed, and the French battalion retreated." The convoy reached Trivedi without further molestation, and the next day a successful attack on an advanced post in front of the enemy's camp enabled Lawrence more closely to reconnoitre their works, and convinced him that they were too strong to be attacked by the forces under his

command. Whilst he was considering the necessity of carrying on the war in another quarter, he received a despatch from Captain Dalton at Trichinopoly, stating that he was in urgent need of provisions. This reached Lawrence late at night, the 20th of April, at Trivedi. "Astonished at this intelligence, we saw the necessity of an immediate march to Trichinopoly, which we began on the 22nd instant in the morning, leaving Captain Chase with 150 Europeans and 500 sepoy for the defence of Trivedi." On the 6th of May Lawrence arrived at Trichinopoly, "much decreased in numbers through fatigue, and notwithstanding we frequently sent the sick back to our settlements, the hospitals were filled at our arrival. We had even left our tents behind, and took only with us what baggage was absolutely necessary, that nothing might retard our relieving Trichinopoly, which, indeed, was of so great consequence that everything was to be risked for it."

After giving his men "two days' refreshment," Lawrence crossed the river Cauvery to the island of Seringham, where the French had retired. His intention was to attack the enemy if he found a favourable opportunity; but their superiority in numbers, and the advantage of their situation, made it impossible. Lawrence, recrossing the stream, encamped at the Beggars' Grove. Owing to his health he had to go into the Fort, and the officer in command, neglecting his orders, allowed the French to gain

possession of some high hills called the Five Rocks, about a mile to the south, between him and the Tanjore country. In order that his communications might not be quite cut off, he ordered two companies of sepoy to occupy the Golden Rock. On the 26th of June the French commander attacked it with his grenadiers and a large body of sepoy. But the resistance of the English sepoy was so gallant that he had to send his whole army to support them. Lawrence, on hearing of the attack, despatched a messenger to order a European picket to support the sepoy. Then, galloping to the camp, he perceived the whole French army had begun to move. He swiftly ordered all the troops under arms, and leaving 100 Europeans to protect the camp, he hastened with the rest of his force to reach the rock before the main body of the enemy. The French, perceiving his approach, made a vigorous effort, "and before the Major had got half-way, the sepoy who defended the rock were all either killed or taken prisoners, and the French colours immediately hoisted." Lawrence halted his small force. It was a critical moment. The French battalion had arrived behind the rock, and their guns from right and left poured forth at a murderous rate their shot. The French sepoy, supported by their grenadiers, covered the rock. The whole Mysore army was drawn up in one great body at the distance of cannon-shot in the rear. The Mahratta horse in small bodies

charged in flank and rear the English battalion. The officers agreed with their stout old general that to retreat before such numbers was impossible. The soldiers seeming much delighted at this opportunity of having what they called "a fair knock at the Frenchmen on the plain," Lawrence ordered the grenadiers to carry the rock with fixed bayonets, whilst he himself with the rest of the troops wheeled round the foot of it to engage the French battalion. "The soldiers received the order with three huzzas, and the grenadiers setting out at a great rate, though at the same time keeping their ranks, paid no attention to the scattered fire they received from the rock, nor made a halt till they got to the top of it, whilst the enemy, terrified at their intrepidity, descended as they were mounting, without daring to stand the shock of their onset." Grenadiers and sepoy poured down their fire upon the French troops, drawn up within pistol-shot below. Lawrence, wheeling his corps round the base of the hill, formed up in line directly opposite to the enemy at the distance of twenty yards. Afruc, a brave and active officer, did his utmost to make his men keep their ranks. But it could not be. The hot fire from the rock above, grape from a field-piece, and a well-levell'd discharge from the battalion threw them into irreparable disorder, and they fled. The Mahratta horse made a gallant effort to cover their retreat by flinging themselves behind, "and some of the grenadiers who had run forward

to seize the field-pieces fell under their sabres." Animated by this success, the Mahrattas again and again charged the battalion up to the very bayonets, but were received with so much steadiness and with so severe a fire that, after losing many horses and men, they galloped out of shot. Amongst their dead was Ballapah, brother-in-law of Morari Rao.

"He commanded the Mahrattas, as their chief was yet in the Arcot province. I had known this young man when he was on our side—a youth of great spirit and courage, and an excellent horseman. His body being found in the field, was sent back in my palankeen to his friends, a respect I thought justly due to so gallant an officer; and they were very thankful for the favour. He was shot by one of our grenadiers, being advanced so near us that he cut one of our men in the ranks, though accompanied by only four horsemen."

Lawrence remained three hours at the foot of the rock in order to give the enemy an opportunity of renewing the fight; but on their showing no inclination to do so, he placed the prisoners and three captured guns in the centre of the column, and set out towards his camp. The rear had scarcely got clear of the Golden Rock into the plain, when the Mysore and Mahratta cavalry, 10,000 horsemen, shouting and waving their swords and spears, pressed on at full speed from all sides, resolved to exterminate the handful of men that opposed them—scarcely 400 Europeans and 1300 sepoy, guarding 70 European prisoners and three captured guns. "But the enemy had to deal with

veterans equal to any who have done honour to the British nation." They halted, formed square, and calmly waited for the enemy. When they had come sufficiently near, the signal was given, and the eight six-pounders sent showers of grape through the advancing masses of horsemen. They suddenly drew rein, "and stood a while like men astonished by the fall of thunder." Seeing their ranks wasted by every discharge of grape, and that the English battalion and sepoy, with unyielding spirit, "reserved their fire with recovered arms," they broke and fled. The English troops returned quietly to their camp. Thus by the victory of the Golden Rock was Trichinopoly saved. "But the numbers of the enemy were so great," says Lawrence, "that a victory or two more would have left all my men on the plains of Trichinopoly."

The Mysore and Mahratta cavalry had so laid waste the country that Lawrence was now mainly occupied in marching and counter-marching through the land in order to get supplies for his troops and the garrison. On the 9th of August, as he was returning to Trichinopoly with a convoy of some thousands of bullocks laden with provisions, Dalton signalled to him from the Rock "that the enemy were preparing to oppose him." "And by the same signals we were enabled to judge of their dispositions, which we soon discovered more plainly as we advanced." They had extended themselves from the French Rock to the Golden

Rock, at each of which some of their infantry was posted. At the Sugar Loaf, "as between both, and readiness to oppose us if we attempted to pass, was their battalion with the artillery planted to advantage. All the cavalry was between these rocks." Lawrence, wishing to avoid an engagement on account of his large convoy, determined to go round by the Golden Rock. The French, on discovering his intention, sent a party of their European battalion to seize first that post. But the British troops pressed forward, and driving the enemy from the rock, planted their colours on the top of it. Seeing this, the French party halted, and also the main body, which had advanced a little way to support them. The former were nearer the English than their own men. So favourable an opportunity was not to be lost. Lawrence promptly sent the picket, grenadiers, and four platoons to attack them, and he himself with the main body followed, "either to support, if repulsed, or to join and push the advantage to their main body by driving on them their beaten party." The artillery were on each flank to keep in check the enemy's cavalry. The officer appointed to lead the attack, instead of following his orders, which directed him to come "to the push of the bayonet without hesitation," sent word that he could not advance without guns. Lawrence, on receiving the message, galloped from the main body, and putting himself at the head of the attacking party, led

them on — “the line keeping in admirable order in spite of a very smart fire from the enemy’s artillery.”

“Several fell, and amongst them Captain Kirk at the head of his favourite grenadiers. The brave fellows, by whom he was much beloved, could not see his death without some emotion. Captain Kilpatrick, who saw him fall and his men at a stand, immediately put himself at their head, and desired them if they loved their captain to follow him to hell; and in that disposition attacked the enemy, who were unable to stand the shock.”

The main body coming up pursued the blow, and the French retreated in great haste round the Golden Rock and away to the Five Hills. On the 1st of September, owing to sickness among his troops, Lawrence moved his camp to the French Rock; the enemy at the same time moved, and encamped with the Sugar-Loaf Rock on their right and the Golden Rock on their left. On the 16th of September Lawrence again attacked the enemy. A wing of the British sepoy stormed in gallant style the Sugar-Loaf Rock, and the French battalion was broken by a bayonet charge of the grenadiers. After an action of two hours, “the three camps of the enemy, with all their baggage and ammunition, were taken.”

The success of the battle of the Sugar-Loaf Rock was great, but for a year active operations were carried on around Trichinopoly. Lawrence won victories, but also had, like every general,

to endure severe reverses, partly due to fortune, partly to the errors of his subordinates. In February a detachment, consisting of two captains, six officers, the grenadier company, 100 strong, and 80 other Europeans, four pieces of cannon, and 800 sepoy, were surprised by a large body of the enemy, and after a hand-to-hand struggle had to surrender. One hundred and thirty Europeans, of whom 100 were wounded, were made prisoners; fifty were killed on the spot; of eight officers, five were killed and the other three wounded. “And what still more added to the misfortune,” writes Lawrence, “our brave company of grenadiers, who had ever behaved well and successfully, were amongst them.” Lawrence met his misfortunes with a stern resolution that he would win at any cost, and his confidence never abated. To the French the protracted siege brought nothing but disaster. Their native allies lost faith in them, and the French Government at home found the financial burden of the war too great. So in 1754 they superseded Dupleix, and appointed M. Godheu to negotiate a peace with the English. On the 11th of October a suspension of arms was established for three months, and Lawrence left Trichinopoly, which he had so long and gallantly defended. By his skilful and diligent fighting he had for two years held the French troops at bay and checked the fortunes of France in India.

On his return to Madras,

Lawrence was presented by the President, in the name of the Company, with a sword enriched with diamonds as a token of their acknowledgment of his services. He owed the honour not only to his service, but to Clive, who declined the sword which the Directors had voted him unless a similar honour were conferred upon his master in the art of war, Stringer Lawrence. The presentation of a sword did not, however, appease the old soldier's wrath at being deprived of the chief command of the king's troops in India. Lawrence had received the king's commission of "lieutenant-colonel in the East Indies only" from 26th February 1754. In September arrived the 39th, the first of the king's regiments that set foot in India, and therefore has the honour of wearing the distinction, "Primus in India." Colonel Aldercron, who commanded, was senior to Lawrence, and assumed the chief command of the English troops. The king's commander-in-chief asserted his entire independence of the Company's government, and Lawrence resolved never to act under his command.

On the 21st of August 1756 the president of Fort St George acquaints the committee "that intelligence was received on the 16th instant of the taking of Calcutta by the Moores on the 20th June." The Madras Government knew that a rupture with France was imminent, but they showed themselves equal to the occasion. It was resolved in Council to send "as

large a force as can possibly be spared from hence to make an effort for the re-establishment." Pigott, the Governor, desired to command the expeditionary force, "but he wanted military experience." Aldercron claimed the military command, but "he wanted experience in the irregular warfare of India." Lawrence was asthmatic, and owing to the damp climate of Bengal, it was thought "he would be disabled from that incessant activity requisite to the success of this expedition, of which the termination was limited to a certain time." After three months were wasted in acrimonious discussion, Clive, owing to the strong support of Orme and Lawrence, was chosen to command the troops, and in October the transports put to sea accompanied by Admiral Watson's fleet. Soon after their departure we learn from the old records that news reached the Madras Government of the declaration of war between England and France. They awaited anxiously the arrival of the French armament, of whose preparation they had heard. Months passed away and no French fleet appeared. But the French troops in India, on hearing that hostilities had been proclaimed, again took the field. Lawrence at once offered to serve in Aldercron's camp as a volunteer, and the offer was accepted. But neither the French nor the English were in a position to undertake active operations. At the close of the year (1757) the 39th were ordered to embark for England, in order to get rid of

their sullen and perverse commander, and Lawrence once more assumed chief command of the Company's and his Majesty's troops.

Fourteen months drove on, and the French armament did not appear on the coast of Coromandel. Meanwhile Clive had laid the foundation of British dominion in the Gangetic Valley, and discovered the road to the heart of India. At length, in April 1758, Count Lally, the brave and impetuous soldier who, at the head of a company of the Irish brigade, turned the tide of battle at Fontenoy, landed at Pondicherry. He took Fort St David, and would have marched at once on Madras if want of money and of supplies had not prevented him. In order to fill his military chest, he made a raid on Tanjore, and by levying forced contributions and driving high caste men to do menial work, he aroused the hatred of the people, and his native troops began to desert. The appearance of the English ships of war, the want of ammunition and provisions, compelled him to raise the siege of the town and retire to Pondicherry. On reaching the town he called a council and moved that they should avail themselves of the absence of the English squadron to attack Madras. The Governor opposed the motion, "alleging that he had not wherewith to pay or even subsist the army." Lally, in his Memoirs, says, "The rest of the members approved of it, and four or five of them, with the Count d'Estaing at their

head, offers to contribute 80,000 livres in plate towards the attempt." Lally himself furnished 144,000 livres. With these slender means and a discontented army he marched in November upon Madras. On the 12th of December he first appeared before Fort St George, and the Board "unanimously agreed to leave the conduct of the defence to the Governor, who with Colonel Lawrence is desired to take the assistance of the other field-officers and the engineer as often as may be requisite, and immediately to issue the necessary orders." Eight days later we find the following in the 'Journal of Transactions during the Siege of Fort St George,' preserved in the archives at Madras:—

"*Wednesday the 20th.*—This being the day appointed by the charter for Mayor and Sheriff annually elected to enter on their respective offices, the Council assembled as usual, and a message being brought that the Mayor elect and Sheriff are ready to take the oath, they are introduced with the other members and officers of the Mayor's Court, and the oaths of allegiance and office are first administered by the President, Charles Turner, Esq., who was chosen the 5th instant, and then to Mr Henry Eustace Johnson, who was the same day elected Sheriff, both for the year ensuing.

"It having been always usual upon this occasion to salute the new Mayor with nine guns, nine guns were shot off upon the Royal Bastion and pointed at the enemy's quarters and works, and discharged in honour of the new Mayor, and it is hoped with good effect on the enemy."

We have not time to relate the transactions of that siege—how gallant sorties were made,

"and the good effect such sallies may have on our sepoys by enduring them to danger." How "before the moon rose the enemy advanced a gabionnade, and the old guards of the demi-place of arms and fascine battery sallied out and entirely destroyed the work the enemy had done in the night." Thus for fourteen months the siege wore on. Then at last, on the 16th of February, "as soon as it grew dark, three lights were hoisted at the Flagstaff as a mark for the ships to come in; by about 8 o'clock the ships anchored in the road, and to the great joy of the garrison proved to be his Majesty's ship *Queenborough*, Captain *Kempfenfelt*, and the Company's frigate *Revenge*, with the *Tilbury*, *Winchelsea*, *Prince of Wales*, and *Britannia*, having on board six companies of Colonel *Draper's* regiment." And as soon as day broke "it appeared that the enemy had abandoned their breaches and batteries and were retreating." So ended the second siege of *Madras*. Fifty-two French guns and a quantity of stores were found in the trenches. The English loss amounted to 33 officers, 559 Europeans, and 346 sepoys killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

A month after the raising of the siege, *Lawrence*, to whose military skill the success of the defence was mainly due, resigned his command and sailed for England. On reaching home the Court of Directors

thanked him "for his many signal and faithful services rendered the Company," and, "as a token of the Company's gratitude," they allowed him an "annuity for life after the rate of £500 a-year." His Majesty, "on their application," granted him a commission as colonel. At the urgent request of the Directors, *Lawrence* again returned to India, and on the 3rd of October 1761 resumed the office of commander-in-chief of all the Company's forces in India. From the king he received the commission of major-general in the East Indies. He remained in India about five years and a half, and in that time effected some of the most salutary reforms in the Indian army. In April 1766 the old veteran resigned the command of the army he had created, and quitted India for the last time. The next nine years were spent in the companionship of his old comrades. A few weeks after the death of *Clive* by his own hand, his old master expired in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His remains were conveyed from *Bruton Street*, London, to the little village church of *Dun Chedlock*, near *Exeter*, where they rest. After the lapse of some years the East India Company erected a stately monument to him in *Westminster Abbey*. But the best tribute to the memory of *Stringer Lawrence* is the title given to him by his sepoys—"The Father of the Indian Army."

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹PART III.—LOVE IN A MIST—*continued.*

CHAPTER XVII.—INFLUENCING THE PRESS.

It was after the mid-day meal when Richard came riding back into Nochtly. James and I went round to the stables to meet him before he was alighted. He had been unsuccessful in intercepting Mr Trail, he explained: there was no Mr Trail at the Junction to intercept. As likely as not, I had warned them, he was at the other end of the county, if not in his own room in the Town of Tarvit office.

"Better ask Tony to give you something to eat; then ride over to Town of Tarvit and see if you can find him," James said. "Had not he better?" he asked of me.

"He can ride, and he may find," I said; "but we must act. By all means ride," I added, for I thought that Richard would be well out of the way.

"It's spreading over the county," Richard said, coming to the piece of information he found it least easy to swallow.

"More publicity is what I would avoid," I answered. "Mr James, you and I must into St Brise."

"St Brise!" cries James. "Would you hunt for them there? Besides, man, the deed's done."

"Listen!" said I. "This is Friday, is it not?"

"Your plan, without any conundrums!" James cried testily.

"And on Friday night," I went on, "Blelach gets ready his paper. If we can't stop him, as likely as not it's published to all Fife in the 'St Brise Journal' to-morrow."

"Will it?" cries Richard in alarm.

"There's not a doubt about it," I said. "Blelach never misses a chance."

"Then how will you stop him?" James asked.

"I didn't say we could, Mr James; only that we might try. This is the chief night of the market," I went on. "That being so, the town will be crowding westwards; and at Blelach's end of it 'twill be like a Sabbath. We can, I doubt not, slip in unobserved. We must drive in any case, for we'll be late of getting away home — eleven, or even midnight. But we can take the dog-cart and drive ourselves, and can stable unobserved at the Sir Andrew, from which there's a shore road to Blelach's that I know well."

"No clandestine stabling and backdoors for me," cries

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conciliate him with a laugh. Deeper still the anxiety stirred within me to conciliate, not him, but Charlotte. I had a premonition how my mission would show when I brought it out into the light of her sincerity.

"What do you think she has been busy with all forenoon?" Rab asked, when Charlotte returned. "Wrote to Tam at the other side of the world, to tell him of last night's wonderful doings. Womanlike, full o' the news!"

"You were surprised?" I said to Charlotte.

"Surprised! I cannot say that I was," she answered me with evident glee. "Nor sorry," she added; though I had said nothing of that. It was always my fortune in that family to be shown my folly in measuring the affairs of life by my own sufficiency.

"Cousin David"—Rab had never called me that before, and I was angry; and Charlotte did not follow him in that usage, which might have tempered my choler—"Cousin David is of the other party, you maun mind," said he.

"I am sorry for that, Mr David," Charlotte said; "but I cannot say that I mind a bit."

"Nay," I protested, shamed in my honourable task by that taunt; "I am of no party, but only of my office."

And so, avoiding Charlotte's eye, I stumbled over my story.

"In fact," says Rab, "you are asking my help in interfering with the liberty of the Press."

"In influencing the Press."

"In influencing it. Stripped bare, that is your wish," said Rab, playing with his words; for indeed to explain it thus was to cloak my request thickly.

"That is Mr James Clephane's wish," I said. "I am his agent—his agent's agent, no more."

I looked to Charlotte upon that explanation, but her face was kept resolutely turned from me.

"Do you ken Blelach?" asked Rab.

"Save by repute, scarce at all. Yet I know him to be your friend, and a dangerous man."

"I thank you," says Rab. "And to that knowledge, I take it, Mr James and I are indebted for this plan of paring his claws. Yet I knew you could have little acquaintance with Blelach to propose it. . . . As a matter of fact, I've seen little of Blelach since I left St Brise. Though I do send him a bit o' news now and then," he added, laughing; and, still with a laugh, "It's a good deal you're asking of me, Mr David, if you only knew!"

"You are not going on that errand?" cried Charlotte, suddenly turning upon her father.

"Remember," I broke in; and, I believe, would have pled the naturalness of James Clephane's wish. But she divined my meaning.

"We are as good as the Clephanes," she burst forth.

"Whe-e-w!" whistled Rab.

"Too good for some of them," I cried, her heat acting upon

my own. But she brushed aside my meaning.

"There is no better man walks Fife than my brother David," she said.

"It's his father is the scandal," Rab says chirpily.

I saw a red flush mount her face in token of the truth of that saying.

"And will you be your own crier!" she broke out, turning her back on me; "beat drum upon your own shame? Is it not enough that we all maun suffer for the knowledge of it, which is as patent as the Lomond Hills? James and Tam, and now Dave? And some are in the grave with the burden of it—that were content to die—to live—proclaimed partner in your ill-doing, rather than play a less noble part by being more virtuous and denouncing it? Is not that enough, but you must play with your own ill-repute? Shame on you! And shame on you, David Shirra—agent or agent's agent—to tempt a man to so mean a mission!"

She went out, leaving me standing there, avoiding Rab's eye, and dumb under the reproach and the appeal of her words. Their injustice was a wounding stroke to my spirit, and left a pain of a life-lasting kind—the sense of a new, cruel complication in life. To be associated thus with that rascal—I, who sought only to do a plain Duty! It was monstrous!

Smarting under her reproach, I hardened against her appeal. In my heart I condemned her for her outburst. It was—it

was—I could not give a name to that wherein it exceeded good custom; but the sense that it did exceed it weighed on me. We were a frank and outspoken people in Fife—but our women did not show their hearts like that. . . . I think it was in my mind that Edith Duncan would not show her heart like that.

To Rab, evidently as to me, this revelation of Charlotte was disconcerting. It left him—one of the few occasions on which I have known him so—ill at ease with me, and inept and violent in his speech.

"Women have more teeth than men, ye know," he said. "And when do you propose to start?"

I would have given the world now that we should not start at all; but I dared not draw back. Yet when I named him time and place, and he had agreed to them, he protested. It seemed to me that he was protesting to himself. "Why should I go? Who are the Clephanes? D'ye think I go to please them? I go to please myself—myself, d'ye hear—myself! Who is James Clephane that I should do this for him? D'ye know that what he is, he is, owing to me? You're his man o' business, but you don't know that? Answer me: you don't know that?"

"We are conscious," I said, "how much we owe you about the coal"—for I thought it was to this he referred.

"WE ARE," he laughed. "Oh! you condescending——" He stopped short of the epithet, laughing; and with sudden in-

solent familiarity, "I'll tell you a story," he said. "You know Blue, Old Blue? . . . Strange to say, I dreamt o' him only last night. Well, Blue, though he is by way of being a reformed character, was in his day a co'arse fellow, and a prodigious swearer. Your Aunt Sarah, pious woman, and some others concerned for his reformation, set him up as a carrier, Clunywards — subscribed and sent him on his rounds wi' a donkey, conditionally that he was neither to beat the beast nor swear at it. Ae day, your aunt, walking out by Cluny Hill,—not at the express, you can fancy,—overtook Blue. I was under the hedge alongside o' them—the sun beaking down powerful. Blue was in a toil and moil at the tail of his steed, shoving it forward; and as she passed him, 'Hey! Miss Trail,' says he, 'Job never drave a cuddy! Gee-up! . . . ye — — r-rabbit!'"

I kept myself in hand, affecting not to understand the impudent rascal; and at that he broke out in anger, or in pretended anger.

"You are aye girding at me because of what I might have been, if I had — this or that. Where are your eyes for what I am? 'The facts,' you are aye saying; 'look at the facts.' No. Half the facts, you mean. Hark you! If I am taken up wi' an entrancing deal in wits, is that less a fact than a well- or ill-earned seven-and-sixpence in your pocket?"

I was silent under his gibes, in my anxiety to serve James Clephane; and even there the

rascal plumbed me, for he said—

"The man maun smoke the master's dottle! Now, good day. I'll be at the end o' the Bowes road at seven."

He kept his tryst. I was up in front with Mr James, who was driving: he had a singularly fine pair of hands. When Rab leapt into the back-seat, James turned to ask very civilly after his comfort, and even lent a hand to tuck a rug about his spine. In a fret and deep depression of spirit myself, I was at a loss to explain Mr Clephane's lightness. He had dined. But I think that behind a horse he was always like a boy in heart. By the fitful light of our lamps I saw that his hat was slightly cocked upon a slightly cocked head. He pointed his talk with a stiff whip stabbed into the darkness; and to us, in our share of it, he gave his ear only, not his eye. It was the unclouded talk of field and climate and his beast of the country man.

At the Brig of Ord, some three miles out of St Brise, a crowd round a gig with a wheel off filled the rusty blue stance in front of the smithy. James pulled up, inquisitive; and Rab, who had leapt down, was soon back with a story. Mr Moncur and Poute, the sheriff's officer, had capsized on a wood baulk while driving home from a temperance meeting they had addressed at Ord. They had borrowed another gig, and were on in front. "Ho-ho! An unco accident for teetotallers!" Rab cried. James gave me a dig in my ribs with his elbow

as he drove on. I heard him cluck to himself. "I'll not go empty-handed o' news to Mr Blelach," Rab said again. James's chuckle ceased on the instant, and we shot forward to St Brise.

We drove into the yard of the Sir Andrew Wood, where Mr Clephane himself saw his horse unyoked and stabled. He made inquiries for his nephew, and finding he had not arrived, "Come, then," he said, still with the air of a man forcing himself to act against his judgment; and we followed him along the street to the open close which led to Blelach's printing-office. In the shelter of it he pulled us up.

"Mr Cook," said he, "before we go in, I will be frank with you. It goes against the grain with me—Mr David here will bear me out—to ask this favour of you. Yet I would have you believe that I am grateful."

I admired him for these words, for I knew what it cost him to speak them: remembering Rab's temper earlier in the day, however, I feared that they would inflame it afresh. But he was like a chameleon in his mood: it changed colour while you listened to him.

"I am greatly beholding to you, Mr James," he said, with an amazing insolence of imitation. "I cannot say that my stomach was sharp-set for the errand. Mr David here will bear me out."

"But it's a tough job," he added, straightening himself up, and leading the way down the close. You would have thought that it was because of its tough-

ness that he undertook it,—and it may be that it was so.

The office of the 'Journal' had extended its boundaries with the extended burgh of St Brise: the paper was growing with that which it fed upon. Doors knocked out in solid walls, and leading to abutting outhouses and sheds, were signs of prosperous increase. "Peuch! Blelach's risen in the world since I was here!" Rab said, looking about him. We entered the business offices, now unoccupied and unlighted, the main one a dark porch for the machine-room beyond. Over these Blelach had had a sanctum erected for himself—a structure of skirt-ing-board and tiles—up to which ran a wooden stair, scarce more than a fixed ladder.

It was the supper-hour when we arrived—"lousin' time," Rab said. The machine-room was lit by tall flames of gas from whistling burners. In a corner where an upright boiler was fixed, a group of men, drinking tea from mugs, sat in the ruddy glow of the furnace; from the bars of which drops of fire fell with a "phit-phit" among the ashes. The machine was stopped; the machine-man was fixing tapes on its arrested flapping fin, and a boy sprawled on the feeding-board, half asleep, with his face in a 'Boys of England.' One old man compositor, with grey hair flying, and looking like a moulted bird, peck-pecked diligently at his case. The foreman, the clicker, with a harassed air, peddled back and forward with lines of type gripped between rigid thumb and fingers.

All this we saw through the glass partition of the innermost of the unlighted rooms into which Rab manœuvred us unobserved.

"You seem at home here, Rab?" said I.

"Like the man who knew the place mechanically, only by having got drunk there. . . . Now you gentlemen had better wait, while I go forward and reconnoitre. Possibly there will be no call for the reserves."

We sat down in the semi-darkness to wait. I could not see Mr Clephane's face; but I knew instinctively that he was uneasy, and inclined to jib at the whole business. He would be difficult to handle.

We heard Rab mount the stair. A door was thrown open, and voices came flying out, spreading through the ramshackle structure.

"Rab! Rab Cuick! what are you doing here? How are you, Rab?"

"The very best!"

("They at least seem not to have heard the news," I whispered.—"Do you know them?" James asked.—I named old Rolland the lawyer, and Paul, a merry, clever fellow, who had missed his vocation in becoming a painter. I could distinguish their voices; but not Blelach's. Blelach had a voice like a silver bell.)

"Sit ye down, Rab," cried Paul. "Blelach will be back shortly. I'm in the seat of the scorner, in his absence. He's at the Harbour Commission himself."

"Then Treasurer Tommy

Pendreigh's on his feet to-night, for a moral."

"Right! You know the compact, I see. Blelach reports him in full, and 'Slippery Tommy' gives him the town's printing."

"Perquisites of the Press," says Rab.

"Cabbage!" cried Rolland.

"The tailor has his cabbage and the weaver his sprunt, Mr Rolland, and if I were to give a name to a lawyer's trimmings . . ."

"Huts! You two! What's your news, Rab?"

"What's yours, Mr Paul? You seem to be in travail over that sheet o' paper. Can I help you out?"

"Blue."

"What! not lapsed?"

"Eternally."

"You don't say dead?"

"As Habbie Simpson. And Blelach wants an obituary. Any contributions?"

Ken ye ought o' Sailor Blue,
Igo and Ago,
Always sober when not fu',
Iram coram dago."

"Death has removed from our midst a well-known . . . pair o' thoombes. . . . Well, he was a notable!"

"The last of the Town's Worthies! And what a collection they were!"

High o'er the rest 'The Crow' and
'Schlatchter' stand;
'Hawkie'; and 'Blue'—the last of
that bright band!"

"His memory will long be cherished in the community because of the prodigality and helpfulness of his oaths."

"He died a reformed character, mind."

"Touching that—bring in the story of him and his wife Bess. You know it? In his post-reformation days he took to reading the Book aloud to Bess—a chapter a night. He was reading of Paul's shipwreck—the Apostle Paul . . . 'The sailors deemed that they were nigh unto land. . . . 'Deemed! . . . Ay! Bess,' said he, shutting the Book, 'they've aye been a coorse lot, sailors!'"

"Good! Rab," cried the painter, "good. But I'm not sure that Blelach would put it in. It might offend!"

"Blelach's not reforming in his old age, like 'Blue'? Taken to look after the people's morals, has he?" laughed Rab.

"Wiser than some folk, he has taken to looking after his own business."

"Hoch!" says Paul, "if that's one for me, Mr Rolland, maybe all of us are getting over old for this kind o' nonsense. It's a good Fife proverb, 'Like Willie Jamieson, it tak's you to mind your ain brewst'; and I daursay I'd be better at home myself, 'tending the shop, and putting past for my bairns. A man should settle down with advancing years."

"'Should' 's a fallacy," cries Rab, "but 'does' is a fact. As sure as the blood runs caulder, the interest gets callous. Then you've got to keep squeezing at the bottle o' sensation, if you're not to die o' thirst."

"Blelach's going to make

shift wi' Tommy Pendreigh's bottle."

"How so?"

"Don't ask me for particulars. Blelach doesn't intrust me with his affairs; though he is glad enough to have my advice."

"No! no one ever got fat on Blelach."

"I wouldn't say no one," says Rolland. "I fancy our friend 'Slippery Tommy' will come out right in the bargain. 'He can pick his lone,' as some one said. It's not for nothing that he gives Blelach the run of his cellar, and finances him in all these extensions. Tommy will be running for the provostship one of these days—a wink's as good as a nod; and the motto here now is: All things to all men,—excepting to Tommy's enemies."

"So," recited Paul—

"The tide of blood in him
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till
now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the
sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state
of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal—*magistracy*."

In other words, Blelach's turned away his former self, like Prince Hal."

"Oh, that's none so easily done. Depend upon it, his former self is there still, though under a cloud for the moment. You'll see that, should ever things go against him again."

"You're a shrewd man, Rolland," cried Paul. "You know what Heine says — and it's stark truth, and has often frightened me — 'For cruelty

there's nothing to beat a back-going shopkeeper,' says he, or to that effect."

"Heine!" cried Rab; "I've read him out of the Mechanics' Institute. He's a dandy!"

"And he might have said that for ingratitude there's nothing like a newspaper proprietor to his hired bravos."

"Poor Blue!" said Rab, with a note in his voice, by which I could tell he was strangely moved. "They're in a bad way who never get into a straight file wi' the ruck o' folk. . . . Gie Blue decent burial, Mr Paul."

"Are you dropping a tear o' pity for yourself," asked Roland with a sneer.

"They don't call you the 'Skunk' for nothing, Roland," Rab said savagely.

("Hear the rascal!" said James: he was evidently in a suspense between delight in the novelty of the adventure and disgust at his own participation in it. "Nay," I answered, "the other is the rascal—or a rascal, at any rate." I was fretting in a depression deeper than ever, because of the talk of these fellows: look where one would, it was a glimpse of the disillusionment of life that he received,—the strain of divided duty; and in this dejection of spirit I found myself suddenly in closer sympathy, or a closer understanding at least, with Rab.

My voice was drowned by the "cla-clack" of the printing-machine resuming work. The sound seemed to cast down the scale of disgust in James. "You ought never to have

brought me to this place," he cried. "There's nothing to be done here. Come away!"—"Hush," said I, and pulled him back. The outer door had opened, and two figures bustled through the unlighted porch. "May I hazard an observation?" said a smooth voice.—"That's Tommy Pendreigh," I whispered.—"What is he doing here?" James growled; "I've bought my wine of the fellow for thirty years!"—"And Blalach," I said again, as I heard his voice like a bell in the machine-room.

The printing-machine stopped at his command; the voices above reasserted themselves; and Blalach and Tommy mounted. There was a second's silence on their entry; then a quick step across the floor overhead, and a sound of feet and of a falling chair.)

"That's for your paragraph!" came Blalach's voice in cold anger. Blalach, I learned afterwards, had stood in the doorway for a moment, taken in surprise at the sight of Rab there; then, stepping up to him, aimed a blow at him with his clenched fist. He was a siccar little man. Rab stepped aside out of reach, and stood with his back to the wall, a twisted laugh on his face.

"Social feeling, gentlemen, social feeling!" cried Tommy, with the instinct of his nature and calling; while Paul slipped in between them. We could hear the voice of the Treasurer patting the hubbub in soaped-pig manner.

When the tumult fell sufficiently for us to hear again,

Blalach was reading aloud. — "Under District News: Town-of-Tarvit. Here it is! *Fashionable Intelligence*. — A waft of romance has floated over the heighs and howes of mid-Fife this week. The Love god . . . and so on, and so on. We cannot mention names, as the parties have not formally announced the event; but we may say that it reunites two families whose properties march. The lady is a daughter of a great political House in Fife, and the father of the happy man is one of the best known personages in the County."

("Patience!" I cried. James had leapt to his feet; but he sat down again, quelled by the despair in my voice. Light had broken on me: Rab must have sent on that paragraph this morning.)

"And now Saddler Fleming tells me at the Council meeting that it's his journeyman, David Cook, that has eloped with Miss Jenny Clephane. This night's post brought a letter from him, from Edinburgh. . . . They're on their way abroad. 'Properties march,' forsooth! 'Best known personages in the County!'"

"Well, he is my son—though I've disowned him," chirped Rab.

"Is it true?"—"Are they married?"—"Where have they gone to?"

"To the best of my belief, gentlemen, married," Rab answered them. "And, to quote the Rev. Mr Bannerman, 'waontingly ro-aming o-over the fields of do-omestic bliss,'—whatever that may mean. Be-

yond that, I ken no more than that paragraph tells you."

"If I may venture an observation, Mr Blalach," said the Treasurer, sweetly, "I think you've been hox-ed."

"I print what I like in my paper," cried Blalach angrily.

"Ho! ho! If I may venture an observation," says Rab, "it's me that prints in it what I like."

"We'll see about that," cries Blalach, running down the stairs.

"This is a serious business, Treasurer."

"It's not libellous, do you say, Mr Rolland?"

"T'oh! you never know. It may mean a lot o' money. Can I take your brief?"

"It must come out."

"But how?" said Paul. "It's in the inside sheet, and printed off."

"But it must come out."

"It's an awkward thing for you, Mr Pendreigh, this rumour getting abroad that you are at the back o' the paper. It'll involve you."

"And, I happen to know, the Clephanes are taking this affair very badly," said Rab.

"Is it so? Is it so?" cried Tommy. "We maun find a way out o' this."

"Here he comes," says Rab. "Suggest to him to heat the poker, Treasurer."

"Well?" said Paul, as Blalach entered.

"The inside sheet's nearly printed off," he answered, in vexation.

"If I might hazard a suggestion, Mr Blalach, how would it do to heat your poker?"

"That's an idea, Treasurer!"

"Mr Blalach daren't do it," laughed Rab; and began to twitter flouts and veiled hints of a new authority behind the 'Journal.'

"Daren't!" Blalach cried, stung to desperate bravado; and ran down the stairs again.

"It's a very wrong thing to do," said the Treasurer, unctuously, "to prent what will offend the feelings of decent folk."

"It is," said Rab. "By the way, Mr Pendreigh, I've got a fine rub for your friends, the teetotallers."

"Yes!" says the Treasurer, eagerly. "Yes!"

"Poute. And Moncur."

"Let's hear! Let's hear!"

"Give me a pen . . . no, no, take it down, Mr Paul. *Unfortunate Accident.—As we go to press we hear that our townsmen, Messrs Moncur and Poute, met with a serious accident last night. They had been addressing a temperance meeting at Ord, and when driving home, on reaching the Brig of Ord, their gig capsized, and both gentlemen were thrown out. Happily no bones were broken. We understand that both gentlemen were sober at the time.*"

"Capital, Rab, capital!" cried Pendreigh. "We maun get that in. . . . But what's Blalach about: let's go down and see."

They trooped down the ladder and into the machine-room, as Blalach, with a red-hot poker in his hand, came running to the file of inside sheets lying at the tail of the printing-machine.

"Out of this!" cried James, making for the door.

"Yes, I think we may go," I said, following him up the close, and into the High Street, whither the smell of singeing paper followed us.

We had not gone many steps eastward when we were overtaken by Rab. I saw that he was all in a perspiration, and extraordinarily excited. "He's done it! He's done it!" he cried in glee.—"You have done it, sir!" said James sternly, and with a far-sightedness that surprised me; "proclaimed it tenfold by this tomfoolery!"—"Mercy!" cried Rab. "I was so keen upon the doing of the thing that I clean forgot my intention in doing it!"

James said nothing to impugn him, but stalked in front of us to the Sir Andrew, where we found Richard waiting for us impatiently. He had ridden to intercept us with the best of Mr Trail's advice, which was to have as little as possible to do with Blalach; but his nag had fallen lame, and he had had to walk it into St Brise, and stable for the night.

He drove home with us, therefore, sitting in front beside his uncle, while I got up behind with Rab. I did not require Mr Clephane's looks to tell me that I had been tricked into making a mess of things. I knew it only too well. Yet, deeper than my resentment towards the Rascal, who sat silent and huddled beside me, was an impression of the day's events which fixed me in a kind of correspondence with him. I

understood in a vague way that the defection of Blalach was a blow to him; I felt as if in my own misery I could companion him; and he was quick to interpret my feeling, and, I think, to resent it.

"You owe me something for this night's work," he said.

"Oh! we heard," I answered. "You sent in that paragraph."

"It's the getting it out I mean. . . . There's not another man in Great Britain could have made Blalach do yon."

"You're a pair," I said, in the abandonment of misery.

"Not a pair!" he crowed. "Not a pair! There's only one of us now. . . . He has *fallen*, as the theologians say."

"But to Grace," I snapped.

"Aye sharp, Dauvid!"

"Follow his example," I said again, but without fight.

"Never!" he crowed; "never! Do you know," he said, edging nearer me on the seat, and by the intensity of his arrogance startling me into a new conception of the man, "I think I'm one among ten thousand!"

James dropped him at the Bowes corner without a word.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DESCENT OF PARABO.

It was in the small hours that we reached Noohy. Miss Riggs had sat up for our return, —as doubtless she would have done in any case; but now she ran into the hall to meet us.

"Hey!" she cried; "that's the daftest man that ever I set eyes on!"

"Parabo is here?" Richard asked.

"Here and awa'."

"Awa'!" we all cried in a breath.

"Ay, awa'!" Tony answered. "Oh! don't ask me. . . . He came louping in from the gig, carrying a big bass fiddle that he wouldn't let Sandy handle,—he has scarce a scrap of luggage else that I can see. . . ."

"A 'cello, not a big bass!" corrected Richard, laughing.

"Very possibly; and not more likely to hold his linen than the other," Tony went on. "'Ah, Madame!' cries he, taking my hand, and kissing

it. 'Ah, Mees Reegs, you are blessed in a charming locality.'

"'You haven't had much time to judge of it,' I said.

"'I judge from the leetle, and I will see more,' he answered. 'I will go back this night, and see her, and listen to her. . . . divine!'

"At first I could not understand what he meant.

"He went on: 'I drive along in your carriage, beside Sandé. The porter call him Sandé. There was no room behind because of my 'cello. "I will sit with you, Sandé," I say, "and you will tell me all I want to know." We come round by your beautiful wood,—the Bous wood, Sandé say. . . . And there I heard that voice in the moonlight, among the trees. "Halt! Sandé!" I cry. "What is that sound, Sandé?" — "You need not be feared," Sandé reply; "the mare, she sooks wind—she sooks wind," Sandé say—"the

mare!" . . . O! *Mon Dieu!* . . . And all the time that voice! and he will not listen! . . . "It is not the mare," cry I; "it is Euterpe herself, and the stars are standing still at the sound. Listen!" cry I.—"Is it the lassie singing in the wud?" say Sandé, and pointing with the whip. . . . What a picture! Against the silver smoke of the little firs, with limbs and breasts of a goddess, and hair of gold taking the uprising moon, and a song—*Jesu!*—such a song! . . . "Who is she, Sandé!" I cry.—"Rab-cuickscharlotte," says he.—"Ah! Rabcuickscharlotte!" I cry. "Cannot we wait?"—"No," say Sandé, and bring me here. . . . But I will go back and see this Rabcuickscharlotte!"

"Ah!" Richard Clephane broke in upon Tony's recital, with an intensity most unusual in him; "I always thought Charlotte Cook had a fine quality of voice; and now Parabo says so, and he knows."

At his words my heart gave a great leap to my throat. It was Charlotte they were speaking of—my Charlotte in the Den. She herself had set up a barrier between her and me this afternoon. Ho! at most it was a barrier erected between us on level ground, and I did not doubt that I could surmount it. All our days we had been playing this recurring game of breaking down and setting up. But now, with a flash of illumination, Richard's words warned me that she might be carried

into a world whither I could not follow her,—where she would be unattainable for me. If, since last night in the Den, my heart had proclaimed Richard my rival, truly I was not conscious of it. Now I knew him for my enemy.

I essayed to speak, but James, who was working to a conclusion more slowly with his wits, put up his hand upon my words, and turned to Tony.

"So Mr Parabo has gone out again?" he asked.

"Hours syne," she answered.

"He went up to his room to wash after his journey—if he had out his hair 'twould be no ill done. 'Will we stand your fiddle in the boot-room?' I asked.—'My feedle is my wife,' he says with a laugh; 'she go with me.'—'Then Sandy will carry her up for you,' I says.—'I am a jealous hosband,' he laughs again, and takes up his fiddle himself. When he came down he would scarce eat a bite.—'Sit down,' I said, 'Rab Cuick's lass will keep, but your dinner will not.'—'Yes, Mees Reegs,' he says, 'but——'"

"That will do, that will do," said James. "What kind of man is this that you have brought to my house?" he asked, turning very sharp upon Richard. "That steals out at night—the very first night he is here—after some village girl?"

"Oh! Parabo's fiddle is his wife, and his sweetheart, too," says Richard. "He will not make love to Charlotte."

I gave a twitch of my hand at the easy words.

"Or I might be jealous myself," he continued, wonderfully enlarged from his reserve.

"You would do well to be jealous," James said, "for Charlotte Cook is a connection of your family. And, by Heaven!" he went on in a sudden white heat, "the honour of your family can bide with you, Richard Clephane, and a bonnie time it will have of it."

At this moment there was a footfall in the avenue outside, and when Tony opened the door Rab Quick was already on the step.

"Miss Riggs, your humble servant!" he said, as his way was. "Ah! Mr Clephane," he continued, turning to one and the other of us all in the hall, "—and Dauvid. You hadn't looked to see more of me this night?"

"Indeed I had not," said James Clephane, the anger full in his voice.

". . . But on the way home I met your guest a little hankled in the by-roads, and brought him back with me. . . . Don't shut the door, Miss Riggs, please, or you'll shut him out. He has just stepped to the garden end, to see the Lomond hills by moonlight. He appears to have a wonderful fancy for the beautiful; but, I am afraid, little taste for proper times and seasons."

By this, Richard Clephane was out in the garden, where we could hear him "Paraboning!" in the moonlight. Presently he came back with the

truant. I do not remember that I have described Richard Clephane to you. He was tall, and dark, yet something sparkling of visage; and he wore his hair close-cropped, and his black beard also cropped, and always neatly pointed. He had a straight and clean-shaped figure and leg, and the wear of his clothes was always easy; and the colour of his eyes I forget, except the show of white in them. He stepped into the hall, in his quiet, masked manner, a contrast to the little, gesticulating man on his arm. Parabo wore his hair long, as Tony had said; his face was clean-shaven; in contour almost hawk-like, in expression bland and happy; and his eyes were blue like a child's.

I observed all this in a flash, and Rab eyeing them curiously, and James and Tony exchanging glances. But James Clephane almost always had a courteous way with him—when courteous, the most so of any man I ever met, I think; and he welcomed Parabo before Richard could make a motion to introduce them.

"Come away in, Mr Parabo," he said, as if it had still been elders' hours.

It was clear that Parabo, as Rab had said, made no account of time or season. He offered not a word about being out so late; but evidently this greeting touched him, and he shook Nocht's hand heartily.

"You are kind," he said. "And this lady—she minister to me in your absence."

"You maun pardon our seem-

ing neglect," said James. "My nephew will have sent you word that, by an unexpected happening, you honour my house instead of his; the same business took us away to-night."

"Ah, yes! I have heard—your niece! Let me felicitate you on the happy circumstance. And you, Richard, your sister! I congratulate you!"

"Shall we go in?" said the young man with ill-attempted gaiety, and a plain look of anger towards Rab. The wind came into that gentleman's cheek again with the glint in his eye, and his fingers of one hand beat the closed knuckles of the other.

"Ay, take Mr Parabo in," said James; "go in all of you. I have a word with Mr Rab Cook here. . . . Whose son," he continued, in accordance with his resolve, which, it was easy to see, was a duty much against the grain with him, "whose son, David, is—the happy man."

To the strife and play of eyes and words amongst us Parabo evidently was blind. He shook Rab warmly by the hand when Richard would have marched him off.

"We will meet again, Mr Rabcuick," he says, "and continue your agreeable discourse."

We passed into the dining-room, while James went forth with Rab. He accompanied him punctiliously to the Nochtly march. I never knew what passed between them precisely; but when James joined us presently, his face was in deeper gloom.

It was in this manner that

Parabo first made his descent upon us—for he paid more than one visit to Clephane within the next week or two. His coming into our midst was like the advent of a rare bird, or like something more wonderful still,—a new kind of weather (if such a thing can be imagined). I never judged him quite as a man: rather he was, as Tony Riggs always spoke of him, showing thereby that she did not dislike him, "that daft crater, Paraboo." Expert extraordinary on the 'cello he doubtless was: for anything else on earth, so far as I could discover, the town natural was not more feckless. Fiddle, music,—that was his world. He had not a suspicion, I am certain, of the troubles, and the tragedies even, of those households into which he had come,—Nochtly, Clephane, Rab Cuick's: never a thought or suspicion of any that he himself might bring into them. To the serious facts of life, such as the consequences of an elopement, he was oblivious. In more than one talk which I had with him, for example, I would have explained how much the discovery of the minerals, and the skilful development of them, meant to his young friend; but my instruction did not fall on receptive ears. He could not follow me, or did not, but wandered off on by-paths more to his fancy. And chief of these was one leading to the discovery of a musical genius in Richard Clephane—a discovery so fateful for us all.

For this rare creature—a casual visitant you might say,

just alighting at Clephane and away again, in his flight across Fife—changed all our lives. Save for him, it may be thought, the intercourse between Clephane and the Bowes household would have slackened after Jenny's elopement. That is possible; it was Nocht's conviction, though I am far from sure. But at Parabo's account lies Richard's going off that winter to London, with a plan—a wild plan only unfolded to us by degrees when he was settled there—of giving himself to a musical life. Of Richard Clephane's talent I have gathered an opinion, but have no certain knowledge. Of his ambition, I cannot say even now whether it was long-rooted or deep-rooted, or whether it was only a chance spark blown by Parabo into a flame. I had not heard of it before; none of us, unless it were in the Back Bowes, knew of it now,—least of all James Clephane, to whom the understanding of it came a month or two later like a blow in the dark. But whatever its lineage, it was developing into a settled purpose during those brief visits of Parabo. Therein he was the accidental instrument which slipped us on to new rails of destiny; and had that been his only influence upon us, I should not be so greatly at a loss to explain it. But it is as a rare bird, or a new kind of weather; as a glimpse of a new country; a burst of youth in the blood, a touch of spring in the heart, that I would picture it. To us it was like the sight of the outward-bound ship in the

Firth to Charlotte's mother. . . . "To us" I ought not to say. To Charlotte he was that. My Charlotte was like a bird—free, wayward, innocent of ill; and so I think may Parabo have been—free, wayward, innocent. On Charlotte, howsoever it was, he worked a miracle in the enlargement of her spirit; and mine struggled after hers. That is my history. Even when my footsteps had followed Aunt Sarah's, my spirit was struggling after Charlotte's.

All this I see now; but at the time Parabo was only a puzzle, which even James Clephane, in a fashion partly quizzical, partly irascible, set himself to solve. At first his presence was a strain on Nocht's temper. Richard's acquaintance with him was in his eyes a thing discreditable—like Jenny's alliance with a Cook, which had wounded him to the quick: though, perhaps, it served as an antidote for the relief of that wound. The entertainment of Parabo took young Richard's mind still further off the estate affairs, which were occupying James and me from morning to night. And at all times Richard's indifference to them fanned his uncle's smouldering wrath. This was a fine back-end. The winter had been open, and the spring only moderately dry; there were no frosts or floods to kill off the young broods, and the partridges were plentiful and strong on the wing early. It was hard that in such a year he should have to give up his shooting on most days for estate business which his

nephew showed no interest in; and always when he and I, down in the Den, heard the crack! crack! of guns through the misty weather, he began to fret afresh at Richard.

Nevertheless, I could see that, against his will almost, James began to like Parabo. "He's very harmless, poor body," he would say to me. Once Richard overheard him, and gave a half-amused, half-contemptuous laugh.

"You are talking of one of the greatest 'cello players in Europe," he said.

"I'm talking of a man as I find him, though he is but a fiddler," James answered testily, taking the wind out of Richard's sails nicely.

It certainly was not by his music that Parabo won Nocht's favour. I think it was because of his fearlessness with the animals about the place that James was first drawn to him. The dogs, chained or unchained, never showed their teeth to him. There was in the stables at Clephane a vicious kicking brute of a horse whom, on that account, they were trying to get rid of; and when Parabo went up to it, it laid back its ears, and let him do with it what he liked. The cattle-man was full of the incident, and told Mr Clephane of it.

"Some people are like that with animals," James said to me, referring to this; "and I must confess that I never knew a bad man one of them. But what a life for a good man!"

I knew that he was puzzling over Parabo.

"I have heard it explained

that it lies all in the eye," I said. "Beasts look in the eye, and if they see it clear and untroubled they can understand it, and are pacified. That's why children always manage them. But most folks when they grow up are so troubled by the cross-currents and meaning of life that they carry a cloudy eye; and animals, looking into it and seeing something wild and uneasy, get uneasy and wild themselves. Some again, among all the cross-currents that toss them about, are never anything else than children. Maybe this Parabo is one of them. Morality," I continued, wading deeper in my borrowed theme, and somewhat pleased with myself,—*"Morality is a needful thing for most people, to keep them on the straight path; but it may be there is a better state that some are born into, which you cannot call moral, because it is above morality."*

James had stood still to look at me while I was speaking.

"Humph!" he said, walking on again. "That's doubtful, dangerous doctrine, Mr Shirra. Where did you pick up that?"

"I confess," I said, "that it was Rab Cuick who first——"

"Rab Cuick!" he cried hotly. "He would suck virtue out o' the things of life till they're like a wizened nut. You do not mistrust the man sufficiently, Mr Shirra. I have noticed that. Let me counsel you, for I like you. His talk is to the moral nature like the letting of blood to the body. Do not encourage the rascal, even by listening to him."

Nocht spoke as my father

used to speak. Strange, that Rab always angered plain honest men! But in this case they did him an injustice. It was Charlotte, not Rab, to whom I had listened.

Parabo, too, paid James the compliment, which no man can resist, of being enraptured with his entertainment. He was simple, enjoying everything like a child! He had never lived on a farm in his life, and the sights and sounds of Clephane and Nochtly were a constant delight to him. He had travelled all over the world, knew its most beautiful cities, had seen all its most gracious sights, and here he was—and who would not have been won by him because of it?—getting into a rapture with this corner of Fife, and especially with the Den, where the beech-trees climb so serenely to the sky.

There was one day in particular when Parabo in this respect was irresistible. We had played truant from our work for a day's shooting. James and Richard and I were the guns, and were out on the rough country westwards from Nochtly with a brace of spaniels. We had expected Parabo to join us; but Parabo, it appeared, would not shoot, never did—couldn't bear to touch such bonny, living things; and Richard, unknown to his uncle, handed him over in the morning to Rab Cuick for entertainment. Mr Clephane was in a furious rage with Richard when he heard of it, but the sport soon mollified him. The birds were plentiful: we found our first covey in the grassy road

at Nochtly, where they rose and whipped like a spread fan over the hedge, giving a difficult snap-shot, which only James succeeded in taking; and that put him into a good temper instantly. We worked round the rough ground by the river, James shooting splendidly, and the spaniels, for spaniels, retrieving more prettily than I ever saw these dogs do; and when we sat down at the burn-side on Nochtly's north field, and pulled out flask and luncheon and pipe, Mr Clephane was as merry as a grig.

The sight of Parabo and Rab Cuick crossing the field to us came as a cloud on his spirits.

"I won't have that rascal with us!" he cried, and would have risen had not we smoothed him down; but he could not have escaped had he wished, for Parabo was running towards us in a whirlwind of delight, leaving Rab to step it demurely far behind.

"Oh! what a man, Rab-cuick!" he cried.

The rascal had cast his spell over him. He had taken him through the Bowes, introducing him to all its strangest inhabitants, every fiddler in it and every droll, and Parabo was in an ecstasy. James turned his back to us, frowning, and giving no sign of recognition when Rab came up. Some berries, still dewy in the eye of the sun, on the opposite side of the burn caught Parabo's eye, and he was off to the bridge to cross for them.

"What a man!" I cried.

"It's all a matter of whiskers," said Rab.

"Whiskers!"

"Ay," said Rab; "in a manner of speech, whiskers. You ken how a cat crosses a table of glass and things in the dark, overturning none, feeling its way with its whiskers. So it is with us. We've got whiskers that keep us straight over the difficult and chancy places in life. Whiskers for things. Shrewdness we call it sometimes; sometimes just common-sense. There's Mr James, now: he'll be driving through a part of the country he was never in before and kent nothing about; but 'Fine land for green crops,' he'll say, instinctively hitting the truth. Or it might be a kittle thing, a speculation or an investment: 'I don't like the look of it,' he'll say, and behold! the bottom is knocked out of it before a year is passed. Or maybe he'll cast an eye on a countryside and say, 'A likely place for coal,' and, sure enough, there's coal for the boring."

James hitched on his seat on the bank, for it was known he never dreamed of coal on Nochtly until Rab pointed it out.

"That's his whiskers," Rab continued. "Whiskers for

things. Now, our friend Mr Parabo there has whiskers with a more delicate feel—whiskers for the invisible. Carse and den and burn-side for him have their ain intangible, spiritual meaning—a melody, a bonnie inspiration . . ."

"But," I interrupted, "Rab,"—for I was carried away again by the rascal's words,—"you yourself see both—the out-crop and the bonnie tune."

"I maun ha'e a double set," cries Rab, with a snigger.

"Give that rascal short cuttings—short cuttings, sir," cries James, leaping to his feet and red in the face with anger. "I have warned you before. Have nothing in common with him."

"He cannot help himself," Rab's mocking voice followed us as James carried me off to the stubbles, while Richard went after Parabo. "He cannot help himself. I have my eye on him. He's beginning to sport a double set of his own."

James turned to look to me, and I grew hot under his eye. I was feeling myself for the truth of Rab's words; and something told me they were true.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FLIGHT.

The deep-winter months succeeding the elopement of David Cook with Jenny Clephane, and Richard Clephane's entry into the life of a gentleman fiddler (James Clephane's phrase), were a season of blossoming in my own business career. My uncle, Mr Trail, was beginning to break up. He was not at the

end of his tether yet—it was tough in the fibre; but racing up and down Fife had worn out his body, and his spirit was unable longer to sustain that mass of untended papers and correspondence which all my energies could not prevent growing weightier upon his desk. More and more of the

business was passing on to my shoulders; and in a corresponding degree I was gaining the ear and confidence of our clients. I seemed suddenly to have unfolded and to flower in the community. If I was not assumed partner, it was simply because, as all the world knew, when the time came for Mr Trail to take the rest in the churchyard which he never would give himself in his own chair, there was none save myself to enter upon his various activities.

It was a peaceful growing-time in Clephane estate affairs also. The development of the minerals went forward smoothly; and the threatened encroachment of the railway on the estate was arrested, pending the hearing of the Bill in Committee. Of the young owner of Clephane, meanwhile, I heard little. Communications between him and us were on business purely,—letters and deeds, which Mr Trail handed to me to read and attend to. I never quite knew his mind upon them. Sometimes he would throw them over to me in a birse; at other times he seemed to approve the lad's conduct. Richard addressed us at first from Burlington Street, or perhaps it was from off St James's Square,—the Jermyn Street address, at any rate, came later; and as frequently as not his letters were from other people's houses, written on paper with imposing crests. Such as were not replies to ours on formal business connected with the estate were concerned with the drawing of money for

his personal needs. Evidently the "gentleman fiddler" was enjoying himself.

It was difficult to procure more definite information of how he was getting on. James Clephane, when he called at the office, or when I was with him at Nocht (as happened sometimes still), refused to open his lips on the subject. I wrote to our corresponding agents in London, a firm of solicitors, and I asked them to give me any news in a general way of a Mr Richard Clephane, from our part, who was presently in the metropolis, and had some repute as a player on the violin; and after a time I received from them a few cuttings from a Society newspaper, which told me little to the point. Rab had news, and went about displaying a corner or fringe of it in his conversation; but always when I would have had him uncover further, he gave a twist and was off.

"He's doing as well as could be expected," he said. "He's doing fine. Enjoying himself immensely—immensely."

"You don't believe, then, that he will succeed?" I asked.

"Succeed? Oh! that's where you are? Well, he might."

"If he work."

"Work! What's work without the inspiration!"

"And cannot he get that?"

"Get it? Get it? It's like what Shakespeare says o' mercy. Inspiration, I tell you, is like a sweat; you cannot be sure of forcing it, and yet it will never come by waiting."

Or he would fall into a fascinating rant about music: "As

subtle and fine as a waft o' wind in a hot sun," he would say; "or like the scent o' the woods. . . . Have you a nice nose, Dauvid?" And then, before you could follow his twist, he was standing off, laughing at you.

I had a conviction that Charlotte also had a knowledge of her own of Richard Clephane, though his name was never mentioned between us. If I am honest, I will confess that my visits to Nocht, few as they were, would have been made less often but for the excuse they gave me for calling upon Charlotte. I used to go over that estate in the Den, with my heart in my mouth at every turn, in the hope of seeing a face that never came to meet me. And when I went to the cottage, though the end of the song was beating in my heart, I could not sing it. I could not. There was one day in particular: in the garden Rab had hailed me in her presence with the rumour of my marriage with a girl in Fallowfield,—"a good and a bonny lass, they tell me; and, better still, an heiress,"—and I denied it hotly and eagerly, with a look to Charlotte which she must have known the meaning of. Was I honest? Was the look true? I was honest; and I was not honest; and it was the truth all the same. Why did she not believe me that day! Why did I not speak out the flame in my heart!

Yet, now, I would not have had it so; and Charlotte, I believe, — nay, I know, — would

not. There are some who talk lightly of the troubles and ills of the heart; some who laugh at them. God! each heart knows its own happiness.

Blame me for a poor weak creature in these days! But, before God, Charlotte was the rose in my heart! . . . There was Mr Trail, a failing man; and everybody flattering me who was to step into his shoes. The fattest business in the county; and an arm-chair in the midst of it waiting for me. Affairs? Whose affairs did I not manage? All my life I had been brought up to look for the cracking of this nut; and here it lay broken for me at three-and-thirty, with the rich ripe kernel mine for the picking. I was sailing too strongly on a full tide. The world was going too well for me: even in the pursuit of duty the world may go too well with us. I was suffering the itch of an ambition—to be a big man in that little county. And Charlotte . . . Charlotte was always Charlotte; but—I could not forget it—Rab was Rab. He was the test at which my spirit failed; and I think he understood that. His gibes now, at any rate, were always oblique reflections on my case; scarce to be distinguished — so slightly distorted were they—from those of some wise man determining my dilemma. And always, in his statement of it, there was a glance, aslant, at Edith Duncan in Fallowfield.

So engrossed, I missed the signs, which otherwise I must surely have detected, that

things were not going well with the Back Bowes household. Rab was driving on the rocks at last; while I, in my selfishness, wondered only how much he knew of Richard Clephane, and fretted because Charlotte seemed posted in news of him, possibly by Richard himself. Revelation of the true state of matters came to me in the notice that a debtor's warrant had been issued against Rab; and then all Fife was laughing at another of the rascal's exploits.

It fell out through Poute, the sheriff's officer. I knew the man well—a great stoop of a Baptist Conventicle and a spouter of Radical doctrines: things, many thought, ill-becoming in a man holding a public office. He was of the order of busybodies in virtue—positive moralists much affected by vanity; and of course he was a teetotaller, which probably seemed to him so strange in a man in his position (as indeed it was) that he imagined all the world ought to have remarked it. Between him and Rab there had been several passages of arms,—affairs of ordinary burgh humour,—the last of them over the notice in the 'Journal,' on the occasion when Poute and Moncur were tipped out of their gig at the Brig of Ord. The sheriff's officer had been ill-advised enough to attack Blelach in the public street for that report, and had come badly off with a "Well, you *were* sober, were you not?" for answer; and this made him more than ever incensed against the rascal

who, by first giving a malicious turn to the report of the accident (as everybody knew), was the fount of all the derision which he suffered in the matter.

It was with more than a professional eagerness, therefore, that Poute set out to put an indignity upon Rab by serving the warrant upon him. He hired a gig at the Bell Inn to drive him up to Bowes, taking with him as witness that old hunchback Baldy, whom I see always, as I have explained already, hanging from the scaffolding like a stable lantern. They reached the village in the quiet of the afternoon, and drove up to the garden-gate of the Back Bowes cottage.

Whether Rab was expecting them or not, there is no telling. He had an instinct like a land-rail for any one on his heels. He was in the front room, at any rate, with Charlotte, when the gig stopped at the gate; and whether surprised by their appearance or not, was ready for them in a twinkling. Poute had jumped down, and had his hand on the latch of the gate when Charlotte caught sight of him.

"Some one calling," she said, for she did not know him.

"Mr Poute from St Brise," says Rab. "It's a sharp day for driving. Take him into the fire and bring out the mercies for him while I'm changing my clothes. He's a shy man, and will not be for taking it. But press him, press him. Make it a good stiff glass, for it maun be perishing in a gig."

So he said, and stepped, as Charlotte thought, upstairs. She flung open the door for Poute, and answered his inquiry with the news that her father was at home, and would be down instanter. She brought him in and set him down by the fire. All very dignified and courteous, you may be sure. Then she fetched the bottle from the press and set it before Poute.

"None for me," says he, unctuously; but Charlotte, remembering only her father's instructions, pressed him, which sent the officer into a fit of virtuous indignation.

Suddenly there was a noise at the garden end, and behold! Rab had mounted the gig beside Hunchy Baldy; and taking the reins and laying the whip on the roan horse's back, was away along the west road as fast as the beast could carry him.

Poute swore and stamped, and denounced Charlotte as an accomplice; and by-and-by, thinking of action, was down at the Swan begging for a beast and a trap to pursue the runaways. But

though he tried all the stables in the village, not a horse could he hire. Rab shook the reins and birlled through the village merrily; and in a twinkling the folks seemed to understand the meaning of the sight, and they would not have spoiled the fun by letting out a horse, not for its sale price by the hour. By the time Poute had finished the round of refusals, Rab had pulled up in the middle of the Star Moss, a good seven miles away, and handed Hunchy Baldy the reins.

"Mister Baldy, sir," he says, jumping down, "we've had a great drive; but now I must be back home again. You know the road? Haud even on, and you'll be at St Brise before dark."

An hour later the farmer of Bramaird found Baldy trying to coax a horse out of a peat-bed, and he drove him into St Brise, while Hunchy kept assuring him—

"Yes, sir, it was a trying experience, beyond a' doubt; but he's a diverting conversationalist, yon Rab Cuick!"

(To be continued.)

PROSPECTING ON THE GEM-FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THERE is still a land sacred to the pioneer, a land where neither syndicates nor limited companies exist, and where fortunes are frequently made by "one stroke of the pick." This Land of Promise is in the great Australian desert, on the extreme west of Queensland and New South Wales. The aborigines know it as the "Never-Never" country. At best it is a region of dreary desolation, on which the sun shines with terrific heat by day, and where by night innumerable pests make life almost unbearable. But it is the Eldorado of the fortune-seeker, for with grim sarcasm nature has gifted that inhospitable waste with a wealth of precious opal; and who can resist the allurements of that blood-flashing gem?

The probable opal-bearing district extends throughout the latitudes 22° to 31° south, and from 135° to 146° east longitude; but the resources of the vast desert to the west of Cooper's Creek have not yet been prospected. At present the chief centres are at White Cliffs in New South Wales, and at Eromanga, Winton, Fermoy, Duck Creek, and Koroit, in Queensland.

Opal is a vari-coloured gem, which until recently was regarded with superstitious awe, its powers of emitting ever-changing flashes of fire being associated with the under-world. Now, however, the beautiful

stone is most popular, and its living tints of iridescent splendour are fancifully supposed to represent the various emotions of the human heart.

At White Cliffs there has sprung up a township of over 3000 inhabitants, all of which are engaged directly or indirectly in pursuit of the precious gem. Opal was, and is, found here in parallel layers or seams, at various depths down to about forty feet. There are absolutely no surface indications to guide one; but within a radius of many miles one cannot miss "striking" opal of some grade if a vertical shaft be sunk.

The opal is bought from the miners in the rough by certain Germans and Jews who reside in the town. They pay for it prices ranging from £2 per ounce to the "new chum," up to perhaps thirty sovereigns to the experienced miner who knows its value and—the characteristic traits of the buyers. The average value of the gems, however, is about £10 per ounce; and as it is quite a common occurrence for a man to break through a matrix seam carrying anything under one hundred ounces, it is at once evident that "opalling" has some advantages over gold-mining.

One needs neither money nor experience to start operations at White Cliffs. The store-keepers will readily provide the necessaries of life until the new chum "strikes it," and a pick,

rope, and bucket are all that is required in the way of tools, although a crude windlass is generally added when one takes on the indispensable mate. But White Cliffs is not now what it once was. Encouraged by the many reports of fortunes made, and the comparative ease with which the fields could be reached from Sydney and Adelaide, the "disreputables" from the various Australian capitals have rushed the place. Drinking and gambling saloons are in full swing, and life there is now faster and more furious than that in any American "boom" town. The output of opal is still kept up, but it is no longer the work of the prospector. He likes not the banding together of men, and the close fever-laden atmosphere of a desert township stifles him.

"We're goin' west," a party said to the writer as they shouldered their "swags" preparatory to leaving.

"But there is no water."

"We don't care. If the niggers can live, so can we."

They voiced the opinion of all the old pioneers, who soon after left for the Queensland "fields."

In striking contrast to the White Cliffs of the present are the Queensland centres. They are the real homes of the pioneers, and are likely, by reason of their inaccessible nature, to remain so. On these "fields" are met the daring spirits from all parts of the British Empire. The duke's son has for a mate a Queensland bullock-driver, and the man from Oxford wields

his pick alongside a Canadian lumberman. The typical Australian bushman is also well represented, and the canny Scot and rollicking Irishman here form partnerships that only death can sever.

All the Queensland fields are very much alike, the country for hundreds of miles around being exactly the same—a level iron-shot sand plain with an occasional clump of shadeless gudgya and mulga trees. On approaching any township (!) the eye is dazzled by the glistening white "dumps" surrounding the miners' shafts, and only after closer inspection does the camp appear to the wanderer's gaze. The settlement generally consists of three "bush shanties," and possibly half-a-dozen tents, upon which the sun beats down at a temperature of 150°. The population is always about 120, most of whom have nothing overhead at night but the brilliant Southern Cross—nor do they need more.

"If a man can't go hungry for a week," said an old prospector to the writer recently, "an' sleep where sundown finds him, he needn't go looking for opal."

"Why?"

"'Cause he couldn't even git near the fields."

"How do you know when you are on a field?"

"Stranger, you is green. Why, when you sees the dumps you is on the fields."

"Oh! And how can you tell one field from another?"

"That's easy. When you sees 'Corrugated' Sam you

is in Duck Creek, and when you meets 'Red-headed' Scottie you knows you is on the Toompine fields."

He spoke truly, as I afterwards found out—each place being known to the miners by the name given to its most popular character.

Mining is carried on in the most primitive fashion, the prospector not being able to carry heavy tools in his travelling outfit. The first process after arriving on any field is pegging-out a claim, a square of fifty feet being allowed each man. This is accomplished by inserting four mulga stumps at the corners, after doing which the shaft is started, its position in the claim generally being determined—as most things are—by the side of a coin which comes down uppermost. The first three feet or so consists of soft drift sand—the deposit of countless "willy-willies," or Australian desert tornadoes. Occasionally detached ironstone boulders are met with in this, which are carefully examined for signs of opal matrix—a substance always associated with the gem, and supposed to be very immature opal. A hard conglomeration of ironstone pebbles is next encountered, in which "colours"—little fiery specks of opal—are frequently found. This usually proves about four feet in thickness, after which an extremely hard, porous, and red formation is struck, which turns white on exposure to air. This latter substance—"vitri-fied mud" the miners call it—extends downwards farther

than any one has yet pierced, and in some of the iron leaders running through its vast body the miner hopes to find his long-looked-for "rise."

The melancholy nature of their environments has had a strange effect upon the hardy pioneers of the desert. There is a grim unconscious humour attending all their dealings with their fellows, and to the stranger many of their actions are incomprehensible. Through long intercourse with desert solitude their brain has become slightly distorted; and it is indeed a study to see how some exaggerate trifles to grotesqueness, while with others the greatest good fortune or direst calamity excites no comment. There was one individual famous throughout the camps at Koroit as the "man who never struck anything." He was so unlucky that no one would work with him as a mate, and day after day he picked away alone at the bottom of his shaft, with the dogged perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon in whatever clime. One day he did strike it, however—fully 200 ounces of "pin-fire orange," worth over £20 per ounce.

"Boys, I reckon I'll have a trip out to Brisbane now," he remarked that evening as the men assembled round Silent Ted's camp-fire.

"You should make for Sydney too, Dave," said Long Tom, blowing a cloud of eucalyptus smoke from his pipe. "There's some good 'tucker' shops there."

"I suppose I will, Tom. Any

letters going out, boys?—I goes at sunrise."

This was all that was said, and next morning, after receiving the mails of the community, Dave started off for Eulo, where he hoped to find some conveyance bound for Cunnamulla, the nearest railway terminus.

Four weeks later the men were again sitting round Silent Ted's fire (Ted was an excellent cook, hence his popularity), while "Scottie," one of the writer's men, who had a remarkably vivid imagination, regaled them with tales of adventure weird and wonderful. He was detailing how in the Klondike valley he had thawed gold nuggets from the solid ice, when a stranger emerged from the clump of mulga-trees and crossed the fire-lit space towards the men.

"Night, boys," he said in the usual Bush fashion.

"Night, stranger. Come far? Have some tucker," answered Long Tom, making room for him round the fire.

"O mates! an' doesn't ye not know me?" reproachfully said the stranger, as he attacked the piece of damper in professional style.

"Boys, it's Unlucky Dave," cried Long Tom; "an' he 'as went an' got shaved."

"Snakes! Dave, but we would never have known ye. What luck?" chorused the men.

"Mates, Sydney is no camp for white men," said Dave. "Trains an' 'lectric cars run all through it, an' it's full of Jews. You've got to camp inside a hotel, too, an' you can't git

no air, an' no one knows how to make damper."

"But what did you get for your opal?" queried Scottie.

"Oh! the stuff only fetched two pound an ounce."

"What!" yelled Scottie; "it was worth twenty."

"You's got taken in, Dave," remarked Long Tom.

"I knows it, Tom; but I was too tired to argu' with the Jew 'bout the price."

Nothing more was said on the subject; and after making some strong and pointed observations anent some people's stupidity, Scottie went on with his story.

Next day Dave went down his old shaft as usual, and to the best of my knowledge is working there still.

Shortly after Dave's return to Koroit the extreme scarcity of water forced most of the men to abandon the camp, and in company with others my party set out to prospect along the watershed of the Paroo. The entire band totalled twenty. My three men and several others had cycles, a few had camels, and some had horses; but most carried their own swag, or, in other words, walked. It was, indeed, a strange procession; but a more systematic or more determined prospecting party never blazed mulga. The men on foot kept the main channel of the waterless river, near the banks of which a scant vegetation formed food for the store-laden camels; while the cyclists and horsemen made wide detours over the plains, joining the main body again at night.

Occasionally a water-hole was found, in which reptiles, crows, and many nameless creatures fought for what remained of the evil-smelling but precious fluid, and sometimes boulders carrying fiery streaks of opal were picked up from the sand. Coming to a fairly large water-hole one day, it was decided to camp there; and soon two tents were pitched and some rough gudgeya shades erected, after which the men tossed coins to determine their respective claims. Scottie was first on his claim, and in less than half an hour his pick crashed through a large seam of opal.

"Ma fortune is made," he cried excitedly, springing from his shaft. "Look! there's tons o' it here."

"Lor'! Scottie, is that all ye has struck?" said a huge Victorian known as Melbourne Mike throughout the camp. "That stuff is only good for buildin' with when bricks git too dear."

"Ma man!" roared Scottie angrily, "A hae traivelled as far as you, an A can see wi' ma een shut that they bonnie blue-and-red stanes will gie me a' the fortune A want."

"Ha! ha! Scottie," laughed the men, the tears actually streaming down their unwashed faces.

"Why, man!" cried Long Tom, "that's only 'potch,' an' not worth nothin'. See! Scottie, even Ted's laughing at ye."

Scottie's face lost its pleased expression: one picturesque word he uttered, and then his pick rose and fell like a

steam-hammer, shattering the brilliantly coloured stones into fragments. Soon all the men struck the same seam, and as tons and tons of the glistening masses were thrown up, the air was filled with the true Australian Bush poetry.

"Is this beautiful material really of no value?" lisped a young man, whom the miners termed—not without reason—the "prospecting" Parson.

"Not in Australia anyhow," answered Tom.

"But what is it?"

"Opal that nature forgot to finish," said Tom.

"Come back an' git it a million years after this, Parson," roared an antiquated specimen of humanity known as "Satan," "an' you will be a dozen millionaires rolled into one."

"Hallo!" suddenly shouted Scottie, who had been working with considerable energy; "is this 'potch'?"

He held in his hand a peculiarly shaped stone: one end had been broken by his pick, and on the exposed surface red, blue, and green fire chased and mingled with each other in scintillating confusion.

"That is an opalised shell," exclaimed the Parson.

"Go on, Scottie. Git more of them; that's as good as fifty sovereigns," cried Melbourne Mike encouragingly, and the others murmured their approval in characteristic fashion.

"But how did that shell come here?" inquired the Parson.

"Well, you is a rum parson," said Long Tom. "Doesn't ye know that we is standing in the bed of an old sea just now,

an' where else should you find shells?"

"This is indeed strange," the Parson remarked to me; and before I could point out to him the many evidences for the truth of Tom's statement, old Satan broke in.

"Ye thinks it strange, Parson," he croaked. "Well, it ain't nothing to what I've seen in this God-forgotten country, an' if you hunts up old Nulla Dulla's tribe away north in the Gulf country, an' see them go through their big corroborree with their *ghingi* [devil] and *bunyips* [immortal monsters], you will find out more things in five minutes—if ye lives—than ye could dream of between now and the last 'peg-out.'"

The Parson seemed interested, but Satan would not say more: words are generally superfluous in Queensland. I had still a most vivid recollection of Nulla Dulla's corroborree, however, being one of perhaps the only two white men who ever witnessed that weird ceremony, and I hastened to advise the Parson to pry not into the secrets of the aborigines.

A shout from Silent Ted interrupted our conversation, and knowing that something extraordinary must have occurred before Ted would speak, all rushed over to him.

"I has struck it, mates!" he cried, wiping the sweat from his brow, "an' I has——" Here a tired look came into his eyes, his jaws clicked together, and his sentence remained unfinished.

"You has done it this time," said Tom to Ted. "What seam did it come from?—speak! man."

Ted pointed to his shaft but said nothing; and, with a muttered exclamation, Melbourne Mike seized the mass of matrix from his hand and jumped into the hole.

"My oath! mates," he cried, fitting the piece to the edge of an outjutting ledge, "it's just underlying the potch seam——"

The men waited to hear no more, but stampeded to their own shafts, and in a few seconds sundry sounds that rose high above the crash of the pick denoted that they too had struck it. The gem opal seam lay three inches underneath the potch strata, and evidently was of great extent. Before sundown each man had unearthed several ounces, and I found another opalised shell. The place was named "Scottie's Camp," and for some days all went well; but the demands made on the water-hole for men and animals at length proved too much for its endurance, and one morning but a writhing mass of mud remained. The results had been satisfactory to all, however, with the exception of the Parson, who had devoted his time to selecting the best pieces of the hated potch; and when the abandonment of the camp became inevitable, most of the men resolved to have a "spell" at the coast. My party did not join them, but, taking advantage of our means of locomotion, set out for the Toompine fields, where Scottie duly

met and fraternised with his "red-headed" countryman, who had first discovered opal there while chasing a kangaroo.

The miners at Toompine were very much disheartened, having struck nothing but potch for a month past; and as water had to be carted from a native well twenty miles distant, matters were almost at a standstill.

"I dinna ken whaur the opal has gane tae," the discoverer of the fields said to me, "but it's no' here onyway."

While camped here news was brought of some "big finds" on the Warrego river, and after a week spent at Toompine with indifferent results, we started off for the new district. When near the river two cycle-tracks were crossed, the peculiar impressions of which on the sand were strangely familiar. Altering our course, we followed the tracks, and ultimately located two of the original Koroit men prospecting for turquoises and sapphires in a creek tributary to the Warrego river. Turquoises, sapphires, and garnets are very common in that part of Queensland; but their value is dwarfed into insignificance because of their near proximity to the opal district.

We spent some time with Charlie the Poet and Kangaroo George, as the men were called, and many of the above-named gems were found; but the heat becoming more intense as the summer advanced, we eventually left the Warrego also, and made for the south. *En*

route we traversed the Emerald country of Central Queensland, and finally crossed the Barwon or Darling river into New South Wales.

At Goondiwindi, on the Macintyre river, we overtook our old friend Silent Ted. He was one of the early pioneers of the diamond-fields, he informed us, and was going back to have a look at the "old show."

"Where did you leave the rest of the boys?" I inquired.

"Brisbane."

"Did the Parson stay there?"

Ted shook his head.

"Where did he go to?"

"Him an' Satan struck for Inverell. Parson's dead broke."

"Inverell!" said Scottie.

"That's whaur the diamonds come frae, is it no'?"

Ted did not answer, and looking up I saw by the thoughtful expression on his face that the limit of his vocal powers had been reached.

The news that the Parson was in Inverell at once made me determine to visit the place; and leaving all our heavy equipments to follow with Ted and his two pack-horses, we set out again, and in four days reached the famous diamond-fields of New South Wales. I found the Parson in about ten minutes: he was acting as editor of the local paper, and, in his own words, "it was booming." He still had his potch, the box containing that material and a roughly constructed table being the only furniture in his little galvanised iron apartment.

The resources of the district around Inverell are really re-

markable. Diamonds and other stones of value are found in the creeks, notably in those which feed the Gwyder river, near which the town stands. Recently tin has been discovered at the deeper levels, and since then some of the miners, assisted by Sydney capitalists, have imported improved machinery, one strange result being that diamonds and tin are now mined from the same shaft. Fortunes are not the rule here; but some lucky "finds" have been made, and the general average is better than on many more famous fields.

Our party, reinforced by Silent Ted and the Parson, whom we persuaded to resign his appointment, prospected several of the neighbouring gullies, and found, in all, eight different species of gems. Gold was also found in almost every water-channel; but we preferred to leave that metal to those who were specially equipped for its somewhat laborious treatment, and after spending another month in the New England district we returned to Sydney.

Our time had not been so profitably employed among the creeks of the Blue Mountains as when out on the opal-fields, but life had been pleasant. The air on those mountains is clear and exhilarating, water is plentiful, and game is abundant.

Another richly endowed district is Moss Vale, only sixty miles on direct railway-line south of Sydney. I have not visited this place, being of

opinion, like all prospectors, that it is too convenient for every one to give *them* much chance. Nevertheless, it is reported that almost every known gem has been found there, and that, despite its nearness to the capital and the favoured condition of the country, it is almost ignored.

Emeralds are found in Central Queensland, and in various parts of New South Wales; but prospecting for them is much of the nature of a lottery, and is only tried as a change from other work.

In the Macdonald Mountains of South Australia rubies are found in great profusion; but the difficulties attending the transportation of stores out to those isolated iron mounds render prospecting, unless in well-equipped expeditions, next to impossible.

All Western Queensland is rich in opal of some grade, and it is supposed that farther out on the great desert even more exists. Many a strange tale is told round the camp-fire of that great lone land beyond the Cooper, a black sulphury expanse, over the surface of which the dreaded "willy-willy" is ever in fierce gyration. And yet the prospectors say, and I can bear them out in part, that "the land of the *ghingi* is ablaze with blood-flashing opal."

The miners have a superstitious dread of the ubiquitous potch, and will often leave a field if the potch be too plentiful. Potch is simply opal without the living fire, or, as the miners say, "opal a million years too young." It is of all

colours, often in the same seam, and has been found in sheets up to three inches in thickness. Occasionally a vertical ironstone bar may intercept the potch seam, in which case the potch dips, and generally "makes" into first-class or gem opal at a deeper level. The best opal is invariably found between two parallel bands of ironstone; but beyond the fact that the existence of the silicious gem is largely due to enormous compression, and is usually more exquisitely coloured when taken from hard country, nothing is actually known as to its causes.

Unfortunately for the prospector, gems in the rough, unlike gold, have no fixed value, and consequently the miners are at the mercy of the German and Jew buyers when disposing of their wares. A story is current among the miners at Eromanga which illustrates the method of dealing adopted by the travelling buyers. Two men found a large piece of "pin-fire," or the best opal, and as one was leaving the country then, the stone was broken in two, each partner keeping a piece. The man who stayed sold his half to the first buyer that came along. He got two sovereigns for it after the usual haggling, the buyer telling him that it was simply charity giving more than half-a-crown for the piece. A few months later a letter was received from the man who had gone home, informing his late partner that he had

disposed of his half in Hamburg for £30 per ounce (it weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces), and asking him to send on the other half for like disposal. Comment is unnecessary, but that state of affairs is common.

Travelling in the interior is attended with great difficulties, owing to the absence of water. Horses, and even camels, are almost useless; but the cycle has proved of much service, and with its aid, and the guidance of the Southern Cross, the Bushman will fearlessly navigate that immense sea of iron-shot sand that constitutes the far back-blocks.

The Australian interior is still the land of the pioneer. The enervating influence of their dreary surroundings make men like little children in some things; but they are absolutely fearless, and true as steel to their comrades. Only the daring, however, need go to that grim land where the opal bursts through its iron cap and shines in streaks of iridescent splendour from almost every outcropping boulder. Life there is not a pleasant dream: the dingo's dismal howl makes the blood run cold; the mopoke's melancholy wail, and the crow's fiendish croak irritate beyond endurance; while pests innumerable make night an inferno.

The Parson (who is well known in England) has since disposed of his potch in Hamburg. He had over 100 lb. of the material, and obtained 5s. per ounce for it.

TWO YEARS UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART
IN AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80.

BY GENERAL E. F. CHAPMAN, C.B.

THAT Sir Donald Stewart was a past-master in the art of organising a military staff, and of teaching them from day to day the lessons to be learnt in the art of war, is acknowledged by all who had any acquaintance with him. Without attempting to describe in detail his method of training, I propose to call attention to the principles which underlay his teaching, and to those personal characteristics which gave force and point to it.

For this purpose I have selected a period of two years' service under his command, as affording examples of nearly all the duties required from the staff of an army in peace or war; and I shall endeavour to show how he impressed his character on all who had the honour of serving under him, and how he was thus enabled to carry out successfully the difficult march from Kandahar to Kabul, in the spring of 1880.

In October 1878, when the invasion of Afghanistan was determined on, three separate forces were detailed for the purpose: That under Sir Sam. Browne entered the Khyber Pass, while General Roberts advanced by the Kurram Valley and the Shutargurdan Pass; the third, under General Donald Stewart, being ordered to move

by the Bolan Pass, was destined for the occupation of Southern Afghanistan and Kandahar,—an advance-division, under General Biddulph, being already at Quetta.

A separate division, under General Phayre, consisting of troops from the Bombay Presidency, was in occupation of the Bolan Pass.

It must be remembered that, at that time, the Army Corps system had not been introduced into India. The armies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, though under the supreme control of the Commander-in-Chief in India, were entirely separate from each other, and the only method of official communication between general officers belonging respectively to the Bengal or Bombay commands was through the Government of their own presidency. Each army had its own commissariat and ordnance departments: the methods pursued in each presidency varied, and their establishments in regard to units were different. Moreover, there had been no consideration of the question of "mobilisation for war," so that when the troops from Bengal entered the Bombay Presidency they found themselves practically in a foreign country, and were received by their Bombay brethren as strangers,—treated indeed with

hospitality and kindness, but somewhat jealously regarded, in view of the fact that they were passing forward in the first line to the advance on Afghanistan.

That the difficulties arising from the above-mentioned causes were overcome, was in a very large measure due to General Stewart, to his experience and tact and to his personal acquaintance and that of the chief members of his staff with many officers in the Bombay command. During the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68, which was carried out mainly by Bombay troops, General Stewart had commanded at the base; and Colonel James Hills, V.C., Captain Gaselee, and myself, who in 1878 were on his staff, as assistant adjutant-general, deputy assistant quartermaster-general, and assistant quartermaster-general respectively, had all taken part in that campaign, and had many personal friends amongst the senior Bombay commanders and staff-officers.

General Stewart's force concentrated at Mooltan in October. The task confided to him was the movement to Kandahar of a sufficiently large force to prove a powerful diversion for the troops operating directly on Kabul by the Khyber and Shutargurdan Passes, and to occupy Southern Afghanistan. This was successfully accomplished by the 8th January 1879, by which date he had under his command, in camp at Kandahar, four regiments of cavalry, four brigades of infantry, forty field and mountain

guns, a heavy battery, and some sappers—altogether about 10,000 fighting men, ready to move anywhere. This force had Pishin and Quetta as its immediate base, its lines of communication extending to Northern India through Sukkur in Sind, to Mooltan and Lahore, and by Kurrachee to the sea: below Quetta these communications were controlled by the troops employed along them under General Phayre.

The passage of the Bolan and the crossing of the Khojak, in the depth of winter, was a matter of serious difficulty to the troops, who were travelling with very light equipment: the casualties, however, among soldiers and followers were comparatively few, but the camels and mules suffered severely, especially the former, for which no food was to be found along the route at that season, and it was impossible to carry grain for them.

On arrival at Kandahar, the immediate question was one of supply, and it became evident that 10,000 men could not be maintained in one place. It was therefore found necessary to divide the force, one column under General Biddulph moving to Girishk on the Helmund, and a second under General Stewart marching to Khelat-i-Ghilzai. The following extract from the diary of a staff officer who accompanied this column may be of interest:—

"Jan. 19, 1879.—We are moving forward on Khelat-i-Ghilzai, and our supplies cause us some anxiety, for we travel so fast nothing can reach us

from the rear; even money does not come up. No one can estimate the difficulties of a movement like this until they have tried it: we are, however, moving as troops have not done in previous campaigns, and I hope that our discipline and the careful ordering of our march will ensure success. We are putting the burden of obtaining supplies upon the men themselves, and under an organised system I cannot see why foraging should not be carried out without injury to the people. We hear of so many hundredweight of flour at a neighbouring village, and send an officer with a party and camels to demand it: we pay the price and bring it into camp: if we did not do this we should starve."

Orders for an advance on Ghuzni at this time were confidently expected, but the policy of Lord Lytton's Government had undergone a change. The force under General Stewart's command had been made exceptionally strong in artillery, in the belief that troops would be sent to oppose it from Herat. As soon, however, as our occupation of Kandahar had made it evident that this was not to be the case, and that the Afghans were not backed up by Russian influence, a reduction in the number of guns was determined on, and orders were received to reconcentrate at Kandahar, leaving a garrison at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, as well as to arrange for the return to India of a large portion of the troops. The division originally confided to

General Stewart was ordered to remain at Kandahar as an army of occupation. These arrangements were completed by the end of February, and in March 1879 we had settled down to our work, and knew that six months of hot weather lay before us.

The Kandahar Field Force, as it was henceforth called, consisted of approximately 2145 Europeans, 7210 native soldiers, a total of about 9450 men, with 6550 followers.¹

Although, as matters turned out, it was not called upon to do much active fighting during the ensuing twelve months, it lived under the idea that its services might be required at any moment, and its training under General Stewart was carried out with this object in view. It was an army of occupation, and, as such, controlled a large extent of country without much movement, though ready to strike at a moment's notice in any direction. It was kept in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, and its confidence in its chief and in his political sagacity were unbounded. Recreation was not forgotten: it was indeed vigorously prosecuted, and the headquarter garden and mess were the favourite resort of all officers in their leisure hours. The work carried out by the staff during the occupation of

¹ It was made up of four batteries—A|B R.H.A., 9|4 R.A., 6|11 R.A., with ten elephants and 330 bullocks; 11|11 R.A. Mountain. Three regiments Native cavalry. Two brigades of infantry, each containing one British and two Indian regiments, with sappers and miners and other departmental details. These figures are taken from a return dated 12th April 1880, but the numbers were much the same during the previous year.

Kandahar may be summarised as follows:—

The police control of a large city, exercised by soldiers.

The construction of hospitals and quarters for the troops.

The duties of the commissariat.

The maintenance of the transport along the lines of communication, and the provision of a reserve at Kandahar to allow of the troops being ready to move at any moment.

The control of the line of communication as far as Quetta (150 miles), and the guarding and management of convoys along that route and on that to Khelat-i-Ghilzai.

The carrying out of extended reconnaissance, including survey operations and mapping, military intelligence, and the training of the troops.¹

In addition to this work it should be remembered that the General in command was responsible for the political work connected with the organisation of an independent province under the Wali of Kandahar, and that he succeeded in carrying out this work and in uniting the officers of his military and political staff, so that no difficulty ever arose between them. All business matters were discussed by the staff: the heads of departments—com-

missariat, transport, ordnance, medical, and engineer—were visited every morning, and our political colleagues being close at hand could be consulted on all occasions. Work was very real, and though matters were quickly disposed of, the General was accessible to all who wished to see him on business, from 10 in the morning to 1 P.M.—in the office which he shared with his chief staff officers. Many a good joke and hearty laugh ended the discussion of problems which had seemed difficult of solution; and it was astonishing to find how General Stewart's decisions destroyed humbug and sham, how every one learnt to aim at representing a matter truthfully and briefly if it was for his consideration. His discrimination was so clear, his judgment so sound, that by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, all real difficulties experienced by commanding officers and by individuals were brought to his notice and were solved by him. His time was much occupied with political business; and in military matters we had fixed principles to guide us, which were known to all. They may be summarised as follows:—

The force would be required for work of importance, and its efficiency in every branch

¹ It is a great pleasure to me that Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Gaselee should allow me to record how the lessons learned at Kandahar under Sir Donald Stewart have been recently put in practice by him at Pekin: he tells me that in all particulars he was able to apply them, and that in regard to supply, transport, survey work, and reconnaissance, he was constantly recalling the wise directions of our chief; while the control of that portion of the city of Pekin which was under his management was made easy by the adoption of the regulations which Sir Donald had enforced at Kandahar.

and its ability to move were essential.

Every movement was to be made at all times with cooked rations.

Every soldier was to be as well accustomed to his rifle as to his walking-stick; and no soldier was ever to go outside his camp without his rifle and ammunition.

We were in an enemy's country, and the most rigid precautions were to be exacted from every one and at all times.

No guard was to be isolated, and every detached post was to be of sufficient strength to resist attack until reinforcements could reach it.

General Stewart held the opinion that a commander is responsible for all expenditure incurred by his force, and exacted the most rigid economy, compatible with efficiency, from every departmental and commanding officer. His own words on this point are worth quoting: "I have always thought that the credit of military operations depended quite as much upon the financial success as upon the military success with which they are conducted." But though it is an indisputable fact that the personal influence of General Stewart told upon every officer in his command, yet he well understood how to avoid the centralisation of authority: the fullest liberty was given to brigadiers, and independence and responsibility encouraged amongst all. There were many things which he

could not avoid hearing of, but on which he would make no comment; and it was often impossible to tell how much he really did know of a matter. He was a great reader, with a retentive memory, and had an almost encyclopedic amount of information on all sorts of subjects. To all appearance he seemed not to trouble himself about trifles, but to look at principles and to keep them steadily in view; yet he thoroughly understood the importance of trifles in their influence on events, and stored his memory with facts and details, concerning individuals, which enabled him often to penetrate their motives and foresee their line of conduct. With his staff his great interest lay in the consideration of the larger problems of policy, and the uncertainties that influence them. The secret of his ascendancy over the minds of those who served under him may be found in the fact that he was in intellect, in experience, and in judgment a head and shoulders taller than the men who had the honour of serving under him. Not great, perhaps, as a strategist or tactician, but referring every matter to principle, and determined to do his duty at whatever cost, and consequently exacting from others a very high standard of truthfulness and right action. As a commander, strict, just, and considerate in no ordinary degree, humorous, and sometimes sarcastic; too shrewd for many, but kind-hearted to excess,

he was trusted, honoured, and respected by those who knew him slightly, but loved by those who were privileged to call him friend. Disinterested and high-minded, the value to the State of a servant so single of purpose and so true, during long years of service, cannot be over-estimated.

The Kandahar Field Force remained in occupation of that city for just over a twelve-month, the hot season being marked by a severe outbreak of cholera. Eighty Europeans were attacked, and of these twenty died. The treaty of Gandamuuk had been signed, and the troops on the line of advance to Kabul had been withdrawn, when the treacherous attack on our Embassy at Kabul and the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari completely upset all calculations. Sir Frederick Roberts had to reoccupy Kabul; and early in March 1880 Sir Donald Stewart received orders to advance on Ghuzni, taking with him the force already detailed: he started from Kandahar on March 30. The chief interest attaching to this movement lies in the fact that the small force was accompanied by wheeled artillery: one heavy battery armed with the guns of a light siege equipment, one field battery, and one battery of horse artillery—in addition to which there were an ordnance park, and an engineer field park, with 10 elephants and 395 bullocks. The baggage-train consisted of 3517 camels, 960 ponies, 1551 mules, and 181 bullocks. The

difficulties attendant upon the march of such a force, and the arrangements for its supply, were, as may be imagined, very great. It was broken up into three mixed brigades, in which the artillery received assistance from the infantry and cavalry, and supply was carried out independently. For the first seventy-eight miles, up to Khelat-i-Ghilzai, this was comparatively easy, but beyond this the country was unknown to us, and proved very difficult, as for three marches only a single line of route, a very rough road, was available, but at Shahjui the comparatively open ground enabled some concentration to be made.

After leaving Khelat-i-Ghilzai we found the entire country deserted: the villages for a hundred miles had been abandoned, and the people had gone, taking flocks and herds and household gods, but burying their precious things, with grain and flour, in the fields, under the hearths, or even under dunghills; hiding them in the roofs of their houses, &c. The houses were scrupulously clean, and in many we found evidences of a considerable degree of convenience and comfort. Here and there a felt, a pair of slippers, a stray Koran, or a small carpet had been forgotten, and indicated the hurry of departure; but as a rule through every village along the route for a space of eighty miles in length and thirty in breadth, the houses were everywhere "swept and garnished." The few in-

dividuals who were captured by our scouts refused to give any information, and even declined to take any money in payment for such supplies as were found in the villages. In consequence of this abandonment of the country the division was absolutely dependent for its daily supplies of grain, flour, wood, and forage upon an organised system of foraging. This was carried out under the most stringent discipline, and in accordance with very precise regulations, the result of long experience—the troops having, as before mentioned, been trained in obtaining supplies on military requisition, or by search in deserted villages, ever since they entered Afghanistan. Neither troops nor followers were on any account allowed to enter a village, except when detailed to form part of an organised foraging party, and breaches of discipline in this matter were punished summarily by the provost-marshal.

Since leaving Kandahar we had been aware of an enemy moving parallel with our advance, but had found it impossible to gain any exact intelligence regarding his strength or intentions. Our scouts were everywhere met by an enemy's scouts, and our political information altogether failed us. It was impossible to delay the march, and the chance of attack on our camps was carefully guarded against. On the 18th April a considerable body threatened us, and the order of march for the following

day was in consequence altered, the very considerable baggage column which accompanied us being placed between the leading brigade and a complete brigade which constituted the rearguard. Our absolute ignorance of the country was our greatest difficulty, the systematic desertion carried out by the enemy having made it impossible to gain the smallest information.

On the 19th April the division left the camping-ground at Mushaki at daylight, and after marching six miles had halted for breakfast when the cavalry scouts caught sight of the enemy some five miles ahead. By the aid of glasses it became evident that an immense gathering of horse and foot was awaiting our march upon a low line of hills to our right front at a distance of about five miles. The troops were at once drawn up to advance in regular order, and moved slowly forward. When we were within about 1400 yards of the hill, I rode forward to General Hughes, who commanded the infantry, requesting him to form for attack, the intention being that we should be the assailants—our batteries at the same time moving into position near the road. Suddenly, while I was speaking to General Hughes, we found ourselves under fire from a nearer portion of the range, and in an incredibly short space of time two long lines of swordsmen seemed to spring from the hill, extending so as to envelop our

right and left. Down they came, at least 3000 in number, sweeping over the intervening ground with marvellous rapidity, and quite regardless of our fire. These fanatic warriors were on foot, but right and left to get round the flanks rode horsemen with standards: the whole hill seemed to be moving, and far away the plain became crowded with beings scattered like ants, yet all working with one object. In five minutes the whole line was engaged: the Ghazis reached the guns and forced them back to a safer position, drove in a squadron of cavalry on our left, and penetrated dauntlessly close up to the position occupied by the General and his staff, some being killed within thirty yards of us. The scene was one which baffles description: such an enormous number of Ghazi swordsmen had not been brought together since the battle of Meeanee. Their bravery was magnificent, and the fury of their onset tried the nerves of our troops for a few minutes, for nothing stopped them short of death.

We had one brigade on baggage-guard, and had to put every man into the fighting-line before the attack was stayed. Six men of the two companies forming Sir Donald's escort were killed, and many officers of cavalry and infantry were engaged hand to hand. After about an hour's fighting the General ordered the "cease fire" to be sounded. The force opposed to us was variously

estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000 men, but the attack was made entirely by the fanatic swordsmen. Their losses amounted to over 1000 dead in front of our line, and their wounded carried out of action must have been twice as many. We had but 1400 infantry actually in the firing line, 5 officers were wounded, 16 men killed, and 109 wounded. Within an hour of the "cease fire" having sounded the enemy had entirely disappeared, leaving no sign excepting the dead. We buried our dead, tended the wounded, and marched forward over the ground that had been occupied by the Afghans in the morning. The entire division marched eighteen miles that day, and camp was pitched at 4 P.M., when we had our second instalment of breakfast.

On the 21st of April we reached Ghuzni, and halted for a couple of days. On the 23rd we had an engagement with 6000 of the enemy, and defeated them with a loss of 500 men, our casualties being but slight. The same day we got into communication by heliograph at a distance of forty miles with General Ross's division of the Kabul Field Force; on the 26th we crossed the Sher-i-dahan Pass; and on the 27th joined camp at Tup with the Kabul division.

Sir Donald Stewart bade farewell on the 28th of April to the old Kandahar Field Force, which had kept the field under him for a longer period

screwed-up eyes, and one end of his moustache drawn tightly into his mouth. Still no bullet, though hundreds were wailing and ringing overhead and along the shelters, the ordinary line-of-battle bullets, coming from and striking anywhere. "You've got him!" said the marker, in a grave quiet voice, and put the glasses on the ground beside his prone comrade, rubbing his tired eyes, and yawning. The other took them and levelled them through the loophole. The little orifice opposite was filled with white now, as if a patch of paper had been pasted over it: it was the old man's face! And in the middle of the white the glasses showed a ruddy blotch, like an over-ripe nectarine flung against a wall: it was the old man's mouth shattered by the last bullet. He had fallen forward at the blow, and his face lay pressed against the loophole, as if it were staring through it. For a moment longer it showed, white as parchment, then slid slowly sideways out of sight, letting in the turquoise sky as it disappeared. The incident was closed, and a series of Boer shells dropping sulphurously amongst the shelters, sending the loose stones spinning and whirling amongst their groaning fragments, and a storm of bullets lashing and powdering the maze of little walls, soon drove it from the minds of the two officers, who for the next half-hour were yelling encouragingly to their invisible men (to move was impossible), bidding them "sit tight" and shoot like

the devil back at the Dutch reinforcements, who were shooting like five hundred devils at them.

The dawn of next day, Majuba Day, "came up like thunder," and with peal after peal of thunder "outer China 'crost the Bay," out of the billowing tangle of scrub between Monte Cristo and Hlangwani across the river. The long broadside was "letting itself go" like an angry woman; one were happier dead than alive upon this hill; even untouched one would have been unable to stand where we are standing now, so fiercely was the breath of the great shells blasting across it in hot, staggering gusts, the dry trees bending and cracking before it, the hundreds of dirty squares of cartridge-paper which strewed untidily the front of the big trench behind us twirling and soaring up in the ceaseless whirlwinds which arose suddenly in the still air as the projectiles tore by. Even untouched, one would have felt one's body rending to pieces as one looked where a shell burst in the midst of a trench, and heard the filthy squelch and sharp cries above the roar, and saw the awful faces through the red glare and curtain of powdered stones, and the fragments which remained behind—bloody hunks of meat left to lie in the roasting sun, with a few rags attached, all that was left of half a dozen strong fighting-men. The Boers suffered terribly up in this trench; the sea which they had hoped to reach—England's sea—had come up

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR CHAMBERLAIN AND GERMANY—EUROPE'S HATRED OF ENGLAND—UN-
IMAGINATIVE TEUTONS—THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR A MERE EXCUSE—
A HISTORY OF SLANDER—A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR—BACON AND
SHAKESPEARE—MRS GALLUP'S CIPHER.

A SPEECH delivered by Mr Chamberlain at Birmingham has put an end, for the moment at least, to the most discreditable and ridiculous episode in modern history. The lying slanders against England, wherewith Germany has for two years amused herself, might have been repeated for another two, or twenty, years without protest or interruption had not Count von Bülow, a Minister evidently insecure of his position, condoned with a mild disapproval their worst excesses. The silence of England, mistaken no doubt for acquiescence, was then broken by our Colonial Minister, to whose simple and energetic sentences Germany has found no reply. In the lull which has supervened we can consider the recent display of falsehood and bad temper without resentment, and even with a certain satisfaction. No doubt it would be pleasant if all the countries of Europe lived together in peace and friendship. But that has proved impossible for near a thousand years, and it would be absurd to hope for unanimity at a time when the edge of jealousy has been sharpened by competition. We are hated in Europe, as we have always been hated, and assuredly we have no reason to court popu-

larity. Wherefore the righteous indignation of those who have resented the calumnies of our neighbours is, we think, misplaced. Germany has never been famous for good manners, and the inelegance of her detraction need not annoy us. Whatever harm has been done has been done to herself: she has suffered both in repute and character. Neither man nor nation can believe what is false with impunity, and there is no disease which so readily saps the strength and fogs the brain as hysteria. Moreover, in presuming to belabour us with abuse, the Germans have essayed a part which they cannot play: their touch is not light enough for successful slander; their libels are apt to be club-footed. A point may hurt where a bludgeon can inflict no wound, and Heine is the only German that ever knew how to use the point. So that the lumbering antics of the Germans have seemed to us merely grotesque, and our most poignant feeling is a kind of sorrow that a vast mob of overdrilled, over-educated men should find pleasure in superfluous boorishness.

It is true that Germany is not the only offender. France, too, has been eloquent in slander, while anarchical Belgium and

"brave little Switzerland" have done their share of yapping. But Germany has come worst out of the encounter, since she has the least excuse. Her citizens cannot boast that mercurial temperament which is forgiven if it bend the truth to its desire. They may not excuse themselves, as may the French, on the plea that a quick wit and an eager curiosity outstrip the facts of every case from sheer fleetfootedness. The French, ever desirous of news, ever disposed to believe what the latest comer tells them, put faith in the most horrid slanders, either from lightheartedness or from a venom which is easily dispersed. But the Germans are by nature neither credulous nor lighthearted, and when they give ear and currency to legends which they know to be false, they do it with so ill a grace as to appear absurd. A gentleman in a bad temper can always retrieve his dignity in your presence: if a curmudgeon is angry, it is best to leave him, and call the watch.

In fact, there is but one quality of the mind which can excuse or condone slander—imagination. And imagination is very rare in Germany. The Germans, indeed, are painful philosophers, and hardy gatherers of facts. True it is that when they have gathered their facts they seldom know what to do with them, and that in despair they generally use them to bolster up a false theory. See, for instance, what they have done with Homer: they have clipped and cut him, until naught is left but shreds and patches of verse

and wads of commentary. Or they have set up a standard which is not Homer at all, but a kind of sublimated German professor, whose humour never changes, and whose mind is of so hard an iron that his work may show no variety of thought or word. So they denounce the *Odyssey* as a clumsy compilation, and parcel its books up among half-a-dozen botchers. At the collection of facts, then, at the patient and splendid discovery of the past, their talent commonly ends. Synthesis being impossible to them, they generally use their knowledge for the greater confusion of simple truth. In other words, they often have a command of details, but very rarely can they arrange those details in a proper relation to the whole.

Such are the men who have chosen to cover England with their coarse abuse, and they have failed egregiously, because they have changed their common method of procedure. No doubt there are many Germans who, if they chose, might have collected with painful accuracy such facts as would have thrown light upon the reason and conduct of the South African war. But they have not asked for facts. They have forgotten their love of induction, and, starting with the amiable theory that all Englishmen are blackguards, they have cheerfully deduced therefrom their shameful falsehoods of the war. Of course, in all this there is lack not only of philosophy but of honour, and not only honour but of common prudence. While this black-

guardism of abuse can do us no harm, it can, as we have said, do Germany no good ; and the country, so ably governed by William II., has suffered a worse defeat in the last two years than the combined armies of Europe could inflict. One quality only leads a nation to victory—good sense ; and Germany, having hurled away the last rays of good sense which might have covered its jealousy, has committed an act of suicide. Boers, bitten by mad dogs, are neither good workmen nor good soldiers, and the Germans must be inoculated with a strong dose of truth and humility before they recover their political or commercial health.

We are told every day in our public prints that our education is neglected, and that we should take Germany as our model of reform. But education is only estimable by its results, and the experience of the last few years should make us content with our own haphazard methods. Germany is systematised to its last inch. It has *realschulen*, *gymnasias*, and universities, whereat the citizen may learn how to amend Homer, to explain Hegel, or to brew beer. And what is the result of all this education ? A political ignorance and love of falsehood which would have disgraced the Middle Ages, all unblest as they were by telegrams and a cheap press. The Germans, again, are “a nation in arms,” as they are fond of telling the world, and again we may detect a useful warning upon the wall of history. A nation in arms is not the best blessing

of civilisation. Nothing is more splendid than the military spirit ; nothing is so ignoble as the spirit of Chauvinism ; and it is Chauvinism which flourishes best in a nation of soldiers. Much vituperation has lately been poured out upon the sporting habits of England, and every word of this vituperation is (we believe) unjust. A nation of sportsmen is better-tempered, quicker-sighted, and more persistent in courage than a nation in arms, and nothing can do a worse disservice to our country than the discouragement of those sports which have made our boyhood wholesome and our manhood keen. By all means let us be able to defend our shores as we have always been able ; let us fight the battles that are forced upon us with courage and simplicity ; but do not let us abolish in warlike ardour all the hardy pursuits of peace. If we cry shame upon our sports, we may grow ill-natured as the Germans, and look with envy upon every foreigner who dares to draw the sword in a just cause.

For there can be no doubt that envy is the cause of our unpopularity. Sympathy with the Boers is an excuse as false as the tale of our barbarities. Nor is this envy of recent growth. When Mr Chamberlain declared that England had always been hated, he spoke but the literal truth. Throughout our history we have stood proudly and happily alone. Turn to what century you will, and you will find in one quarter or another a bitter hatred of England. Of course the envy,

despite its unamiability, is partly intelligible. Our position and our energy have made us great beyond the other people of the world, and the other people are dissatisfied. None others than ourselves can colonise, or having colonised can attach these colonies to the mother country by a chain of freedom. We hold, and have held for centuries, the sovereignty of the sea, and being an island we have no tiresome frontiers to guard with suspicious eye. It is clear, then, that the cause of our unpopularity dates not from yesterday. The South African War has nothing whatever to do with it. That war is impudently chosen to colour a hatred which already existed. A century ago, for instance, England was the bugbear of France, and was as bitterly attacked by the French as by the Germans of to-day. Napoleon, himself, thought it worth while to design caricatures which might cast discredit upon England; and any one who will take the trouble to consult his 'Lettres Inédites' will find one source at least of the latest slanders.

But nothing is more interesting in the recurrent campaign of lies than the lack of variety, which renders them a trifle tedious. The slanderers, as a rule, have lacked invention, and have been content to pilfer, whether consciously or not, the baleful collections of their predecessors. In 1815, for instance, a notorious prisoner of war, M. le Maréchal-de-Camp Pillet, appropriately called by

Southey "Grand Liar, and Knight of the Hulks," published an interesting work entitled 'L'Angleterre, vue à Londres et dans les Provinces,' in which he declared that the prisoners of war were all either "starved or poisoned." "One hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen," says he, "have perished in tortures on board the English prison-ships during the last two wars." This, of course, is a premonition of our concentration camps. But though he was a prisoner of war, this excellent Maréchal-de-Camp had time to study the manners and customs of the English. "About forty years of age," he writes, "every English woman of rank or fashion gets drunk every night of her life;" and this simple statement is easily matched by another, to the effect that "few men in England of fifty have not been married three times," clearing the way in each case by murder. Nor may it be said that books absurd as these have no influence upon the judgment of our critics. Their influence is inextinguishable. Their lies have been copied from book to book, until they are as fresh to-day as they were in 1815, the date of their publication. Two or three years ago an infuriated Portuguese came to England, that he might write his impressions, and so fine was his sincerity that he repeated, as discovered by himself, the foolish slanders of Pillet. Most probably he had never heard of the Maréchal-de-Camp; but that gentleman's winged words

have flown the Continent over, and they are still in strong flight. Indeed, so persistent has been the credulity of those who believe what they hope, that the few single-minded persons who have visited our shores have been surprised that atrocities were not committed before their eyes in the streets of London.

Pillet represented, feebly, perhaps, the fury of 1815. Some twenty years later Heine was communicating his views on England to the 'Augsburg Gazette' with infinitely greater wit and daintier style than any German of to-day can command. So fine a fencer as Heine could not flourish a club, and we read his criticisms without caring about their inaccuracy. But it is interesting to note that our soldiers were then (as now) the basest "mercenaries," that Wellington was not a soldier, and that all Englishmen were mean-spirited traitors. Ten years after Heine you come upon Thackeray, who tells you with perfect truth, in 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon,' that "the French hate us profoundly and desperately; . . . men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England." The truth of Thackeray's statement is unaltered. No Frenchman can tell the truth about England without forfeiting the regard of his countrymen. And recent years have intensified rather than weakened the ancient fury. To explain it is easy: envy, as we have said, is a sufficient ground of hatred. To regret it is superfluous,

especially as it is the highest possible tribute to our state. Men do not hate their neighbours unless they fear them, and we never contemplate the loud ferocity of the Germans, or the acid and amusing venom of the French, without a thrill of pride. Before all, it is harmless, and those excitable persons who see in bad language a cause of war are strangely deceived. We have not crossed swords with France for nearly a century; we have never been at war with the united Germans. Yet if slander were a weapon we should rarely have known a day's peace, and there must be a motive of self-interest stronger than the libels of a lightly fettered press before Europe countenances war.

It is, therefore, an idle task to set our neighbours right, to contradict the many libels which defile their press. They do not hate us on account of the lies which they tell; they tell the lies because they hate us. Argument is useless, the presentation of facts is superfluous. Leave them alone; let them give Dr Leyds whatever satisfaction they can; and remember that so soon as the war is over they will find some other ground of complaint. For this reason we cannot applaud Mr Conan Doyle's attempt to put England's case before Europe. He is ingenuous, indeed, if he believes that an impartial statement will have the smallest effect upon Germany or France. In the first place, the editors of Berlin and Paris will not read his long leading article—for that is what his pamphlet is

—if it be translated a dozen times; in the second place, it would tell them nothing, if they read it, which they might not have discovered before. M. Yves Guyot has pleaded England's cause with far more passion and far greater eloquence than Mr Conan Doyle can command, and he ruined his paper. There is, moreover, a certain impropriety in arguing with persons who do not wish to be informed. A knowledge of the war has always been within the reach of Germany and France; both these countries have sent out war correspondents to Africa, and some of their correspondents have told the truth. Of what avail is it that Mr Doyle quotes M. Carrère to a French public, which has read his articles in the *'Matin'*? Why should Count Sternberg's evidence be translated back into German for the benefit of people who were not interested in the original? Of one thing we are certain: no German will construe aright Mr Doyle's attempt to reason with him, and though Mr Doyle has prepared a statement which may be useful to those of his own countrymen who are already convinced, we wish that he had not spoken in his preface of "our national honour." "It becomes a duty," says he, "which we owe to our national honour to lay the facts before the world." We owe nothing to our national honour, save to keep it inviolate, and the facts have been before the world ever since the war began. There is, moreover, a certain inconvenience in this casual picking up

of a glove. The king's champion performs his duty by inherited privilege, and the champion of our "national honour" can only perform his duty aright if he be appointed by the voice of the country. We, at any rate, cannot accept Mr Conan Doyle as the mouth-piece of the nation. But we reflect that every excuse expressed in England is translated abroad into an accusation, and that no slander has yet come out of Germany which deserves the dignity of a reply.

It was, no doubt, a lack of humour which induced Mr Conan Doyle to overstep the bounds of propriety. The same lack of humour, combined with an inordinate vanity, has been the undoing of Mrs Elizabeth Wells Gallup. This lady, who lives at Detroit, Michigan, that home of culture and the *'Free Press,'* is not at all satisfied with Shakespeare. She is convinced that the son of a mere yeoman could not have written the plays which are attributed to him. Detroit is evidently unacquainted with the temperament of poets—it can boast none—or Mrs Gallup might have discovered the waywardness of the Muse who, less partial than Love, descends more easily upon the huts of peasants than upon the palaces of kings. She might have remembered Horace, the freedman's son, or John Keats, that "young Cockney with Shakespeare in his blood," who learned the secret of poetry in a Hampstead stable, or a hundred

others, whose circumstances fell pitifully below their genius. She might further have reflected that erudition is Poetry's bitterest foe, and that capricious though she be she is ever constant in her hatred of pedantry. But Mrs Gallup remembered none of these things. Like several of her compatriots, she is convinced that the author of Shakespeare's plays was what in Detroit might be called "a prominent citizen," the kind of man who would ride round in a 50,000 dollar car, and have his portrait reproduced in the illustrated prints. Wherefore she has attributed "Hamlet" and other trifling works to Francis Bacon, and, following the august example of Ignatius Donnelly, she has invented a cipher and rewritten the history of Bacon and his times.

Never did human folly evolve a more fearsome monster than this Bacon of Mrs Gallup's. He is a mixture of Holofernes and Sir Andrew Aguecheek—a coward who openly vaunts his courage, an unlettered fribble, who in moments of confidence writes the English tongue as she is written in far-distant Detroit. But of his august birth there is no doubt. He is the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester; he is own brother to the ill-fated Essex; and if only he had come into his rights he would have been styled Francis the First. However, no sooner was he born than his hard-hearted *mère*, as he elegantly calls her, disowned him, giving him into the charge of "Mother Bacon" who brought him up as became

his rank and intelligence. He was a precocious youth, and when he entered Trinity College at the early age of twelve, Cambridge could teach him nothing. At sixteen he flashed a brilliant meteor upon the court of France, fell in love with Queen Marguerite, who was married when he was eleven, and would have espoused her but for the unwarrantable interference of Elizabeth. But he was already on the quest of "copy," and used the episode with great effect in his well-known play, "Romeo and Juliet," whose ardent love-passages are vastly illuminated by the fact that Juliet was a princess, some nine years older than the enamoured Romeo. Nor was Marguerite his only love. We have every reason to suppose that during the two years he spent in Paris *affaires du cœur*, as he calls them with a fine sense of style, were only too frequent. But Detroit and Bacon are both discreet. "The life of a young prince in the gay court of France can perhaps be better imagined than described," says Mrs Gallup, and the hero is as finely reticent as his decipherer. Returned to England he devoted himself to the study of law, invented ciphers, and as a simple amusement began to compose the whole literature of his time. He threw off in his hours of leisure the works of Spenser, Greene, Marlowe, Peele, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, reserving for his riper years the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' falsely ascribed to Robert Burton. What credit should

he, a profound jurist, claim for these airy trifles? And if he betrayed his own handiwork would he not fall into disrepute? "All men who write stage-plays," said he, "are held in contempt. For this reason none say, 'How strange,' when a play cometh, accompanied with gold, asking a name by which one putting it forward shall not be recognised, or thought to be cognisant of its existence."

Thus he made things comfortable for himself, and at the same time anticipated the objections of curious posterity. A few gold pieces were enough to square such ruff-raff as Spenser and Shakespeare, and in truth, as he profoundly observes, the poor victims of his plot were content to wear the laurels so easily won. But Bacon, being an artist, did not deal out his masterpieces at haphazard. No; he knew a trick worth two of that. Gifted with a many-sided style, he was indifferent whether he essayed the verse of tragedy or the prose of *Detroit*. "When I have assumed men's names," says he, "the next step is to create a style natural to the man's, that yet should let my own be seen," and he took that next step with so fine a resolution that had it not been for Mrs Gallup we should never have known how many names this artist in pseudonyms had assumed. But the resolve of secrecy had not been taken merely to save his credit: all was not well at court. Gossips were busy to hint the truth, and a

spirited scene took place between Elizabeth and Bacon. "What will this brave boy do?" said she; "tell *a, b, c's*?" Thus she ended her tirade; and Bacon had no resource but to consult "Mother Bacon," as he calls her with charming familiarity. "O Francis, Francis!" wailed Mother B., "break not your mother's heart! I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have been the son of my heart. But night is falling." So night fell, and Francis was recalled by his royal mother on the morrow, to "learn from the interview and subsequent occurrences"—such, indeed, is the English which Shakespeare writ—that his name was Francis "Tidder," or that, in other words, "Rex you must know to be our future title." Henceforth he feared "the butcher's deadly knife," and nothing was left him but a cipher, which should be difficult enough to elude Queen Elizabeth and easy enough to be pierced by the eagle eye of that other Elizabeth of *Detroit*. It was for this, then, that he took up the easy and rather disgraceful trade of letters, that with a painful iteration he might tell his tale of woe: how he was robbed by his mother of his inheritance, and how he connived, in sheer fright, at the execution of Essex, his beloved and munificent brother. This crime, indeed, lay heavy on his soul, and nothing save his inexpressible genius could have hushed the small voice of remorse. "Yet this truth," he says, "must at some time be known; had I not allowed my-

self to give some countenance to the arraignment, I must have lost the life that I held so priceless"—that is his own. "Life to a scholar is but a pawn to mankind." What that profound aphorism means, only Mrs Gallup can explain ; but it seems to have solaced Bacon for as vile an act of treachery as ever lay hid in a bi-literal cipher. Yet his conscience would still prick him, and once he exclaims in a paroxysm of woe, "All the scenes come before me like the acted play, but how to put it away, or drive it back to Avernus, its home. O, who can divulge that greatest o' secrets? None."

It will be readily seen that the concealed history is worth far more than the paltry stage-plays which conceal it ; yet, in the end, the great man found the task "dry and wearisome." The interest, however, was sustained for a while. "I have made great progress in cipher-writing," he assures Mrs Gallup on one occasion, "finding it pleasing at first,—I may say, many times mildly exciting." Mildly exciting! We thank thee, Bacon, for teaching us that word! Would that the pages, mildly exciting to write, were mildly exciting to read! But, alas! it is only when he confesses his interest in Mrs Gallup that we are aroused even to a mild excitement. Then, truly, he is at his best, for Bacon was a master of flattery, and he never underrates the genius of the decipherer. Nothing less than "divine gift and heavenly instinct," says he, will reveal the

secret, and being generous, as becomes a prince, he is willing to share the credit with Mrs Gallup. "Remember, pray," says he to the lady of Detroit, "that your name is, or must be, inseparably joined with mine." We should think so, indeed ; for nothing is left of the literature, once called Elizabethan, save Bacon and Gallup, and may not the decipherer, in her pride, call it Elizabethan still? But, for all his gift of prophecy, he only half surmised the truth. "Oft do I muse," says he, "on the ultimity of the cipher, and ask whose hand may complete it." Dimly he foresaw Detroit—"that vast world," he calls it, "which lieth dreamless, far, far off, as a thing apart." However, at last justice is done, and if Edward VII. see his duty aright, as a monarch should, he will instantly resign his throne in favour of the next of kin to Francis Tidder, King of England and of France.

Such, in brief, is the story unfolded by Mrs Gallup, and deemed worthy of examination by Mr Mallock. The effrontery of Mrs Gallup need not surprise us, since there is no limit to the love of notoriety. But that a scholar should read one page of Mrs Gallup's book and demand an inquiry, is plainly incredible. External evidence and internal, the most ingenious ciphers ever invented, the sworn testimony of the man "himself," the tongues of men and angels, cannot convince any sane person that one and the same hand wrote the 'Faerie Queen' and the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' If Bacon said so,

he was bragging; if the cipher says so, it is a false cipher. Yet even when Mrs Gallup asks us to believe that Bacon, besides his own works, wrote the masterpieces of Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Burton, she only lays the first tax upon our credulity. If she is to be trusted, he did far more than that: he read for the press the greater part of Elizabethan literature, and not only read it for the press but tinkered every line and every letter. That alone was the work of a lifetime; and even if the habit of reading for the press had been familiar in Bacon's time, it is impossible that he should have controlled all the printing-offices of London. What, for instance, did Heminge and Condell say to his intrusion?

Nor can it be thought that his team was easy to drive. Is it likely that none of them would have jibbed or let out the secret in their cups? Would they not also—these despised poets—have blackmailed their patron, until they had skinned him of every shilling? (Perhaps they did, and thus caused his justice to be sold: we make Mrs Gallup a present of the suggestion.) And would they all have sustained the comedy so pleasantly? When Greene called Shakespeare "an upstart crow," did he know that he was attacking another part of himself? When Ben Jonson told Drummond that "Shakespeare wanted art," was it Bacon reproving Bacon, or was Jon-

son, "my friend and co-worker," as Mrs Gallup calls him, still ignorant of the great secret? And when Democritus Junior wrangled with the boatmen on Magdalen Bridge, was it Burton in Bacon's guise or Bacon in Burton's guise who thus displayed his eloquence? All these questions want an answer, unless we are to believe that he could inhabit three skins, and speak with three tongues.

But we are taking the good lady all too seriously. Her inventions are of no better account than her ciphers. It is only necessary to read one page of her narrative to see that it was composed towards the end of the nineteenth century by one who had the merest smattering of history and literature. Mrs Gallup no doubt read a text-book of English history when she was at school, and she serves it up in snippets with unabashed ease. But at least she might have taken care that Francis, Prince of Wales, should not make "howlers" when he writes of Anne Boleyn, his own grandmother. Now Anne was not "too youthful" when Henry VIII. married her; on the contrary, she was twenty-six years of age, and full old for matrimony. Nor "is it far from clear upon what charge she was found worthy of death." The charge may have been unfounded, but it was clarity itself. But foolish as are these snippets of history, the diction of the pretended confession betrays the author in every line, and it is not the least of Bacon's pretended

achievements, though he was the author of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Burton, that he had an easy mastery of modern journalese. Not only does Mrs Gallup fall into the common trap laid for the forger, and boldly use *its*, a word unknown to Shakespeare's time; not only does she think the worst bad spelling good enough for the sixteenth century; she cannot rid herself of her native trickery. She asks Bacon to sprinkle his revelations with scraps of French, as though he were a lady-novelist. His mother is his *mère*, while Dudley, when he is not "my poor father," is "my *père*." Why not *pater* and *mater* at once, that the vulgarity be complete? Then, again, the wisest man that ever lived is guilty of such expressions as "*enfants perdus*," "*affaires du cœur*," "*billet doux*." Worse still, the poet and philosopher is tempted to declare, "I am a student, a philosopher, I may say a savant, and I am sensible of injuries." No; he may not say "a savant," and if he do we pity his sensibility. Nor may he begin a sentence with "Candidly speaking," nor may he assert, if he would escape detection, that "his historie shineth with reflex honour."

But in truth there is no end to his (or her) follies. When he assures us that he "wishes to get his cypher into students' curricula," he no doubt has his eyes upon the Chatauquan University and Mrs Gallup's royalties. "The death of recent date, speaking in a comparative way, of my mother," is neither

Shakespearean nor Baconian. "These Shakespeare plays" is the latest slang of America. Comedies had no "headings" in Ben Jonson's time, nor was the tale of Troy then found "interesting." "Rare and oostive gems" we give up, and nothing save a modern text-book could describe the English literature of the early seventeenth century as "a language and learning that is in *its* boyhood, so to speak." However, it is useless to multiply the specimens of absurdity which sparkle upon every page. The whole tedious book is written in the tedious jargon of to-day, and before Mrs Gallup again puts pen to paper, we should recommend her to study Malone's exposure of Ireland's forgeries. She will there find many a useful warning, and thus be able (in the lingo of her own country) to cover her tracks with a better success.

But her most marvellous effrontery is displayed in an abridged translation of Homer, which is said to be concealed in Burton's 'Anatomy.' This performance, says Bacon in Mrs Gallup's finest manner, "is his best and most skilled work." "Shall it not endure?" she proudly asks, "while Homer's doth, since from it I have formed here a beauteous casket, well-wrought, curiously joined, with jewels rich set?" Why this translation should be hidden in an edition of Burton's 'Anatomy,' printed two years after Bacon's death, we do not know. The 'Iliad' is not treasonable, and if it be more "skilled" than "Hamlet" or the 'Fairie Queen,'

the whole world might have enjoyed it for wellnigh three centuries. But Mrs Gallup's Bacon hid it, though he thought it finer than the 'Anatomy,' calling it the kernel under the husk; and since the husk is a glory of English letters, how precious should be the kernel! Yet we fear the preference is Mrs Gallup's, not Bacon's; and as such it is easily intelligible, for alone she composed this deathless version — alone and with no Greek. One of the many persons who contribute prefaces to this deciphered work tells us that Mrs Gallup "is not a Greek scholar, and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant, and are written in a free and flowing style, which will be recognised as Baconian." The naïveté of this pronouncement is charming, though the protest is equivalent to a plea of guilty. What "Baconian" is we know not, since it is so many things; but we are quite prepared to believe that Mrs Gallup is not a Greek scholar. Why should she be? Her zealous use of Pope's version is proved; and for the rest a common crib, or, as it used to be called, "an aid to the classics," was doubtless serviceable enough. At any rate, it has enabled Helen, in Mrs Gallup's versions, to address Priam as "my revered father-in-law," and to describe Agamemnon as "brother-in-law of shameless me." But a specimen alone can do justice to the kernel of which Burton's 'Anatomy' is the husk. Here is a passage from the Fourth Book,

which discovers to us the true Baconian style:—

"But Diomed, sternly regarding him,
Address'd him thus: 'O Sthenelus, my
friend,
Sit thou down silent and obey my
words.

'Tis surelie no reproach unto Atrides,
Exhorting thus the well-greav'd Greekes
to fight.

His shall the glorie be, the honour his,
When sacred Ilium shall yielded be:
But, on the other hand," &c.

That gem, says Mrs Gallup, was fashioned by the author of "Othello"; and we prefer on internal evidence to attribute it to Mr Lewis Morris. Yet even this is not the best that Mrs Bacon-Gallup can achieve. For simplicity of thought and homely concision of style, we prefer the Argument of the Twenty-third Book: "Then Achilles is warn'd"—thus runs the sacred text—"by the ghost of his deceas'd friend to performe the funerall rites of Patroclus, and this is done with many games (for valuable prizes)." For valuable prizes! What prize could equal that priceless phrase in value? And distributed no doubt "by the Lady Mayoress in silver grey"! Is this the English of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Ben Jonson and Burton? Or is it perchance culled from the programme of a Detroit athletic meeting? But whenever it come, there can be no question whose the merit is. The forehead of Elizabeth Wells Gallup alone may wear the laurel; and though she be no Greek scholar, yet must she claim undivided authorship for what Bacon, or Peele, or Greene, or one

of them, has declared "his best and most skilled work."

From what we have said it is obvious that the 'Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon' is a literary forgery of the meanest skill and the vastest elaboration. "Pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write," said Pope many years ago, and Mrs Gallup has justified the aphorism. Without the command of style or knowledge, she has put forth as the work of Bacon several hundred pages of flaccid prose, which, being written by one hand and bearing another's signature (or signatures, for Bacon's signatures are as many as his pseudonyms), can only be described as a "forgery." Whether the decoipherer has deliberately attempted to mystify others, or has merely mystified herself, it is impossible to say. In either case the guilt is the same. If a man shoots his neighbour while he is trying to kill his neighbour's pig, he is guilty of murder; and Mrs Gallup, whether she knows it or not, is guilty of a felony, committed upon the honour of a dead poet, and unhappily not punishable by the law. There is, of course, a psychological interest in the episode. It is curious to note how far vanity will carry its victim along the road of folly, how completely the assumption of false knowledge may blind the eye of credulity. If Mrs Gallup really believes that her cipher exists, then she is a strange example of morbid self-deception. At any rate, one argument may be adduced in extenuation: ciphers are fash-

ionable in Detroit, and local rivalry accounts for much. There is a word-cipher, as well as the famous bi-literal, and the word-cipher has restored, or is about to restore, several priceless tragedies to our ken. But we would urge Mrs Gallup in the future to display a more gracious modesty. Let her leave the great poets of the past in peace. Her style cannot equal theirs, and the best attempt that she can make to echo their thoughts is a patent blasphemy. But even if she do refrain her hand from masterpieces which she is not worthy to read, her talent need not perish for lack of use. There is in her native Detroit an entertaining journal called the 'Free Press.' It is printed, we believe, in three types, so that, with good luck, she might extract from its columns a tri-literal cipher. No doubt the concealed story which would yield to her investigation is equal in value and interest to that fathered upon the hapless Bacon. It would require no Greek, and its diction would conform to the familiar speech of Mrs Gallup. Thus the lady may be kept out of mischief, and, since she has three or four other ciphers up her sleeve, we are apprehensive of the future. Bacon's masterpieces have not all been brought to light: there still remains an epic to be deciphered, which will prove that the universal provider of literature also wrote the works of John Milton. Let her, then, devote her energies to discovering the inner, secret

history of the 'Detroit Free Press,' and, if she do no good, at least she will not achieve much harm. For the present she stands pilloried between William Ireland and Payne Collier, immeasurably inferior to both in skill and intelligence.

Mr Mallock and the other persons who have given Mrs Gallup a tepid support are a study interesting as herself. If the forger is born, not made, so also is his victim. There is a kind of hypnotism in literary imposition which appears to dull the senses of scholars otherwise acute. When an ingenious Frenchman composed a letter in French, addressed by Sappho to Phaon, and wrote it out upon paper water-marked by *fleurs-de-lis*, he had no difficulty

in selling it to an Academician for a comfortable price. So optimism easily over-persuades the credulous mind, ever craving for some new thing. "Truth, sir," said Dr Johnson, in denouncing certain heretics of whom he had no love, "is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull." That flash of good sense lights up the folly of Mrs Gallup's supporters with an awful distinctness. They are gone to milk the bull, and we offer Mr Mallock our sincere condolences on undertaking so barren an enterprise. But no doubt he is sorrier for himself than we can be for him, and when he dies no other word than Gallup will be found written on his heart.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

THE King's Speech at the opening of Parliament in January had no novelties in store for us. Everybody knew exactly what public demands it would recognise; and, as far as we can see at present, the prospects of the session depend mainly upon two of them. These, of course, are the Education Bill and the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors Bill. But besides these there is a matter not mentioned in the Speech, as important perhaps as anything it contains, and that is the state of the House of Commons itself, and the necessity of framing still further regulations for the new conditions of parliamentary life, with which the existing code of rules is still, after many struggles, found inadequate to cope. Perhaps even still more pregnant with the fortunes of the coming session, if not with the fate of representative government itself, is the picture of political parties on which the curtain rises, and the dislocation of one important organ of the parliamentary system, on which its constitutional character is mainly, if not entirely, dependent. We shall watch with much curiosity the progress of the party rivalry which has occupied so large a share of public attention during the recess. Were it not for the grave issues involved in it, Bannerman's courtship and Rosebery's coyness would make a capital comedy.

We need not go back upon

what only relates to the past, to the state of our foreign relations, or to the progress of the war in South Africa. These last are matters which are essentially distinct from those already mentioned, and demand separate consideration.

The Liberal leaders, while professing all the time their willingness to assist the Government, have done their best to discredit the session in advance, and to prejudice the public against it before it was opened. They have raised the cry that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. No matter what the Government may propose, it stands condemned beforehand. It must be bad, it shall be bad: they have said it, and so it is to be. Such has been the burden of their song from October to January. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Rosebery himself have all joined in it. They despair of this Parliament. The Government have done nothing since it began, and are not likely to do anything now. Sir Edward Grey, however, with some consciousness of the real truth, recommends the Opposition in their attacks upon the Administration to confine themselves to its "general inefficiency." This is about the best piece of advice which has yet been given to them. The Opposition will do well to fight shy of particulars. Let them state their conclusion as boldly as they please, but

beware of giving their reasons for it.

The Liberals, in fact, have already given themselves away by imputing the alleged slackness of the Government to the apathy of the public. There is no public enthusiasm—so they say—in favour of any kind of legislation. We have Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's word for that. Whether this is the exact truth or not we do not undertake to say; but if it is, we may be quite sure that the people will not turn out a Government for not being sufficiently energetic on points to which they themselves are indifferent. Then of course we shall be told that this apathy is the result of the war, and that, as the war is the fault of the Government, they are answerable for a state of public feeling so injurious to the public welfare—so much so that, according to one Liberal leader, we may have to wait many years, perhaps a whole generation, for the revival of public interest in domestic legislation. The answer to this charge is obvious. If the Opposition had acted up to their pledges the war would probably have been over before now. Public excitement would have cooled down much more rapidly, and our legislative future, painted in such gloomy colours by Liberal orators, would have worn a different complexion.

The Liberals of course deny that they have contributed to prolong the war by encouraging the Boers to persevere. Well—we have taken the trouble to read over again all the speeches

that have been delivered on this subject by the opponents of the Government since last October, and how any honest man can look his neighbour in the face and deny that the general effect of them from first to last is to delude the Boers into believing that there is a large party in this country favourable to their pretensions, and that if they only hold out long enough they will in the end prevail, it is not only difficult, but impossible, to understand. It is not by mere isolated expressions, though these are bad enough, that the Boers will judge of English public opinion. The "methods of barbarism" imputed to us by our distinguished countryman would be words grateful to their ears. When the same eminent individual, alluding to reform of procedure in Parliament, told us that Government were coming to "throttle the House of Commons, with the reeking scalp of a constitution hanging from their saddle," the metaphor might be somewhat mixed; but the Boers probably are not refined literary critics, and would only understand that England had treated the constitution of the Cape as the Red Indian treats his conquered foe. It is a pleasing specimen of manly and robust rhetoric, scornful of the pettifogging accuracy to which great minds have ever been superior, and likely to be much appreciated by the simple and unsophisticated children of nature for whom it was intended. But it is not, we repeat, by such flowers of speech as these that

the most dangerous encouragement has been given to the Boers. It is by the whole tenor of the Opposition speeches, extending over many months, and ringing the changes on the cruelty, the injustice, and the impolicy of the war, the incompetence of our armies, and the invincibility of guerillas, from week's end to week's end, that the deepest impression will have been made.

The Opposition, then, are decidedly answerable both for the prolongation of the war and for that indifference to domestic legislation which, as we pointed out six months ago, has been its natural offspring. To drive important measures through the House of Commons as at present constituted, it is necessary that a Ministry should have not only a strong majority in Parliament but a powerful body of vigilant opinion behind it, which can keep them to their guns, if ever they are too hardly pressed. It is apparent, we think, that on one or two leading questions Ministers will find that the feeling of the country is at length sufficiently aroused to enable them to rely on this backing-up force. But before they put it to the test, the House of Commons must be lightened of some of the antiquated machinery which now impedes its free action, and if not removed will naturally become worse and worse, and be more and more abused, every year. The difficulty is to devise a remedy which, while stamping out wilful and deliberate obstruction, shall not press too hardly on other causes

of delay—such, we mean, as are in some measure excusable, and arise so directly from the democratic character which the House of Commons has now acquired that they cannot well be abolished.

The truth is, that the House has completely outgrown the system which satisfied our fathers and grandfathers. Mr Balfour, Lord Rosebery, and Sir Henry Fowler are all agreed on this point. No man, says Mr Balfour, has a chance of succeeding in any "moderately difficult election"—and few are not nowadays—who cannot speak respectably in public. He must be able, that is, to stand upon his legs for an hour or more, and deliver an address which shall not be glaringly incoherent or disjointed, or marked by too long intervals of stammering and hesitation. But the man who can once do this soon begins to fancy himself as an orator, and is anxious to let his light shine in a more exalted sphere. He has a perfect right to do so; and no rule of procedure can possibly prevent him, except such as would destroy freedom of debate altogether. But freedom of debate in a house of 670 members, of whom three-fourths are anxious to speak at every possible opportunity, is incompatible with rapid legislation. We must sacrifice the one or the other, and which shall it be? Government, as we understand from Mr Balfour's speech at Manchester on the 10th of January, have determined to maintain the original and essential character of the House

of Commons as the legitimate arena for public discussion and the most searching examination of all great questions in which the country is interested. In the debate on the Address Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman again expressed his apprehension lest his Majesty's Ministers were about to treat the British Constitution as they had treated the Cape Colony, though he did not couch it in the same choice phraseology which he employed at Lancaster. He evidently suspects the Government of some deep design against the liberties of Parliament. He sees the cloven foot. Mr Balfour told him he might make his mind easy on that score; but his fears lest the convenience of private members might be thought worthy of some trifling consideration Mr Balfour allowed to be well founded. If you wanted public business well done, he said, you must have some regard for the convenience of those who do it.

What, for instance, can be more vexatious to private members, or more injurious to the public interests at the same time, than the uncertainty which prevails in the House of Commons as to when any given business will come on, when they will be wanted, when they can dine. The existing system of arranging private bills is answerable for much of this confusion. At present it is within the power of those who have the management of this department to upset all Ministerial calculations by selecting for private bills of a decidedly contentious nature days already

fixed for debates on highly important public questions. It has been suggested that before any such arrangement is made the leaders on both sides should be consulted. This would be a useful change, no doubt; would facilitate despatch, would do much to ensure a full house whenever it was necessary, and would deprive the wilful obstructives of a weapon which they often use with much effect. Something, perhaps, may be done with regard to the adjournment of debate, to which the frequent resort is certainly a crying evil; and we should be willing to see a plan much favoured by Sir Edward Clarke, and formerly supported by Mr Goschen, Mr Balfour, Mr Chamberlain, and the Duke of Devonshire, once more taken up by these statesmen—a plan, that is, by which bills not passed in one session should be carried over to the next, and resumed at the stage where they were dropped. To judge, however, from the language both of Mr Balfour and Sir Henry Fowler, it does not seem that it will be possible to go to the root of the matter after all. It is, as they say, the direct result of the progress of democracy, which we have all accepted as irreversible. We fear, then, that when all has been done to remove the rubbish to which Sir Henry Fowler refers, other difficulties will remain which must be patiently endured. As the House of Commons has made its bed, it must lie upon it.

There is another nuisance from which all Governments

suffer grievously, and that is the number of questions addressed to Ministers almost every day that the House sits. But the postponement of question-time till nine o'clock would surely be no great convenience to private members; while to fix an earlier hour in the day for the meeting of the House would seriously interfere with the lawyers and men of business. The multiplication of questions springs from the same source as the increase of speech-making, and must be accepted like that as a necessary evil, the price we pay for certain great political reforms which it is rank heresy not to consider great blessings. But if we cannot eradicate the weed altogether it is imperatively necessary that it should be kept down, and the ground which it now covers reduced in extent. The number of questions placed upon the notice paper in any one session has grown from 700 in 1860 to more than 6000 in 1901.

The Education Bill will of course be the *pièce de résistance* of the session, though we could have wished to see a temperance bill take precedence of it. At the time of our going to press it was generally supposed that the Government scheme was not yet determined. While we write it is still in doubt whether it will include both primary and secondary education, or only the latter; and whether, if it embraces the two, there will be two authorities or one to superintend them. In a very interesting paper read before the

United Club last November by Sir Richard Jebb, Conservative member for Cambridge University, than whom there can be no higher authority on the subject of education, preference is decidedly avowed for a comprehensive measure embracing both grades, placed under one authority. It is thought that little more difficulty would be experienced in dealing with the whole question in the House of Commons than in dealing with half of it. A comprehensive bill would be regarded with more favour, and there would be a greater reluctance to lose it. This is true. But by bringing in a measure dealing only with secondary education Government would escape a conflict which, if both are included, may be expected to rage fiercely round the threatened school boards. Already the cry has been raised of "School boards in danger!" And we only hope that Government will not yield to the temptation, or seek to shirk a conflict which must come sooner or later, and perhaps at a less favourable moment.

As matters stand at present the school board is the local authority for primary education; but there are very strong objections to making it the local authority for secondary education too. Thus if the bill includes both, and it is thought necessary to place them both under one management, the school boards must gradually disappear. They will only have themselves to blame. They have so abused the powers intrusted to them

that the good which they have done has been almost forgotten in the evils mixed up with it. The desperate attempt which they have made to crush out the voluntary schools, and with them all religious education, has arrayed one part of the public against them; while the cheap finery with which they have sought to bedizen the simple and moderate Act of 1870 has estranged another. They have made themselves odious by the first attempt and ridiculous by the second. But there is a powerful party, all the same, which is interested in supporting them. They are supposed to be a thorn in the side of the Church of England and a special annoyance to the parson, which of course endears them all the more to those who dislike these institutions. There are those again who honestly uphold the system, in the sincere belief that it conduces to the highest interests of education. This group of advocates are not so numerous as they were. But they are able, well informed, and energetic; and altogether we should say Government will find their work cut out for them when the clauses relating to the new Local Authority come under discussion. A well-known educational authority, Mr Yoxall, has suggested that it should be left optional to each locality to say whether their school shall be under school boards or not. But this on closer consideration does not appear very workable, besides being somewhat inconsistent with the main principle on which the demand for a new Education Act is based. But it

is a most significant fact that Mr Yoxall, who was a member of Mr Bryce's Commission, and is the secretary of the National Union of Teachers, is for sweeping away school boards altogether.

An equally difficult problem awaits the Government in the case of denominational schools. "Under what conditions, if at all, should rate-aid be given to denominational schools?" is the second of the two questions which, according to Sir Richard Jebb, underlie the whole subject. The depth of feeling aroused among English churchmen on this subject may be judged of by the frank declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury that Government could be forced to listen to the legitimate demands of the voluntary schools "because their own position depended upon it: it would be rather awkward for them to face the Church, if only its members were united on that subject." His Grace would not have ventured on such a statement as this except upon the strongest conviction of the great and pressing urgency of the case, and the consciousness that the same conviction was entertained by the whole Church. If any further confirmation of these remarks is needed, it may be found in a memorial addressed to the Duke of Devonshire by the Moderate party on the London School Board, numbering nearly half the whole body. It is too long to quote, but states very forcibly the critical position in which the voluntary schools now stand.

The national mind is deeply stirred on the subject of religious education. It was long before the real gravity of the situation was fully recognised. The secularists for many years threw dust in the eyes of the public, and half persuaded them that the charges brought against the school boards arose only from jealousy and intolerance. We now know the truth; and Ministers may rest assured of this—that if in consequence of their weakness the voluntary schools come to grief, this is the last House of Commons in which they will occupy the Treasury bench.

With regard to any possible combination between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, we may say at once, without any disrespect to either of them, that to predict with confidence what any public man will do or leave undone when power and office are in question is beyond the range of human foresight. When we think of Fox and North, of Addington and Grenville, of Palmerston and Aberdeen, of Gladstone and Palmerston,¹ we shall feel how idle it is to venture on positive assertion about the probable conduct of any one statesman or politician.

“*Mopso Nyssa datur: quid non speremus amantes?*”

But certainly, judging from such evidence as we have now before us, we can only be of opinion that the establishment of any cordial union between the two men and the two

parties who support them presupposes either the recantation of principle or the consignment of them to the limbo of forsaken ideals, for which it is evident that neither section of the Opposition is at all prepared. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not be allowed the clean slate even if he wished to have it. When the Liberal party cease to boast of their traditions, of their long series of administrative reforms, and of those projects which they are prepared to resume whenever they regain office, their leader may perhaps accept the loan of Lord Rosebery's sponge—but not till then.

Such advice as his lordship gave on this point is a wound to Liberal sentiment, and will not readily be forgotten. But to pass on to particulars—we will only take one from the war in South Africa—the leader of the Opposition, in the speech which he delivered on the 14th of January, laboured hard to show that there was really no serious difference of opinion between himself and Lord Rosebery, and that what had passed was only a lovers' quarrel, which would soon be made up again. In it he declared that it did not signify whether we proposed terms to the Boers or the Boers proposed terms to us. Now what says the statesman who is on such intimate terms with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman? Why, that “it is not our business to propose terms to the Boers, and that it would be folly and

¹ *Vide* ‘Life of Wilberforce.’

To cavillers of this description we have nothing to say. But should there be any Conservatives or Unionists who honestly believe that Government have not done all that might have been expected from them, though too loyal to give utterance to the thought; or any who think that their mismanagement of the war has been so marked as to warrant some serious expression of disapproval,—we would ask them to reflect on one or two considerations which we venture to submit to them.

It is very unlikely, in the first place, that any change of Government which is possible at the present time should be favourable to carefully considered, well-digested legislation. Suppose the two sections of the Liberal party to combine for the moment when they saw the Treasury in view; they would either fly asunder at the first strain as soon as their object was attained, or they would sit side by side in sullen discontent, a prey to suppressed jealousies and unsatisfied cravings, which would be far more injurious to the cause of domestic progress than any lack of energy in the

present Government. But we would base our appeal on higher grounds than this. Constitutions and empires do not live by legislation alone, but by the influence of great institutions, and the national character which is formed by them. If all that the Liberals say of Conservative administration, and twice as much as all that, were strictly true, the title of a Conservative Government to the confidence of Conservatives would still be untouched. Conservatives may become more Liberal, and Liberals more Radical, but they will be Liberals and Conservatives still. Both may have descended from a higher level, but the distance between them is the same. No matter of detail should be allowed to obscure this leading truth. We know for certain that if the Liberal party returned to power to-morrow we should only see a repetition of what took place when they were last in office; and the time that ought to be devoted to measures of social improvement wasted in fruitless attacks on those great interests which, as Mr Balfour well said, it is the Conservative mission to protect.

and so forth. Such words are easily uttered, but how many who use them ask themselves what they really mean, or if they mean anything at all? If Lord Rosebery wishes, as he says he does, for sober and cautious legislation; if he wishes for a party which, while friendly to practical reform, is hostile to organic change—he has not far to go for one. If, on the other hand, he thinks more of organic change than of practical reform, and likes blazing questions and a crowded programme, which he says he does not, he can be accommodated with equal ease. Between Radicalism and Conservatism, however, there is in reality no middle term. The vision is a mere will-o'-the-wisp in pursuit of which many clever men have lost their way. It may be that Lord Rosebery is about to add another to its list of victims. We would rather try to hope that he may take to heart the eloquent peroration of Mr Balfour's speech at Manchester on the 13th of last month:—

“Can we find any organised embodiment of the things which he professes, except in the party to which we all belong, in which these sentiments are hereditary, of long profession, held unanimously, held without a dissentient voice, and which we in Manchester, in England, in Britain, in the British Empire, are resolved to carry out to the best of our abilities in order to maintain untouched and uninjured those great interests which Providence has committed to this country?”

On the other hand, if his lordship really cherishes any idea of forming a Government independent of all party connection

by simply picking out the best men from both sides, he must be contemplating nothing less than a revolution which would hardly be in the direction of Liberalism. It *must* end in some form of personal government; and if that is what he sets before himself, he may find many to agree with him, but not the occupants of the front Opposition bench in the present House of Commons.

We have glanced at the legislative prospects and the party prospects of the opening session. It remains to say a few words to those Conservative critics of the Government who complain of their want of vigour, and the halting measures of domestic legislation to which alone they seem equal. Such charges as these, when they proceed from the Opposition, are part of the game, and, whether true or false, are almost equally legitimate. But when they proceed from the Ministerial ranks some notice must be taken of them, because, if they are only the result of that fickleness which is tired of hearing Aristides called just, they may still do some harm, and aggravate the alleged evil against which they are directed. Murmurs of this kind are, we are aware, what every Government in turn has to expect. There will always be men on both sides of the House who like to air their independence at the expense of their leaders, and think it vastly fine when anything goes wrong to cry out “butter fingers,” though they may know no more of the matter than Jingle knew about cricket.

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TWO YEARS AFTER.

BY "LINESMAN."

HIGH noon behind the tamarisks, or what in Natal takes their place, the feathery aromatic mimosas, all a-tremble even in this still heat with their own delicate lightness. High noon behind the mimosas, then; and behind the cactus, stiff and strong and broad-pointed as the shovel-heads of Dervish spears, and the red boulders, glowing in the heat like lumps of dirty copper, with little pied lizards frizzling motionless upon them, luxuriating in the hot, oven-like breath which rises from their ruddy surface. High noon, too, behind other things,—behind a frowning, battered wall of stones, with multitudinous and inexplicable little pits dotted along the ground in front of it, as if the grassy mountain had been struck with smallpox, and broken out into spots of madder brown; and behind white marble crosses standing sentry in wire enclosures over long, low mounds. Where all the rest is strange, a grave is yet a familiar friend, lonely in the loneliness, yet in some way a companion, speaking of life although it holds but death. And a British grave more than all,—the plain white cross, with the plain block-printed John Smith thereon,—in what corner of the earth is it not to be found, covering the bones of sentinels and pioneers who watched and hewed on the extremest verge of human humanity, pushing life forward, holding back

death, and pointing little bull's-eyes of light into the gloom, as ubiquitous and irresistible as life and death, darkness and light themselves. And there are many here, with the noon behind them, the crosses standing like symbols of snow against the turquoise sky, the low brown mounds nestling against their feet, indistinct in the heat-haze quivering above the ground, as if processions of half-visible ghosts and souls had flung themselves prone at the feet of God's heraldic sign to them, embracing the earthy beds beneath which their poor earthy companions were crumbling, sleeping silently for ever. And there are other graves, long parapets with but few names and fewer crosses upon them, starting perhaps from under a shady tree, and ending far out in the blazing sunshine, piteous trenches of dead men, who died and were buried where they had stoutly struck at death until that experienced old fighter got in his resistless, irrevocable counter. Graves, British and Boer, anywhere, everywhere, in every cranny of the mountain, beneath every tree, behind every great hot boulder, universal death all crystallised into one great death upon the summit, where stands a noble obelisk with closely printed plinth. How dreadful is this place! But it is holy ground whereon we stand,—it is Pieters Hill.

Half the old world's memories cluster around hills,—sad ones for the most part, seeing that memory was created of nine parts sadness to one of joy; and glorious ones nevertheless, for sadness banishes glory no more than the dull earth kills the flowers. Did not God Himself sit upon the mountain as clear as the very body of heaven, descending thither in a cloud, with the paved work of a sapphire stone beneath His feet? There was glory indeed, and sadness too, for the stiff-necked people gazing upon it, and drawing but wrath from out that ineffable beauty, with the trumpery gewgaw they proposed in its place. Poor old Israelites! they were not the last of earthly races to prefer a God whom they could express and consider in earthly terms. Such glory saddened and discouraged them, as men are saddened now (who is not?) when they see the translucent splendour of God descending in the dawn upon a mountain-top in a cloud, as before, with gemmy pavements of unbearable splendour beneath. It is all too much for man, and he turns to the plain yellow gold, half ashamed, wholly relieved, seeing his way far better through the monochrome than he did through the resplendent bewildering medley. And then whole ranges of storied hills traverse the map of History, until God sate again upon a mountain of olive-gardens, with splendour of another sort, ascending in mean clothes, perhaps climbing painfully with a stick, and beneath His feet no sapphires,

but the plain green grass and a dozen untidy world-reformers, gaping and sucking in the immutable and indestructible glory of the principles of things, and enough sadness to have made the whole world weep ever since. And after that other ranges, with some lofty peaks, though nothing so near heaven as Sinai and Olivet, each with its glory atop and its melancholy hovering about its slopes. Nearly everything that has ever convulsed or moved the world has done it from a hill-top—preachings, great wounds of cruelties, streams of the healing oil of reformation, mighty meetings and secret conspiracies, and battles, chiefly battles, for the god of war, too, sits upon the mountain, and the glowing pavement beneath his feet does not fade utterly at his departure, but cools into strange brown mounds, and lily-white crosses such as those dreaming with the noon behind them to-day. And so we come down to this little hill of Pietersa.

Three years ago it was nothing, only a protuberance on Mr ——'s farm, and a shady resort for his cattle, much condemned by the lazy Kaffir herdsman for its steepness, albeit convenient for sport, with dusky, odoriferous amaryllis, with bosom of quivering bronze flecked by the sunshine under the mimosas. Two years ago it was a blazing, thundering hell, the wrath of millions of devils screeching up and down its terraces, and roaring terribly upon its blasted summit; the mimosas smoked and crackled, the red boulders split

asunder, the deep kloofs howled miserably to one another. That was two years ago. To-day Pieters Hill is what it is,—a memory, with Memory basking in the noonday upon its great bulk, like the little pied lizards on the stones, blinking drowsily in the sunshine, but with unsaurian tears in her eyes, and with soundless trumpet-calls of glory pealing in her ears. What a fight it was! What a splendid, foolish, devastating tempest, unchained by a man, and sent whirling around this hill and the other men upon it. Not long ago, nearly two years after, news came of the fate of this storm-wielder, and memory laughs at the bathos of it, though the laugh is that of a comic mask with an actor in agony behind it. What! has he who rove this very mountain into silence, with set face and mouth as motionless as the hill he doomed—has he, *could* he open that mouth to babble himself into silence? Ay, he has done it, and millions of mouths wont to babble interminably, the mouths of the great didactic British public, gape in silence themselves at the pity and the pitiable justice of it. Oh that he could have refrained and kept silence, so that you and I and memory could have remembered no sound of him but the tremendous sound which shattered this Pieters Hill two years ago! Even now it drowns the babbling, and you and I and memory must see to it that the bull-hearted man must live longer by his splendid bellowing than by the calf-like bleating to the sound of which fate extinguished him. For it still

rings in the ears of a tottering, starving division of British troops, and of a sweating, cheering army of the same, and more clearly still in the dizzy, deafened ears of a mob of galloping foreign horsemen, flying from it, pale and trembling, though naturally bronzed, and with nerves and muscles of iron.

What a fight it was! Down there by the Tugela, glittering in its deep gorge like a strip of silver braid running through dark green velvet, lay line upon line of infantry, behind line upon line of ridiculous little walls of ruddy stone. They are there yet, empty of everything but memory, looking like rusty gridirons along the steep hillside. Over there, in the green thickets between Hlangwani and Monte Cristo, and behind the rusty little kopjes of Colenso, lurked the guns, seventy-four of them, the armament of Nelson's men-o'-war, lined up in one mighty broadside, peeping hungrily up under their eyebrows between the trees and through the stone embrasures, as Nelson's old barkers peeped from the portholes, at the very spot upon which we are standing. Across to the right, over the deep bed of the Langewachte Spruit, lay more infantry, all jumbled up with themselves and the Dutchmen amongst the indefinite waves of the Onderbroek Kopjes, a regular lucky-bag of fighting men, with pointed rifles and keen eyes squinting along them behind every stone, every tree stump, and in every shadow, all day, all night, and in all directions. From where

we are standing, the musketry from this low-lying turmoil of kopjes must have sounded like the clicking of a busy typewriter, incessant, far away, meaningless. Boers there then, and all up the Langewachte as far as the twin Breasts of Sheba behind our right shoulder, and many far across to the right on the great sweeping flank of Grobelaars Kloof, all these the fringe or tassels to the main body upon this very spot, mobile and in incessant motion, indefinite and "unpinnable" as is the way of fringes, hanging on to and dancing around the main fabric, giving warning as a cat's whiskers do, and warding off the body-punches like the guard of a boxer. Metaphor, however mixed, is vain to describe the clouds of moving Boers who surround the foot of a position upon which other Boers have determined to stand fast, and tactics must be good to penetrate them without heavy loss, which we have rarely done.

All the way back from Colenso and Monte Cristo we had chased the flying scud, up the railway, in and out amongst the tortuous dongas and woody kloofs, up the little kopjes, down the other side and round the corners, sometimes one side, sometimes another, often behind, never long in the same place, never in the same place twice, but laying ever a lengthening trail of British dead over the course, a dreadful paper-chase to tell those behind which way the leading men had gone. Until now, on the 22nd of February, two years ago, it really seemed as if the scud had all

been forced back against the mountain, and that the moment had arrived when it must either be burst into shreds or overwhelm the lines of tired yellow mannikins crouching around it. So the broadside opened upon the banked up Dutchmen, gun by gun, howitzer by howitzer, slowly, relentlessly, from that tropical plateau across the river, each piece methodically finding and noting the range and grunting in its own infernal satisfaction. Now on a woody knob, now in a sleepy hollow, now on the very nipples of Sheba's lance-like breasts the shells would burst, with fearful pauses as the gunners spied for their handiwork through their telescopes, and carefully entered the results in their range-books, passing them from gun to gun to save trouble and ammunition. And on no part of the position was more of this appalling labour expended than on that upon which we stand, just in front of the main trench, running like a great rough scar across the rounded backbone of the hill. There was to be no guess-work here, every British gun must know all about it for itself; and all day the heavy throbbing from the thickets sounded in its face, and the big shells came sailing inquiringly over the Tugela,—the shrapnel spouting showers of lead from high in air as if from a "rose," the awful slamming of the lyddite, swift and terrible from the long naval guns, with nerve-destroying slowness from the cocked-up howitzers,—one by one they came; nearer and nearer up the hillside came the

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crash and the unholy sulphurous pother, smothering other and unseen trenches on their way, until by evening not a gun but could dash its fist into the very face of the strong trench behind which the Boer main body lay in waiting, peering down the slope between the explosions for something they feared more than the whistling fragments of Woolwich steel—the yellow form of the slow, silent British soldier, with whose strong arm and stronger heart they knew the ultimate issue rested.

Next day he came; running up from the Tugela gorge silently and straight, hundreds of him, right into the open below this trench and the others beneath it. Down there, just where the slope dips to a precipice in a line of scrubby thorn-bush, you may imagine how he looked from here, and how the Dutchman must have gasped at his folly. Up and up he came: the lower sangars blasted him off the face of the earth; but his friends rushed them with tremendous loss, and swept on upwards towards this frowning wall. The broadside howled and roared over them, and the wall grew troubled and shaky, falling in and falling out, dimly seen amid the curtain of smoke and flame whirling about the leaping stones. But steady eyes were glaring where they could through the dun clouds and the sheets of fire, and steady fingers were pulling trigger rapidly and incessantly. The crackle came unbroken and clearly heard from the very midst of the uproar thundering up at the trench, as if the great

shells were bursting into a million rattling fragments, and down the slope the yellow figures were tumbling fast, one under that tree, three in front of that stone, a dozen on that naked flat, until there were no more to shoot,—the attack had been wiped out! The broadside roared in anger and anguish, but the steady eyes, after a steady look for more yellow figures, turned steadily away, and their owners leant the smoking rifles against the wall, and sat down to wait. Think how you would flinch if I were to hurl a stone with a sudden shout at you as you stand there dreaming, multiply the stone and the shout by twenty million, add fire and smoke and filthy ochreous vapours, and imagine the ground quaking and the air full of whirlwinds,—even then you will not picture to yourself the terror of that artillery assault, and the stupendous gallantry and calm of the dingy farmers who stood up straight and shot true from the very midst of it.

And what of the tumbling yellow figures below. We stumbled and panted during the climb, though we lounged and loitered and stopped to admire the view often enough, carrying nothing but useful sticks, and full of contentment and breakfast. Consider how it must have been for men heavily accoutred, driven at full speed by their own impetuous heroism against a stinging drift of bullets, as the mail-train sweeps through a hailstorm, with failing breath and terribly failing numbers, blinded with sweat and smoke

and the sun's red glare on the mountain-side, short of sleep and short of food. Dream as you will, sitting there with your back comfortably against a stone, you can never think how they fell into the long dream of death, headforemost, sideways, with waving arms, and the splendid Irish shout in their mouths suddenly choked with blood, whilst the rifles spun in the air and fell clattering and dented across the stones, as if they too were struck dead. No good! no good! Once more the forefront of a British battle is a heap of Irish dead—more power to their gallant souls, wherever they have flown! St Patrick surely ran out to welcome them from the gates of heaven, and proudly led his battalion of glorious ghosts marching through the street of gold. Not the first that street had seen, nor the last, unless Britain has fought her last battle. How little the New Zealander poking amongst the ruins of London will learn of Ireland from the memorials he will find of her amongst the stones of St Stephen's. The echo of a single Irish yell from Pieters Hill would tell him more of the fiery worth and genius of her people than all the frenzied closely printed shoutings he will find stacked in the mouldering cellars. The Irish Party! It is, and has always been, the soldiers from Galway and Inniskilling who have stormed their way into the hearts of all who love devotion and pluck, and done more for Ireland than all the untidy windbags who ever spluttered!

The attack had failed, and the dead and wounded lay roasting and festering in little filthy clumps between here and the edge of the gorge a quarter of a mile below. No doubt the Boers peeping over the edge of their wall were sorry when they saw an arm or a leg slowly wagging from behind a stone, or a pair of shoulders with a sunken head between them heaving and labouring as the stricken owner died or tried to raise himself to look round for a chance of life or a helmet to cover his bursting head. Just at your feet is a fragment of lint and gauze, the relics of a "field-dressing," unwound and torn to fit the wound of some soldier in agony. Poor soldier! let us devoutly pray that he lived, and is even now rejoicing on his way a whole and happy man: his unknown pain and misery of two years ago are brought very close, closer than that of the others, by this dirty rag. No doubt the Boers were sorry, being humane men, and differentiating between the lives of men and bullocks in a manner very absurd and unenlightened to us professionals. But war is war, and if ever men meant war this trenchful of dingy farmers did. So, without ever having read a syllable of any chapter on "Counter-attack," they straightway proceeded to exemplify its precepts in a way which would have made dried up old German Clausewitz roar with artistic joy,—sneaking from every recess in the hillside, pouring through the shallow kloofs, flopping down behind the boulders, all shooting incessantly, all invisible, and

working around the flanks and rear of the breathless remnants hanging on to the lower sangars, an advancing, enveloping thunderstorm of musketry. Ruddy chips and powder fly from the paltry little breast-works down the slope, some of the brown stones turn bluish-grey with a coating of splashed lead, and for a time there is nothing behind them but silence and rows of exhausted men pressed flat against the ground. Then a British rifle speaks in reply, then another, then a thousand, fierce faces and broad shoulders arise like magic,—nothing like shooting to banish the fear of being shot! The crawling Boers pull up and cower, and the thunderstorm grows fitful,—nothing like being shot at to make shooting shaky and uncertain. If the stag took a Lee-Metford with him down to his rill at eve, he might drink his fill despite the trim lessee glowering down upon him with a hundred-guinea Holland & Holland nestling to his Harris-tweed shoulder!

And so the thunderstorm died away, as thunderstorms do in the evening, with little growls and rumbles in the distance, leaving everybody listening and talking in low voices, oppressed by the receding booming and by the silence which remains behind. A burst of firing here, single shots from unseen holes and hollows, which made heads which had not moved at the millions of shots echoing around them all day turn in that direction, so lonely were they in the evening air; the melancholy song of a be-

lated shell, dressing its weird up in the pale-green sky, and its far-off thudding fall, the fall of a stone, the rustle of the river rapids below,—what unforgettable music all this to the thousands swallowed up in the dark billows of the land, lying and listening, trying not to hear the faint calls from the darkening hillside above. Night fell terribly for the poor wounded out there: one had better not think of it; yet even after two years, in this cheerful sunny noonday, the whole hill is shrouded in a scented gloom, from whose depths tired, miserable voices call awfully and incessantly, "*Help! Help! O-o-h! Stretcher-Bearer-r-r!*" throughout the night, throughout the years, for ever, unless memory will become as deaf as the ears through which such unutterable sadness wailed into her.

All night, and all next day, and all the night after, they lay there. I have talked to an officer who lay with them, an ordinary, gallant English gentleman who lay in Hell for forty hours with thirteen wounds on his body, and fifty dying men around him. What he saw Wiertz himself would hesitate to put upon canvas; what he said no British writer can tell to British people. He used to peep over his stone and watch them dying, expecting death every second himself. Prone forms, which twisted restlessly at the first peep, would be immobile, their last contortion stiffened to dirty marble, when he peeped again. It seemed terribly private, that stony slaughter-ground, deserted by friends and unvisited

by foes, a little unhappy world of its own, its inhabitants quietly dying and silently living behind the rocks, with no word for each other, for no one knew whether the pair of legs or the top of the helmet he could see around the corner did not belong to a corpse; and in any case, when hope is dead speech dies also, all but the rumble-dumble of delirium, which occasionally murmured from some invisible corner when the sun blazed out next day, stopping and recommencing like the sound of a distant threshing-machine on a dreamy summer's day in old England. All of which would not be worth telling were it not *true*, terribly true, and but a tenth part of the terrible truth. Man's agony should be known, or at least guessed at, by a world whose eyes have been filling too long with unreal tears over every "foppish lamentation" piping from the circulating libraries and the committee rooms of cranks. Here was something real, my masters. Ye are singularly silent about it, considering how loudly minor woes can make you cackle—the quality of cocoa supplied to your captured enemies, for instance, or the lack of soap and sanitation for their families, who desire a wash but seldom, and drains never.

Two days after, during the armistice described elsewhere, the ground was cleared of the dead and wounded, as one washes a dirty plate for the next course, and sundry cunning preparations were made for dishing it up. Troops were drawn from the inconclusive

left and sent to thicken the crowds clustering in the Tugela gorge below our hill. Guns followed suit, crawling one after the other over the pontoons, climbing the steep roads over the shoulder of Hlangwani, and disappearing silently into the woods between it and Monte Cristo. The broadside was contracting from seven miles to four—pulling itself together, as it were, for one terrific final punch at the big trench on this hill-top, the "mark" of the Boer position. Then a path, well known for fifty years to Kaffirs and cattle-runners, was miraculously "discovered" by the Intelligence, and very soon swarms of soldiers were digging on either bank of the river, preparing approaches for the pontoon, which by the night of the 28th was in position right behind the sangars of the Irishmen. All the time the firing in front was as incessant as the stir and labour behind. The history of war has few situations more intense and perilous to show than that in which the advanced lines of Boer and British riflemen found themselves during these four days of indecision. Thousands of keen-eyed men were lying flat within a few hundred yards of each other along the stony shelves and ridges, peering, ducking, shooting all day and all night. And such shooting! A rifle that will kill at 3000 yards is a curious weapon at 300. Words cannot describe its instantaneousness and force, or how the bullets rushed across the trifling space with so many thousand yards of energy to spare, smiting the stones like

millions of hammers, splitting the smaller ones into bluish chips, splashing the larger with hot films of shining lead. The air was one tremendous crack of rifles—no one could say whether of Mauser or Lee-Metford, so close were the volleying lines of friend and foe. No one could look over his sangar; even the wagging in the wind of a little tuft of grass upon a sod placed as head-cover here and there on the low walls drew a hundred whistling bullets towards it, until the rectangle of turf disappeared, blown to sand in a succession of dusty puffs which filled the eyes of the soldier lying under it.

Some men bored tiny loopholes in their walls, just big enough to admit a rifle-barrel and the glance of one eye along it. Even these were detected, and flakes of hot lead came spinning through them from bullets splintering against the stones outside, stinging the watchful face behind it. Sometimes a bullet fluked its way through entire, and then the drawn face suddenly flushed and paled beneath its covering of dirt and sweat, and sank quietly forward,—so quietly sometimes, that the man's officer lying a few feet away would wonder why Private Jones had stopped firing, and would pass a cheery word along to the dead ears to "Keep at it, my boy!" And Private Jones would be carefully pulled out backwards and borne secretly down the hill, with a tiny hole between his eyes and a huge hideous one under his drenched helmet

at the back, and Private Brown would take his late loophole and his chances, with a preliminary long screwed-up stare through the little funnel, to try and discover its discoverer. And the same thing was happening amongst the Boers. Their schanzes were sheets of lead-film too, and Stoffel's bearded face would fall forward against the wall, to be replaced by Jan's anxious one, with the keen animal eyes squinting along the Mauser as often as poor Jones's and Brown's three hundred yards away. Three hundred yards! Neither knew that three hundred years separated the faces squab and bearded and those clear-out and shaven! Progress and stick-fast must keep far apart if trouble is to be avoided: there is bound to be murder when they are rammed at each other like this. But it was inevitable: the world, big as it is, is not big enough for both, though one may be pardoned for secretly likening the slaughter on these far-away kopjes to the collision between two sturdy ships upon the wide ocean, where with room, apparently, for a million such atoms, the two of them must needs steer carefully through the immensity straight at each other, to rend and batter in the trough until one disappears with a loud cry from many voices.

Many and various were the incidents on either side of that three hundred yards of space, if space it could be called, in which the air was thicker with bullets than the ground with stones. I have only room for

one, which may suggest much to the reader. During the armistice of the 25th, an old white-bearded burgher, ridiculously attired in black trousers and a low evening waistcoat, was observed by two officers to be secretly and dishonourably (considering the terms of truce) erecting a little shelter for himself away to the right front, from which he would be able to more or less enfilade one of our sangars. His mode of work was amusing and typically Dutch! How bland and absent-minded was his demeanour as he quietly loosened a big stone with his foot, and edged it towards the site selected! How pathetically weary his sinking to the ground beside it, how pitifully senile the manner in which he rolled it about, until it stood like a child's castle on the beach at Hastings, upon the top of another stone made ready to receive it! Poor old fellow! his nerves were shattered; would no one take him away and cherish him? No one of all those heartless thousands, and the old gaffer worked on at his doddering task, until his old face beamed foolishly at quite a respectable little wall of stones, erected in exactly the right position, with a loophole pointing from it exactly in the right direction. Then the aged builder, tired of his play, moved away, and was lost in the crowd of mooning, moody, fighting men, who were stretching their limbs in the blessed peace of that day of rest from killing and being killed. The two officers looked at each other

and laughed. "*Balbus murum ædificavit*" murmured one. "*Hodie!*" prophesied the other grimly, with singular aptness, seeing that it was nearly all of his Harrow Latin that had stuck in his mind! Then the two retired to their own shelter, to which they built on a little flank-piece, with a loophole which looked on the old man's loophole. Then with an empty rifle a little aiming practice at the small orifice in front of them, through which four square inches of blue sky were plainly seen, like a turquoise in a setting of reddish stone, a little subdued argument as to distance, a few adjustments of the stiff sliding-sight, and the two good-looking English faces looked at each other with a twinkle in the honest English eyes, and a smile under the trim moustaches. "*Jam satis*" murmured the better Latinist; "*Hodie*" reaffirmed the worse; and both subsided satisfied into an hour's sleep, the first for ninety hours of perilous, ageing wakefulness. What a terrible habit is that of moralising on the battlefield! But who could help it who watched unobserved that sporting confabulation under the stone shelter, the two refined faces, the broad active shoulders, the unmistakable air of English gentlemen which hung over that pair of plotting killers, as keen and interested as if they were arranging the lie of a grouse-butt, though for ninety hours they had lived in the midst of death, with "the betting" at ruinous "odds on" for them both. There is much to reform

in our officers, no doubt; but we must be careful about it: many a good, honest dog has been spoilt by having to add tricks to his natural accomplishments.

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All the rejected ones declared it true,
 A., F., and G., and philosophic H.
 In fact, a Tartar chieftain seemed to be
 As fairly caught as ever Tartar was.
 "Who is he?" asked the crowd. "He is," they said,—
 His friends, I mean, who tried to run the show,—
 "The most magnetic of magnetic men.
 Think of the famous chiefs who in our land
 Were ever great and eloquent and wise,
 Witty and able, statesmanlike and just,
 Noble, unselfish, patriotic, true,—
 Add them together, treble the result,
 And you will have, approximately summed,
 Him you have heard of whom you swift shall know."
 "When may we meet him?" was the next request.
 "Soon, soon," they said, and smiled, and went and bought
 Much store of limelight, and prepared a stage;
 And paragraph on paragraph went round
 Saying, "On such and such a day a man
 Speaks to his fellow-men—let all men come,
 All who indeed are men, to hear his voice."
 And on the predetermined day they came
 From north, from south, from east and west in crowds.
 "At last," they said, "at last!" and, lo, they saw
 High on a platform raised above their heads
 The man whom most of all they yearned to see—

*(The lines describing the greater part of the
 proceedings are unfortunately lost.)*

"Be great, be earnest, let your hearts be turned
 To wisdom, be not——" What he would have said
 To perorate with never will be known;
 For at this moment, as he waved his arms
 And all men listened, came a swift collapse.
 His figure shrank, there was a grating whirr,
 As of machinery that finds an end
 By running down—two gasping clicks he gave,
 Essaying still to speak, and so sank down
 Prone on the platform, and the crowded hall
 Swayed with emotion; women screamed, and four,
 The wives of mayors or county councillors,
 Fell in a faint, and so were carried out.
 It was a dreadful scene: but when they came,

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who dwelt there were cut off almost entirely from their kind. How should the great god Opportunity visit these lusty, ravenous youngsters in the banishment that was their home? Yet come he did, though it was in a disguise which at the time seemed shabby enough, the bearer of a gift so paltry that no man might dream of the golden things which lay hidden in his cunning hands.

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language which would have set honest John Bunyan doing fantastic penances for a twelve-month, but a glance around showed him in an instant that resistance was hopeless. Six file of marines, and twice as many bluejackets, all fully armed and wearing an exceedingly businesslike air, crowded the narrow decks. Two bearded officers, with sun-tanned faces worn hard by foul weather, trailed swords at the belts of their soiled, nondescript uniforms. The skipper, tugging ruefully at his forelock, recognised the servants of Old John Company, the dominant power in all the Eastern world; so curbing his tongue, and smothering his rage, he invited them to drink with the best grace that he could command.

The officers clanked down the rough ladder, and seated themselves at the table, while the skipper waited upon them with obsequious care.

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the smoke and dust, sometimes from the very midst of an explosion of lyddite. For the big shells would not be forgotten. Skimming but a few feet over the heads of the British fighting line, they burst upon the trenches and on the ground below them, when attackers were so close to attacked that the gush of oily smoke hid and blinded both, and both the death-yell and the yell of triumph and fury which broke out around every explosion were drowned by its own tremendous shout. What words can paint the sounds and sights of that fighting—the great winds which seemed to spring up, the deadly calms of certain little retired spots in which perhaps a couple of corpses grovelled like rooting pigs, the mighty roar of voices, the single piercing cries, the iron nails upon the stones, the hot dirty leather of the men's equipment, the smell of hands and feet and warm steel, the smell of fresh blood and chemicals! Here on this scene of it, two years after, the smells seem somehow to come back more vividly than the sounds and sights; and could one but waft a breath of that strange perfume to the reader, one would need to write no more, for the very soul of the fighting is in it.

Kitchener's men kept steadily upward. Never did an attack move straighter, nor was there ever one with less apparent order in its movement. Little groups and little wavy lines, even little files and single soldiers, poured like

dream-figures up through the clamour and confusion that rose and fell along that terrible hillside. From all sides they came,—from behind trees, from dips in the ground, over the summits of low rises, along water-runs. Most of the men seemed to be without officers, most of the officers without men,—a curious concourse to watch, so apparently motiveless or spontaneous was the steady trot, trot towards the top of the leaden waterfall. The shells blaring over them and bursting a few yards in front seemed to be shouting "*Faugh a' ballagh!*" "clear the way" for the strange stern figures silently toiling behind them, heads bent, eyes fixed for the most part on the ground. For it was impossible to look up at the great Boer trench. So terrible a fire was crashing from it, that to raise one's eyes towards it was an effort similar to that of gazing straight into a cutting winter wind or into the doors of a ship's furnaces. It seemed safer to look down; and in any case there was not much to see—only a brown wall, with a few flat hats wobbling over it, dimly seen through the great spouts of fire and whirlwinds of tawny dust leaping and playing along it. Men appeared from nowhere and pressed forward to nowhere, seen and lost in a moment like figures in a fog. Sometimes the wounded fell with a crash; sometimes the dead sat quietly down, apeing life dreadfully with affected attitudes upon the stones; here

nought to tell him that he, that day, by his casual action, had laid the foundation-stone upon which the fortunes of a whole family were to be reared, and had forged yet another link in the great chain with which the British Empire girdles the world about.

George Ross, hard-headed, stolid young Scotsman that he was, took hold of his task of guiding the big, unwieldy ship upon her path through the unfamiliar seas with a calm self-reliance that bred confidence in his fellows. Navigation was no easy matter in those days for the sea-wanderers of the East, for men were still discovering the whereabouts of sunken reef and treacherous shoal by the simple process of running their vessels' noses into them; and many a good ship went to pieces in these uncharted waters, while her crew died dreadful deaths at the hands of the savage folk who dwelt on the sea-shore, or lumbered up and down the coasts in misshapen junks seeking what they might devour. But young George Ross faced all the dangers of the deep, keeping his own counsel, scanning the rude maps and the pilot stars, alert, silent, grim, old and wise of a sudden with that age and wisdom which come to a man before his time under the splendid burden of responsibility.

Adown the long coast-line of China the ship passed, then wallowed through the trough of the sea that stretches from Hongkong to Singapore

—thriving marts and harbours now, which were then unpeopled islands whose very names were unknown to white men—the sea which lies between Indo-China to the Philippines. Through the narrow Straits of Malacca young Ross led her, looking out upon either hand at the mysterious forest-world where Malayan kings and nobles, peasants and slaves, lived lives unfettered by ethics in a land where Might stalked triumphant, and Right was an empty name. And so across the rollers of the Indian Ocean he sailed her, until upon a certain day the mouth of the Hughli spread its mud flats before her, and she swept proudly by its shallows to drop her anchor abreast of old Calcutta grilling agonisingly under the June sun.

It was counted a big performance for so young an adventurer even in those days when men wrought on a giant scale in Asia, and Warren Hastings, who knew a man when he saw one, lost no time in appointing George Ross to a commission in the Company's navy. Travel, which ever tends to widen a man's outlook, had freed the youngster from some of the prejudices bred in him by his fanatical grandfather; or perhaps he salved his conscience by the recollection that, though he was now in Government service, he was not in truth a King's man, since his immediate master was Old John Company. Be that how it may, George Ross clutched eagerly at the chance thus unexpectedly offered to him, and with the

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THE CHAM OF TARTARY.

*(Transcribed freely from the Chronicles of Neh-Seh-Foo,
the Tartar historian.)*

IN Tartary a thousand years ago
There was no Cham (pronounced as in champagne).
It is an ancient honourable post,
Not equal to the chiefship, but a man
May be a Cham and then become the chief.
Wherefore desired by many men it was,
But none was reckoned fitting. Factions came,
And strove and claimed, and counterclaimed and strove;
And one of them was mighty in the land,
And all but gained it. Let me here relate
What men they were, and how a clever coup
Which these had purposed passed away in smoke.

And, first, though each revolving day
Brought out a new aspirant,
Not one of them seemed fit to play
The leading part of tyrant.

A. looked a man of strength compact,
Progressive, sound, enlightened,
A statesman who might sternly act
When other folk were frightened.

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXVII.

U

His eloquence had earned him praise
Where'er his words resounded ;
He had a trick of solemn phrase
Rhetorically rounded.

But all his warmth he hid from sight :
I question if he felt it,—
An ice-block that reflected light,
But somehow never melted.

Poor A. ! he didn't fill the public eye
Of Tartary, and so they put him by.
The intervening letters I shall skip,
And, next, for F. my glowing pen I'll dip.

F. from the moment of his birth
Seemed destined to inherit
Good business brains and solid worth,
And every minor merit.

In Latin grammar days he bore
A character so pious,
That building Balbus pleased him *móre*
Than wall-destroying Caius.

Poor Balbus by the common herd
Of boys—a painful matter—
Is usually *not* preferred ;
They much applaud the latter.

Men said of F., when he displayed
A steadiness so sober,
“He will not fade as leaves do fade,
Nor die in chill October.

“And while he lives we guarantee
No act of his will hurt you,
This fashion-plate of probity,
And pattern-book of virtue.”

And, even when his eloquence
Grew warm and eulogistic,
Plain platitudinous good sense
Was its characteristic.

His views he never quite defined :
He liked a combination.
You could not say he had a mind
Averse from vacillation.

To black he would not take his oath ;
He was by white offended,
Preferring grey, a tint where both
Inextricably blended.

In short, he was a man to trust
As always *sui compos* :
There never was a man so just—
Or so superbly pompous.

Alas ! the world to solid claims is deaf :
It simply smiled, and wouldn't hear of F.
And next in order let us try to see
What was the view that most men held of G.

G. was in truth a thing of joy,
Smooth cheek and well-set shoulder :
He always seemed to stay a boy,
While other men grew older.

Delight of battle with his peers
He formerly had tasted ;
And now he grieved to see his years
So miserably wasted.

Whene'er this blossom tried to blow,
A chill wind came and shut him :
He seemed to be a stick, although
Not one of us had cut him.

Yet soon he found his chance decline,
And all his friends grow cooler :
They said they had to draw the line
At such a wooden ruler.

So G. remained, his blighted prospects round him :
They left him wanting, as, in fact, they found him.
And, still proceeding by the alphabet
In order due, to H. at last we get.

H. was a man removed from strife :
With heat you could not tax him.
He had for every turn of life
A philosophic maxim.

To things that tickled you or me
His attitude was passive.
His mind was universally
Acknowledged to be massive.

While other men of half his weight
Grew ardent or sarcastic,
He never failed to be sedate
And unenthusiastic.

When some flushed red he kept so pale
And calm that, as for me, I've
Oft thought of him as of a snail
Astray within a beehive.

And, though he took a heap of pains,
While we were dilettanti,
The red corpuscles in his veins
Were judged to be too scanty,

And so the Fates decreed his fall,
And forced us to reject him ;
But still we felt that we could all
Continue to respect him.

In truth, no man alive appeared to fit :
Either the hole was round and men were square,
Or, on the other hand, the hole was square,
The men perversely formed and wholly round,—
I know not which, but this full well I know,
There was no Cham, and Tartary was sad.
But suddenly a wondrous rumour grew,
No man knew whence it came, but oh, it spread
Throughout the land, that Tartary at last,
Travailing long, had now brought forth a Cham.
The 'Tartar Times'—the files are there to show
I speak the truth—announced that this was so.

All the rejected ones declared it true,
A., F., and G., and philosophic H.
In fact, a Tartar chieftain seemed to be
As fairly caught as ever Tartar was.
"Who is he?" asked the crowd. "He is," they said,—
His friends, I mean, who tried to run the show,—
"The most magnetic of magnetic men.
Think of the famous chiefs who in our land
Were ever great and eloquent and wise,
Witty and able, statesmanlike and just,
Noble, unselfish, patriotic, true,—
Add them together, treble the result,
And you will have, approximately summed,
Him you have heard of whom you swift shall know."
"When may we meet him?" was the next request.
"Soon, soon," they said, and smiled, and went and bought
Much store of limelight, and prepared a stage;
And paragraph on paragraph went round
Saying, "On such and such a day a man
Speaks to his fellow-men—let all men come,
All who indeed are men, to hear his voice."
And on the predetermined day they came
From north, from south, from east and west in crowds.
"At last," they said, "at last!" and, lo, they saw
High on a platform raised above their heads
The man whom most of all they yearned to see—

*(The lines describing the greater part of the
proceedings are unfortunately lost.)*

"Be great, be earnest, let your hearts be turned
To wisdom, be not——" What he would have said
To perorate with never will be known;
For at this moment, as he waved his arms
And all men listened, came a swift collapse.
His figure shrank, there was a grating whirr,
As of machinery that finds an end
By running down—two gasping clicks he gave,
Essaying still to speak, and so sank down
Prone on the platform, and the crowded hall
Swayed with emotion; women screamed, and four,
The wives of mayors or county councillors,
Fell in a faint, and so were carried out.
It was a dreadful scene: but when they came,

Solemn and sad, to pick the speaker up,
Lo, they discovered not a man at all,
But just a clock-work figure framed and set
By some artificer's surpassing skill—
Wheels, rods, and springs all cunningly devised—
And clothed that it might seem to be a man.

*(A few lines, no doubt describing the resentment
of the multitude, are missing.)*

Hence came the proverb into Tartary—
“A clock-work man who wants to be sublime
Must be well wound, or else he'll waste his time.”

Tis.

THE ROMANCE OF A SCOTS FAMILY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

"Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I!"

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ON the shores of a rock-bound inlet, swept by rude winds, and hung about for more than half the year by driving curtains of mist, there stood when last century was young a few poor cottages packed away from the rest of the world on the fringe of the Orkney group. These cottages were inhabited by a family named Ross, and by sundry others all more or less closely related to the dominant stock. These people were a hard-bit breed, spare, weather-beaten, and big of limb, fisher-folk who risked life and health during most of the days of each year upon the treacherous coast, and tilled a few square yards of grudging soil to supplement the meagre living that they wrested from the sea.

The oldest man in the village was the head of the Ross family, a stalwart who had been out in the '45, and had reaped only hard times and an ill name from that loyal sowing of a barren crop. His eldest son, a dour, harsh man, silent, thoughtful, and beset by trivial cares, toiled ceaselessly during the days of all his dull life to support a huge family of hungry, ungainly sons and daughters, and lay awake of nights wondering despondently how it would fare with those he loved when God called a truce to his long

struggle with Fate. Too many mouths to fill, and far too little wherewith to fill them—that was the insoluble problem which stared him in the face. The infertile soil cried the question to him from its bleak furrows; the crash of the surf reiterated it; the wind howled it around the rotting eaves; but answer there came none. The monotony of toil, the constant effort, the certainty of failure at the end of it—for what had sufficed for a few was patently inadequate to the needs of the growing clan—hung over his life like a brooding shadow. The hopelessness of it wore this man down inch by inch: the darkness of the future walled him in as sadly as did the fogs that hung damp and chill around his home.

His children must move on and out. So much was certain; but whither, and to what end? His father, still known as a fanatical Jacobite, was a barrier closing many careers to those who were his immediate offspring: his fierce anger and the strong prejudices of the family forbade the King's service by land or sea. For the rest, the stubborn facts of geography limited the chances of the clan. The Orkneys in those days were the very rim of the world: the men and women

who dwelt there were cut off almost entirely from their kind. How should the great god Opportunity visit these lusty, ravenous youngsters in the banishment that was their home? Yet come he did, though it was in a disguise which at the time seemed shabby enough, the bearer of a gift so paltry that no man might dream of the golden things which lay hidden in his cunning hands.

A whaler, bound for a five years' cruise, put into the cove seeking to fill gaps in its complement which had been caused by an encounter with a press-gang, and grim George Ross sent his two eldest boys to sea in her, despite the wailing of the womenfolk and the snivelling of the youngsters themselves.

With the doings of the whaler all up and down the world I have no concern, until three years later we meet her again, brimming over with oil and blubber, putting in to water in a creek on the coast of Northern China. She waddled into the uncharted port, which was split in two by a projecting headland of tall, red rock, and sent most of her crew ashore to gather the fuel and fill the water-butts. Then her skipper sat him down in the tiny cabin and read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which with the Bible and a few primitive technical books formed the whole of the ship's library, and as he followed Christian upon his wonderful way, suddenly his vessel was seized by the children of Apollyon. The skipper floundered up from below, using

language which would have set honest John Bunyan doing fantastic penances for a twelve-month, but a glance around showed him in an instant that resistance was hopeless. Six file of marines, and twice as many bluejackets, all fully armed and wearing an exceedingly businesslike air, crowded the narrow decks. Two bearded officers, with sun-tanned faces worn hard by foul weather, trailed swords at the belts of their soiled, nondescript uniforms. The skipper, tugging ruefully at his forelock, recognised the servants of Old John Company, the dominant power in all the Eastern world; so curbing his tongue, and smothering his rage, he invited them to drink with the best grace that he could command.

The officers clanked down the rough ladder, and seated themselves at the table, while the skipper waited upon them with obsequious care.

"Sorry to trouble you, skipper," said the senior lieutenant, "but the devil must have his own, and Old John Company must be served next. Our ship—a seventy-four—is at anchor round the bluff yonder, and there she'll have to bide until she becomes a hulk unless we can get some one to navigate her back to Calcutta."

"Cholera," panted the junior officer, emerging suddenly from his tin mug, in which his nose and the greater part of his face had been buried. "Carried off both our navigators. The old barge is like a hobbled horse, and has been these two months

past. We could put to sea and risk it, of course, but somehow Calcutta seems an awesome distance away, and the rocks lie spattered all over the seabottom 'twixt there and this as thick as the raisins in a plum-duff."

"So the long and the short of it is," chimed in the senior officer, "that you must make shift to spare us the services of some one who can navigate our vessel for us."

"There will be nae sic a body aboard this hooker, so help me!" began the skipper, but the officers cut him short. A whaler did not find its way round the world and back again by means of "plumb and guess," they said, and where a boat carried a navigating officer she was sure to have at least one understudy. This they impressed upon the skipper, emphasising their points by jaw-cracking sea oaths, and hinting that it would be easy for a ship in the service of the Company to gut a whaler, maroon her crew, and thereafter to go upon her way without fear of consequences. The skipper, after one frantic outburst of profanity, resigned himself to the inevitable. He realised that he was completely in the power of his unwelcome visitors, and he knew that men were not accustomed to be over-scrupulous in their dealings with their fellows when chance threw them together on the coasts of far Cathay—a land where no law ran save that of the strong right arm. None the less, the Scots soul of him set him groping for a bargain. His mate,

who was the only skilled navigator beside himself that the whaler carried, was also his best boat-steerer, and the loss of his services would be a grievous business. On the other hand, George Ross, the elder of the two brothers, had shown a remarkable aptitude for the acquirement of all seafarers' lore during the period of his service on board the whaler, and he was now quite capable of undertaking the task required by the Company's officers. By dint of skilful prevarication, some good solid lying, and by unblushing praises of young Ross, the skipper at last contrived to induce the officers to agree to his proposals, and the youngster, who has stood looking supremely raw-boned and awkward while he listened to his captain's unwonted eulogy, was soon placed in the gig, side by side with his small bundle. At the last moment his brother, who had not the slightest intention of allowing himself to be separated from his kinsman, leaped down beside him from the deck of the whaler, before the skipper had divined his purpose or had been able to put out a hand to stay him.

"I'll take this lad as a make-weight," shouted the senior lieutenant, and the blue-jackets laughed at the whaler's discomfiture as they bent to their oars. So the skipper watched the Rosses being borne away from him, and as he spat into the sea and sent a comet's tail of unpublishable adjectives after the spoilers in a prudently well-modulated voice, there was

nought to tell him that he, that day, by his casual action, had laid the foundation-stone upon which the fortunes of a whole family were to be reared, and had forged yet another link in the great chain with which the British Empire girdles the world about.

George Ross, hard-headed, stolid young Scotsman that he was, took hold of his task of guiding the big, unwieldy ship upon her path through the unfamiliar seas with a calm self-reliance that bred confidence in his fellows. Navigation was no easy matter in those days for the sea-wanderers of the East, for men were still discovering the whereabouts of sunken reef and treacherous shoal by the simple process of running their vessels' noses into them; and many a good ship went to pieces in these uncharted waters, while her crew died dreadful deaths at the hands of the savage folk who dwelt on the sea-shore, or lumbered up and down the coasts in misshapen junks seeking what they might devour. But young George Ross faced all the dangers of the deep, keeping his own counsel, scanning the rude maps and the pilot stars, alert, silent, grim, old and wise of a sudden with that age and wisdom which come to a man before his time under the splendid burden of responsibility.

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It was counted a big performance for so young an adventurer even in those days when men wrought on a giant scale in Asia, and Warren Hastings, who knew a man when he saw one, lost no time in appointing George Ross to a commission in the Company's navy. Travel, which ever tends to widen a man's outlook, had freed the youngster from some of the prejudices bred in him by his fanatical grandfather; or perhaps he salved his conscience by the recollection that, though he was now in Government service, he was not in truth a King's man, since his immediate master was Old John Company. Be that how it may, George Ross clutched eagerly at the chance thus unexpectedly offered to him, and with the

silent, calm, dogged self-reliance and determination which he owed to his hard-bit ancestors, he pushed his way by sheer merit and force of character through all the ranks of the service, until he found himself in command of a frigate, with the destinies of a big ship's company in his hands. His brother went into trade, and did a good business among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago; and George, too, acquired a fair share of wealth, for in those days the Indian navy was in reality a large armed merchant fleet whose officers knew how to make bargains as shrewd as the blows they gave and took. Luck, which always befriended him, as she is wont to befriend the capable, sent him with the filibustering expedition which, under the leadership of Sir Stamford Raffles, wrested Java and its twenty millions of brown subjects from the Dutch, and during the peaceful years that followed, the instinct of his people asserted itself in George Ross, and he, the offspring of the Orkney fisher-folk who had fashioned their own crafts ever since the beginning of things, started a shipbuilding-yard, and laid down the keels of many a fine vessel for the use of the Company he served.

And so the world went well with George Ross, and the East claimed him for its own; but somewhere deep down in his Scotsman's heart the memory of his own people, struggling for a bare living among the shoals and under the fog-banks in that distant island, kept itself warm, and set him aching

with pity for the hard lot which he longed increasingly to better. With all the colour and the warmth of the East around him, with his own days made easeful for him by crowds of serfs and dependents,—for this was before the age of anti-slavery legislation,—the contrast presented by his own fate to that of his kindred, who laboured hopelessly in the cold dankness of their bleak Scottish home, smote him with a pang of distress. And little by little a dream took shape and gathered form and strength—a dream that he would some day return to the Orkneys, and gathering all his kindred around him bear them back to that land of perpetual sunshine which he had learned to love. It was a pleasant castle in the air, and all the more dear to George Ross because he was in general a stolid man of action, little given to the weaving of such fantasies. Yet it recurred to him whenever he had time for thought, keeping him company through the few idle hours that were his during those strenuous years, and so often as the dream visited him his jaw would set with that grim, square firmness which, his people knew, betokened a determination that was wont to make even things seemingly impossible to come to pass.

Thus time sped, bringing to George Ross days packed with incidents big and little, days made rich by brave effort and the fruitful toil of body and mind, until at last there dawned for him, and for all whose fortunes hung upon those of

Sir Stamford Raffles, the year of the great heartbreak.

Who among us all in Eastern Asia does not know the tale of that bitter tragedy? How Sir Stamford, brave and steadfast as ever, his noble spirit refusing to be crushed though the worst of all possible things had befallen him, announced to his guests, assembled around him on an occasion of rejoicing, that a despatch which had just been handed to him contained the mandate of the British Government restoring Java—his Java!—to Holland, and so laid his lifework in ruins about his feet! The splendid empire which had been wrested from the Dutch by the courage of Hastings stimulated by the genius and foresight of Raffles, which had been seized by the dash and valour of a mere handful of Englishmen, and which had been transformed in less than a decade into a smiling paradise by the wisdom and self-devotion of its governors, was lost to us for ever—lost, be it remembered, because the despatches in which Sir Stamford disclosed the richness of the new colony lay neglected in a pigeon-hole of the Foreign Office! Years after these priceless documents were unearthed, their seals still unbroken, and too late was learned the magnitude and the splendour of the chance that indolence had missed. To all those who care for England's greatness the loss of Java is a bitter memory, but to me the tragedy is sorest in that it surrendered the destinies of millions of the brown peoples that I love to

the keeping of Holland. The theory which governs the Dutch colonial system is based upon the principle that overseas possessions should be administered for the profit of the alien rulers and their fatherland, not for the benefit of their oriental inhabitants. This was the selfish motive that first led white men to seek empire in the East; but whereas the British have learned a nobler wisdom with the passing years, the Dutch hold fast to their ancient way. Therefore the Malayan races which people the Netherlands India of to-day are sweated and taxed more drastically than ever they were under their own rulers, since the Government of a native *raja* is too feeble and inefficient to even oppress its people thoroughly, the flesh being passing weak, no matter how willing the spirit of evil. Great Britain, on the other hand, works on a more generous, more altruistic principle, devoting the revenues of her Asiatic dominions to the development of the country from which they are derived, and to the good of the natives whose toil has contributed to the common wealth. And thus it has come to pass that the sin of some obscure shirker of duty has been visited upon countless human beings in fullest measure, and without hope of remedy. It is not pleasant to think of the weight of the responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of that unknown bureaucrat.

How much of this Sir Stamford foresaw, peering into the

future with the clear eyes of genius, who can say? but none can doubt that the bitterness of death was his in that hour which witnessed the destruction of his hopes, his dreams. For the men who loved him, those who had fought, and striven, and endured at his bidding and by his side, it seemed as though upon a sudden their world had been shattered to fragments. The heart for further effort was filched from them. What profited it, they asked, to toil and labour if the end were to be such as this? It was a sullen crew of disappointed men, with fierce anger in their hearts, that stood by Java during those last sad days and handed the land they loved over to the jubilant Dutchmen, who had never thought to look again upon the empire they had lost. And of this slender band of Britishers the most sullen and the most angry was dour George Ross.

By the terms of the treaty with Holland all ships still upon the slips after a certain date became the property of the Dutch, and Ross had recently begun the construction of a fine vessel that was to him as the apple of his eye. In his grief and rage he sought comfort in work, which is ever the strong man's best and surest panacea. Whatever England's folly might surrender to Holland, his ship, he swore, should not help to swell the tale; yet it seemed barely possible that the new vessel could be completed and launched ere the fateful date arrived. Men

dinned this opinion into Ross's ears, but he set his heavy jaw squarely, and was silent, only he got him to work as though a demon of unrest possessed him. Heavens! how that man toiled! Toiled by day, with his slaves and his craftsmen panting and sweating around him under the pitiless sun; toiled by night, drenched with the heavy dews and the dank sea-fogs; toiled early and late, with eyes blazing in their sunken sockets and aching from long watching, with body grown lean, and mind half maddened by the terrible strain! And once again "the thing that couldn't" was *made* to happen by the sheer grit and force and resolution of the man; so on the eve of the great surrender the *George Ross*, a mere shapeless hull with masts and rigging ready but still to fix, slid off the slips into the clear water at Tanjong Priuk, under the very noses of the wrathful Dutchmen!

Taking all of his dependents who were willing to follow his fortunes on board his new ship, Ross set sail for Bencoolen, which was then the Company's principal factory in the eastern archipelago, to which port Raffles had preceded him. Here he visited his old chief, and asked for his pay, which, as was the custom of those days, was some years in arrears. But the Bencoolen treasury was ill-stocked, and all the money needed to satisfy Ross's claim was not forthcoming.

"It matters not," he said to Raffles. "After this scuttle

from Java I have little stomach for further service. Give me my ship in full settlement, and I am content." For a voice whispered to him that his days of labour were over and done, and that now, perchance, the time had come in which to enter the castle of his dreams.

So George Ross bade a long farewell to the chief he had served and loved, manned his vessel with a swarthy Malayan crew, and sailed away from Sumatra across the broad bosom of the Indian Ocean. He had realised all his property, and he headed for home after his many years of exile with a goodly store of wealth stowed in his lockers—a very different man to the raw youngster who had snivelled miserably on board the whaler as she put out from the little cove in the Orkneys. And as luck would have it, he lighted by chance upon a tiny atoll—a narrow belt of coral-reef girt about a fair lagoon—which lies like a speck in the very heart of those troubled seas.

I, *moi qui vous parle*, came one day long after to that lovely refuge of the ocean-tossed. During four weary nights and days, ever since our gunboat had broken out of the Straits of Sunda, and had left behind her the smiling fields and orchards of Java, the noble forests of Sumatra, and Krakatau squatting black and awful on the seas between them like some devil's watch-dog, we had suffered many and grievous things. The mast-high seas had made a sport of us, rushing upon us in frantic horse-play. Our ship had en-

tered into the frolic like a terrier pup romping with a pack of mastiffs, flinging herself at the throats of the rollers, and wagging her tail with its wildly racing screw. During that unspeakable time we had clung to our bunks and to the dripping decks, our bones wellnigh rattled free of their joints, the very souls of us churned into lather, our eyes blinded by the curtains of spray, our ears aching with the din of the tumult. Then of a sudden came a great peace. Through the narrow portal in the reef we glided into the lagoon. The ravening winds were hushed; the uproar of the seas was stilled to a distant murmur of breaking surf; and all around us lay the seas and shores of Fairyland. As we slipped onward through waters bluer far than those of the azure Mediterranean, the white coral bottom seemed but a fathom distant. Upon it was raised a world of dainty tracery, tinted with a thousand delicate hues, set with strange growths of coloured seaweeds, sponges, and aquatic plants of every form and variety of beauty. Sea-anemones with tentacles thrown wide, prismatic patches of jelly-fish, and brilliant shells, like gems carved wonderfully, clung to the niches of the rocky floor, and through that dainty paradise fishes in number past all counting glinted and flashed, or hung for an instant poised and motionless. Around us on every side the fronds of coconuts rose and sank in the breeze, fretting the skyline—palm-trees in such serried ranks that though a month or two

earlier 30,905 had perished in a cyclone, no gap was visible in all their unbroken front. And a mile or two distant across the calm water the dusty-coloured thatched roofs of the settlement rose in little pyramids between the greenery above and the whiteness of the coral sand below them.

But it was upon a somewhat different world that George Ross looked out that day long ago, for he was the first of all his kind to find this hidden cranny of the earth. No palms grew then above the low wall of coral sand which glistened in every part of its white oval; no sign of man was anywhere, and Settlement Island was nameless and untrodden. Yet withal it seemed a goodly place, and behold it was his own by right of discovery! He, who himself has been the first to penetrate into the Unknown, alone can understand the spell, the mysterious charm, that is imparted by the sense of exclusive possession thus adventurously won. So George Ross annexed the island in the name of England, for such was the fashion of his time, and made a special reservation in favour of himself and those he loved. Here, he said, was the land in which the dream should at last come true!

Then he sailed away to Madagascar, rounded the Cape, ploughed through the belt of sweltering tropic seas which fringes the awful Coast, and then through sterner waters, till at length he dropped his anchor in the little cove, which had shrunken so inexplicably in his absence, and made known

his new self to his ragged and wondering relatives. Death had made many gaps in that crowd of hungry folk, and the old people had passed to their hard-earned rest. But the others had increased and multiplied, and the problem which had puzzled George's father remained still unsolved. I like to think of him, the stern ship's captain who had braved many dangers, wrought many deeds, and learned to know a world which then was wider far than now, sitting in the poor hut where he had been born, telling wondrous tales to the simple folk his kindred, and hearken- ing gladly to the kindly Scots speech. I like to think of him, too, bringing ease and comfort to many to whom such things had always been strangers; but I know that very soon the narrowness of the old life began to irk him sorely, that the inaction wearied him, that the dankness of the fogs set his bones aching and his heart crying out for the sunshine and the luxuriant beauty of the East. And ever more these feelings grew within him, until at last he had no choice but to return to the lands which he had quitted.

Through all the days of his exile the clannishness which is innate in his countrymen had never weakened, and now that he could no longer rest content in his old home, he was unwilling to depart unless a goodly number of his relatives would follow him towards the sunrise. They had nothing to lose and everything to gain; and perhaps, too, they had come not only to trust but to love this masterful kinsman who had

dropped suddenly into their midst out of the grey sky, and promised them so goodly a future if they would but surrender themselves to his guidance.

So George Ross victualled his ship once more for a long voyage, and collected his sisters and his cousins and his aunts and every male relative he could lay his hands on, and sailed away from the Orkneys for the last time. After many days he reached his atoll—the Cocos Keeling Islands, as they are now called—and set about the making of a new colony with all his old energy and skill. But when the end of his journey was reached a disappointment awaited him, for a man named Hare, who had been connected with the younger Ross in some of his business, had found the island during George's absence, and had settled upon it together with a number of his native slaves. Ross did not allow the protests and the claims of the unfortunate Hare to move him from his purpose by so much as a fraction of an inch, for he was one not easily moved; but the presence of the intruder irked him, and the rival colonists lived on terms of almost open hostility. The details of what happened are not known, nor can they now be ascertained, but in the space of a year or so all Hare's dependents had deserted to the Ross faction, and Hare himself either died a natural death or was quietly eliminated. At any rate he ceased to be, and grim George Ross reigned in his stead.

This was the last struggle of

the old seaman. The remainder of his days was spent in leisure or in the pleasant toil of building up his colony—the dream-castle in which, unlike the vast of visionaries, he had come to dwell. He took to himself a wife from among his own people, and in his island-home a son was born to him,—a silent, studious, rather delicate youth, whose character was so foreign to that of his hard old sire as to be altogether beyond the latter's comprehension. George Ross would like to have bred a man hard-bit and stubborn-willed as himself, one who would have ruled the little community with an iron hand such as its founder had used; but since Fate had ordered things otherwise, he did his best by the boy, sending him home to Scotland, there to receive a good education in school and university.

Young Ross returned to the island a year or two before the old man's death, bearing with him a cargo of books; and when he came into his own he settled down to a hermit's life out there at the quiet limits of the world. He took a wife from among the Cocos-born natives, the descendants of the slaves and dependents who had accompanied his father and the ill-fated Hare from Java and the archipelago, and many sons and daughters were born to him. But under his mild and absent-minded rule the little colony languished and fell upon evil days, for Ross the younger had a poor head for business of any sort. The tale is told of how he hit upon the notion of sending a cargo of lime to Calcutta, where it

arrived welded into a solid block of cement by the seas which had been shipped on the voyage, so that much good money had to be disbursed ere the stuff could be chipped out of the hold by the aid of pickaxes; and this, I fear, was typical of his projects. Nonetheless, he scraped enough money together to send his eldest son to Scotland to be educated, and thereafter surrendered himself to the one passion by which he was possessed. This was the study of philosophy in all its branches, and the development and construction of a complete system of his own—a Scots predilection surely, and one perhaps which he may have owed to some far-off unknown ancestor. His, to my thinking, is a figure at once fantastic and pathetic—the man who can have known so very little of men and the lives of men, sitting here musing and dreaming in the heart of the unsailed seas, framing the Great System which he fondly hoped was to revolutionise the universe: a bowed, short-sighted, prematurely aged man, terribly alone in spirit, who all the while was so pitifully incapable of directing the affairs of the tiny world over which he actually ruled.

But his son, George Ross II., was a man of a different type, —a big, hard-featured fellow, swarthy of skin, and strong of will and limb, who would surely have been a grandson after the old sea captain's own heart. Presently this son returned from Scotland, and at once a change was wrought in

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXVII.

the life of the sleepy island. He cared not for books save in so far as they aided men to master practical things; and he smiled at his father's philosophy and ineptitude, albeit it was with no unkindly smile. He saw at a glance that the island and its drowsy, indolent community would surely die of sheer inanition unless something were done, and that speedily; wherefore he introduced the curse of Adam into the little Eden with a thoroughness that dismayed his brethren, and set the ease-loving natives in a panic. Casting about in his mind for something that would grow upon that sandy soil, the fruit of which might bring wealth to the colony, he naturally thought of coconuts; nor did he take rest until he had taught his people, men and women alike, to plant and pick the husk, and to clean and prepare the copra in a manner which brings for the Cocos stuff the best price of any on the market. All this took years to accomplish, for young George Ross had first to learn himself, and then to impart his acquired knowledge to each one of his reluctant fellows; and during all those years his father pondered and dreamed, while the manuscript of the *magnum opus* grew portentously. At last there came a day when the philosopher wrote *Finis* in his fine, cramped handwriting at the foot of the last page, and, laying down his pen, laid his life down with it; for what did it profit him to live longer in this world of banishment now that his great task was

X

ended, and his service to mankind rendered for all time?

But when it became known among the people of the island that old Ross had been gathered to his fathers, the natives, who had hoped against hope that he might yet awake to free them from his son's inexplicable passion for work, got up an ugly little riot with a view to doing the job for themselves. Then, in that outbreak against things practical—things which had never been dear to the dead man—the precious manuscript to which the philosopher had devoted so much of thought, and care, and toil, was burned in the flames which devoured the Ross homestead, and so the Great System ended in smoke, as so many great systems have ended both before and since—a fitting consummation to the tragedy of a life.

But George Ross II. had now come to his kingdom, and his hand closed upon it with an iron grip. The natives found that he was an ill man to fight with or to cross, and the poor-spirited little rebellion against the fate of the able-bodied fizzled out ignominiously. Work—good, honest, manual labour for five and a half days a week—had come to stay, and presently a generation grew up, as generations grow in the prolific East, which regarded toil as the common lot of man.

But George Ross, who had as great a passion for constructing a practical Utopia as his father had had for weaving visions upon paper, did not rest there. He had himself passed through engineering shops and

the shipbuilding-yards of the Clyde ere ever he left Scotland, and he now opened shops of his own on this island of the Indian Ocean, turned the likeliest of his men into skilled artisans, and proclaimed that in future no lad should be suffered to take unto himself a wife until he had graduated as a master carpenter and blacksmith. Next he imported a large ship-load of teak from Batavia, and set to work—for the old instinct of his forebears was strong in him—to build a schooner, undaunted by the fact that he alone in all the island possessed any technical knowledge. He told me that he drove every rivet in that ship with his own hands, that he dreamed of her for months and loved her like his own child, and when at last she floated out upon the lagoon she was the prettiest thing of her size in Asia.

George Ross had married an islander some years before, and now his sons and daughters and those of his brother Charles were of an age to receive a proper education. It was in order that he might the more conveniently transport these little people to Europe that the schooner had originally been designed. The colony was thriving now. Its population of 300 Cocos-born natives had been augmented by the importation of Bantamese contract labourers. The annual ship-load of copra was bringing in a constant and satisfactory revenue. But George Ross was an economist who, true to the traditions of his thrifty stock, never wasted money needlessly. Accordingly he made up his

mind to save the cost of passage-fares for himself and his children, which would have amounted to several hundreds of pounds, and to try his maiden hand at navigation on a big scale, as his grandsire had done before him.

Packing the women and children on board the schooner, manning her with a native crew, and taking his brother with him as mate, George Ross set off upon a voyage which to the average man would have seemed as adventurous as any undertaken by the sea-rovers of old. For months he and his brother took watch and watch about: they had a compass, a sextant, a five-year-out-of-date book of sailing directions, and a certain amount of rule-and-thumb knowledge to aid them; but behind and above these things were the sea-instinct of their race and the strength of will and unshakeable resolution of George Ross himself. More than once shipwreck and ruin threatened them: they met with calms that foreboded famine, with storms that wellnigh engulfed them; but the vessel which Ross had built with his own hands, and now navigated fearlessly across the unknown seas, fought gallantly through all dangers, and brought her master safe into the Clyde at last. The strain to which George Ross and his brother must have been subjected during that journey is something which it is not easy for the ordinary man to imagine. Think of it! Four hours of duty alternating with four hours of broken rest, turn and turn about for months; cease-

less vigilance, any relaxation of which might mean death to all whom these two men held most dear; a weight of responsibility which was made more heavy by their consciousness of little knowledge; and all God's elements to struggle with and overcome! Verily these were *men* who, "aching for an hour's sleep, dropping off between," yet brought their desperate enterprise to a successful issue, spoke of it in after years light-heartedly as of a common thing, and themselves bore no marks scarred by the stress of all that they had endured!

It was a proud day for George Ross when his schooner was registered at Lloyd's, for men wise in the craft marvelled at her beauty and her finish; and she was presently classed "A1, sixteen years," the which is the highest rating that has ever been given to a sailing-ship of this type. If aught were needed to show the genius of the man, the fact that he, alone and unaided by skilled labour, had builded such a vessel as this schooner on a remote island of the Indian Ocean, far beyond the reach of all modern appliances, were surely proof enough.

George and Charles Ross sailed her back again to their atoll when their business in Scotland had been transacted, and for many years she served them faithfully. Then in an evil hour she vanished, leaving no trace behind her. She put out of the lagoon upon her last voyage, having on board, in addition to her native crew, a crowd of unruly Italian

seamen whom ill-luck had cast ashore on the Cocos Islands. These ruffians had already given much trouble to the Rosses in return for many kindnesses, and their hosts were glad to ship them to Batavia by the first opportunity. The pilot, when he returned to Settlement Island, reported that the foreigners were showing signs of a disposition to mutiny before the schooner was well clear of the harbour, but what happened later no man knows.

"She *couldn't* have foundered," said George Ross to me, with tears in his eyes. "I know she *couldn't*! I built her myself!" And when the howling of the monsoon keeps sleep far from him, he lies gnashing his teeth and torturing himself by picturing his darling tramping among the islands of the Pacific, robbed of her very name, and reluctantly yielding service to strangers who have no notion of how such a gem of a craft should be handled and humoured.

Since the days of his wonderful journey to Scotland, George Ross has paid many visits to the old country; but be where he may, his heart is ever in the distant Arcadia over which he rules supreme. So far from the madding crowd this little island has lain since old George Ross first chanced upon it, that the Scots family, whose story is surely one of the bravest of the barely noted romances of which the tale of the British Empire is compact, has been able to exert upon its people a unique and undivided

influence, fashioning the minds and souls of men and women sprung from an inferior race into a nearer approximation to a higher model. Such an experiment, aided by many years and such complete isolation, has never before been possible in Malayan lands, and the results are extremely curious. The ability of the lower stock to rise to higher things has been amply proved, and it is interesting to note how many distinctively Scots qualities have been grafted on to the orientalism of the Cocos-born Malays. They have developed much of Scottish thriftiness, of the Scotsman's love of order, regularity, neatness, and cleanliness—all virtues foreign to the race from which they spring. Their women-folk, who tyrannise shamelessly over the men since George Ross has set his face like a flint against the time-honoured practice of wife-beating, indulge every Saturday in a wholesale "red-ding up" of their houses, the like of which is not to be seen in all Asia. Chairs and tables, and knives and forks, have replaced the mat-strewn floors and the food-greased fingers of their fellows in other Malayan lands; and from their spotless dress, which lacks the national *sarong*, to their swept and garnished compounds, there is a spick-and-span air about the people and their surroundings which they owe to their white rulers. More important still, their whole attitude of mind towards many customs of their ancestors has undergone a total revolution, their Muhammadanism, for instance, having be-

come so much modified by contact with Scots prejudice that polygamy is regarded among them as an unclean thing. Crime of any serious description has been unknown upon the atoll for years. The able-bodied men supply their own night-police, whose chief duty it is to see that moored boats do not break their painters. The whole population works solidly, regularly, cheerfully, and as a matter of course: the indolence of their breed seems to have deserted them, and thus they earn for themselves and their families all the necessities and the few luxuries that they prize, and have the further satisfaction which is to be derived from the possession of a number of goatskin tokens—the currency of the place—hidden cunningly in an old stocking. Their sole lapse from virtue's way appears to be that they are apt to construct and conceal from the sight of their rulers certain illicit stills—things not unknown in the records of Scotland, but startlingly inappropriate to a Muhammadan people—wherein they brew coconut toddy, of which they drink unwisely, in glaring defiance of the Holy Book.

But with their many sound qualities and their few frailties they are a simple, kindly, lovable folk, very trustful of their masters, and cherishing more than a little of the Scotsman's clannish devotion to their Chief—the man who has made them. For in truth this hard-headed son of a dreamer has come very near to realising a

Utopia, a model kingdom free from the worst curses that beset our kind; and if the circumstances amidst which he wrought could have remained constant, his work might perhaps have endured for ever. But, alas! throughout the East in this age of progress—

“The old order changeth, yielding place
to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many
ways,”—

wherefore the days of the long and precious isolation of the Cocos-born are already numbered. The construction of the all-British telegraph cable, which is to gird the Empire about, necessitates the erection of a station on the atoll, and the work is even now in hand. Soon each morning will bring to the Cocos Islands the news of all the world; the rumour of great events will make itself heard amid those quiet palm-groves; the mighty heart-beat of mankind, which dins insistent in the ears of those who dwell in cities, and spurs us all with a new restlessness, a new discontent, will break upon their eternal silence; and who shall dare to prophesy what the results will be for this little Arcadia of the intrusion of strange men and stranger thoughts and ideas upon the island's peace? For myself, I find it in my heart to regret the threatened loss of the simplicity and the seclusion, which have been the tools in the hands of an obscure Scots family wherewith to fashion something so near in likeness to the Perfect State.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

III. BEE-LINE TO BRITSTOWN.

"NOT bad for a green crush."

The brigadier sat down on the edge of a great slab of rock to watch the baggage over the nek. It was a typical South African nek. An execrable path winding over the saddle of a low range of tumbled iron-stone. Just one of those ranges which force themselves with sheer effrontery out from the level of the plain. Loose sugar-loaf excrescences which stud the sea of prairie with a thousand flat-topped islets, and weave the monotony of landscape peculiar to this great continent. The rough post-cart track led down into a vast amphitheatre, so vast that Western Europe can furnish no parallel to it. Yet its counterparts are met and traversed every day by the countless British columns now slowly darning the gaping rent in Africa's robe of peace. Who, if they had not known, would have said that the beautiful panorama, which the morning sun now unveiled before us, was a theatre of war? Away at our feet stretched mile upon mile of rolling Karoo and blue-grey prairie. True, it was punctuated and ribbed with stunted kopjes. But still the everlasting plain predominated, until it was lost in an autumn haze which no sun could master. Immense,—a land without a horizon, a land every characteristic of which inspires a sense of independence and

freedom. A sensation—an intoxication, to be felt, not to be described. Why should men fight in a land such as this? Surely there is room for all! The very animals of the field, ignorant of the selfishness bred of a limited pasturage and restricted space, are docile and free of vice. But with man it is different.

The dweller on the open plain learns freedom. The lesson of cramped cities is avarice—that the fittest may survive. Who shall blend the two? There, as we stood with our loins girt for war, did that great peaceful prairie unfold before us. As the morning sun grew stronger, the everlasting grey of the Karoo became jewelled with brighter tints. The middle distance of the plain was spangled with a streak of winding silver. Some river tracing its erratic course between the kopje islets. At intervals along its banks the eye rested upon patches of darker green. The home plantation of some farm, glimpses of whose whitewashed walls even now caught a glint from the strengthening sunrays. Here was a stretch of yellow furrow—the finger of civilisation on a virgin waste. Here spots of shimmering white, where the surface of some dam reflected the flooding light of day. Here and there a flock of sheep relieved the monotony of the

everlasting grey. While across our front a bunch of brood-mares were galloping in the ecstasy of day and freedom, and a bevy of quaintly pirouetting ostriches gave life to the wonderful picture. And presently a little fan of brown dots opened out on the grey below—opened out and diverged in pairs. Dots so small and insignificant that they looked like ants upon a carriage-drive. Out and out they spread, till they seemed lost and merged with the brood-mares and ostriches, now ceasing their wild movements and grouping in mild amazement at the strange invasion. And still the dots diverge. It is the advance-guard of our column—heralds of selfish man bringing horrid war into this peaceful vale. As the dots mingle with the ant-heaps on the plain, or are lost in the folds of the grey prairie, a pillar of dust rises from the centre of the fan. A larger mass of brown—the battery and its escort—a great khaki caterpillar creeping across the grey,—it is time to be moving, the last mule-waggon has topped the nek, and the last of the rear-guard are leading their horses up the post-cart road.

"Not bad for a green crush!" said the brigadier as he prepared to follow down the hill-side. "Hullo! what is that?"

A spark had shown out of the misty distance. A little glitter. It came, trembled a second, and disappeared. Again it came, a many-pointed star, winking and shivering.

"Some one is calling up.

Here, signaller!—where is the brigade signaller?"

A great dragoon tumbles out of his saddle and begins to arrange his tripod. In a few seconds his mirror has caught the sun in answer to the twinkling star in front.

"Who is it?"

A silence broken only by rhythmic clicks, as the signaller catches the distant conversation, and his monotonous reading of the code. A stolid assistant takes it down. "'T' group, 'W' group, 'I' group, 'Enna,' 'E' group—Major Twine, sir."

"Oh, the advance squadron. Well, that's satisfactory; we shall not have to bury them after all. What have they got to say?" and the brigadier sat down on his rock again as the signaller spelt out the message.

"Am moving now on Nieuw-jaarsfontein. Parties of mounted Boers on both flanks. Have not been molested." Here the signaller broke down.

"Something has gone wrong, sir. They have gone out!"

For a moment the light again twinkled in frenzied haste. "Breaking station—shooting!" then all was dark.

"I think, sir," ventured the signaller, "that they have broken up the station because some one was shooting at them."

"Very likely. Here, Mr Intelligence, just you get on your horse and gallop up to the main body. Tell Colonel Washington that I want to send an officer on to the advance squadron, now twenty-five miles in front

of us : would he be so kind as to send one back to me. Don't waste time !”

Down the steep hillside, threading through the rumbling mule-trolleys, with their teams zigzagging in the throes of a heavy drift, and their groups of chattering drivers, with black polished faces aglow with negroid bonhomie. “*Aihu, Aihu. Bom - Bom. Scellum*”¹ Oom Paul. *Scellum* President Steyn.” Then a crack from the great 12-foot whip-thong, sounding like a well-timed volley. At the bottom of the incline a small spruit. There on the bank stood Willem the Zulu. A dilapidated coaching-beaver on his head. A square foot of bronzed chest showing between the white facings of an open infantry tunic. His nether limbs encased in a pair of dragon overalls, with vivid green patches on the knees. Was there ever such a picture of savage good nature and childishness as the giant Willem swung the great bamboo haft of his whip above his head, and chided or exhorted his team straining in the drift ! “Come up, Buller,” to a favourite ass. “Kruger, you *scellum*,” to a refractory lead, while the great thong cracked like a pistol as the leather hissed between the culprit's ears without touching a hair on its hide.

Splash through the drift. “D—n it, sir, can't you let a horse water in peace.” And as you feel the springy Karoo beneath your animal's stride, you catch the lament of some

officer whom you have hustled in the drift.

That first gallop in the morning ! Although we who have been out here for months may hate the very mention of the veldt, yet if we live to go home we shall live to regret that we ever left it. We may curse its boundless wastes—course that endless rise which so often has lain between our tired bodies and the evening bivouac ; but the courses will die over the rail of an ocean steamer and with the fading lights of Cape Town, while the memory of the exhilarating air, the freedom, the stirring adventure lurking in every dip and donga of that wind-swept, sun-dried, war-racked expanse of steppe will live with us for ever. Who can forget those autumn mornings, when the horse, influenced by the same exhilaration as his rider, races across the spongy soil ; playfully shies at a half-hidden ant-heap ; with cat-like agility avoids the dangerous bear-earth ; when all seems strong, and young, and full of life ; when war is forgotten, until the rocket-bird falls slanting across your path, and its plaintive note calls back to your memory the whine of the Mauser bullet ! Yes, it is good to be a soldier. The chances are heavy ; but, all told, it is worth it.

“Where the devil are you galloping to ? Don't you know that you shouldn't approach mounted troops at that pace ?”

You feel inclined to tell the

¹ Scoundrel.

cavalry colonel, fresh from the Curragh, that we had left all that behind eighteen months ago. But discipline rules experience, and automatically the respectful hand is up to the helmet-peak.

"The general's compliments, sir. He wishes to send an officer on at once with a message to Major Twine. Will you kindly detail one of your officers. He is to come back with me to the general at once."

"Oh, you are from the general, are you? Here, Sturt," turning to his adjutant, "send Mr Meadows back with this officer to the general. And you, sir, don't you in future come galloping up like that into my regiment."

"Very good, sir."

"Now, Mr Intelligence, I don't want you here any more. You have got to find out something about this road. I shall expect you to know all about those farms by this evening. So get along with your robbers. You can call yourself an egg-and-milk patrol, if you like. I should like some eggs for breakfast. Unless we strike Burghers, I halt at the first convenient water after eleven—from eleven until two. Go and find that water, and don't get shot."

Back again to the front. By throwing a circle the main body is avoided, and ten minutes' canter brings you to the advance-guard. To the brain of the advance-guard would have been perhaps a more truthful statement, for

the subaltern commanding the leading troop is riding alone along the post-cart road. His men are but dots strung out on either flank like buoys in the Hoogly. The subaltern himself is full of importance, grievances, and map-study.

Subaltern. "Why haven't you given me a guide?"

Intelligence Officer. "There is only one road, and that is as clear as a pikestaff."

Sub. "It is the principle that I go on."

I. O. "Well, continue to go on it. You are doing all right."

Sub. "That is not the point. I ought to have a guide and an interpreter. This is not the only road in the whole bally country, I presume?"

I. O. "Well, here we are. There are five of us. You only have to command us. That's what we are here for."

The subaltern with evident disapproval took stock of the Intelligence officer and his following—the Tiger and three nondescript black boys.

Sub. "Have you been here before?"

I. O. "Never."

Sub. "Have your boys?"

I. O. "I cannot say. They speak no known language!"

Sub. "Great Heavens! I call it murder to send us out like this."

A dragoon sergeant galloped in from the right flank.

Sergeant (in great state of excitement). "Please, sir, mounted men have just crossed our front."

Sub. "Which way? — how many were there?"

Sergeant. "About five thousand, sir!"

Sub. "Great Cæsar's ghost! Five thousand!—did you count them, sergeant?"

Sergeant. "No, sir; nobody saw them, sir: it was only their tracks. There are so many they are all over the place, so I think that there must be about four or five thousand!"

I. O. "I'll send my men to look at them!"

Sub. "Yes, do. I'll go too; but I will first send a note back to the column."

I. O. "I wouldn't do that yet. It may only be a herd of springbok!"

The subaltern did not disguise his look of scorn at this reflection. But John the Kaffir, with the aid of the Tiger, announced that the tracks in question had been made on the previous day by Major Twine's squadron — perhaps eighty strong. So much for circumstantial evidence. But this is nothing. It is not fair to judge new troops on their first day on the veldt. If that sergeant is alive to-day, you might stake such credit at the bank as you possess that he would not only give you the correct number to within five of the group which made the spoor, but would also give a fair description of the nature of the party and the pace at which they had travelled. Such is experience.

At eleven o'clock, except that the ridge of hill had been left behind, it seemed that no impression had been made upon the great waste of Karoo in

front of us. But the road led down into a pretty little glen, formed by the shelving banks of a tiny river. In the early days some wandering Voortrekker had chanced upon the fascinating spot, had marked down the crystal stream and fertile grazing. Here he had outspanned his team, drawn fine with days of trekking, and his bivouac had grown into a permanent abode. Here he had lived and died, and no doubt his great-grandchild now owned the pretty little homestead where the column was to make its midday halt. All Dutch homesteads are the same, yet there are not two alike, which is a paradox in which every one who has trekked across the veldt will agree. There are the same kraals and cattle-runs. The home plantations surrounded with stone walls. The same outhouses and forage-lofts. The artesian well, with its fluttering windmill. The dam with dirty water, the little low-roofed dumpy dwelling, washed white, stable-yard doors, low stoep, and trellis front. It is in their topographical surroundings only that they differ. The one will stand bleak and exposed upon a dreary plain, the other will nestle cooly behind a grove of pointed gum-trees in some kloof or gully. Chance and nature alone decide if in structure and setting they please the eye. Man is indifferent. A house is to shield him from the elements, not to improve the landscape or impress the passer-by.

Although the Intelligence officer knew little about the

science of his new office, yet he had common-sense, which is a soldier's most valuable attribute, and he knew better after eighteen months of war than to ride haphazard into a farmhouse, even though the farmhouse was in Cape Colony. He borrowed two men from the advance-guard, and, with the aid of the Tiger and his boys, reconnoitred the environs before he sent back to the general to tell him that he had found an ideal spot for the midday halt. Then as the advance-guard occupied the nearest eminences, he handed his horse over to one of the boys and walked up to the stoep of the farm-house. The farmer and his *vrauw* stood on the verandah to welcome him, and, as is their wont, their family of girls of all ages crowded in the open door behind their parents to gain a view of the Khakis. Just as the inevitable handshake had taken place, up cantered the Tiger.

"Here we are, sir. These are the kind of people we have to deal with," and he produced two gaudily framed pictures—President Kruger and President Steyn. "Our worthy host made a miscalculation this morning, for I found a Kaffir girl hiding these in the bushes."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see, sir, yesterday morning a commando was here. Then our loyal friend had these two pictures hanging up in his parlour. Last evening the squadron of 20th Dra-

goons passed through. Uncle here saw them coming, so he hid away Oom Paul and Steyn and put the Queen and the Prince of Wales on the wall. After the squadron had gone he expected his commando back again, so up go the Presidents. We came along first, so there had to be another transformation-scene, which I have partially disturbed. I'll bet my bottom dollar that their Royal Highnesses are now adorning the parlour." (Sinking his voice.) "It's a very fair weather-cock, sir; we are not a hundred miles from a pretty strong commando. It must be under some influential leader, or we shouldn't have this little burlesque."

The farmer smiled benignly and pressed his hospitality upon the troops. Nor had the Tiger been mistaken. There, sure enough, upon the walls of the sitting-room reposed coloured portraits of the Queen and King Edward, while, as the Intelligence officer stepped into the room, a strapping daughter sat down to the piano and played the first bars of the National Anthem. Poor subterfuge, since the damsel had overlooked the Free State favour pinned upon her breast!

"Eggs—butter? Yes, they had both; they would only be too glad—would not the general take food with them?"

*Click-clock! Click-clock!*¹

The main body had just come in, the gunners were watering their horses, the Dragoons

¹ The double report made by a small-bore rifle.

taking out their bits. The gunners knew what it meant, and the little major, who for some reason had undone his gaiter, shouted, without changing his attitude, the only necessary order, "Hook in!" But to the Dragoons the muffled reports meant nothing. For all they knew or cared at the moment that hollow echoing rhythm might have been a woodpecker. But the General, the Intelligence officer, and the Tiger knew.

Click-clock, click-clock!

Here came the news. A heavy dragoon, sweating from every pore, his face portraying the satisfaction of a man first shot over, before he realises what it means, came galloping in. He handed to the general a slip of paper from the subaltern in command of the advance-guard:—

"11.55. Enemy firing on my left flanking patrol—about fifty mounted men advancing towards me. I am on a rise 500 yards to the south-west of the farmhouse."

"That is a good boy," said the brigadier musingly, as he swung round on his heel and took in the topography of our position at a glance. "A very clear report. Here! you tell the officer commanding the pom-pom to take his gun up on to that rise. And you" (turning to another of his staff), "tell Colonel Washington to send a squadron with the pom-pom! Wait, don't be in a hurry; hear me out, please. Tell him that

the squadron is to extend, take the rise at a gallop—dismount just before it reaches the top. Now you may go."

Then turning to the chief of the staff, "Have you got a match? Thanks. Now, tell Freddy¹ to send two of his guns on to that rise south of the dam. Send a troop with him. I will be here with the rest to await developments!"

"Order given, sir!" and the Intelligence officer touched his cap.

"Good. Now you go with the pom-pom. I shall be here; let me know developments. Get along. Don't argue!"

Already the pom-pom is trotting out of the farmhouse enclosure and the squadron of Dragoons extending on the plain beyond. The faces of the gunners are as impassive as if they were about to gallop past at a review. They have been doing this sort of thing for months; it has no novelty for them. But with the Dragoons it is different. This is their first engagement; you can see it in the countenances of the men nearest you. The excitement which whitens men's cheeks and makes every action angular and awkward.

"B Squadron 20th Dragoon Guards—Gallop!"

"Pom-pom—Gallop!" comes the echo.

The Boers must be close up, for the advance-guard is falling back. They are coming back for all they are worth. It will be a race between us and the

¹ The major commanding the battery R.H.A.

enemy for the possession of the ridge; please Providence that we may be there first, for of a truth he who loses will pay the stake. The officers realise this, and sitting down to their work they make the pace. The wild line careering behind them suits itself to their lead; instinctively in its excitement and inexperience it closes inwards. Only 200 yards more. The sky-line is clear and defined. No heads have appeared as yet. One hundred yards! Now we are under the rise, the horses feel the hill—a few seconds and we shall know who has won the race. “Steady, men, steady!” Up goes the squadron leader’s arm. “Halt! Dismount!” A chaotic second as the frenzied line reins in. “‘No. 3’s.’ Where are the ‘No. 3’s’?”—“Way for the pom-pom.” The straining team crashes through the line. The dismounted troopers follow their officers up the slope. A moment of suspense — and a long-drawn breath. We are first. There are the Boers dismounting a hundred yards away. “Action front, the pom-pom.” “Down men, down!”—come the hoarse orders, and a ripple of fire crackles along the summit of the rise. “Let them have the whole belt.” *Pom-pom-pom-pom-pom-pom!* The little gun reels and quivers as it belches forth its stream of spiteful bombs. For a moment the Boers return the fire. Then they rush for their horses, and in as many seconds as it takes to light a cigarette are galloping *ventre à terre* across the

plain in an ever-extending fan. The merciless lead pursues them. The Dragoons spring to their feet to facilitate rapidity of fire, while the pom-pom churns the dry dust of the veldt into little whirlwinds among the flying horsemen. Five hundred yards away stands a kopje. In three minutes the last of the Boers have placed it between them and the British fire—except for the three or four that lie motionless upon the plain.

“Now we shall have it!” and the pom-pom captain turns to the squadron commander. “I advise you to make your men lie down again. I’m going to man-handle my gun down the slope.”

“*Click-clock, click-clock, click-clock!*” go the Mausers. The Boers are on the top of the kopje. It is to be their turn now. No; there is a roar behind the farm, then another, and another. Then three little white cloud-balls open out on the lip of the kopje.

“Good little Freddy!” soliloquises the pom-pom captain as he snaps his glasses into their case. “He was watching them. I must get my beauty to the end of this rise, to catch them as they leave.” — “Pom-pom, limber up!”

Boom - boom - boom. Three more little puffs of white over the kopje. *Click-clock* once, and the brush was over. What was it worth? Four mangled rebels on the veldt, and one stalwart dragoon, with white drawn face and sightless eyes turned to the beautiful blue of heaven!

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The brigadier cantered up to the rise. A section of Horse Artillery rumbled up after him. "Look here," he said to the squadron leader, "you must get your men on to that kopje: they are not worth pursuing—there are not more than twenty of them. If I were you I should open out, divide and gallop round both flanks of the kopje; it's open veldt beyond, and we'll look after you from this ridge. You won't see any more of them than their tails. Don't pursue beyond 3000 yards. My orders are to go to Britstown, not to wear my horses out over scallywag snipers!"

"We must push on and get touch with our loose squadron to-night," said the brigadier, as he and his staff made a hasty midday meal off tinned sausages and eggs cooked by the terrified women of the farmhouse. "I wonder what has happened to that poor little subaltern boy that I sent on this morning. Ah! here's Mr Intelligence direct from the bloodstained field; now we shall know the damage!"

Brigadier. "Any Boer wounded?"

Intelligence Officer. "Yes, sir; two, and two killed."

B. "Are the wounded talkative?"

I. O. "One is too far gone, sir; the other is quite communicative."

B. "Well, what has he got to say?"

I. O. "He lies about himself. Swears that he is a Free Stater;

but as a matter of fact his name is Pretorius, and he is a son of the farmer from whose wife we got our guides last night. By the merest chance we took a photograph of the farmer's two sons out of an album we found at the farm. And here is one of them wounded to-day. From his account it appears that a man called Lotter is here with a commando, and that he and his have just brought off rather a bad thing. Lotter's commando only joined the rebels returning from Nieuwjaarsfontein about an hour ago. The rebels knew that our advance squadron was at this farm last night, and when they saw us here, they mistook us for Major Twine, and knowing his strength attacked in good heart."

B. "I thought it was something of that kind. Well, we need not eat our hearts out about Twine. Those swine won't be taking any more to-day, especially now that they have reason to believe that we are about. But we won't waste time; we'll go on in half an hour. Send word round, and then come and have some food!"

As the shadows began to grow long across the level of stunted Karoo we had placed another ten miles behind us on the road to Britstown. Never a further sign did we see that day of our enemy. But this is typical of this free fighting on the open veldt. Your enemy comes upon you like a dust-devil—he appears, strikes, wins or loses, and then disappears

again as suddenly as he came. You fight your little battle, bury your dead, shake yourselves, and forget all about the incident. This, I assume, for the last year has been the nature of the life which all mounted men have led out here.

Just before the sun set, enshrouded in a curtain of rising mist, we reached a great ridge of table-land. A particularly wild and forsaken tract of country.

"We shall have to halt at the first water," said the brigadier. "What an unholy place to camp in! Well, if there are no Boers it doesn't matter. It's lucky that we had a turn-up against those fellows to-day. They will hardly stomach a night-attack with the echo of a pom-pom chorus still ringing in their ears. Is that a flag?"

The advance-guard were beginning to show like stunted tree-trunks upon the sky-line on our front. Yes; it was a flag. There was work for the lumbering dragoon signaller again. Slowly he spelt out the message: "No enemy have been seen. Ridge is clear. Right flanking patrol had touch with rear troop of Major Twine's squadron, now moving on Nieuwjaarsfontein. Lieutenant Meadows, rejoined, reports Major Twine's squadron seen several bodies of enemy; his squadron has been sniped, but himself not seriously engaged. Country very open on far side of ridge. Good camping-ground and water at foot of ridge."

"Good business!" said the

brigadier, turning to his chief of staff. "Will you canter up and mark out a camp? It's a great relief to find that that advance squadron hasn't been scuppered."

A more dismal camping-ground could not have been found. The fair veldt seemed to have vanished. Instead of a sprinkling of farms, there was only one human habitation within sight. This belonged to a Boer shepherd of the lowest type,—a miserable edifice of mud and unbaked bricks. The dam was a natural depression formed by what appeared to have been the crater of some long-extinct volcano. The country surrounding it was of the roughest, and to make the situation more depressing, with sundown great banks of cloud had gathered in the west. The brigadier might well be anxious for his small force of raw troops in such a fastness, and it is easy to appreciate the feeling which prompted him to personally post the night pickets. But raw troops, raw transport, all will settle down in time, and an hour after sundown the men were having their food.

Before the main body moved into camp the Tiger had made a discovery. He had found a wounded Boer in the shepherd's shanty. A stalwart young Dutchman, with his right hand horribly shattered by a pom-pom shell. The youth was in great pain, and, as the Boer so often has proved, was very communicative under his hurt. He was a Free Stater from Philipolis, and belonged to

Judge Hertzog's commando. He was one of fifteen scouts sent by Hertzog, under a commandant called Lotter, to pick up the Richmond rebels and take them down to Graaf Reinet, where De Wet's invaders had orders to concentrate, before undertaking the more desperate venture of the invasion. This youth, in his capacity of despatch-rider, had been right down to the Picquetberg hills. He indorsed the other wounded man's version of the attack they had made upon us in the morning, and he also volunteered the information that Brand, Hertzog, and Pretorius were due to attack Britstown — our destination — this very evening. This information so far interested the brigadier that he ordered an officer's patrol from the 20th Dragoon Guards to leave camp at 3 A.M. and ride right through to Britstown without a halt, so as to arrive there by nine or ten in the morning. It was important to know if Britstown had been attacked, since until the concentration took place on the morrow the garrison there was weak: it was also important that the general officer commanding the combined movement should know of the deflection from Hertzog's commando which we had encountered. Lieutenant Meadows, having proved so successful in avoiding the enemy in the morning, was again entrusted with the mission, and he was given Stephanus as his guide.

The gathering clouds did not prove simply a seasonable warning. A great icy blast swept up the valley, driving a broad belt of stinging dust before it, and the bivouac was smitten through and through by a South African dust-storm. Five minutes of fierce gale, with lightning that momentarily dispelled the night, then a pause—the herald of coming rain. A few great ice-cold drops smote like hail on the tarpaulin shelter that served headquarters for a mess-tent. Then followed five minutes of a deluge such as you in England cannot conceive. A deluge against which the stoutest oil-skin is as blotting-paper. A rain which seems also to entice fountains from the earth beneath you. In ten minutes all is over. The stars are again demurely winking above you, and all that you know of the storm is that you see the vast diminishing cloud, revealed in the west by the fading lightning-flashes, and that you have not a dry possession either in your kit or on your person.

"Not much fear of sleeping sentries to-night," said the chief of the staff as we cowered round a fire under the waggon-sail.

"No; and it is just as well: it is on these sleepless nights that 'brother'¹ is fond of showing himself," answered the brigadier. "I don't like all these Free Staters about. They may be able to stir up the new crop of rebels into doing something desperate. Raw guerillas,

¹ *I.e.*, Brother Boer.

with a leaven of hard-bitten cases, are always a source of danger. But I think that we worked our own salvage in the skirmish this morning. They would hardly believe that we should have such a small force with so many guns. No; our luck was in to-day, when they discovered us instead of Twine's squadron. We shall make something out of the 20th. They are the right stuff: that squadron went for that rise to-day in splendid style. The Boer cannot stand galloping. I may be a crank—they believe that I am one at Pretoria—but I am convinced that I have discovered the true Mounted Infantry formation for the sort of fighting that we are now experiencing out here. If you find your enemy in any position that you can gallop over, without riding your horse to a standstill, go for him in extended order. You will get more results from an enterprise of this kind than from a week of artillery and dismounted attack. I hear that D. claims to have originated this formation. Why, I was practising it with my fellows in Natal before D. was born, or rather when he was an infant in the knowledge of war. I am as convinced that I am right as I am that the rifle is the cavalryman's arm. It is not for shock tactics that you require to mount men nowadays: all you want a horse for is to get into the best fire-position in the shortest possible time. And a pom-pom, as you saw this morning, can be a useful adjunct. The battles of the future will be decided by rifles and machine-guns, not by lance and sabre. There's heresy for you; but it's my honest conviction!"

(To be continued.)

DIVIDED.¹

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

It's well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye weary stony hill,
An' I'm tired, ooh I'm tired, to be lookin' on ye still!
For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far,
An' all your heights an' hollows are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

But if 'twas only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown,
I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin' down;
Then sure the great ould sea itself is there beyont to bar,
An' all the windy wathers are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

An' what about the wather when I'd have ould Paddy's boat,
Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an' go afloat?
Oh I could find him by the light o' sun or moon or star,
But there' coulder things than salt waves between us, so
they are,
Och anee!

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to come to me,
An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea;
'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he is far,
His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are,
Och anee!

¹ Copyright in the U.S.A. by Moira O'Neill.

A RAILROAD TO INDIA.

THE writer well remembers when a young man, which means many years ago, of being much attracted by the project of a Euphrates Valley Railway, advocated by General (then Colonel) Chesney. A guarantee of 3 per cent on a capital of about 20 millions would then have sufficed to establish railway communication from a port in the Mediterranean (Alexandretta) to a port in the Persian Gulf. It was proposed that England and India should share equally in that guarantee. For the first ten years it was anticipated that a portion of that guarantee might be drawn upon; but after that period it was expected that the line would be self-supporting. The guarantee would have represented a sum of £300,000 to England and an equal amount to India. For that stake—only a flea-bite to the Budgets of either country—we might have had, a quarter of a century ago, a rapid communication with India, have secured the centre of Asia Minor as a British sphere of influence, opened up the rich granaries of Mesopotamia to commerce, and brought an interesting semi-barbarous population under the influence of Western civilisation.

Unfortunately the class of men from whom our rulers in England are too exclusively taken, notwithstanding their many admirable qualities, are seldom capable of realising the value of schemes whose import-

ance is far distant. Insular in habit of mind, they shrink before difficulties which they only vaguely comprehend; and, limited in their vision by a self-satisfied position, they cannot grasp the bearings of what may make for the future. India, it may safely be said, would never have been ours but for the enterprise of bolder spirits outside the ruling caste. Lord Palmerston, a strong, able, but insular Englishman, could never realise the immense potentialities of a Suez Canal; and it was left to a Prime Minister with Jewish blood in his veins to remedy in part, by a daring financial operation, the error of Lord Palmerston's blindness. South Africa would have remained of little value to England but for the irresistible enthusiasm of Cecil Rhodes, backed by the German Jews who were the instruments of his pecuniary success. We venture further to say that if Mr Chamberlain, an outsider from the ruling caste,—bred in a different school,—had not been our Colonial Secretary, we would not have been to-day rejoicing over the hearty union, consecrated by sacrifice, of the Colonies and the mother country; nor but for his presence in the Cabinet would the country feel its present confidence in the firmness and unflinching constancy which can alone bring the war in which we are now engaged to a completely successful issue.

That same Prime Minister, with Jewish blood in his veins, of whom we have just spoken, when he fixed upon Cyprus in 1878 as the protection of a line of railway into the interior of Asia Minor, had a far-reaching inspiration, which would not only have effectually accomplished the immediate object in view—the defence of the Armenian frontiers of Turkey—but would have also proved a first step in a new route to India, and have opened up Armenia to Western civilisation. The realisation of these great objects was defeated when the insular-minded Mr Gladstone reversed the plans of his predecessor, and, timidly shrinking within his shell, lost to England her only chance of retaining and exercising her legitimate influence in Turkey. Mr Gladstone was righteously indignant at the massacres in Armenia, but, in truth, it was his reversal of the intentions of Lord Beaconsfield in annexing Cyprus which made these massacres possible. Save for that short-sighted action, the scene of these massacres would have been in touch with Europe, and consequently safe from any outburst of barbarous fanaticism.

Now, our day of grace is past. We have ignored the great possibilities which were within our reach—we have neglected the opportunities which exceptionally favourable circumstances afforded us. A nation more far-seeing, a people more alive to the wisdom of preparing in the present for the future, has taken possession of the field

which, at various times during the past forty years, we might have occupied. The signature by the Sultan on the 21st of January last of a concession to the German "Anatolian Railway Company" of a line of railway from Koniah to the Persian Gulf is an event of the greatest consequence, both political and commercial. It makes, for the future, the centre of Asia Minor a German sphere of influence. It gives to Germany a preponderating influence in all that concerns the Ottoman empire. Regrets, on our part, that it should be so are now vain. More profitable is it to realise clearly all the bearings of the new situation created by this concession.

From a humanitarian point of view there is every reason for congratulation. A vast extent of fertile soil which is now nearly unproductive will be opened up to useful industry. The rich plains of Mesopotamia, watered by two great rivers,—the Euphrates and the Tigris,—which some one has described as capable of supplying all the cereal wants of Europe, will be brought within the reach of European capital and activity. They now only produce the grain that is required for their sparse population; and this for the simple reason that the cost of transport to a seaport is about as much as the grain is worth. Mineral wealth is known to exist in abundance in the regions traversed by the projected railway, but cannot be brought with profit to a market. The introduction of railway communication will

gradually change all this, and the wellbeing of the population will be enlarged, both materially and socially: materially, from the extension of the fields of industry; and socially, because it is an established fact that in every district brought into direct touch with Europe, the inhabitants, even under the Turkish rule, enjoy security, peace, and tolerance. The iron horse propelled by steam is a sure and rapid civiliser.

From a political point of view the consequences of this concession cannot be regretted. As England, since Lord Beaconsfield's last Government, has deliberately adopted towards Turkey a policy of "drift," it is consoling that an equally civilised Power should take her place. That Power is Germany; and it must be admitted that she is a strong and civilising Power. She certainly seeks to enlarge her commerce by putting herself in a position to command the trade of Asia Minor. She may hope to settle *there* as colonists parts of her surplus population. Both objects tend to progress. She has no hunger for any part of the Sultan's territory: to exploit it for the benefit of the natives and of herself, through them, is all she wishes. Nor has she any intention to prevent other nationalities from taking a part in the increasing industry which she has set herself to open up. Her traders and colonists will doubtless benefit by the privileged position which the courage and foresight of her diplomacy has obtained for them. This is only

just. But the traders of other nationalities are not the less assured, by the capitulations and treaties of commerce with Turkey, of an open door for their enterprise.

The march of German diplomacy towards the preponderating position it now occupies at Constantinople is an interesting object-lesson.

In 1878 Count Hatzfeldt was appointed German Ambassador to Turkey. *Then* the influence of Germany at Constantinople was small. Prince Bismarck had freely made known his opinion that there was little to be hoped of from Turkey. Reform of her administration was problematic, and her fate, in his opinion, interested other Powers. Count Hatzfeldt later on became well known and appreciated in England; but in Constantinople his sympathetic mind, his frank and winning manners, exceptionally attracted the Sultan. His Majesty is a considerable judge of character, and is capable of very pronounced sympathies. Count Hatzfeldt was received into his *intimité* as no ambassador has been. On every political question Count Hatzfeldt was consulted, and even when he went on leave Abdul Hamid II. corresponded with him and asked his counsel. It was not the ambassador but the man who called forth this unbounded confidence. Naturally the relations with Germany became more influential. Prince Bismarck was shrewd enough to profit by the situation. He met with courtesy the requests of the Sultan for German mili-

tary instructors, and his first choice of General von Goltz was especially happy. To exceptional military ability he added impressive manners, and he became a second favourite with his Majesty. The latter clearly saw the political advantages he could derive from the support of the first statesman of Europe, and the immense value to him of the friendship of a first-rate European Power on which he could rely. Prince Bismarck also fully realised the power which the exceptional confidence of the Sultan gave to his diplomatic position in the Near East. He, as the friend and counsellor of the Ottoman ruler, had to be counted with to a degree far out of proportion to the material interests of his country in Turkey. Germany was then being agitated by a desire for colonial expansion and commercial enlargement. For both Turkey offered an admirable field. A company, chiefly British, had a concession for a line of railway from Haidar Pasha (on the Asiatic shore of the Marmora, near Constantinople) to Ismidt, with a right to penetrate into the interior of Asia Minor. The line was open to Ismidt, but the company was not prosperous, and certainly not enterprising. A German group bought up this line, and in 1888 obtained a concession to extend it from Ismidt to Koniah, with a handsome Government subvention. This last concession led to the creation of "The Anatolian Railway Company," with the influential backing of the

Deutsche Bank of Berlin. The works were vigorously carried forward, and it is now four years since the line was opened to Koniah. It is fair to admit that the Anatolian Railway Company has, better than any other such enterprise in Turkey, comprehended its mission. It has spared no pains or expense to assist in the development of the country through which it passes, procures to the cultivators advances on their produce, and supplies them with improved implements of husbandry. It is already beginning to reap the just reward of its enlightened methods. The line from Haida Pasha to Ismidt and Angora is now nearly self-supporting, and the regions traversed by its trains may be said to have doubled their productiveness. This practical demonstration of the benefits which railway communication in intelligent hands can confer has justly exercised an important influence upon the Turkish Government, and inspired it with the courage—almost excessive boldness—shown in the new concession from Koniah to the Persian Gulf.

In the obtention of this most recent concession the Emperor William II. of Germany has played an important part. His visit to Constantinople, three years ago, strengthened the bonds of friendship which had already existed between him and the Sultan, and to such a friend nothing could be refused by the latter. The Emperor William espoused with ardour this scheme of the Bagdad

Railway, and never ceased to stimulate the exertions of German financiers in its cause. After three years of persistent effort, success was achieved; and on the 21st of January last great was the joy felt at Yildis and in Berlin when the signatures to the definitive concession were exchanged.

And now let us succinctly describe the recent concession.

The line of railway from Koniah to a port on the Persian Gulf will go as follows:—

From Koniah, through the Taurus Range, it will reach Adana, already connected with the Mediterranean Sea by a short line to Mersina. From Adana it will traverse the mountainous range of Ghiour Dag, which it will cross by the Bagtsche gorge and reach Tel Habesch by Kazanali and Killis. From Tel Habesch a branch-line of 60 kilometres will run to Aleppo. The Euphrates will be crossed 20 kilometres south of Beredjik, and continuing east, by Harran and Ras-el-Ain, the line will reach Moussoul. Leaving Moussoul, it will continue down the right bank of the Tigris to Bagdad by Sadijé, whence a branch-line will tap the Turco-Persian frontier at Hannekin. At Bagdad the Tigris will be crossed, and by Kerbelin and Zubeir, Bussorah will be reached. From Zubeir a branch-line will proceed to a port on the Persian Gulf. This port is not yet fixed, but it is likely to be Kasima in the Bay of Koweit.

The whole line will be about

2400 kilometres (1440 miles) in length.

The concession is for ninety-nine years, and the Turkish Government grants an annuity of 12,000 francs per kilometre (£800 per English mile), and guarantees for working expenses 4500 francs per kilometre (£300 per English mile), sharing with the company any gross receipts in excess of 10,000 francs per kilometre.

The railway will be of the normal gauge, 1.44 metres (4 feet 9 inches).

It is calculated that the journey from Constantinople to Bagdad will be done in fifty-five hours.

The Technical Commission, in its report, estimates that if a connection by steamer can be arranged from Kasima, the journey from London to Bombay may be done *via* Constantinople in 10 days 23½ hours, and for a cost of £60 first class, with a sea-voyage of only 4 days 22 hours from Kasima to Bombay. If the Indian Government extends its railways to the Persian frontier, the sea-voyage would not exceed 2 days. As a postal communication, and for travellers to India, there would be an economy of 3 days and 16½ hours compared with the quickest route at present, *via* Brindisi.

The important question for England to consider is, "What is the attitude she is to take towards this German concession?" She may sulk and make herself nasty; or, accepting the position, she may join hands with the Germans and facilitate the execution of this grandiose scheme. This latter attitude is

at present possible, for it is well known that the Germans desire our co-operation. French capitalists have already taken a considerable participation in the German project, and if England also joins, it would become, in a sense, international.

In the 'Quarterly Review' of January there is an interesting article entitled "Persia and the Persian Gulf." The writer is evidently familiar with his subject, albeit scarcely up to date. He says, "The advent of Germany into our old sphere of these Mesopotamian lowlands is at present merely a matter of project and talk." Had he been nearer the sources of information he would have known, a year ago, that the German advent was looked upon as a certainty.

But what interests us most, for our present argument, is that the writer of this article in the 'Quarterly Review' seems a fair exponent of the attitude towards the German project of sulking and making ourselves nasty. He says:—

"The attitude which should be adopted by the British Government towards such projects" (that of the Anatolian Railway) "is as clear as it is easily defensible. Our trade with Asiatic Turkey is far greater than that of any other Power, and many times as great as that of Germany. We should refuse to consent to the taxing of this trade—as by raising of import duties—in order to find the funds for a kilometric guarantee."

Again—

"We hold that the course of England in Western Asia is plainly indicated by the finger of Nature. Her influence must continue supreme not only in the Persian Gulf but also over the zone of mountains interposed

between that seaboard and the tableland of Persia. . . . In Asiatic Turkey the maintenance of our position in the valley of the Tigris follows as a natural corollary."

We are quite at one with the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' that the course of England in Western Asia is plainly indicated by the finger of Nature. But we refused to follow the pointing of that finger when it was in our power to do so, and we have to thank ourselves for our short-sightedness. Our commerce, indeed, in these regions, is many times greater than that of Germany, but our diplomacy has been as many times weaker. It is "no use crying over spilt milk." We must face the fact that Germany has outdone us, nor have we any right to complain, for it has been by the will of the nation that she has outdone us. We willingly and wittingly allowed Germany to take the position we once held in Turkey, and, on the plausible pretext that her policy towards Turkey was the same as we had formerly pursued, we consented to let her bear the burden of carrying it out. To remain logical we ought, therefore, to thank her for what she has done, and as we were satisfied to accept a secondary rôle in diplomacy, so we ought to be content with a secondary place in schemes which undoubtedly have in view the material improvement of Turkey and her subjection to strong and civilising influences. It is too late now to change a policy which we have deliberately adopted and practised during the last ten years. The

more consistent and more manly course is to pursue it steadily with all its limitations. We cannot complain of the attitude of the Germans. Two years ago, when the preliminary concession was granted to them by the Sultan, they communicated it to our Ambassador, and expressed a hope that England would participate in the realisation of their scheme. Later on they went further, and made arrangements to leave open for England a participation.

It is useless to ignore that the German project is deeply interesting both to England and India. Its realisation does not require English co-operation; but for England that co-operation is of as great and even greater importance than the co-operation in the Suez Canal which Lord Beaconsfield adroitly secured to us. We can by co-operation protect our commercial interests; we can procure to our industries a share in the materials to be used in the construction of the railway, and by becoming an associate in the enterprise we can prevent its being used against us.

It appears to us, therefore, greatly desirable that the co-operation loyally offered to us by Germany should be frankly accepted, and we hope that a group of English capitalists may be formed for this purpose. An examination of the details of the concession will readily convince men of business that the contract passed with the Turkish Government is not as burdensome as might be imagined. It has been drawn up by able—I had almost said wily—Germans, who have foreseen every eventuality. The construction is to be made in sections of 200 kilometres at a time, thus spreading the financial burden over at least ten years. But the great point is, that the concession is valuable, and it has in it great potentialities. To participate in such a concession on the conditions approved by German financiers of great standing is not *prima facie* an imprudent step. With the effective support of Germany, France, and England, it is very improbable that the interests of participants can be seriously compromised.

THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND AND THE HONOURS
OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

THE insignia of English and of Scottish royalty have suffered much in the storms through which both kingdoms have been steered. Alike they were obliterated with the abolition of the monarchy; alike they were made afresh at the restoration of kingship. But whereas the restoration of the independent Scottish monarchy was accomplished in the person of Robert the Bruce in 1306, ten years after Edward I. of England had snatched it from the feeble grasp of John Baliol, the present English Regalia date no further back than the second coronation of Charles II. in 1661. There is, therefore, much more to be told about the Scottish Regalia—the Honours of Scotland, as they were termed of old—than about the English. But precedence in narrative may be most conveniently given to the “predominant partner,” especially as the only ancient ensign of dominion she possesses was originally purloined from Scotland.

The intimate connection of the Regalia of England with Westminster cannot be carried further back than the Norman Conquest. Before that, indeed, Edward the Confessor (1042-

1066), last of the Saxon royal house,—Saxon only in name and blood, Norman in everything else,—had founded, erected, and endowed¹ the Abbey of St Peter on the Thorney or Isle of Thorns, a gravel bank rising out of the marshes and tidal backwaters at the confluence of the Eye Bourn, T’Eyebourn, or Tyburn with the Thames. Here, also, as ancient tradition affirms, this most pious of monarchs established his treasure-chest, which seems to have been but indifferently guarded at first. Hugolin, the chamberlain, having occasion to take out some cash to pay the wages of the royal servants, left the key in the lock. A scullion noting this, crept thither after dark to help himself. To do so he had to pass through the king’s bed-chamber. Once—twice—he passed in and out, the third time the king woke; but instead of alarming his guards and crying “Off with his head!” Edward told the fellow he had better take heed lest Hugolin caught him, and bade him decamp. In the morning, Hugolin was in a terrible taking over the robbery, and sharply rebuked his liege lord

¹ There is no historical evidence about the existence of an earlier abbey, supposed to have been founded by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, whose reputed tomb is shown in Westminster Abbey to this day, and whose suzerain, Ethelbert, founded St Paul’s Cathedral, A.D. 604-613. But that there was or had been a monastery there is proved by a charter by Offa, King of Mercia (757-796), preserved in the Westminster archives, wherein mention is made of “*locus terribilis quod dicitur æt Westmunster.*”

for allowing the thief to escape. "The thief," replied the mild Edward, with exasperating philanthropy, "hath more need of it than we—enough treasure hath King Edward!"

Differently had fared any thief caught *flagrante delicto* by William of Normandy! indeed William took good care to make the enterprise of any subsequent thief a good deal more difficult than it had been in the reign of his easy-tempered predecessor. He removed his own bed-chamber, but he set a strong guard round his treasure-house, which remained where it was. It still stands as the Confessor built it (save such alterations as will be mentioned as having been made in the fourteenth century), but how many citizens of London can point the way to the Treasury of England? Bid any cabman in this year of grace to drive you to the Treasury, and he will set you down before a dreary, windowed cliff of masonry in Whitehall. Tell him that he has come to the wrong place, and you will elicit some observations of a kind in keeping with his temperament. If he is choleric by nature or habit, there will be an explosion of the swear-words most recently come into general use; if he is of a sarcastic turn, he will reply suavely, "Beg pardon, sir! didn't know it was Colney Hatch you was bound for." Nevertheless, you have proved

your knowledge of historical topography to be superior to his. He has but brought you to the Treasury offices; the Treasury of England lies elsewhere. Deep in the Norman underbuilding of Edward the Confessor's abbey is the vaulted chamber now known as the Chapel of the Pyx, having survived the demolitions and rebuildings of nine centuries. The only entrance is from the eastern cloister, through a massive double door, locked by seven keys, vested in the custody of the Lords of the Treasury, who, while they derive their official title from this source, must now earn their salaries in other fields of activity.

For it would ill repay any adventurous thief to cut his way into this silent chamber at the present day. During more than two centuries it contained good store, seeing that here successive monarchs laid up their sinews of war, and here were kept all the most precious ensigns of English monarchy. Dean Stanley has enumerated some of these: "The Regalia of the Saxon monarchy; the Black Rood of St Margaret (the Holy Cross of Holyrood) from Scotland; the *Crois Gneyth* (or Cross of St Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I.;¹ the Sceptre, or Rod of Moses; the Ampulla of Henry IV.; the sword with which Athelstan cut through the rock at Dunbar;² the sword of Wayland

¹ He hung the golden diadem of the last native Prince of Wales in the chapel of the Confessor.

² Anlaf, son of Sihtric, King of Northumbria, made a night attack upon the camp of Athelstan, who, springing from his bed, "let his sword fall by chance from the sheath: whereupon, all things being filled with dread and wild confusion, Athelstan invoked the protection of God and St Adhelm, who was his dis-

Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor; the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers." ¹ Howbeit, an event which took place in 1303 was the cause for removing the store of cash to safer custody.

Edward I. was at Linlithgow in the victorious campaign which ended in the capture of Brechin Castle, when he received the unwelcome news that his Treasury had been broken into and his hoard of money stolen. "The nearer the church, the nearer the devil!" The crime was traced eventually to the monks in the dormitory above the Treasury; but it was long before they were brought to justice, so cunningly had they prepared the means of concealment. The whole of the cloister-garth in the previous spring had been sown with hemp, and the brethren forbade the gardener, whose business it was to mow the grass on the graves, to touch this unusual crop. Into the rank herbage Richard de Podlicote and his accomplices conveyed bag after bag of gold and silver coin and jewels, till upon a given night Brother Alexander of Pershore brought a boat to the King's stairs and carried off the spoil to the Mill-Bank (Milbank), where stood the abbot's mill on the site now occupied by the Tate Gallery, but at that time a

green waterside meadow with willows. Among the objects recovered from the mill were some that might be reckoned among the English Regalia, such as Henry III.'s coronation ring and the reigning king's privy seal. Edward I. was a masterful ruler; but the Church was more than a match for the State in the fourteenth century, benefit of clergy being then no unmeaning phrase. Returning from Scotland in no merciful mood against the marauders—grievously concerned, indeed, for the loss of money, whereof his frequent campaigns required so much—Edward had to brook the acquittal at the Tower of the Abbot of Westminster and eight-and-forty monks. The subprior and the sacrist were convicted, but their doom is not recorded. It is true that fragments of *human skin* may still be seen under the iron rivets of the Treasury door, the remains of a grisly lining which once covered the whole surface, as it did also the three doors of the revestry, but tradition has it that these were the hides of certain malapert Danes of an earlier generation.

In consequence of this robbery a wall was built across the interior of the Treasury, reducing its area by one-third, and shutting off access from the north; the royal treasure-chest was removed, but the Regalia, being sacred objects, together with the relics of the saints, the records of treaties, and the Pyx

tant kinsman. Replacing his hand upon the scabbard, he found *another sword* there, which is kept to this day, on account of the miracle, in the treasury of the kings. Moreover, it is, as they say, chased in one part, but can never be inlaid either with gold or silver."—William of Malmesbury, b. ii. c. 6, A.D. 1095-1143.

¹ Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 368.

containing the gold and silver standards, remained there in charge of the abbot and convent, in accordance with the charter of the founder, Edward the Confessor, confirmed by the bulls of three popes. With the dissolution of the monasteries these precious things were dispersed, the relics being cast on the rubbish-heap or into the fire, the records being stored in the chapter-house, where they still remain open to inspection by all persons curious in such matters. Some of the Regalia were removed to the Tower; among them were the most valuable jewels, which, by a distinct violation of the national right in them, were incorporated with the royal treasure as personal possessions of the sovereign.

“Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo”—

scarcely a century had passed ere the wrong done by the monarch was avenged, and the inordinate exercise of prerogative was dealt with by the abolition

of the monarchy itself. In 1642 Parliament ordered an inventory to be made of all the Regalia and royal jewels. It is said that Henry Marten, future regicide, was commissioned to force open the door of the Treasury and the iron chest within. If Anthony à Wood is to be credited, he performed his task with more than official zeal. George Wither, the poet, being decked out in mockery with the crown and sceptre, robes and sword, “first marched about the room with a stately garb, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed these sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter.”

The inventory was duly taken, as well of the articles in the iron chest as of the jewels in the Tower, and we hear no more of them until seven years later, when a second inventory was taken after the execution of King Charles. The articles in the Tower were as follows, with their valuation, admitted to be a very low one:—

“The imperiall crowne of massy gold, weighing 7 lb. 6 oz., enriched with 19 Saphirs (3 of which were exceeding large), 232 Pearls, 58 Rubies, 28 Diamonds, and 2 Emeralds . . .		£1110	0	0
The queene's crowne of massy gold, weighing 3 lb. 10½ oz., enriched with 20 Saphirs, 22 Rubies, and 83 Pearls . . .		338	0	0
A small crowne ¹ found in an iron chest, formerly in the Lord Cottington's charge, enriched with one fair Diamond (valued at £200), 13 other Diamonds, 10 Rubies . . .		200	0	0
1 Emerald, 1 Saphir . . .		60	0	0
And 70 Pearls, which Stones and Pearls weighed 3 oz. . .		73	6	8
The globe, weighing 1 lb. 5½ ounces . . .		57	10	0
2 coronation bracelets, weighing 7 oz., adorned with three Rubies Ballas and twelve Pearls weighing an ounce . . .		36	0	0
Two scepters, weighing 18½ oz. . .		60	0	0
A long rodd of silver gilt, 1 lb. 5 oz. . .		4	10	8
&c. . . &c. . . &c.				

The foremencion'd crownes, since y^e inventorie was taken, are accordinge to ord^r. of parlam^t. totallie broken and defaced.”

¹ Supposed to have been the crown of Edward VI.

The list of those of the Regalia which then remained in Westminster, also noted as "broken and defaced," is a longer one, and includes some articles of great historic interest. For instance, "King Alfred's crowne, of gould wyerworke, sett with slight stones and 2 little bells, weighing 79½ ounces," must have been of high antiquity, dating from the Saxon monarchy, even if it were not the veritable diadem of the founder of English monarchy. No mention appears of the Confessor's crown, but that of his Queen Edith was there, "formerly thought to be of massy gold, but upon triall found to be of silver gilt, enriched with garnetts, foule pearle, sapphires, and some odd stones." The mere mention of "a gould plate dish, enamelled," valued at £77, 11s., is enough to set the teeth of all good antiquaries gnashing at the thought of its consignment to the melting-pot; so also "two Patenas, enamelled, weighing 25½ oz." Then comes "the Ampulla, set with stones and pearls"—the sacred repository of the chrism for the anointing of kings—which in another copy of the inventory is described as "one large glass cupp wrought in figures," and valued at £102, 15s. But among all these magnificent objects, what tells most tenderly of the dawn of England's greatness comes last in the catalogue as "one old combe of horne, worth nothing"; doubtless the same whereof mention is thus made in the '*Liber Regalis*'—the recognised text-book of procedure

at coronations—"The prayers being ended, a shallow quoife is put on the King's head because of the annoynting: if his majesties haire be not smooth after it, there is King Edward's [the Confessor] ivory combe for that."

All the crown jewels were sold—all that would melt went into the crucible—and the nation received its own again in the shape of Ironsides, Presbyterian divines, and the stern Protectorate. The slate was clean once more—washed in blood—England had done for ever with her kings; was it not fitting that all the baubles should be destroyed that might set her hankering for their return?

Stay! there was one notable exception to the general destruction—a stone, yet not a precious one, save as a symbol of kingship,—a stone, differing in no intrinsic quality from those which northern farmers build in millions into their fauld dykes. Yet upon this stone had gathered the growth of ages—not moss and lichen, which would have been its mantle in the free air, but legend and myth of a kind to command the reverence and loyalty of a free people. This was the Scottish Coronation Stone, whereon, since Edward I. carried it off from Scone in 1296 in token of the utter subjugation of the Scots, every King of England has taken his seat for inauguration. With the stone also he brought the Crown, the Black Rood of St Margaret, and whatsoever else constituted the

Honours of Scotland at that time.

Now, it is remarkable that the stern iconoclasts of the Commonwealth should not only have spared and preserved this stone, differing in glory from thousands of similar shapeless blocks solely in its ancient association with that kingly rule which they had rejected, but should actually have brought it out of the abbey, set it ceremonially in Westminster Hall, caused his Highness Oliver to seat himself upon it for installation as Lord Protector, and thereafter scrupulously have restored it to its appointed place in St Edward's Chapel. Why should the men who caused all the priceless insignia of royalty to be "totallie broken and defaced" have treated the Scottish Coronation Stone with exceptional reverence? I am afraid the cause must be sought in the popular traditional belief which attributed to that stone an origin which has been disproved by the inveterate modern habit of sifting fact from fiction.

This Stone of Scone had long been identified with the *Lia Fail* or Stone of Destiny, which was kept at Tara and "sounded under the feet of every King of Erin" at his election, provided he were the rightful king and not a usurper. A variety of legends were current to account for its origin; but the one most generally accepted in the middle ages was that which represented it to be the stone which served Jacob as a pillow when he saw the vision of angels in his sleep at Haran (a reference

to the Book of Genesis will show that Jacob set up stones to mark most of the important episodes in his life). From Haran it was taken to Spain and used as a seat of justice by Gathelus, son of Neolus, King of Greece, a contemporary of Moses, and the progenitor and eponymus of the Gaidhel or Gaels. This eminent person married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt (*sic*), by whom he naturally had a family of Scots (see how passing simple is ethnology when you have the right key!), whom he set up in business in Spain, carrying with him Jacob's stone to use as a seat of justice. One of his descendants, Simon Brec, led a colony of Scots to Ireland, and, having brought with him the stone, was crowned thereon king of that distressful country. From Erin, as is well known (for we are in the twilight of written history now), the Scots migrated in strength during the fifth century to colonise Argyll under Fergus mór Mac Earca, thus founding the kingdom of Dalriada (*dal righ fhada*, the territory of the tall king), known afterwards as Alba, and ultimately as Scotia or Scotland. Fergus is said to have brought with him the Stone of Destiny and set it in his capital—Dunstaffnage—whence, when Kenneth Macalpine united the realms of Scotland and Pictland in the ninth century, it was transported to the seat of monarchy at Scone, where it remained till a later "tall king"—Edward Longshanks—laid impious hands upon it and carried it to Westminster.

Doubtless it was their belief in its connection with the patriarch Jacob that induced the Puritans to treat this stone as something so sacred that it could not be desecrated effectively even by its service as a throne of inauguration for a long succession of kings. Luckily they possessed not the secret of turning the search-light of history upon the tangle of tradition. Had they done so, the Scottish Coronation Stone would have been pitched into the Thames, and another seat must have been provided for Edward VII. in the coming June. The Long Parliament shared the belief of all people in England and Scotland that the stone now at Westminster, formerly at Scone, was the *Lia Fail*, the Irish Stone of Destiny. The mistake is the more venial because of the confusion in national names. The original Scotia—the land of the Scots—was Erin or Ireland; when the Scots overran Argyll, and finally acquired the kingdom of Alban, a new Scotia was formed. What was more natural than to identify the coronation stone of its kings with the Stone of Destiny of the earlier kingdom of the Scots in Erin? A further proof of this confusion is afforded by the curious fact that, while the Scottish legend derives the Stone of Scone from Tara, the Irish legend, as given in the ‘*Leabhair Gabhala*’ or Book of Conquests, brings the Stone of Destiny from Scotland to Tara, in Meath.

There is abundant proof now that the *Lia Fail* and the Stone

of Scone were two distinct boulders. In the first place, Nennius, writing in the ninth century (followed by his Irish translator in the eleventh), long after the days when Fergus mór, as alleged, carried the *Lia Fail* from Tara to Dunstaffnage, declared that it was still at Tara. This discrepancy might be reconciled, seeing how easily one lost boulder might be replaced by another like it; but the next objection is not so easily overcome. Of all classes of men on God’s earth in these latter days, none is more devoid of reverence for tradition than your geologist. It is some years since one of these—Professor Ramsay to wit—must need pry into the substance of the reputed *Lia Fail*, and, when he found that it was “of a dull reddish or purple sandstone, with a few small imbedded pebbles,” he had not even the grace to hold his tongue, but babbled to the late Mr W. F. Skene, the historian, explaining that the material of our Stone of Destiny did correspond neither with the geological strata of Palestine nor with those of Meath, but *was* identical with the formation extending for many miles round Scone!

It comes to this, then, that the Scottish Coronation Stone was no more than an ordinary boulder, chosen by chance for the inauguration of some early Pictish kinglet, whence it acquired an exoteric dignity, to be enhanced by each successive coronation. Could there be a kindlier foothold for myth and mystery? We are driven to

conclude that its first and last migration was when Edward I. carried it off, intending to obliterate the last outward and visible signs of Scottish independence. Was he fatuous or foolish? Men change, but man never changes. It was barely two years ago that the British Government spent lives and money in recovering King Prempeh's Golden Stool, the palladium of Ashanti kingship.

Probably the stone taken to Westminster was but the fixed seat of a throne with steps, like the *Marmorne Stuhl* of Charlemagne, whereon the German emperors used to be crowned. This may still be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, a plain seat of white marble on five steps, said to have been covered with plates of gold on the occasion of a coronation. With some such design in view, King Edward, having landed his booty from the Tay on the banks of the Thames, commanded a bronze chair to be made for its reception; and this was begun at once by an artificer named Adam: but the king afterwards altered the order into one for an oaken chair, possibly out of consideration for the priest who was directed to sit therein what time mass was celebrated in the Confessor's chapel. Walter the Painter, being at the time occupied in decorating the Painted Chamber, was employed to paint and gild the chair, and to supply two small leopards as supporters, and thus, in the words which

Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Richard III., was

"A base foul stone made precious by
the foil
Of England's chair."¹

This identical chair still encloses the stone, though it has suffered occasionally at the hands of upholsterers when some Court official deemed it too shabby to form part of a coronation ceremony, and submitted it to a coat of varnish.

There is nothing in the appearance of the stone itself to distinguish it as the palladium of Scottish monarchy. A block of reddish sandstone, measuring 26 inches long, 16½ inches broad, and 10½ inches deep, it has been roughly dressed on the edges, probably to fit it into the chair, and bears an iron ring and link at each end. It is said that the following inscription was carved upon it by decree of Kenneth Macalpine, first king of the united Scots and Picts (A.D. 843):—

"Ni fallat fatum Scoti, quocunque
locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur
ibidem."

Thus rendered by Bellenden:—

"The Scottis sal brwke² that realme
as native ground,
Geif weirdis faill nocht,³ quhaire'er
this chair is found."

The inscription has disappeared; but all true Scotsmen hailed the accession of their James VI. to the throne of England as a literal and glorious fulfilment of the prophecy.

One thing more remains to be told about the Coronation

¹ "King Richard III.," v. 3.

² Brook, enjoy.

³ If prophecy fail not.

Stone. In 1328, when Edward III. acknowledged his defeat in that enterprise wherein his sire and grandsire had failed before him—namely, the subjugation of Scotland—a treaty of perpetual peace between the two kingdoms was arranged at Northampton, whereof the first executive article guaranteed that “the stone on which the kings of Scotland were wont to sit at their coronation shall be restored to the Scots.” King Edward issued his writ accordingly on 1st July, directing the Abbot and Convent of Westminster to deliver the same to the Sheriffs of London, who in turn were to place it in custody with his mother Queen Isabella. *Beati possidentes!* the chronicler of Lanercost informs us that the citizens of London would on no account consent to the stone being removed from the English capital, and there it has remained ever since, a relic of the primitive past, immutable among all the changes that have swept over the land and its people.

Before we leave Westminster and its associations, it may be noted that, at the Reformation, the dean and chapter of the abbey were recognised as the inheritors of the honour conferred by the Confessor’s charter upon the abbey and convent—namely, that of being the rightful custodians of the Regalia of England. Under the Protectorate this right was abrogated with the destruction of the insignia of royalty; and after the Restoration the new Regalia were committed for greater safety to the Tower,

where Colonel Blood nearly succeeded in purloining them. But then, and ever since, the ancient privilege has been recognised by the removal of the Regalia from the Tower to Westminster on the eve of the coronation, where they remain in charge of the dean and chapter till the ceremony is over.

Fate and chance have not been so kind to the other symbols of Scottish kingship which the first Edward bore away with him in 1296. Among these he attached special importance to the Black Rood of St Margaret, as being an object of such special national veneration as his Scottish subjects would not lightly perjure themselves by. Yet when Robert de Brus, Earl of Carrick, took office in Edward’s new administration of Scotland in the autumn of 1305, he swore, *inter alia*, upon the Lord’s body, the holy evangelists, the Black Rood, and other relics, “neither for hatred, affinity, or other matter, oath, or alliance heretofore made, to withhold counsel to the utmost of his power and knowledge, and in all things to advise what was best for the king’s honour and the welfare of the lieges.” All which did not interfere to prevent Bruce from raising the national standard in the following February,—that standard which Bishop Wishart, having himself sworn fealty to Edward upon six separate occasions, had managed to keep concealed when the other ensigns of Scottish royalty had been taken over

the Border. The same intrepid prelate not only administered that absolution whereof Robert stood so much in need, with the blood of Comyn fresh on his hands, but furnished extraordinary coronation robes out of his own episcopal wardrobe. A crown there was, too,¹ which looks as if the scheme of independence was no sudden off-spring, as some have suggested, of an unpremeditated deed of violence. We catch another glorious glimpse of that crown, flashing in the brave sunshine of St John's Eve 1314, when the King of Scots rode alone across the slopes of Bannockburn on "ane gay palfray litill and joly," to do single combat with the English champion, Sir Henry de Bohun, who was mounted on a splendid destrier and armed *cap-à-pie*. On his head the Bruce wore a simple cap of "corbuyle,"² encircled by the golden diadem. It is supposed that this continued to be the crown of the kings of Scots until James V., afflicted with an insatiable *rage du mieux*, caused the crown and sceptre to be reconstructed on a new design. The crown of the Bruce was undoubtedly an open diadem, and it is probable that we have an accurate representation thereof in the remarkable altar-piece formerly in Trinity College, now in Holyrood

Palace, representing the coronation of James III. and his consort, Margaret of Denmark, in 1460.³ Previous to that time the closed crown, or crown with arches, was held to denote imperial rank—something higher than royal; but towards the end of that century there were so many kinglets and princelets in Europe wearing diadems or open crowns in virtue of their dignity as rulers of vassal or dependent states, that monarchs of independent kingdoms began to seek distinction by adding arches to their crowns. Henry VII. of England is believed to have ordered this alteration in 1485, Charles VIII. of France following suit ten years later. It was not to be expected that the King of Scots would be less eager than other monarchs to claim this symbol of an independence which it had cost his people so much to win and was still so hard to keep. So the order went forth to *fermer la couronne*, a phrase which soon came to signify the attempt of any vassal prince to shake off the yoke of suzerainty. It is not clear when this was done: the Scottish crown is represented closed on the groats of James III. (*ob.* 1488) and of James IV. (*ob.* 1513), and as it is certain that the old crown which James V. inherited was closed

¹ A year later, 20th March 1307, Queen Margaret of England prevailed on King Edward to grant pardon to Geoffrey de Coigners for concealing the golden coronet with which the King of Scots was crowned.

² *Cuir bouilli*, jacked leather.

³ Figured and described in the 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,' vol. x. pp. 310*-324*.

by arches, it is to be lamented that he could not be satisfied with it as he found it. But he had notions of his own about art, wherefore the following entries appear in the Lord Treasurer's accounts for the year 1540:—

"Item, the xv day of Januar, deliverit to Johne Mosman for making and fassoun of the Kingis crowne, weyand iiij pund wecht x unces, and therof of gold of the mynde [mint] xlj unce quarter unce	xxxli.
Item, gevin to him for xxiiij stanis therto, of the quhilkis there wes iiij gret gernottis [garnets] and ane grete ammerot [emerald], price of the iiij, vj <i>li</i> ., and price of the pece of the vther xix stanis xiijs.	xix <i>li</i> . vjs.
Item, gevin to Johne Patersone for ane case to the Kingis crowne	xxxiiijs.
Item, deliverit to Thomas Arthure, to be ane bonat to the Kingis crowne, half an elne purpur velvet, price	xxxij <i>s</i> . vjd.
Item, deliverit to him to lyne the samyn, half ane elne purpur sating	xxxvs.
Item, gevin to him for making of the same bonat	vs."

Velvet at £3, 5s. a yard and satin at £3, 10s. seem to reflect some credit upon Thomas Arthure's moderation in accepting a couple of half-crowns for making up. Well, the crown as refashioned in 1540 is the same which now forms the principal object in the Honours of Scotland. Would that we could share the faith of Sir Walter Scott that the fillet and fleur-de-lys were identical with those Robert the Bruce bore through the stress of Bannockburn, and that all the alteration the crown of Scotland underwent at the hands of James V. was the addition of the imperial arches. But, just as Professor Ramsay, with the accursed precision of science, has shattered our belief in the Stone of Destiny, so Mr Alexander Brook, F.S.A. Scot., comes me cranking in, and, as an expert, pronounces no part of the workmanship to be older than the sixteenth century. The gold of the original diadem may be there, belike; and among the

jewels doubtless are some of the "diamantis twenty and fyne orient perle thre scoir and aucht" which are mentioned in the inventory of 1539 as adorning the old crown; but the crown of Scotland we behold to-day is not the same that set at nought the enterprise of three successive Edwards of England.

The crown of the Queen of Scots is no more: it was described in 1542 as "set hail with the perle and precious stanis." Perhaps when my readers have been reminded of the romantic vicissitudes through which the Scottish Regalia were to pass, and of the constant needs of an exhausted national exchequer, they will be surprised, not that some articles have been lost or stolen, but that so many remain to this day.

The sceptre of the King of Scots remains. Originally the gift of Pope Alexander VI. to James IV., it suffered tinkering, like the rest of the Honours, at

the hands of James V., who in 1536 added 11½ ounces to its original weight of 15 ounces. It is of silver gilt, and retains a great deal of the original repoussé work and chasing. Above the abacus, three dolphins enclose a triple shrine, wherein stand images of the Mother of God, St Andrew, and St James. The shrine supports a fine globe of rock-crystal, surmounted by a silver egg-shaped finial, topped with a Scottish pearl.

Most of the minor objects, formerly or still included among the Honours of Scotland and the Crown Jewels, have disappeared. Chief in historic interest among these were four silver "mazers" or drinking-cups of Robert the Bruce, and his sword, which were found among James III.'s treasure on the fatal field of Sauchie (1488), but were never seen again after the disaster of Flodden (1513). Another relic of the Bruce was a silver-gilt cup, last heard of in 1542. It disappeared among the treasures sacrificed by the Regent Arran to meet the expenses of the English war, and so did the gold cups, the basin of agate, the ewer of jasper, and the rock-crystal flagon belonging to James V.'s queen, Magdalene of France. Lord Ruthven, flying to England after the murder of Riccio in 1566, carried with him the jewelled dagger which François I. presented to his son-in-law James V. The inventory of Queen Mary's jewels remains, only to distress modern readers by the certainty of their irreparable loss. Chief among them was the Great

Harry, a huge diamond with a gold chain and ruby attached, which, with a number of other jewels, was bequeathed by Mary, in her will of 1566, to the Crown of Scotland in perpetuity. The gold font, Queen Elizabeth's christening gift to Mary's son James, went into the melting-pot to pay the troops brought into the field by Bothwell against the Confederate Lords, who, having got the upper hand in their turn, coined more than 1300 ounces of the royal plate. When Mary went to prison in Lochleven she intrusted her jewels to her half-brother, shortly to become Regent Moray, who sold many of them, and tried to sell others. He gave the Great Harry to his wife, who kept it after her second marriage with the Earl of Argyll, and strenuously resisted repeated attempts, successful in the end, on the part of Regent Morton to recover it for the Crown. The ill feeling engendered by this sordid controversy between Argyll and Morton contributed not a little to the turn of events which brought Morton to the scaffold. However, the Great Harry was restored to its place among the Crown jewels, until James VI. and I. took it with him to London, and caused it to be incorporated with the famous jewel known as the Mirror of Great Britain, where it met the doom reserved for the rest of the English Regalia under the Commonwealth.

Associated with the Honours of Scotland in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle are the insignia and jewels of the

Orders of the Garter and Thistle, made for and worn by James VII. and II. The jewel of St Andrew consists of a figure of the saint, finely cut in cameo, and set with thirteen fine brilliants, symbolising Christ and His apostles. It contains a miniature of King James's daughter-in-law, the Princess Clementina Maria Sobieski, who in 1719 married the Chevalier Saint-George, and became the mother of Prince Charlie. These jewels and collars King James doubtless carried with him in his flight from England in 1688; from him they were inherited by the Chevalier and the Prince, and were finally bequeathed by Henry, Cardinal York, to George III., in gratitude for a pension of £4000 a-year bestowed upon him by that kind-hearted monarch. It was not till 1830 that they were deposited with the Honours of Scotland in Edinburgh Castle.

I have reserved a notice of the Scottish Sword of State to the last, partly because it is the most ancient, and in that sense the most important, of the Honours, and because its fine workmanship has not been spoilt by tinkering, and partly because it brings me direct to the romantic episode of the preservation of the Regalia. This sword was sent as a gift by Pope Julius II. to James IV. in 1507, and was presented to him by the papal ambassador and the Abbot of Dunfermline, together with "ane hatt of gray velvett with the haly gaist [*i.e.*, a dove repre-

senting the Spirit] sett all with orient perle." To quote the technical report on the Regalia made by Mr Alexander Brook in 1888 to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries: "In dignity and style the design of this sword excels both the crown and the sceptre, and although its workmanship falls far short of the best Italian work, even of that period [the age of Michelangelo and Cellini!], yet in the simplicity of many of its lines, in the balance of its proportions, and in the spacing of its ornamentation, it is very fine." The scabbard, of crimson velvet, mounted with fine repoussé work in silver gilt, bears the papal arms and also the family arms of Pope Julius himself.

We now come to the long and exciting adventures of the Scottish Honours and of their guardians. When James VI., aged five years, was caused to hold a Parliament at Stirling in 1571 for the forfeiture of some of his exiled mother's adherents, the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State were in Edinburgh Castle, then so stoutly held by Kirkaldy of Grange for his royal mistress. Therefore commission was given to "Mungo Bradie, goldsmyth," to make a miniature dummy crown of silver gilt, weighing but 1 lb. 1½ ounce, for the child king, and this served the Regent's purpose till English guns had battered Kirkaldy's defence about the ears of his gallant garrison, and the genuine Honours were recovered. They were used at two sub-

sequent coronations only—that of Charles I. at Holyrood in 1633, eight years after his accession, and that of Charles II. at Scone, on New Year's Day 1651. In the course of that year, the cause of the royal house—nay, the very principle of monarchy itself—seemed to receive its deathblow on the field of Worcester (3rd September). But some months before that decisive battle—namely, on 6th June—the Scottish Parliament had committed the Honours of Scotland to the security of the Earl Marischal's strong castle of Dunnottar. The Earl being at that time a prisoner in the Tower, Dunnottar was held for him by George Ogilvy of Barras, with the sonorous title of lieutenant-governor, but with only a lieutenant, a sergeant, and forty men to defend his charge. On 31st August the Committee of Estates, in session at Aberdeen, wrote to Ogilvy warning him of the approach of a strong English Parliamentary force, and urging him to surrender the Honours into safer keeping. Ogilvy refused to do so, and repeated his refusal on 10th September and 11th October. On 8th November, and again on 22nd, he was summoned by an English general, and was informed that as his master, the Earl Marischal, had submitted, it behoved him to make terms for himself. By this time the gallant Ogilvy must have known that all chance of external succour was at an end: the English general even produced a warrant from

the Earl Marischal, authorising him to surrender his charge; which, notwithstanding, this bold captain returned a defiant answer, declaring that he held the castle for no earl, but for King Charles himself. On 20th December he managed to get a letter conveyed to the king, proposing that the Honours should be removed by sea; but the only answer he got was one scribbled on a scrap of paper, bidding him do the best he could for himself.

We may be thankful that Charles was unable to co-operate in Ogilvy's design: he was then a fugitive at the French Court, and had these valuables come into his possession, little would the lieges in Scotland ever have seen of them again. The royal cause was never at so low an ebb; yet were there warm hearts and cool heads in Scotland, and England too, working for the king over the water. Mrs Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, obtained leave from the commander of the English troops besieging Dunnottar to visit Governor Ogilvy's wife: when she returned from that visit she carried the crown of Scotland in her lap, while in the middle of an innocent bundle of flax borne by her servant-maid were wrapped the Sceptre and Sword of State. Mrs Granger was probably a pretty woman, for the English general himself helped her to mount her pony, whereby the crown came within a hair's-breadth of discovery. Howbeit, she managed to ride demurely

through the enemy's lines; and worthy Mr Granger buried the national treasures by night under the pavement of the parish church.

Ogilvy made good his defence until 4th June 1652, when he capitulated; but both he and his wife were closely imprisoned when it was found that they had made away with the prize so earnestly coveted by Cromwell. Poor Mrs Ogilvy died in prison, adjuring her husband with her latest breath to keep the secret of the Honours inviolate. The Dowager-Countess Marischal having circulated a story that her younger son, Sir John Keith, had carried the Honours to the king in France, Ogilvy obtained his release, and the Honours remained in their hiding-place till the Restoration in 1660. The Countess then told her own story at Court, claiming, it is to be feared, all the credit for herself and her son Sir John Keith, who was promptly created Earl of Kintore with a pension of £400 a-year; while George Ogilvy's loyal devotion received but cheap and meagre recognition in a baronetcy. Doubtless Charles II., who, with all his shortcomings, had ever a kindly heart, did not understand that the Countess really had known nothing of the salvage until it was accomplished; that Sir John Keith had escaped to France before it was attempted; that the Ogilvys had been punished for their intrepidity with an imprisonment so harsh as to

cost the lady her life. Mrs Granger fared better. In 1661 Parliament voted her 2000 merks¹ "as a testimony of their sense of her service."

After the Restoration, the Honours were always carried in state before the Lord High Commissioner at "the Ryding of the Parliament" which marked the opening and the close of each session of the Scottish Estates. In the fiery debates which preceded the Act of Union in 1707, the only clause in the treaty which was carried unanimously was that providing "That the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State, Records of Parliament, &c., continue to be kept as they are within that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland; and that they shall so remain in all times coming, notwithstanding the Union." That "end of an auld sang" having been chanted, the Honours of Scotland were deposited in an oaken chest and locked into the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle. Men went about their business as usual, soon finding that the measure which had been so vigorously denounced as the ruin of Scotland was in truth the dawn of such prosperity as had not visited that country since the far-off days of Alexander III., last of her Kings of Peace. So busy were people making money, building bridges, laying out roads and plantations, reclaiming land, that they clean forgot the very existence of those outward ensigns of the ancient

¹ £112, 10s. sterling.

monarchy which it had cost so many good Scottish lives to preserve. The Honours lay in darkness and oblivion for more than one hundred years. It was Sir Walter Scott, chiefly, who in 1817 prevailed upon the Prince Regent to issue his warrant for the opening of the Crown Room and a search for the Regalia. The chest was there, safe enough; "but," says Sir Walter in describing the proceedings, "it seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer, and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible that, should the result of the search confirm these forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained,¹ for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain any redress. The joy was therefore extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707." Since that second restoration the Honours have been kept on view for the public, their official guardian being the King's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer.

One more episode, and that

not the least romantic in the chequered history of the Honours of Scotland, remains to be told. It was known that when Pope Julius II. sent the Sword of State and the holy "hatt" to James IV. in 1507, he sent with the sword a belt or baldrick; but this was not delivered up with the rest of the Honours at the Restoration. It was probably retained by Governor Ogilvy during his controversy with the Dowager Countess Marischal and her son, as proof that he, and not the Keiths, were the real saviours of the Regalia. Ogilvy seems never to have had an opportunity of producing it: at all events, the first that was heard of it after his day was its discovery by his descendant, Sir David Ogilvy of Barras, in a recess in his garden-wall. The baronetcy became extinct with Sir David's son, Sir George, from whom the royal belt passed, with other personalty, to his last surviving sister, Mrs Livingstone-Ogilvy. The grandson of that lady, the Rev. Samuel Ogilvy Baker, vicar of Muchelney in Somersetshire, in turn inherited the belt, and in 1892, with a chivalrous sense of honour worthy of his descent, restored it to its rightful place among the Honours of Scotland. There it may now be seen by all who list.

This ancient belt bears traces of the vicissitudes through which it has passed.

¹ It was suspected that the Honours had been surreptitiously removed to England after one of the Jacobite risings, although to do so would have been a violent infraction of the Treaty of Union.

It were strange if it did not: the marvel is that it is so well preserved. It measures 6 feet 4½ inches in length, and 2 inches in breadth, and still retains some of the richness of the original gold, silver, crimson, blue, and brown of which it is woven. Experts have pronounced it to be an admirable specimen of lace-work, of the kind known as "high laces" or "harness loom." The design wrought into the fabric consists of the arms of Pope Julius, alternating with the official papal cognisance—the keys of St Peter saltirewise, surmounted by the papal tiara—the whole being intertwined with oak foliage and acorns. The buckle and plate deserve special attention, being of far superior workmanship and design to that of the sword and scabbard; indeed the repoussé and carved work upon them are of a higher quality than anything else in the whole of the Regalia.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the Honours of Scotland. They will form no part of the display at the coming coronation, owing to the above-mentioned provision in the Treaty of Union, which provides against their removal, even temporary, from the realm to which they belong; but unless, and until, Scotsmen learn to forget how their independence was won, they will abate none of the vigilance and pride with which the Honours are now preserved.

OLD TOM LANSDON.

It was a doubtful compliment that the secretary of a "working men's club" paid to a short-sighted friend of mine last summer. The latter had been asked to umpire in a village cricket-match, and had tried to excuse himself on the double ground that he had a very insufficient knowledge of the game and was very short-sighted.

"Bless your heart alive, sir," was the cheery response, "we all knowed that afore, and it don't matter not a button. Why, him as is going to stand for their side ain't got but one eye."

It was when my friend told me this story that I first thought of inflicting on the public tales told, not indeed by my own grandfather, but by the grandfather of a goodly generation of promising young cricketers, old Tom Lansdon.

A ruddy-faced and round-bodied old fellow of upwards of sixty, always garrulous and generally amusing, a great authority on all sporting matters, looked up to and respected by every man and woman in our village,—such was old Tom when I knew him years ago. He spoke the Queen's English as nature and the village schoolmaster had originally taught him; and if, from a grammatical point of view, some of his forms of expressing himself were not exactly refined, I am sure that there was not a grain of coarse-

ness in his whole composition. And what a good umpire he was! Though strictly speaking a professional, inasmuch as he was commonly paid 5s. a-day and a free lunch, he was an amateur at heart, and, in default of a professional engagement, would stand all day long in any weather from pure love of the game. And after the match he could give any one who cared to listen an account of every ball bowled from his end, and illustrate how it was played and how it should have been played. In the long summer evenings I have seen him gravely take up his position by the wicket, when the boys were playing on the village green, and umpire with as much seriousness and conscientiousness as he would have done in an important match—the only difference being that he occasionally volunteered a bit of advice.

"You'll have to go, Johnnie, my boy, if you keeps your leg there and the ball hits it. You've got a stick in your hand as will cover quite enough o' t' wicket without that girt bit o' leg."

At another time it would be a gentle hint to a promising young bowler.

"That's the way, Bill; lump her down. The harder you lumps her down, the quicker her will jump up t' other end. And that's logic, ain't it, Master George?"

When on hearing him exhort a fieldsman to be sure to throw hard and sharp at the wicket-keeper's head whenever a man was running, I ventured to remark that we should be having a trial for manslaughter one of these days, old Tom soon put me into my proper place.

"Well, if he don't like un, he can leave un, I reckon. So long as t' ball is in the air you knows where she is coming and that she won't hop foul; and with they girt gloves on a man ought to catch un, or else he didn't ought to keep. And, when all's said and done, a wicket-keep's head ain't no more count than a bowler's hands. You ain't a-going to tell 'em to chuck at t' bowler, Master George, and t' head and not t' hand is the proper objek to fire at." It was in old Tom's latter days, when he was confined to the house by chronic rheumatism, that he would tell me yarns by the dozen when I went to visit him, and he used to declare that talking of the game was almost the only thing that kept him alive. His reputation for honesty as an umpire stood very high in the neighbourhood; and though he pleaded guilty to having purposely given one wrong decision in the course of his career, he justified himself by declaring that it was wholly in accordance with the spirit, though possibly a transgression of the letter, of the law. Indeed, Tom himself was hardly willing to admit that he was in any way to blame.

"You know, Master George," he argued, "as how the rules

say that the umpire is the sole judge of fair and unfair play. Well, I see a man play unfair at the t'other end where I weren't standing, and he goes on doing it, and would have won the match along of his unfair play, and so I steps in and punishes him. Now, I holds as I were right. What do you say, Master George?"

"Well, Tom, you must tell me the circumstances of the case."

"Why, it were just so. They had brought down an eleven from London from Marybone to play agin Dowcaster, and they asked me to stand for Dowcaster. It was one o' they regular Marybone tourin' lots; you knows 'em well enough, Master George—six gemmen as weren't players, and five players as weren't gemmen, and all of them talking big. Well, and Dowcaster won the toss, and a pretty fairish side, too, they had, and started nice and steady. They had got a matter of thirty runs I reckon, and nobody out, when the Marybone captain set to and shifted the bowling. At the end I were standing he put on a young gent, as swung her in high and hard; nothing much in it, but kept her straight. But at the t'other end, where the Marybone umpire was, a left-handed man went on. I never saw such a thing in my life. I've watched some as mixes a bit afore now, Master George, and maybe you've seed 'em yourself; but I'm blessed if that chap did any mixing whatsumdever. He just took and throwed every one on 'em—just

walked up to the wicket and chucked 'em so, and brought 'em back each time a foot or more. Well, I looks at t' Mary-bone umpire, but he don't take no manner of notice, and though every man round the ground was a-talking about it, none of 'em was going to say exactly as he know'd better nor a Mary-bone umpire, and in less nor an hour that chap had chucked pretty well the whole side out. I think him as was my end had one or maybe two wickets, but all the rest was throwed out. I smoked a pipe along of their umpire after lunch. A very civil-spoken man he were, and he began on me. 'What do you think on our bowler?' says he. 'Why, I ain't seed him what I call bowl a ball yet,' says I, 'but he 'eve done a powerful lot of throwing.' 'Maybe you're a bit behind the times in these parts,' he says, and laughs. 'Lor' bless your heart! there's half on 'em does it now, and it ain't no manner of good us umpires making no fuss about it. It would be running our heads agin a brick wall. Not as I haven't allers said as Dick there, he's the worst of the lot. But then he chucks in a county match just as bad, and they never says nothing, so why should I?' 'Well, and he'll find hisself in the wrong box if he comes up my end,' says I, and then I were sorry as I'd said it.

"'Dick wern't born yesterday, old man,' he says, and then time was up and we put the bails on. Well, they hadn't

much batting, and only got 120, as leaves them not 30 ahead. Next innings that Dick, he takes the ball my end. Well, he has his run, and I has my eye on his arm, and, Lor' bless you! he bowls the ball as fair as ever you see for a matter of three overs, and very plain and easy it were. They knocked off that 30 runs in next to no time. Well, Dick he goes up to the captain of the Mary-bone and says quite grave that the wind were changed, and as how that end don't suit him, and might he go off. Off he goes, and we'd got 70 runs and one wicket gone, and then Dick he comes on again the t'other end, and sets to work a-throwing as audacious as ever, and finishes the innings off same as I told you before. I were downright savage, as I don't mind telling you, Master George, and you'd have been so yourself. Fair is fair, says I, and that weren't fair, no not nohows: now, were it?"

"No, Tom, it wasn't," I asserted. "But what did you do?"

"Well, I does a bit of rectifying on my own account. I had to be even with Dick somehow, and so atwixt the innings I said to young Brown as I knowed would be a-bowling at my end, and had been chucked out twice by Dick, and hadn't got no runs neither innings—'Don't you be down-hearted, Bill,' says I; 'and if it were to come to a tight fit, which they ain't a got no batting as I sees, and that 'ere Dick, which has only bowled three fair overs in

this blessed match, is in, and you was to ask me something!’ Well, it did come as tight a fit as you ever see: it were a tie, and Dick he comes in last. He had made two or three rather tidy knocks on the onside first innings, and it were no manner of good a-chucking of her up to him. So Bill he bowls one down pretty fast and short of the off-side, and Dick has a go at her and misses her. Young Bill just seed that she were in the wicket-keeper’s hands and he yells out ‘How’s that?’ and I says ‘Out!’ and has the bails in my pocket in no time.”

“Was there any row about it, Tom?” I inquired.

“Well, some on ’em did talk a bit; but the only man who says anything to me was the Marybone umpire, and all he says was, ‘I reckon as you wasn’t born long arter Dick, old man,’ says he. But talk of bringing a ball back,” he went on,—“you minds Squire Mason, don’t you, Master George, him as had the big house when you were a little un?”

“Oh yes, I remember him.”

“Ah, he were proper keen at cricket, were Squire Mason. He used to get up a side agin the garrison twice a-year, and rare good matches they was for a year or two. But then there came two downright good regiments, and they made a tidy mess of t’ squire’s side first match. I were standing for him, and t’ squire he thought as how he’d got hold of a fairish lot of players. There was five or six young gemmen from

Eton and Harrow, and they places; and very nice they looked in their caps and sashes, so as I said to myself, if you’m be half as smart as you looks, we’ll win this match hands down. But, Lor’ bless you! Master George, I don’t take much count of they young gemmen cricketers—not when it comes to a match in their holingdays. I have heard tell as how they makes a tidy bit of runs on their own ground; but they ain’t much count off of it, and there weren’t one of ’em could play the soldiers’ bowling. I won’t say as one or two on ’em didn’t stop there a bit; but none on ’em made what you’d call no runs to speak of. Squire Mason hisself, ’twas he made the best show: got 30 runs, and hit hard too. But we was all out for 60. And the garrison they made a powerful lot of runs, 300 nighabouts. All they young gemmen bowled the same; took a long run, and then chucked her up, very steady and high in the air, and the Tommies kept on fetching her round to leg time after time. The officers they all laughed at t’ squire, and kept agoing on at him about his fine eleven.

“‘Tom,’ says he to me next day, ‘what do you make o’ that match?’

“‘Well, squire,’ I says, ‘I think it were a rummy go.’

“‘A very rummy go,’ says he; ‘but what do you make of it?’

“‘Well, squire, if you asks me, I’ll tell you. You ain’t a-going to win a match with a

lot of caps and sashes: you wants some one as'll bowl 'em out and get runs and all.'

"'But some o' they boys is very good bowlers at school, Tom,' he says; 'don't you be too hard on the young uns.'

"'Bless their young hearts, and their caps and sashes too, squire,' says I, 'it ain't me as is hard on 'em. Maybe they're very good bowlers, if you plays 'em nice and steady; but most of they young gemmen bowlers is like flies, buzzing about and looking pretty when the sun is a-shining and the tapping's soft, but they frizzles into nothing when some one hits 'em a tidy crack or two.'

"'I ain't sure as you ain't right, Tom,' says Squire Mason; 'we'll try something a bit different next time.'

"Well, we goes over a month later to play a return match. There was only two of they boys a-playing; there was the squire hisself, and three or four gemmen as was stopping along with him, and three pretty tidy players from round-about, and a shy-looking young fellow as had come down the night afore, and had his meals in the servants' hall, and wouldn't hardly open his mouth, so the butler said.

"'Morning, squire,' said the colonel, what always commanded the side in t' cricket-field same as in war, and were about the best bat they had, till it came to hitting,—'going to beat us to-day?' says he.

"'I don't know so much about that,' t' squire says, 'but I hope we shall make a show.'

"They wins the toss and goes in, and I wonders to myself who were a-going to bowl 'em out.

"'Who's a going to bowl?' says t' squire, and then he asks one of the gemmen as was stopping in the house to bowl one end. 'And whatever are we going to do at t'other,' thinks I to myself, and t' squire he stood a scratching his head. Presently he calls up the young chap and says to him, 'Do you ever bowl, Corporal Smith? A militia-man,' he says aside to me.

"'Well, sir,' says the lad, very quiet, 'I ain't what you wouldn't call no bowler; but I have bowled a over or two, and I'd as lief have a chuck as not, sir.'

"'Well, then,' says t' squire, and he looks him up and down, 'you bowl this end, corporal.'

"'What do you bowl, my man?' says the colonel as he takes guard.

"'A bit of most sorts, sir,' says the corporal, and he looks so sheepish-like as the colonel he bursts out a-laughing.

"Well, the corporal he takes the ball and sort of lollops up to the wicket, and sends her down very slow in the air, not very high though, and a tidy pitch on the off-side. The colonel has half a mind to play out at her; but just as he comes forward the ball gets off the ground like lightning, comes back four inch or more, and bowls him clean.

"'My stars!' says the colonel, took right aback, 'I never see such a ball in my life!' says he, and he looks

at t' squire who were standing point.

"'Must have hitched on a hump, sir,' says Corporal Smith, and he comes down t' wicket and goes down on his hands and knees as if he were a-looking for summat.

"'I never see such a ball in my life,' says the colonel again, quite cross-like. It's the worst o' them colonels; they allers turns crusty if things go agin 'em. Then he says to Corporal Smith, quite sharp, 'What the devil are you doing there?' says he.

"'Looking for the hump, sir.'

"Colonel he don't say nothing more; but off he goes a grumbling to hisself. But t' squire he says, 'I don't think as you need go on looking for the hump, my man; we all knows who's got it. Think you can bowl a few more like that?'

"'Not likely, sir,' he says, a-grinning all over his face, 'but I'll do what I can.'

"Well, I watches him very careful, and he don't seem not to take much trouble over his bowling, and now and again he'd chuck up a half-volley, and a Tommy would fetch him round to leg and look very pleased with hisself; but presently one would come back quick as lightning, as were a bit too good for Tommy Atkins.

"'They will keep a hitching in that 'ere hump, won't 'em, mister,' says t' corporal, and I didn't know rightly what to make on it, though I see t' squire a chuckling. Well, we won that match easy, all along of Corporal Smith, as got nine

wickets and made a tidy lot of runs.

"Next time as ever I clapped eyes on him were at the Oval. I never hadn't seen the Gemmen and Players' match, and a friend of mine in Lunnon got me a seat. We was on the ground just when they started after lunch, and the gemmen was in.

"'That's Grace,' says my friend, a pointing to him as was taking guard, such a girt black man too.

"'And that's Corporal Smith,' shouts I, as I see the bowler sort o' lollop up to t' wicket.

"'Hold your tongue, you old silly!' he says, 'that's——' well, I ain't a-going to tell you who it was, Master George, as I might be giving him away. But he weren't no more Smith nor you are."

Old Tom had the most profound contempt for the ordinary amateur umpire, who was to his mind neither flesh nor fish nor good red herring.

"What do a gemman want umpiring of?" he said one day. "There's one-half on 'em what don't know the rules, and t'other half forgets 'em. Why, time after time when I've been standing one end, and a gemman, an amateur as they calls un, the t'other, I've tooked the trouble to count t' balls at his end, and I've knowed him give 4, 5, 6, and 7 balls in four overs running. I were wondering if he were going on to 8; but he never had a chance not that innings, as it were done with afore his chance come again. And the things they gives in and out is

shocking. Did I ever tell you, Mr George, how Farmer Brown won our match agin Newton twelve year back? No, says you; well then, I'll tell you now. I couldn't stand, not that day, as I had run summat into my foot and couldn't get a boot on nohow for a matter of a week. Well, we had a curate then, as nice a young chap as ever you see: he'd got what they calls a club-foot, but he preached a sermon better nor here a one and there a one, and would give his last shilling to any old 'ooman as asked him. But he were a 'mazing bad umpire, though he had the nerve of a lion, and would have stood in a county match if they'd have asked him, for all his club-foot. Well, they hadn't not what you wouldn't call a strong side at Newton; but they won well-a-nigh all their matches, and I'll tell you for why. They had a curate too, and there weren't not much club-foot about him. He were a fine upstanding young fellow, as looked like a racehorse, and ran pretty well as fast, and he were the very best cricketer as ever came down these parts, and like to make a hundred to his own bat any day of t' week. It were he as won all their matches, and, when he were out, there weren't nothing of no count to follow. Well, the night afore the match Farmer Brown he had Mr Vokes—he were the curate with t' club-foot—to supper, and Farmer Brown he gets on a-talking what a 'mazing fine cricketer t' other curate were.

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. XXXXVII.

“‘I count,’ says he, ‘as Mr Wollicot is t’ finest bat in County — help yourself, Mr Vokes — and he’d be t’ finest bat in England, bar Grace, if it weren’t for one blemish.’

“‘And what’s that, Mr Brown?’ asks t’ curate.

“‘Oh, I mustn’t tell you, sir,’ says Farmer Brown, very cunning; ‘you watch him, and you’ll see. It’s only in the first over or two as he does it, and it’s well-a-nigh fatal. T’ very nicest horse as ever I had, had gotten a wall eye,’ says he; ‘and though he were the best stepper and best goer in t’ county, if I had a-wanted to sell him I couldn’t have gotten his price along o’ that wall eye.’

“‘But there’s nothing the matter with Wollicot’s eye?’ says t’ curate.

“‘Lor’ bless your heart! no,’ says Farmer Brown, ‘there ain’t nought wrong of his eye,’ says he, ‘nor yet of his hand neither. It’s that foot of his he can’t keep out o’ t’ light.’

“Well, Mr Vokes, he don’t know what to make on it. He thought, I reckon, as Farmer Brown were a-mixing of him up with t’ other curate.

“At last he says very doubtful, and a-trying to put his foot under his chair, ‘Well, you see, Mr Brown, I’m rather that way myself,’ says he.

“‘Oh damn!’ says Farmer Brown,—begging your pardon, Master George, but that were what Farmer Brown did say, he were that tooked aback, as he had forgotten all about Mr

Vokes' club-foot; and then he begs his pardon, same as I done yours, and Mr Vokes he laughs, and says it don't siggerfy not a bit.

"Well, Mr Vokes and Farmer Brown they sits up a-talking till nigh twelve o'clock; and about every quarter of an hour, 'It's a main pity that blemish,' says Farmer Brown, as he'd liked to have said 'that foot,' but he don't dare; and the curate he listens, and looks very solemn, and I'd bet a glass as he pretty nigh dreamt of that blemish.

"Next day we wins the toss and makes a tidy lot of runs; and then in they goes, and in comes Mr Wollicot as allers went in first, as I reckon t' best man of his side should do. Well, Farmer Brown he'd bowled to him a good many times afore, as he were a slow overhand bowler; and he takes the ball same as usual, and, quite sudden, he lets un down fast underhand, and takes t' reverend on t' foot, as he weren't looking out for it.

"'There,' he shouts, 'didn't I tell you so? How's that, umpire?' and 'Out!' says Mr Vokes, who were all on the watch for t' blemish, and we won t' match. One o' they Newton chaps he wanted to fight Mr Vokes for a sovrin after t' match was over, but Mr Wollicot he had un off t' ground quickstick. I've a-heard Farmer Brown tell t' story a score o' times."

"Now, I'll tell you, Master George," he said to me a few days later, "as I've been

a-thinking what would be the very worst kind o' man as you could ever have on your side."

"And who is that, Tom?"

"Why, one as what I calls goes on trading of his reputation, and acos he were a bowler ten year back reckons as he's a bowler now. I minds some years back when Dowcaster were a-playing agin Barnbrook, one as you knows as well as I do, but we ain't a-going to say who it were not exactly, he were captaining Dowcaster, and had the best side and all, and then took and give away t' match. He were that greedy, as he kep hisself on at one end or t' other all through t' match; and they hits him awful. He don't care not a rap as long as he's gotten five wickets, which he don't give nobody else not half a chance, and he were almighty pleased with hisself. And when t' innings were done with, he beginn'd on me, a-rubbing of his hands together.

"'I think I bowled pretty well to-day, Tom,' says he.

"I were that cross as I says, 'Never bowled but one good un as I seed.'

"'And were that the one as gotten Mr Waites out?' says he.

"'No,' I says; 'it weren't. It were one as he hit out o' t' ground.'

"He holds his tongue for a bit, and then, 'Tom,' he says, 'I count as your sight ain't so good as it were a while back.'

“‘No, sir,’ I says; ‘no more ain’t your bowling. Most on us is getting a bit older.’”

“And now, Tom,” I said, “who do you think is the best sort of man to have on a side?”

“Why, him as does a bit on all sorts, Master George—a bit of bowling and a bit of batting, and steps and fetches her smart in t’ field, and as don’t know when he’s tired. You get four or five o’ they sort on your side, and you ain’t a-going to do much harm, I reckon.”

I went to see the old fellow a few days before he died, and found him perfectly resigned to his fate.

“Well, Master George,” he said, “and I reckon as I’ve got to go; but I ain’t a-going to quarrel with the decision. I’ve had a pretty good innings.

Sixty-eight I am, and I counts that’s above t’ average. Not that my old grandf’er weren’t nigh on eighty when he were give Out; but it were a messy kind o’ innings—not such a one as you or me wouldn’t care to play, Master George. He were sat in his arm-chair well-a-nigh half the time. And I count,” he added after a pause, “as I’ve tried to play with a straight bat and all. But there’ll be another umpire a-standing soon.”

“Never a better one than you, Tom,” I put in.

“You ain’t quite on t’ right track on it, Master George. It’s me as they’ll be a-umpiring over yonder; and all I can say is, as I hopes they’ll do what I allers done myself.”

“What’s that, Tom?”

“Why, give me t’ benefit of t’ doubt.”

AMONG THE FIFE MINERS.

BY KELLOGG DURLAND.

PART II.

THE LODGING.

It was a typical miner's house, one of a brick row with triangular roofs. There was a parlour and kitchen on the ground-floor and an attic above. When we were all at home there was little spare room; for together, family and boarders, we made up a company of fourteen. I do not include the minor but never-to-be-forgotten part of the establishment—namely, the cat, the big dog, and the five little dogs. There were four persons in the parlour and four in the kitchen. The place was recommended to me as a good representative miner's home; and when I called upon the mistress she was perfectly willing to take me in, but did not make mention of the fact that I was to have a few room-mates. It was not until well into the first night that I learned that five of us were sharing the attic. As to the terms, they were about the same as if I had had the room to myself. "I charge twelve shillings, but them that wants to gi'e me thirteen," my landlady had said to me. This was the average price in the village. The 12s. included board, washing, mending, and any incidentals that might be needed. In some places 13s. was charged, but that always

included black twist tobacco and clay pipes.

Since then I have been in a good many houses, and I have every reason to believe that this one was thoroughly representative. Some homes were better, some poorer, but the majority were of this class. The tide of life ebbs and flows above those hearthstones, bearing on its bosom the flotsam and jetsam of love and sadness, toil and fun, realised ambitions, disappointed hopes. The round of existence that drew me into an unnoticed niche was simply the round of life that was being repeated in most other homes in the community. It was real, though cramped. Such as it was, it was made the most of.

Our house was overcrowded, but not more so than many houses in the village. Every one whom I questioned corroborated the statement that it is practically the rule for from eight to ten persons to occupy the two-roomed houses; and the three-roomed houses are generally filled proportionately. The testimony of the doctors on this point was perfectly clear. I found one place where no fewer than nineteen persons were herded together in three rooms. This in the country!

Many of the houses are built by the coal company, but the supply does not begin to equal the demand. The workmen's train which comes from the south each morning brings some eighty men to the Aitken pit alone, and half as many again come from the other direction.

One or two nights a-week we were all together in our attic; and in the heat of midsummer the single window, half-open, did not begin to ventilate the room, which, consequently, was stifling. The door opened to the stair which led from the parlour, and it in turn opened into the kitchen, so that there was no current of fresh air. The rest of the week, however, the relay system was in vogue. One or two were on the day-shift, one or two on the night-shift, and part of the time one on the back-shift—a division which kept the beds in use twenty-four hours in the day. There was no closet-room whatever, so all of our things had to be stored about the room. One corner was occupied by the wardrobe of one of the grown daughters who was "in service" in the village. Two of my room-mates were quiet "bideable" fellows; the other two had failings: one a weakness for poetry and stirring passages of Scottish history, the other (my bed-mate) for strong drink. Between them they often made life interesting for the rest of us. The man who delighted in reciting could not read a stanza of the most swinging verse without stumbling and mangling the sense, but by dint of much perseverance he could memorise

the words of a piece and then repeat them over and over until they flowed from him with a prolonged mighty roar. Morning after morning, when I failed to hear the call of the mistress from the foot of the stairs at five o'clock that it was time to rise, I would start at the sound of the words, "My foot is on my native heath: my name is Macgregor!" given in a stentorian voice that never varied in its repeated inflections nor failed to arouse us all. Dougal was an ingenuous soul, and I forgave him much for his genial good-humour. He possessed only two books in the world, but he was familiar with every page of them both. 'Rob Roy' was one, and the other Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.'

My bed-fellow, Sandy, was as near a caricature of a Scotsman as I have ever seen in life. Short, fat, forty, with red hair, red whiskers, florid face, and fiery nose, he would have been singled out of a cosmopolitan group in the Antipodes. Sandy never missed his night-cap all the time we shared the same bed, and Sandy was very fond of a joke. He had no wit, little humour, but any amount of fun. One night he took Dougal out with him and brought him home in the middle of the night uproariously intoxicated. When they got into the room Sandy took a notion that he would like a game of golf; so he caught up a broom that had been left in the room, and using it as

a driver mistook Dougal's head for the ball. The atmosphere was astir at once, and Sandy's fun threatened to last indefinitely till Dougal made the suggestion that they compromise by pulling me from the comfortable corner of the bed from which I had been watching them with sleepy interest. At this point I ventured to protest, but my protestations were of no avail. I was summarily routed out, and we romped round and round the room in a boister-

ous whirl until the neighbours were aroused and shouted to us to desist. As my bed had been stripped to the mattress, as soon as I could free myself I made for the other, only to be promptly pulled out. It was late when the room quieted sufficiently for sleep to enter the chamber. This was one of the many incidents that enlivened the attic, and I give it simply as an illustration of what sometimes goes on within those small brick walls under the sheltering cloak of night.

FOOD.

At soones and porridge the good woman of the house was a first-class cook, but, unfortunately for the lodgers, she seldom experimented much deeper in the gentle art. Our fare was distinctly plain, not to say coarse, and this in face of the fact that the overcrowded condition of the entire village, together with a comfortably high standard of wages, made it possible for her to exact so substantial a price for her accommodation.

Figuring roughly, the food given us during any one week could scarcely have cost her more than half-a-crown per person. This is so low a figure that it is only fair to introduce a detailed account of what we received. The arrangement of the meals for those on different shifts was slightly different; but my own for the time when I was on the day-shift is probably as representative as any. At first

I started the day on a cup of tea and slice of bread; but finding this somewhat insufficient, a beaten or "switched" egg and milk was substituted for the tea. At half-past nine we stopped for our "piece" in the pit, and this usually consisted of two prodigiously thick slices of bread (occasionally spread with jam, more often sandwiched with a piece of strong old cheese) and a flask of cold tea. When the day's work was over came dinner, —as a rule, at about three o'clock. In most miners' houses, it is said, a good deal of meat is eaten, and I have reason to believe that in many of them it is more common than it was with us, for our dinner three days in the week was made entirely of coarse, wholesome "porritch." The first day I very nearly betrayed myself by starting to put a dust of sugar on *them*. On the other three days we

had meat—such as it was. A great soup-plate would be piled high with chunks or scraps of meat which were generally dripping with rich grease; another soup-plate towered with potatoes; and from these two dishes each man round the table helped himself. Knives and forks were supplied, but not always used. Individual plates were made use of incidentally. Conversation was always suspended during the eating—for the race for food was to the swift, and those got the most who could

swallow their bits of meat and potatoes without thinking of the detail of mastication. The meat sometimes purported to be steak; oftener it was ham-and-eggs. There was always an ample supply of bread and scones. Tea was simply tea, bread, scones, and jam; and supper was the same as tea without the jam. About once a fortnight Scotch broth took the place of porridge at dinner, and on Sunday morning we had boiled eggs for breakfast. Save for the monotony of it, this was wholesome fare.

RECREATIONS: THE CLUB.

The house was plainly furnished, the trinkets and nick-nacks all being of the cheapest variety. In many of the households music of some kind finds a place. Nearly every house has one or more musically gifted inmates; and violins and melodeons are almost universal. Since wages have risen, the steadier miners have consistently tried to make their homes attractive, not with pictures and ornaments alone, but also with the more expensive luxuries of pianos and harmoniums, thus employing one of the strongest counteracting influences of the public-house.

Outside of their homes the men do what they can to improve the limited social advantages at their disposal, and very often they are left entirely to themselves to create their own amusements. Thus a "Workmen's Club" has become an institution in the

village. The club is one of those drinking-places that have been much heard of recently in Scotland—though not so much talked about in the country towns, perhaps, as in the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where Sunday drinking has increased enormously. The clubs are really not clubs at all, if features other than drinking are considered. In Kelty the better men will have nothing to do with the place; but as there are several hundred men representing a definite section of the community who do support it, I determined to join the club for the same reason that I had joined the miners' union. I wanted to know the men who went there, and I wanted to know why they went. I sauntered down to the club one Saturday forenoon about ten o'clock. As I slunk through the doorway of a square brick building whose windows were

screened to prying eyes by panes of heavy, yellow ground-glass, I instinctively pulled my hat farther over my eyes. The inner hall was piled with cases of empty bottles, and a stench of spilled liquor and dirt filled my nostrils. I paused to read a notice announcing that a collection would that day be gathered for the family of one of the members of the club who had been killed in a pit disaster. From within a room to the left came the sound of many voices above the scuffling of feet.

Suddenly the door flew wide, and two men, one of middle age, the other scarce more than a boy, clutched in each other's arms, wrestled into the hall and sprawled noisily floorwards in a half-drunken tussle, pushing me into a small room to the right. While they picked themselves out of the way I glanced round the small room: a bagatelle-board in one corner, a table wet with beer-froth and bearing a half-emptied glass of whisky, a number of plain wooden chairs thrown about any way over a dirty wooden floor, a few flaring lithographs and tobacco advertisements tacked to a cheaply papered wall,—not the cosiest or tidiest of club-rooms, surely!

I crossed to the big room opposite. About fifteen men were lolling against the bar. Here again there was a nauseating sprinkling of dirt and slopped liquor, giving the place the general appearance of a city slum public-house. At one end of the bar a glass of beer had been upset, and two men were playing dominoes exactly in the sour pool. Next them stood two others playing draughts,—

playing for drinks. As the manager leaned over the bar to me I told him I wanted to join the club.

"Join? All right; but your name must come before the committee. Just sign the book."

When I had signed the book I turned to go, thinking that I had done all for the present; but he stopped me—

"It costs one shilling to join."

"Very well. Do I pay now or after my name has been approved by the committee?"

"Oh, pay now. It will be all right."

On Sundays the club is open for a little while in the forenoon, and again in the later afternoon. It was a matter of note that the patrons were usually men apart from the typical life of the village. That the liquor problem is in truth a problem of "forgotten needs," at least in rural districts, was clearly illustrated on the Sunday afternoon that I spent in the club. It was the only other time that I crossed the threshold. I went early, so as to watch the men as they came in. The rooms had been well cleaned and aired, and the place was far more attractive than on the Saturday. Some of the men I knew, and many recognised me. I fell into conversation with the man nearest me. As we talked he grew confidential. He told me of his boyhood and the incidents that led to his leaving Scotland and going to Wales when he was a young man. Inclining his head close to my ear he whispered, "It was there I met my wife, and when we were married she

didna understand what I said, and I didna understand what she said." He spoke so seriously that I immediately regretted having laughed at this. For a long time he studied the froth on his "shandy gaff," with his head resting on his hands. At last he added, "It was kind of comic-like." He smiled ever so softly as his memory pictured the past anew, —a solemn, weird smile, for old Andra' was gaunf and cadaverous in his expression, and a smile fitted his face ill.

"She kened one word of English; she cud ca' me 'Scotty.'"

"How did you manage to come to an agreement when the time came for you to return to Scotland, and you wanted to bring her with you?"

"Weel, noo, I could not tell ye. It went along so smooth-like that it a' came kind o' natural. We didna need to speak; she understood me and I understood her. Ay! mon, she made a grand wife! When she was alive ye didna see me

at a club or a public-hoose. Na, na, when I had her I didna care aboot goin' awa' from the fireside. She took care o' me, she did." Poor old Andra'! He would not have been credited with feelings so deep. After a little he began again—

"Ye see what I am. I dinna ken muckle—I'm simple-like. I wudna gang wrang i' purpose, ye ken, but I'm easy led. When she was in the hame naebody led me but her."

"How long has she been dead?" I asked.

"Twenty years. We were together sixteen year, and she's been dead twenty. I miss her as much as when she was first dead. I'm never wi'out some remembrance o' her," and I watched his hand steal unconsciously to his inner waistcoat. When we parted Andra' again surprised me—"I'm glad ye gave me a crack," said he; "I dinna care muckle aboot the drink—it's the company, it's a crack I'm wantin' wi' some one, and I've had a gude crack wi' you."

"THE GOTHENBURG."

The Gothenburg public-house in Kelty has aroused considerable discussion. When it was first started a good deal was claimed for it. It was, for example, to be a potent influence for temperance in the community. It occupies a substantial stone building on one of the main corners of the village. As the central point in all Gothenburg experiments is the elimination of private profit, the profits in Kelty are

distributed for purposes of the common weal. Last year a grant of £50 was made to the local library; a trained nurse has been appointed to work in conjunction with local physicians; and if the landowners will grant the necessary permission, the Gothenburg committee are planning to lay out a bowling-green. No liquor is sold to men who have already been drinking to excess, and great care is exercised in the

selection of pure liquor. Opponents of the scheme say that it tends to put a premium on drinking, by clothing it in the garb of respectability and quasi-philanthropy, and that it has actually increased drunkenness. There are no adequate proofs of this, however; and the probabilities are, so far as I could judge, that the balance of evidence is very slightly in its favour. The liquor is freer from adulterations than in many other places; the men declare, almost unanimously, that it is much more difficult for a man who is slightly under the influence of drink to get served there than any place else in the village; and a portion of the profits is devoted to practical purposes, and these, to a large extent, counteracting influences. The manager receives a stated salary, and the shares (which are of 5s. each) draw an interest of 5 per cent.

As in most similar villages,

the public-house is the common social rendezvous; but in considering the social interests one must remember the friendly societies and the churches. There are three churches in Kelty. The congregations were always good, and I noticed that the proportion of men was often nearly 50 per cent. The library is much used by the men, and it is doubly popular owing to the game-room and the billiard-room connected with it. These, of course, are excellent counter-agents to the public-houses, inasmuch as they supply wholesome interests. There is also a capital public-baths establishment. Its chief fault is that it is small; but the equipment is excellent, including a swimming-tank, sprays, tubs, and a steam-room, which is an excellent substitute for a Russian bath. Then there is a widespread interest in athletics, especially football, cricket, and cycling. In winter dancing is popular.

HOLIDAYS.

When the holidays come round "jaunting" is in universal vogue. The railways offer tempting excursions at exceedingly low rates, so that it is possible for whole families to take advantage of them. During the summer I made two jaunts—one to Aberdeen and one to Inverness. Nearly 3000 went on the latter trip, all from Kelty and the near-by towns. The return fare was only 4s. I had been warned that these excursions were frightful crushes, always very

late, and that excessive drinking was the most pronounced feature. So with a stout heart prepared to endure all manner of discomforts, I joined the throng awaiting the train at Kelty station. There were three trains all told; and as they started a few stations below, the first two trains, having been filled early, rolled past without stopping. It was a glorious July morning, and the spirits of the crowd ran high. As the first train approached a great shout went up that

was echoed back with a right royal will. The carriage windows were all wide open and filled with noisy, laughing merry-makers. It was the first holiday in several months, and the pent-up feelings were being given full freedom. The tumultuous enthusiasm was contagious, and I found myself shouting too. It seemed to me at the moment that I would gladly work a whole year if I could feel as actively, recklessly happy for one day as they all seemed. The singing and the shouting lasted all day, all the way to the Highlands and back, and at night when the trip ended—oddly enough nearly an hour before it was scheduled to—I was able to testify that drunkenness had been conspicuous for its absence. Drinking there had been, but for a trip of that kind there was little intoxication.

As we started the homeward journey one of the men sitting opposite me, an ordinary typical miner, jumped up exclaiming, "One hundred and forty-four miles to go. Where's the whisky?" I made up my mind for an uncomfortable evening. Whisky and beer were produced, and bottle after bottle was handed round till the men were fast growing hilarious. I was a stranger to them; but as usual I had endeavoured to be friendly, so the bottles were always offered to me. After my repeated refusals to drink, one well-meaning fellow searched diligently in a bag of many things till he had found a certain package, which he pro-

duced and held out to me with the words, "If ye'll no drink wi' us, will ye tak' some sweets? You're decent company, so we maun treat ye richt." At one point a man in the opposite corner to the one I was occupying leaned over towards me. He had been drinking a good deal, but was not properly drunk by any means.

"D'ye ken," he began, "I've worked a' my life among stane in the pits, but I dinna ken onything aboot the mines. I dinna ken how the coal got into the pits. Comin' up this mornin', I was thinkin', 'How do a' the hills get there? Some o' them look burnt and twisted-like as they'd been near fire, and others looked different. Occasionally there is a field or a brae covered wi' sma' stanes. How did they get there? Did men put 'em there?'" I hesitated before answering, wondering how best to explain the questions, when the man next to him, whom I had thought almost maudlin, rolled forward, his clay pipe dropping from his mouth as he spoke:—

"I dinna ken muckle aboot it, but I hae read a book by a mon, Professor Geikie!" From Kin-gussie to Killiecrankie he gave us his version of Professor Geikie in vivid graphic language, using homely but descriptive words, and making the matter very much clearer than I could have done with the book before me. He talked for nearly an hour, and as he talked his interest in what he was telling us about got keener and keener, and the effects of the liquor seemed to disappear

before his increased mental activity. Later in the evening, when the moon was shining upon us from a clear blue heaven, that same man showed an equally conversant acquaintance with Young's 'Astronomy,' and he told some interesting things about the firmament. He had not merely read these books, he had studied them. "Where did you get hold of them?" I asked. "Oh! I picked them up at a second-hand shop in Dunfermline," he answered carelessly. Those men thoroughly appreciated that trip to Inverness.

HOME LIFE: THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The most striking feature of the home life to me was the subjection of the women. I was surprised by it at first, but gradually came to take it as a matter of course. Their slavery to the men was almost universal throughout the district. The men were looked upon as the wage-earners, and the lives of the women were given up to making them comfortable. Not once can I remember of the women eating their meals with the men in our home. In some houses, where the families were smaller and the tables larger, it might have been possible for the women to eat with the rest; but in our house to have made room for them would have meant crowding and cramping the men. Any suggestion of inconveniencing the workers would not have been tolerated at all. There were two big easy-chairs in the kitchen (which was our "common-room"), and if either of them chanced to be occupied by one of the girls or women when the men arrived, it was instantly left for one of the men to drop into. This particular act is probably a survival of the ancient idea that the one who supplies the food for life must be carefully tended,—as in certain remote Scottish fishing-villages at the present day, where the wives plunge into the water to meet the returning boats, and wade ashore with the men-folk on their backs, that the last shock of the cold water after the strain of the night's work may be avoided. Unfortunately, there has been an evolution in the idea, so that now it is only a part of the general custom of the women caring for the men. It was a common thing for the men to demand that their pipes be filled by one of the women. I have seen a son of one- or two-and-twenty order his mother across the room to get his pipe, which was on a shelf directly above his head a few inches out of his reach from the chair where he was sitting. All the time the men were at home the women would hover about ready to be instantly commanded for the most menial services.

The young girls are early made to look upon work as a duty that can never be shirked, and a large share of the household duties is left to the younger ones. It is possible that my

landlady was a particularly severe taskmistress, though, so far as I could observe elsewhere, I think not. On more than one occasion I remember her going off for the day, leaving a girl of seventeen to do all the work of the house and the week's washing besides. It is this kind of steady toil that led one to express her notion of things by remarking one day when I

had come out of the pit particularly tired, "Oh! there's hard work in the pit as well as out of it." It should be emphasised that these are the observations of an outsider. The women themselves do not complain; indeed they know no other life, and are probably the better off because they do not even catch glimpses of other circles of life.

OVERCROWDING.

Where wages are good in comparison with the cost of living, early marriages are always common. House-rents in Keltie are moderate. The oldest houses in the village rent for £4, 10s.; the newer and average houses rent for £7 and £8 a-year, and the best of them for £10. The great trouble is that there are not nearly enough of them; hence the evil of overcrowding is forced upon the people, who are only too eager to have homes of their own. That overcrowding is an evil and a sore one there is no contradicting; but from what I saw of it in Keltie, I am inclined to think that it is a much-misunderstood evil, just as the drink problem has until recently been much misunderstood. From a hygienic standpoint, the wrong that is done the people who are forced to corral together like sheep can scarcely be exaggerated. In summer the atmosphere becomes stifling: in our house we never had sheets over us, merely rough blankets, and at times these were "gey ill to

thole." There was one window in the room four feet two inches high by two feet five inches wide. This dropped down about half-way from the top, so that we could get some fresh air, though often it was hot. In winter, however, everything is kept shut tight—"to keep out the cold," as the people say—and in the kitchen, where four or five persons sleep, and all the food is cooked, the air becomes poisonous. Granting, then, that all that is said on this point is justified, and that on these grounds alone the evil is a scourge that is threatening a definite proportion of the working class, and is therefore a blot on the scutcheons of those whose indifferentism prevents its remedy, what of the other point so often dwelt upon by reformers—namely, morality?

In Keltie I found myself enjoying life in the rough. There was the maximum of naturalness and the minimum of convention. It was a bold illustration of life without the limelight glare of etiquette and fashion. Society is buried beneath its

forms. But the Workers never masquerade; they live their lives with a wholesome freedom from sham that develops hearts and souls, if not fine manners, and holds honesty and truth above ability to amuse and entertain.

In ordinary weather, when the men got ready for bed, they threw off their jackets and boots and rolled under their blankets. The heat sometimes necessitated a somewhat further preparatory disrobing; but save in exceptional instances a man was ready for his bed in a few seconds, or at most a minute. One evening there were several neighbours calling, and the party in the kitchen numbered more than a dozen. The lassie of seventeen, growing tired, got up, and in our midst, without hesitation, prepared herself for her bed, and got into it. The act was accompanied by no embarrassment on her part, and excited absolutely no notice whatever from the company. It was nearly as simple a proceeding as with the men, and took very little longer. After that I saw her do the same thing again and again, and not once was any heed given her. On that particular evening her lead was shortly followed by her father, who in an incredibly short time was snoring contentedly a few feet from where the rest of us were circled in a group. Now this might be called "indelicate." Delicacy, however, is a standard of the more complex world, and this girl knew nought of it. That same girl was severely rebuked by her mother one Sunday

evening for humming the refrain of "White Wings." Not suspecting the real reason for the rebuke, I asked why the lassie shouldn't sing—it was a good tune; whereupon she turned on me almost fiercely—

"Dinna ye ken that this is the Sabbath-day? There is a time for everything, a place for everything, and a day for everything. The Sabbath is no' a day for siclike songs as that."

My standards were not hers, but standards she had, and she lived up to them.

When city reformers cite instances of night clerks sleeping in a bed that at other times is used by one of the opposite sex, this need not necessarily imply any material lowering of moral standards, for people nurtured in such an environment have totally different ways of looking at things. Given such an environment, immorality is often (not always) more easily fallen to, but that it is an inevitable result is certainly not true. It would have been a difficult matter to have convinced my Kelty landlady or any of her neighbours that her moral standards were lower than the moral standards of the ladies who fill the boxes and dress circles of the city theatres wearing diaphanous and *décolleté* gowns. Any such comparison would have aroused violent indignation.

Mazzini long ago pointed out that the social problem is at root an educational problem; but he did not emphasise, what is so obvious to-day, that the education must come from

below to the top as well as from the cultured to the lowly. In short, the education that is needed is a general mixing together that will show each to the other "how the other half lives," and—of greater importance—what the other half thinks.

Some of the pleasantest hours in the lives of the miners are evenings when some of the neighbours come in and the time is spent in singing and dancing. Near a score gathered in our kitchen one night to say good-bye to a family who were leaving the village. The people called it a *foy*, or, as it is termed in other parts of Scotland, a *ploy*. Beginning with the head of the family, every one in the circle was expected to make a contribution to the entertainment of the evening with a song, a dance, or a tune on the melodeon, the violin, or the mouth-organ. The old Scottish songs that never grow old were sung with a right royal will, and the dances—"hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels"—were given with an enthusiasm that showed that the day's work had not affected the "life and mettle in their heels." There was no drink that night till the very end, and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with the merry wistfulness that betokens the flight of memory over the days that are gone when similar scenes have ended with those same familiar strains, when other figures have stood round the room, and

other hands have clasped in the parting greeting that binds hearts to hearts with ties that nothing can sever.

Another scene equally memorable, even more characteristic, but of a very different nature, was that in a chamber of death, when one of the last of those moribund customs of yester-years was gone through with—a chesting service. Of all the sad affairs in life and death, surely few can be more grim than a coffining. It was at the house of a neighbour where the baby girl, a wee golden-haired lassie, had died suddenly. As is customary, a few friends were asked to be present. The minister arrived before the coffin. There was a passage of Scripture and a brief prayer before the undertaker came in and the little chest was laid open. The mother lifted the lifeless form of the little one, pressed her tear-stained face close to the cold cheeks of her babe in a long lingering kiss, then sank back in a paroxysm of weeping. The lid was placed over the box, and with a grinding crunching noise that grated into the very hearts of the sorrowing friends, the boards were screwed tight. Thus the tragedy and comedy of life play round these modest homes, even as the sunlight and shadows flit about the lives of those who are in the intenser circles of the world, where living is a strenuous battle with the complexer forms of life.

IMPRESSMENT FOR TRANSPORT IN INDIA.

THAT an army marches and fights on its belly is an old truism, the disregard of which causes disasters and waste of resources. By applying it, the Duke of Wellington used to say of his successes in the Peninsular war, that he owed them more to his excellence as a commissariat officer than as a general. By ignoring it, our troops before Sebastopol were starved and frozen during the first winter there, though supplies in abundance were only a few miles away. Again, in the earlier phases of the present Boer war we suffered reverse after reverse, in a great measure because, from lack of transport, our forces were tied to the railway-lines, and had to stand still or attack frontally elaborately entrenched positions. With the world ready to sell all we wanted, and we to give our bottom dollar for horses and mules, mobility was soon attained, and turning movements changed repulses to victories. Had the campaign been fought in the mountains of Afghanistan instead of on the veldt of South Africa, the deadlock would have been prolonged, because many thousands of camels and camel-men—*sarwans* the latter are called, creatures born, not made—would have been required. To collect and organise them would have been a slow business, and at the best the attendants, being impressed, would have done their work perfunctorily.

As the Punjab is full of troops and its frontier wars are frequent, an efficient transport system, in which camel baggage-corps would bulk largest, should long ago have been formed. As a fact, though the subject has been a burning question for the last fifty years, and a quarter of a million is spent annually on establishment, there is still no organisation for war purposes, and even the peace reliefs between cantonments are never effected without resort to compulsion in some form. In the frequent case of war emergencies mobility is only secured by obtaining carriage in the rough and clumsy fashion adopted by our predecessors the Moghuls and Sikhs—by the indiscriminate commandeering of man and beast, which implies the infliction of much avoidable hardship to tens of thousands of villagers and four or five times their aggregate of animals.

The story of impressment in India is worth telling, because it has never been told before: moreover, if told, the knowledge may help to the ending of practices which are oppressive, unnecessary, and, in the Punjab at least, illegal.

Early in the fifties, when the disasters of the first Afghan war still impressed all minds with an abhorrence of further costly adventures beyond our N.W. frontier, Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, the then ruler of the Punjab, denounced

the commandeering of camels, carts, and their attendants as "the greatest blot in our administration," and, in order "to encourage the creation of a special class of carriers," raised the rates of hire all round. Though he failed in his object, the enhanced scale of remuneration paid to the impressed owners of carriage appreciably ameliorated the pre-existing conditions, and earned for John Lawrence the gratitude of the peasantry. From that time onwards the rules regulating the discharge of compulsory services, whether of carriers or of shopkeepers at camping-grounds, were progressively improved, until the village communities of the province accepted the obligations exacted from them as a great relief from their former burdens. Though now and again *sarwans* with their camels were requisitioned for a frontier expedition, there was no grumbling, as in those days our little wars were rather retaliatory raids or short promenades on field-service conditions than prolonged campaigns involving much exposure and serious risk to life. Throughout the long period during which the eastern slopes of the Suliman range and the Afridi hills to the north were regarded as a Chinese wall of protection round the N.W. boundary of our Indian estate, the transport question was only fitfully kept alive by army reformers. At last, after thirty-six years of abstention from interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, the policy of "mischievous

activity" prevailed over that of "masterly inactivity." In a fit of Russophobia the Government decided to invade Afghanistan for the second time. The army was ready, but immobile. It could not advance into the roadless maze of mountains before it without a still larger army of baggage-animals and drivers. The contingency of a foreign war outside India had not been provided for in the military regulations on the subject of carriage, which assumed that the civil government would supply transport on requisition, much in the same way as it did during the petty movements of the relief season. The civil rules on the subject only directed district officers to "assist" the army "contractors" by giving information and so forth. These rules, broadly interpreted, had sufficed for peace purposes, and as the directors of our policy thought that India had reached its limits, and Afghanistan would never be re-entered, at least as an enemy's country, more had not been wanted. That had been the view of the peace-loving Lawrence school of statesmen. Whether right or wrong, it saved India for nearly forty years from the expense of a foreign war. Again and again during that period the military authorities pointed out the advantages of taking measures in time of peace whereby a reasonable part of the civil transport of the country should be as easily mobilisable as the army, but to no purpose. They put forward scheme after scheme. Each was considered,

criticised, played with, and finally shelved or negatived. From the Government's standpoint impressment was neither economically, logically, nor politically necessary. As the army was easily recruited by voluntary enlistment, it followed, under the ordinary law governing supply and demand, that by the offer of sufficiently good terms the same system would be as effective for civil transport as had been proved to be the case for fighting men: further, in any case, the sudden outbreak of a serious war was a contingency so improbable as hardly to require serious consideration.

As usual in cases of unpreparedness, it was the unlikely—as the Government held—which did happen. In 1878 we were again invading Afghanistan, and *sarwans* with their camels, as well as other classes of owners, refused to take service. In the hurry and confusion of the hour the sweepings of the bazaars were freely enlisted, and used as muleteers and pony-drivers. Camels were the greatest difficulty: owners could not be induced to hire them to our officers, hence numbers were bought and put in charge of ignorant coolies. Voluntaryism failing, camels and their owners were impressed in thousands, and after some delay the armies advanced up the passes. In a few months the war, or rather the first phase of it, ended, and the troops returned to their cantonments in India. Their losses had been small; but the unorganised masses of transport, particularly camels, had

suffered terribly. Mules, ponies, and bullocks had died in thousands; but being rationed, and their attendants always under close supervision, their mortality had not been excessive. The case of the *sarwans* and their camels were different. They had both been expected to find their own food—the men by buying provisions, the camels under impossible conditions; though in an enemy's country and carrying packs all day, they were supposed to be able to browse all night. Of the 80,000 camels and 20,000 men actually employed, 60,000 of the former and an unknown number of the latter—the majority commandeered—had fallen by the way, dying most of them from starvation, cold, and general neglect.

The tragedy attracted little notice outside official circles. Officials kept their knowledge to themselves, the press had no information, and in any case war-correspondents were chiefly interested in the achievements of the troops and the political situation, which changed from day to day. As for the actual sufferers, no one cared to champion their cause; they were too poor and ignorant to be of much account. The chiefs of the army, however, had its good to consider. They felt that without mobility their fine troops were useless, and that delay in collecting, sorting, and organising the unwieldy mobs of men and beasts scraped together, and their inefficiency even when reduced into some sort of order, might have had disastrous consequences had the Afghans been better dis-

ciplined and led. A commission was appointed to report on the subject. Volumes of evidence, experiences, and opinions were laboriously prepared, and something practicable might have resulted, when, suddenly, the news reached Simla that the Cavagnari Mission had been massacred at Kabul. Once more all was confusion. At last, however, the passes were forced. A lingering campaign followed, at the end of which our troops returned to India. The commission then resumed its interrupted labours, and in due course put forward a practicable scheme, based on regulated impressment. But the Government would have none of it, as optimism had succeeded a lukewarm desire for reform. The war was over: peace was assured for a generation at least; we had burnt our fingers so often in Afghanistan that we should leave it alone for the future; moreover, the treasury was empty, and the still shrinking rupee was rendering the now chronic difficulty of meeting gold obligations increasingly burdensome. On the minor questions of pay, rations, free clothing, and the like the Government would consider proposals, but none based on impressment would be acceptable. For the next five years committees sat and talked, but naturally accomplished nothing, the real issue being tabooed.

In 1885 the unexpected again happened: the "Penjdeh affair" and its resultant bluster brought Russia and Great Britain to the brink of war—at least the Gov-

ernment of India thought so, and ordered the immediate collection, on any terms not involving compulsion, of 100,000 baggage-animals with their complement of attendants. In a month's time 28,000 animals of sorts and some thousands of drivers were obtained at immense cost without much pressure from all parts of India. If the quadrupeds were bad their attendants were worse, "the majority" being, as the official report on their qualifications testified, "simple coolies, who have to be licked into shape at the sacrifice and loss to Government of the transport animals." After that the Government acquiesced in resort to impressment; but the objectionable term was euphemised, civil officers being required to use their "influence" in complying with requisitions, and warned that failure would be viewed with displeasure. As always, the chief burden fell upon the Punjab, because it alone could supply in sufficient numbers the classes of men and animals least unsuitable for rough campaigning in Afghanistan. Happily the crisis was tided over without war. The accepted opinion now was that though a conflict with Russia in the wilds of Central Asia would have been an exhausting and hazardous undertaking, the prosecution of a decided policy along our N.W. borders, with a view to the ultimate establishment of the "scientific frontier" devised by Lord Lytton in 1876-78, might safely be pushed. In pursuance of that design, for the next few years our troops were exercised in ten "little wars"

and expeditions;¹ and although insufficiency of camel-transport constrained the Government to tolerate almost continuous impressment,—though that blunt term was rarely used,—the comparative petty scale on which the work was done reduced the evils of indiscrimination to small compass.

When the Durand Agreement of 1893 was signed, it was hastily assumed that the political results aimed at in the policy decided on in 1882 had been achieved. By that instrument all outstanding differences with the Amir were composed—on paper—so far as the high contracting parties were concerned. In the arrangement the wishes of those immediately concerned—the independent tribes between India and Afghanistan—had been treated as of small importance. Having got our title-deeds, we next began to take possession. We sent survey parties, each with a military escort, to march through the hitherto unmapped territories of the tribes, now within the exclusive sphere of influence of India, and assured the suspicious hillmen that all we wanted was to set up cairns of stones along their western hinterlands, and be thus in a position to protect their boundaries towards Afghanistan against encroachment from that side. Naturally they regarded our proceedings as the first step towards their virtual annexation, and being high-

landers and freemen, they determined to fight to preserve their threatened independence. The struggle began dramatically in Chitral in 1895, and ended with our ponderous march through Tirah in 1897. This latter, it may be noted, was an enterprise which necessitated the employment of 75,000 troops, 140,000 transport animals, and about 35,000 attendants.

As in 1877, 1878, and 1885, so in 1895, and again two years later, there being no transport organisation, the army could not move until make-shift arrangements for carriage had been carried out.

On the last occasion, when every day's delay increased the gathering of the Afridi clans against us, our troops had to mark time during many precious weeks until sufficient transport had been got together and reduced into order. Mules, ponies, donkeys—in short, anything that could carry a load of 120 lb. and upwards—were seized in every village of the Punjab from the borders of Thibet to the sands of Sindh. The collectors—Government menials on a few rupees a-month, and even the unpaid hangers-on about district offices—exercised their novel functions with such discrimination that none but the animals of the poorest owners were driven to the inspecting centres, generally stations on a railway-line. There a further sifting

¹ First Hazara expedition, . 1888
Second " " . 1891
First Miranzai " . 1891
Second " " . 1891-92
Kajuri Kach " . 1892

Kurram escort, . . . 1892
Gilgit " . . . 1892-93
Isazai expedition, . . 1892
Khagan Chilas expedition, . 1893
Waziristan " . 1894-95

took place, after which the residue pronounced fit were either compulsorily bought or hired with their attendants. Those rejected were discharged to their homes, which in the case of hill animals might be more than a week's journey away. As no payments were made until the finally selected transport had been railed to the immediate war bases, owners, whether returning to their villages or going to the front, had to shift for themselves. Most of them, having no money, had to borrow on any terms to buy subsistence for themselves and their beasts.

The camel problem, as always, presented the greatest difficulties. The camel is essentially the transport animal for campaigning purposes beyond the Indus, and can thrive on the scanty herbage of the country, if given time, daylight, and opportunity to roam over some miles of suitable browsing-land. The drawbacks are that unless watchfully tended by experts brought up to the work, he soon sickens and dies. In all our trans-Indus wars the camel mortality has been frightful, and if the campaign is prolonged beyond a few months, or takes place in great heat or during the rainy season, the large majority drop down on the line of march, there to die of slow starvation, surrounded by jackals and other beasts of prey waiting until life is nearly extinct. Those bought were mostly looked after by inexperienced coolies, those "hired" by pressed *sarwans*, who naturally thought their return home would be expedited if their

charges died or became unfit for work. For the Chitral relief expedition 12,000 camels and 3000 *sarwans* had to be provided in a few weeks. Some 30,000 camels were seized, but only 8650 of them were passed as fit and made over to "hired" *sarwans*. The balance of the requisition was made good by the purchase of 3500 camels, which were intrusted to volunteer coolies. The operations were of brief duration, and fully fifty per cent of the camels employed survived to reach India again, most of them as living skeletons.

The Chitral experiences appeared to convince the Government that the laws of political economy are not applicable to the case of transport suddenly required for a war emergency. A mixed civil and military commission was accordingly appointed "to indicate the measures . . . for ensuring the supply of transport when required both for field service and ordinary movements with the least possible hardship to the owners of the transport and the attendants on the animals." Though, as was customary, the use of the plain word "impressment" had been avoided in the instructions, the phraseology adopted seemed to imply that if the Government requirements could not be met otherwise, the objectionable procedure hitherto always employed might be continued, but in an ameliorated form. In due course the commission submitted a unanimous report, and proved conclusively that no working system was possible unless founded on the prelim-

inary registration of fit animals, and the right to employ them to the extent necessary at times of emergency. On that basis the commission formulated an exhaustive and practicable scheme, which, whilst protecting the people from unnecessary harassment, was inexpensive for the Government, and secured the rapid mobilisation of such civil transport as might be called out. The Government, however, instructions notwithstanding, wanted the impossible—a cheap organisation based on voluntary service. The commission's proposals were therefore rejected *en bloc*, and arrangements set on foot for the appointment of a new commission, with orders to reconcile the two incompatibles. Before this new pretext for further deferring the inevitable—some system of regulated impressment—was carried out, the frontier was in a blaze from Swat to the Gumal Pass, a frontage of 200 miles. The attempt to push the execution of the Durand Agreement had exasperated tribe after tribe, until there was a sort of tacit agreement amongst those on the Peshawar border to strike a combined blow for freedom. Thus the transport question once more forced itself on the unwilling attention of the Government.

The military demands were on this occasion larger and more peremptory than on any previous war-emergency—150,000 animals and 35,000 attendants. Law or no law, this mass of transport had to be found. Practically for three months the civil administration

of the Punjab stood still whilst every available official was employed on collection duty. In all about 30,000 animals were obtained "voluntarily," and 110,000 by impressment, each class with its complement of attendants. These numbers did not represent a moiety of the mass actually seized in the villages, and either released there through favour or bribery or driven to the preliminary weeding stations, at which honest and dishonest influences brought about further large discharges.

Naturally the mistakes made and hardships inflicted were legion. A large percentage of the inspecting and passing staff were young military officers, the sum of whose knowledge of camels and bullocks was derived from visits during boyhood to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. In selecting and rejecting transport their only guides were the hastily devised standardisations tardily issued from the office of the commissary-general, who with most of his assistants had heretofore been rather desk-bound clerks than field-workers. From want of practical knowledge thousands of fit animals were cast, and more thousands of unfit passed and despatched to the front. As an instance, a large collection of short sturdy Himalayan bullocks, regularly employed as salt-carriers, and consequently the best type of pack-bullocks in India, were all rejected at Rawalpindi on the ground that they were slightly under the prescribed height.

As to hardships, other than those incidental to seizure and

a journey without the means of obtaining food, an illustration or two will indicate their nature. In jungly districts, as soon as it was noised abroad that a levy *en masse* of village transport had been ordered, unsophisticated owners took alarm and stampeded with their animals, whilst the knowing sat still, conscious of their ability to procure exemption. In the districts in which cart-carriage is chiefly used, astute speculators bought up from the frightened peasantry carts and teams of oxen by the hundred at nominal prices, and afterwards hired their purchases out to the transport officers at rates which in a month or two gave the hirers cent per cent profit. In some tracts where the villages were strong, the brotherhood united, and the headmen sophisticated, the collectors were received with derision, and driven out by threats or actual violence. In no case was such action punished. The collectors, though obeying orders, were committing a penal offence, and the law could not protect them. Indeed, in the Delhi and Jullunder divisions some astute owners, whose carts had been taken, had the effrontery to sue the Government for damages. As success was certain, and published success would have induced an epidemic of lawsuits, the Government, feeling the weakness of its position, compounded each claim as it was brought.

But to return to the devices of camel-owners to escape war service. Many fled to native states. Even there safety was not found, for the absconders

were soon hunted down,—in Patiala, it was officially reported, by Imperial service troopers,—and when caught taken to the nearest collecting station in British territory. When desperate, a common trick with owners was to sufficiently maim or wound their beasts as to render them unfit for a time for carrying loads, in which case they were discharged. In the Hissar district, in which the camel often takes the place of the bullock, a curious phenomenon occurred, the Government in the revenue department advancing large sums to agriculturists for the purchase of camels, whilst on the executive side causing their seizure as transport. Such acts were done unwittingly, and it is probable that most of the peasants, who had bought camels with their advances, managed to sell them in the surrounding native states and buy bullocks instead, of a class useless for draught purposes. That such things happened only shows the evil results of impressment without system. Despite the mistakes, considering the unpreparedness of the Government and the general hurry and flurry attending the sudden mobilisation of a large part of the civil transport of the country, the work was performed with remarkable rapidity, and endured by the harassed people with admirable patience. The pity of it was that the wholesale commandeering of stock, and the losses, sufferings, and general dislocation of the rural economy caused thereby, might mostly

have been avoided had the recommendations of any of the bodies of experts who had reported on the subject been adopted and in operation before the crisis occurred. As it was, soon after the fit residue of the seized transport had been delivered at the base of operations, the starving mobs of men and animals were quickly organised into working groups, and chaos gave place to order and the best management possible under the circumstances. By the substitution of British officers for the rapacious "contractors" and other middlemen, who in former wars had acted as intermediaries between the officers on transport duty and the attendants, and by the concession of free rations, warm clothing, and compensation for losses in the field, the hardships of active service were greatly ameliorated. Roundly, two-thirds of the men employed returned to their villages in a contented frame of mind, with waistbands full of rupees, in addition to remittances sent home during the war through the agency of the British officers who had looked after their interests.

The troubles which the attempts to execute the Durand Agreement had caused, culminating as they did in the Afridi war, convinced the Government of India that the active policy of the preceding five years had been a costly mistake. Accordingly sedative treatment was applied. Under it the tribal effervescence soon subsided, and the Government had leisure to proceed with the impossible project conceived two years previously, the creation of

a transport organisation based on voluntary service. The question was referred to a committee of military officers, including an experienced military civilian. As all practical men had foreseen from the first, the scheme submitted by the committee about the end of 1899 was so prohibitively costly that it was at once rejected. Such is the position to-day. Thus, after many years of consideration, the question of transport organisation for war purposes is no nearer solution than it was in 1878, when the awful mortality amongst the animals selected for the second Afghan war forced the subject into one of imperial urgency. As already remarked, nearly fifty years ago John Lawrence called the petty inconveniences of the peace-time impressment then in force "the greatest blot upon our administration." Had he been living now he would have denounced the practices described in this paper as a disgrace to British rule. Though men and animals are better treated to-day than ten or twenty years ago, though the appreciable additions to establishment recently sanctioned may enable the Government to carry out small future undertakings, such as the blockade of the Mahsud Waziris now going on, and the annual relief of the Drosh-Chitral garrison, without resort to compulsory service, these ameliorations only affect in war-time the transport in being, not the methods by which the necessary transport has first to be collected. These methods are still as clumsy, senseless,

and brutal as they were in the time of the Great Moghul.

It may be conceded that were a general levy of the civil transport of the Punjab—indeed of any country—only ordered at a time of national danger, say once in thirty or forty years, the people would have no just cause of complaint, provided that the burden were equitably distributed over the whole community. That, however, has not been the case in the past, and under existing circumstances can never be the case, because without previous organisation the work must always be done in an indiscriminate and unjust manner. Since 1877, the year in which the forward policy regained its long-eclipsed ascendancy, the collection of particular classes of transport, confined as a rule to limited tracts, has been enforced wholesale on no fewer than fifteen occasions, and levies *en masse* of all classes throughout the province on four, and on all those nineteen occasions there was no system, no justice for the poor man. It is these two wants, and the useless indiscriminate practised in the first instance, which make the grievances of the Punjabis so real and the passivity of the Government so surprising.

This apparent callousness is not due to ignorance of any of the factors in the case, for with hardly an exception every commander-in-chief from Lord Clyde to the late Sir William Lockhart, every commission of experts, and the majority of the district officers of the Punjab, have from time to time made

practically identical representations. As no terms will induce owners of carriage—especially of camels—to serve voluntarily during a war emergency, the only way to give the army mobility is through compulsion; hence until the fit transport of the country to the aggregate numbers required in each class has been systematically registered in peace-time, and its calling out on mobilisation regulated, the wholesale seizure of man and beast, fit and unfit, must continue, though such action is a criminal offence, inflicts unnecessary loss and suffering on the rural population, and may some day be a cause of military disaster. The *non possumus* attitude maintained by the Government may perhaps be explained on the assumption that it is afraid that the public opinion of England would not tolerate the legalisation of impressment, and calculates that, as the burden falls on the poorest classes of the community, it is safe to disregard them. Were the question submitted to a jury of business men, it is certain that their decision would not differ from the findings of all the experienced officers, civil and military, who have yet examined it.

To sum up, the arguments for and against regulated impressment may be stated in a few lines. For the Government view it may be urged that compulsory service is contrary to the settled policy and practice of England all over the world; if legalised in the Punjab, it might excite agitation in India and strong opposition

in England; and even if it did neither, as the native army is recruited by voluntary enlistment, conscription for civil transport is out of the question. Further, on balancing all considerations, as wholesale impressment is only enforced on rare occasions, it is wiser, and perhaps less burdensome to the people, to tacitly tolerate the continuance of exceptional, though in themselves objectionable, practices than to legalise, systematise, and so facilitate them.

Were categorical answer impossible, the simple plea of military necessity would alone suffice to destroy the case for doing nothing. All the arguments against action can, however, be met.

Though British sentiment abhors compulsory service in any form, it is as a fact lawful, even in peace-time, throughout Great Britain in regard to horses and carts and the billeting of soldiers at unremunerative rates on the occupiers of victualling-houses. There can, too, be no doubt that the nation will be ready to accept conscription for home defence, should necessity for it be proved. Further, with reference to India, the impressment of transport has been for hundreds of years, and is still, an operative custom everywhere. That practice was legalised by stringent regulations early in the nineteenth century for Bengal and Bombay; and despite the fact that the enactments on the subject are unnecessarily severe, their phraseology antiquated, and some of their conditions obsolete, they were nevertheless

quietly extended between 1874 and 1877 to the N.W. Provinces, Central Provinces, Oudh, and Ajmere, and more recently in a modified form to Assam and Burmah as well. It is thus unreasonable and anomalous that the impressment of transport should be legal in all parts of India, in which it is never wanted on a large scale, but illegal in the one province in which it is almost continuously enforced. Were the protection against abuse and systematisation, which legality alone can give, withdrawn from the rest of India, but conceded for the Punjab, both the Government and the people would be gainers. As matters stand, whether legalised for the Punjab or not, it must in future be enforced whenever mobilisation is ordered, because an army cannot move without transport, and the Government cannot afford to maintain the enormous establishment which would be required under any voluntary system. Until impressment is legalised it cannot be regulated, and until regulated the wholesale harassment of the people will not cease; for to place 100,000 fit animals and 25,000 attendants at the centres of mobilisation requires, under indiscrimination, the seizure and despatch to preliminary weeding stations of about four times those numbers. Thus the claims of humanity concur with those of military necessity in demanding an early and thorough settlement of this question in accordance with the consensus of opinion of all practical men who have handled it.

S. S. THORBURN.

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹PART III.—LOVE IN A MIST—*continued.*CHAPTER XIX.—THE FLIGHT—*continued.*

A NIGHT or two after this escapade of Rab, when the country was full of it, there was a dinner at Fallowfield. Edith Duncan's visit was coming to an end. Her uncle was loth to let her go: he could not hide that his hope had been fixed on finding some one to keep her in Fife near himself. In this, however, it seemed he was to be disappointed; and she was going up to her Uncle Gerald in London for the season.

During dinner, of course, the story of the running away with the sheriff-officer's gig was retold. Edith looked down to me.

"This must be a dreadful person, this Rab Cyk or Cuck or how do you call him?" she asked.

"A terrible man!" I said.

There was a laugh at my earnestness, and Edith attempted again to pronounce the rascal's name.

"But his son, who is in Queensland—him of whom Ted writes, uncle: he has a name that any one's tongue can manage? 'Cook,'—that's easy."

"And the father's name is easy too, if you have a Scots tongue in your head. Say 'Cuick.' Just like that!"

"But—but," says Edith; "I don't understand. How comes

the father to have a different name from his family."

"The father, you must know, is a very distinctive person, Miss Duncan," said Mr Lindley, the English clergyman at the Earl of Anstruther's chapel, putting up his monocle and speaking across the table to Edith.

"There are a great many distinctive people in Fife, I find, Mr Lindley," Edith answered.

"Ho! ho! We're all daft!" explained a jolly laird of Reres.

"And Rab's family are only plain cooks. Ha! ha!" said the parish minister of Tarvit,—a silly man.

"Not at all," said Ben Duncan. "Not at all. The daughter's not plain. A particularly handsome lass, I call her. And a clever and a good lass too, I think. You shall see for yourself, as I promised you, Edith."

"A family, honest but not distinctive," Lindley said across the table to Edith again. "Not the staple of Fife apparently."

"That's a challenge to you, Mr David," said Edith to me, laughing.

"They take after their mother—a superior woman, and very honest," I said, nettled at the man's tone.

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"Ah! You know them," Edith cried. "And do you know this fine girl Charlotte whom Uncle Ben is going to take me to call on? Perhaps you too, like him, are an admirer?"

"Yes, I know her," I said. "Everybody here knows every other body," I went on, my face getting red under Edith's eyes.

"There was a story, some mystery, about the mother," said the parson's wife. "I remember in my young day all the men found something in her to talk about."

"She was a connection of yours, Mr Shirra, was she not?" said the lawyer Leitch, once a clerk with Mr Trail.

"A distant connection," I answered the fellow.

"That would account for your acquaintance with the daughter," said Edith to me. "I'm more curious than ever to see this Charlotte," she continued to her uncle.

"You shall, my dear. I want to see her again myself."

"Perhaps you haven't heard the very latest news of Rab Cuick?" he asked, addressing the table, which turned to him with curiosity.

"It happened like this: Edith's father, you know,—run on the Darling Downs—The very estate, I am told, where John MacArthur raised the first crop of wool sent home to the home market—Great judgment as a breeder, John MacArthur—Imported cashmeres, and bred from merinos bought from the Governor at the Cape. Just like that! Brought new blood for his stock from England—Escorial

breed, from George the Third's own flock at Kew.—First shipment of wool—what do you think? Two hundred and forty pounds! Two hundred and forty. And to-day? Nearly five millions—four hundred and eighty-six millions, nothing, nothing, eight thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five pounds, to be precise—or was it nine hundred and forty-five? My memory's not what it was."

Edith recalled him to Rab Cuick.

"To be sure," he said. "Well, Edith's brother Ted has gone north. Queensland—sugar-planting. Fine place. Oh! I tell you, the sun never sets on our house. This place of Ted's makes the thirteenth Fallowfield, all with Duncans in them, scattered here and there in all latitudes: not one of them, I'll warrant, but is grander and better-doing than these cauldrie acres here, yet, gentlemen, there's not a Duncan of them all that wouldn't sell his to-morrow to save this from the hammer. It's from these bit biggins in the old country that this great Empire draws its spirit. Empire! Intelligent affection—that's the secret of Empire." He was at full gallop on his hobby now.—"When we take to acquiring territory, like the French and Germans, that we know not the name of on our post-marks, you may talk of decline and fall; but so long as in every square mile we add there's somebody thinks enough of us in auld Scotland to sit down and write to us, I'm not afraid. If only the clever, stupid bodies that man-

age the country could recognise the binding power that's in the sight of a kent post-mark, they would establish the penny post through the Empire, quick enough. Just like that!"

"In other words," said Edith laughing, "my brother Ted wrote me from Queensland—I got his letter this morning, and, as it was understamped, uncle had to pay up double postage for it. And there was a message to him about this Rab Cuck or Cuk's son."

"David!" I cried.

"David, and his wife Jenny Clephane," Ben Duncan took up the story. "They've got out, and are settled in Brisbane, and likely to do well, he says. 'Tell Uncle Ben,' Ted wrote, 'that if he sees Jenny's uncle in Nocht, she would be remembered to him, and both David (who, by the way, seems an excellent fellow) and she are hoping that some day Charlotte will come out beside them.' I put Edith's letter in my pocket this morning, and rode round by the Bowes, thinking it a good excuse to have a laugh with Rab Cuck over this last escapade of his. I knocked at the door, and his lass opened it. 'My father is not at home,' she said. 'Well,' said I, 'if you're his daughter, it's you I've come to see. I've news of your brother David.' The lass was handsome, but with a scared and dead kind of face. Now, at mention of her brother's name, it lighted up like a fallen-in fire. 'He's doing well,' I said.—'Our David can't do ill,' answers she.—'Ah! he's married: that's crucial,' I said, daffingly.—'He's got a good

wife.'—'He took a good one,' replied I. Just like that! In three minutes I was on friendly terms with her. I took the letter from my pocket. 'From my nephew, Ted,' I said, 'and if you will ask me in on this cold day, I'll read something in it for you.' I could see that she hesitated for a minute; but she bade me come in, and I read the letter. 'Thank you,' she said, 'that's good news. Came you this length on purpose to tell me it?' I never saw a bonnier smile. 'Deed I did,' said I, 'and maybe I might ask for some refreshment before I start for home. Your father keeps a bottle, I've heard.' The smile went out of her face. She went white, white. I had quite forgotten how she pressed a dram on the teetotal Poute. But now I remembered. 'My dear,' I said, 'I've got a free and outspoken way, being almost a Colonial, though I bide at home, and accustomed more to Colonial ways than to our own. I've come to see you because I thought this bit of news would gladden you; and though I break it in a queer way, you'll be at no loss to understand it, if you'll believe that if my heart spoke in lucidity there would be no double meaning in my words.' I never saw a cleverer face. 'I believe it, sir, and I thank you,' answered she. 'And I will tell you also: some of us in the Bowes do queer things, and sometimes they look queerer than they would if folks had more discerning eyes.' Just like that! I tell you, I emptied my glass, and said good-bye to her, and came away as if her

Gracious Majesty had been kind enough to ask after the whole family of Duncans by name."

"I must certainly see her ladyship," says Edith, rising, and the ladies retired.

"A clipping girl," Ben mused, as we sat up to his end of the table. "And her father's laid by the heels this time."

"Do you know, I'm rather afraid of it," said I.

"Oh! I ken it," he cried. "When I left her and got to the village, it was all clecking that one egg. The police came from St Brise this morning and lifted him."

"Is that true?" I cried.

"As true as death," said Ben; and a great cloud fell on my spirit.

Charlotte and Rab—between the two my heart was torn. The conversation wandered away to other matters, and I sat there scarce following it. The thoughts in my mind were all of pity for Charlotte, the right of harbouring which supported me in a happy resolution. Or they would come back to Rab, a never-failing jest; and my resolution sank under that terrible indignity. To-morrow I was due in St Brise, at a meeting of Road Trustees; and I would go to Rab and offer myself for legal aid. He had always made light of my value and my advice; but now he was in desperate straits, and could not but know that for our firm to take up a criminal case was almost warrant of the righteousness of the defence. And on my way to St Brise I would go round by the Bowes, and in-

form Charlotte of my intention. She would know the value of my help, and it would comfort her.

I was glad to get away from Fallowfield. All night I lay tossing, with Charlotte's anxiety in my mind; waiting impatiently for the day.

Next forenoon I left my trap at the end of the Nocht road, to walk to the Back Bowes cottage under less curious observation, for Charlotte's sake; and told the coachman to pick me up later at the Bowes corner. Charlotte answered my knock, and stood in the doorway when we had shaken hands. She did not bid me enter. Her face was very pale; the skin white and very clear.

"I have heard of your misfortune," I said. "I am now on my way to St Brise, and I came round this way to say that I am going to see your father. He will need legal advice."

"I thought it would ease your mind," I said, clumsily—for her silence disconcerted me. "He never valued my advice very highly, and may refuse it now; but if he will have it, it is his, welcome—for your sake and your brothers', welcome."

"It is very kind of you," she answered, somewhat scornfully, I could not miss.

"Oh, Charlotte!" I cried, chagrined and pitiful. "We are friends, cousins. You did not doubt that you could count on me."

She looked at me, startled. What invisible hand plays upon our mood, stopping it to by-gone airs. I was a boy again in that High Street house, swept

by that same emotion; and "I am proud to be your cousin," I burst out. I saw her blood mount like the rosy flush of dawn, and she turned in the doorway in a paroxysm of tears.

"Charlotte!" I cried, "bid me come in. You must not stay here, crying so."

I put a hand upon her shoulder and urged her in. She resisted my pressure for a minute only, and then let me enter the kitchen with her.

"What is it, Charlotte?" I asked. "What ails you? What have I said?"

I could scarce speak, in my tumult of pity and love.

"It's nothing—nothing," she said out of her tears.

"I was a boy," said I; for I remembered, and sought to reason my own mood. "I meant no hurt to her then, and none to you now."

"Nay! nay!" she said. "She valued it, above all."

"And you?" I cried. "Oh, Charlotte!—"

She interrupted me suddenly.

"Must I appear at the trial? Must I go into the witness-box? I will not; I will not. Was it not enough that she did it once? My God, I will not!"

What she meant I did not know exactly; yet there is an insight greater than understanding, and it came to me now. I took her hands and drew her to me. She was nearly mine. I would have drawn her to me, and bade her come out from the yoke of her mother's history and live her life with me. I think she would have come.

There was a sound of clatter-

ing hoofs, and Edith Duncan flashed past the window, her uncle after her, and I could hear their voices in the garden.

I drew back into the recess of the kitchen.

"Do not ask them in," I said to Charlotte.

A fire burned in her face, and, like the sun in the heavens, dispelled the rain-clouds in it.

I heard her greeting to the visitors.

"This is my niece Edith, Miss Cook," came Ben Duncan's voice. "Daughter of my brother—Alick—run on the Darling Downs, you know—same estate, by Jove! as John MacArthur raised the first crop of wo—"

"You must excuse my uncle's abruptness," Edith interrupted. "He comes too quickly to the point."

I could hear her laugh: I knew how her face twinkled when she laughed.

"It was my brother Ted," she continued, "who sent the good news of your brother and his wife. They are neighbours of his, as neighbours go in our country, and when I return to Australia, I'll be visiting him, and I would like to tell your brother that I had met you, and maybe carry a message from you to him."

It was prettily, tactfully done; yet I knew from Charlotte's "Thank you: it is kind of you," that it failed to please her. There was silence for a few seconds. Edith spoke no more. Ben Duncan seemed to feel that Charlotte was not supporting the character he had given her. He attempted to incite her to retort.

"Miss Cook might be out with the news before you, Edith," said he.

"There's more than one young man eager to keep her here," he nodded to Charlotte, "or you might be carried off—keep up the traditions of your family."

"Wonderful thing," he continued, taking shelter from her silence in his favourite subject. "Empire gets wider every day—every day brought nearer.—You here.—Me here.—My brother yonder. Your brother yonder. Edith plays hop, skip, and leap between the two—a bridge over half the world.—Just like that!"

He bent his riding-whip into an arch. "We—them—Edith so."

Still Charlotte held her tongue, waiting upon them in chilly silence. I heard their good-byes, Charlotte's level and quiet; then the sound of the horses in a trot.

Charlotte came into the kitchen beside me again.

"Who is that?" she said.

"You know, do you not?" I answered. "Mr Duncan."

"The girl!" she said.

"That," I said, like one seeking to rebut an accusation—I know not what—with a jest. "That is 'the girl in Fallow-field.'"

"I do not think she saw you," she said, with ineffable scorn.

"Charlotte!" I besought.

But she had turned aside and stooped to look from out the low window. My eye, following her, saw the flying figures focus in one of the

small panes before they vanished round the bend of the road to Tarvit.

"I think you can get away now without their seeing you," she said next.

"Charlotte, Charlotte!" I cried; but she was gone, leaving me to show myself out.

Torn with resentment and humiliation, I walked to my trap, and drove away to St Brise. Charlotte was cruel. Too proud and disdainful. She had not shone beside Edith Duncan. Edith's temper was reasonable, level, sympathetic. There was something of a felicitous ripeness about her. . . .

We were nearing the edge of the plateau of Fife where it dips to the sea. A winter sun sparkled in the sky behind us, and shot the grey Firth with streaks of pearl. A midday stillness lay around us; in the shadow of the hillocks in the hilly grass-fields, the raindrops hung poised upon the blades, so windless was it; the sea-gulls dipped and rose gently towards the sea; as we drove by them, the little birds clustered in the hedges shot through the air in the cold sunlight with a circular flash. Away in front of us, out of the deep square of russet and purple leafless wood, rose the brown roofs and towers of Stenton mansion; a thin clear shaft of smoke standing up from them was lost where the sky dipped to the sea. With such a home accorded Edith in my mind—gracious, orderly, mellow. Such a home might be mine, with her. Trees, roofs, the grey and rugged sea, were like an old piece of Gothic—

strong, gracious, with the same crumbled and virtuous skin of age. Edith!

Over the lip of the plateau, we descended upon the shore. A wind blew in our faces steadily, without a gust. Between the tree-clumps I caught sight of the sea swelling in a fluid lump with white embroidery between the rocks, unbrokenly, as if the tidal influence had been arrested for a time. Beyond the rocks it lay in large patterns of green, shot with myriad shades of blue and purple and yellow. Above it westwards, great flocks of gulls, screaming and chattering, hung over a darker streak that stretched from St Brise. The roofs of the town clustered in a cloud of coppery smoke. There was strenuous life—work, competition, poverty, the damnable corrosion of mean endeavour. That spire, beyond the church-tower, on which the gilded weathercock glistened constant, rose from the jail where the rascal Rab lay presently. The rascal! And Charlotte, in her misery, unlovely and ungracious.

My mind rose in violent revolt. It was foolish, unwise, unworthy: yet I had to grip the side of the dog-cart to keep me from rising and calling it aloud as we drove through the town. "Oh! cruel and unwarrantable Fortune! that in the struggle of living, of dutiful living, the one and only life given to man in all eternity, humbles the bravest spirit, demeans the proudest self-respect, involves the simplest mind, blanches, sears, disfigures

the bravest beauty of mind and body!" St Brise High Street as we jolted through it was jammed with traffic. Carriers' carts stood piled, the dogs beneath them stretching on their chain to see the sky above the load. White aprons twinkled in and out of the doorways. Women, baskets in hand, did their shopping, fingering here and there, and coming out to the pavement to hold some fabric to the light. The fan-ners beat upon the ears as we passed the mill, with its open windows clagged with fluff; the smell of yarn was in the throat. The rattle of a crane followed us along the street from the harbour. Public-house doors swung upon the slouching shoulders of the loafers. Farmers stood in groups in front of the Town House: here with noses deep in a sample of grain; there, hands in pocket, poised on their heels, throwing back red mouths to the sun at a jest. "The world is mad!" I could have shouted. "There is sky and sea and green and ripe-smelling land; there is a sun and fresh wind; grain and fruit and fish in the sea and the wild game; to each man his own honest labour and sweat and happiness; a whole world to live upon, yet in the mean and filthy burrows of our own construction we grovel and fight!"

In that foolish passion I got down at the National stables, and without a word to passing greetings in the market stepped to the police-office below the Town Hall. Little Messum, the jail officer, with a cock of

the head and whiskers and a lithe step like a mouser, met me with a laugh in his green eyes. "Rab had been before the magistrates this morning already, and was remanded. He hadn't been taken back to the cell yet. No. He was in the charge-room now."

The sibilant of laughter reached me as I went down the stairs to it. A roaring fire burned in the grate, and sprawling about it were half-a-dozen policemen, Rab in their midst. They lay back in a guffaw. One on a bench in the corner spluttered with laughter into a cog of porridge.

They lumbered to attention as I entered, and Rab came forward to meet me with an easy "Mr Dauvid!" on his lips.

"My legal adviser," he said gravely to the policemen, who fell to different duties, and he led me into an empty corner by the fire.

"I was just passing the time giving these gentlemen some of my early recollections of St Brise jail," he said. "In my young day it stood on the other side of the street, and had a window handy on the market, through which criminal persons could speak a word with their friends outside. There was just one jailer, Molly Laurie,—one woman to do what it takes all these strapping gentlemen to accomplish. Yet they say we progress! A tinny always hung out to the passers-by, and when it contained the price of a mutchkin Molly went round to Tammie Bain's for it. Did you ever hear of Martin Boyd

the smuggler—long before our day, of course—who was always clapped in jail whenever a smuggling smack was expected, and went like a lamb; and in the night he took a stanchion from the window and was at the landing of the cargo, and back again before morning, and was discharged with an official *alibi* to his credit? I've heard——"

"Rab," I said, only now able to master myself, "I did not come here to hear these stories."

"I am sorry, not being in my own house, I cannot offer you entertainment more to your mind."

"Listen to me," I cried. "You're here for obstructing the sheriff's officer."

"Worse than that," he answers. "I thought you were a cleverer lawyer—for stealing a pony and gig."

"You are here on a criminal charge," I went on, not heeding him, "and I am here to offer my services to defend you against it. I came round by the Bowes this morning to promise Charlotte that. I left her—I believe I left her with her heart broken wi' the shame of this."

"And yet I hear all Fife's laughing at the fun of it. I'll warrant you laughed yourself—God's sake! if you could have seen Poute's face.—Not that I saw it; but I can imagine it. Imagine it! I can be Poute for the nonce. . . . There's an argument in my defence, Mr Shirra, Poute's face,—for I accept your services with gratitude; the more, that I know their value. With your stand-

ing and repute, I'd force the siccarest judge in Fife to own it was no more than a diverting escapade. Man—take a note o' this for your use—to convict me for this would be to put a premium on dulness of wits."

"Humph!" said I; "you were born a century or two before your time."

"After my time," cries Rab, eagerly. "After my time. Here's the proof of it: I have to explain myself. I'm Romance with a pin in my hand,

compelled to prick my own bubble."

"You are," I said, as I left the jail, "the damndest rascal unhanged."

There was nothing more to be done that day. My meeting over, I drove back to Tarvit, and on Monday morning rode over to the Bowes to hear from Charlotte's lips the circumstances of Rab's exploit. When I reached the cottage the windows were barred, the door was locked. Charlotte was gone!

PART IV.—THE CONQUEST.

CHAPTER XX.—LOST.

Charlotte was gone: whither, none of us knew for certain, and none save myself, after the first wonder of it, greatly cared. I learned that she had received a letter from her brother David. It contained money, a good round sum of money, part of which (although this I did not know then) Charlotte left, addressed to her father, in his desk; from where, in exchange, she carried off a patch-box with a bundle of letters, papers, and odd trifles belonging to her mother. It was taken for granted, therefore, that Charlotte was gone to her brother. I myself believed she was. Rab professed to believe it. When the Rascal's trial came on, the fiscal mentioned that one of his chief witnesses, the prisoner's daughter, had left the neighbourhood,—it was understood for Australia; and the Bailies, not being particularly anxious perhaps to lay my entertaining

client by the heels, dismissed him with an admonition. This was all a nine days' wonder on the wagging tongues of the county; then it took wings and floated away. With me only it remained, burned into my heart. Never a day that Charlotte was not in my thoughts. Never a morning dawned but I awoke to the sense of loss, the sense of what I had allowed myself to lose.

So the bud of spring blossomed into the flower of summer; and then there came the scandalous rumour, the damnable lie, that set the country tongues wagging afresh, and the blood in my heart on fire.

With the warmer weather, life had flickered up again in Mr Trail. Auld Nick, Rab Cuick said, had just given him a squeeze between the thumb-nails, by way of a reminder. He had, indeed, let him go for the minute only. The spunky

man took to his country-louping afresh; but this was his last kick. One night, coming off the train, he called in upon me at Roselea (so the house was called that I had built for myself) to talk over business, and particularly the Clephane railway bill which was due for a hearing in a few days. We were sitting over a glass of port by my window, which was flung open upon my little bit of lawn, with the flower-beds and vinery and hothouses,—all signs of my successful doing that I, poor fool, was still so proud of. The gloaming had fallen; the white night-moths were wheeling about us, attracted by the lamp standing on the sideboard in the depth of the room, and we were conversing somnolently. Suddenly Mr Trail stopped me in the middle of a sentence with a *prise* of snuff on the way to his nose.

"That's James Clephane's trot," he said, brightening, and cooking his ear to the road. "It's an odd time for him to be riding out. . . . And birsy, too, I can tell by the going."

We sat listening for the peddle of the mare which his ear had detected. It had ceased; and before we could fall to talk again, James Clephane came round by the house-end, and stepped across the flower-beds to us in the window.

"I never saw a man like you, Michael Trail," he began, in a high-pitched, excited voice, "never. How you managed to make a business beats my comprehension. You keep your clients flying after you all

round the coast, and the last place they'll look for you is in your own office, if they are wise men."

"Which evidently some of them are not, else they wouldn't be coming away disappointed from it now," Mr Trail answered. "What have you done wi' the mare?"

"Come round to the front door, and I will let you in, Mr James," I said. "Then you will speak with Mr Trail better than out there."

"I'm fine where I am," he answered brusquely. "The mare's at the gate, and I'm off. But first tell me between you, Where's that—that lass, that Rascal Rab Cuick's daughter, Charlotte Cook?"

My heart was a ball in my throat.

"You don't know!" he cried. "Neither one nor other of you knows, though I pay you well to mind my business. But I will tell you."

It came to me that he had had ill news of Charlotte; that maybe she had been on a ship that had gone down; and I was blurting out my anxiety, forgetting to be prudent, when he silenced me.

"I'll tell you—for you, Mr Shirra, ken nothing about it," he cried. "She's in London—in London, with that fiddling nephew of mine, Richard Clephane."

He stood there, among my flowers, cracking his finger and thumb in the air, and with a passion of anger and triumph glowing in his white face,—a grotesque figure, telling this tale to me!

Mr Trail, still seated, gave a

little low cough and looked at me askance; and that brought me to my senses.

"For any sake, Mr Clephane, speak lower!" I cried. "There may be folks about."

"So you believe it, do you? you believe it?" James Clephane cried, jumping about from side to side by the window. "And you sit there, the two of you, like a pair of—— Bah! You, Mr Trail, who are so fond of the road, why are you not away wi' the night-mail to London to stop this disgrace if you can? God! Jenny was bad enough, but this is harlotry."

Mr Trail gave me a look that commanded me to be silent.

"Where had you all this, Mr James?" he asked Nochtly quietly.

"Coming home from St Brise to-night. I met Fallowfield, and rode the length of his place with him."

He had begun his explanation in a subdued tone, in harmony with Mr Trail's; but his temper was not proof against the recollection.

"That feather-gull old wife, —him and his Colonies!" he broke out. "'Heard from Edith'—so he hailed me—'Edith, you know—brother Alick, Darling Downs.—Staying with her Uncle Gerald up in London—my brother Gerald, General Gerald, you know—Mutiny—Lieutenant at Kolapore—ought to have had his V.C., but didn't—Retired ten years ago—Great man among the Y.M.—what-d'ye-call-'em—Preaches, addresses, Exeter Hall, you know—fine voice—always had—we used to call him Lammerlaws Duncan

because of his voice—old story of my father's—Lammerlaws a farmer in the Howe—voice like a fish-crier—used to bawl his orders from the stackyard to his workers i' the field—just to bother him they would pretend his voice didn't carry their length—then you could hear him across half Fife asking himself if ever sic a set o' deaf——! Ha! Lammerlaws Duncan'll make a London congregation keep awake, I'll bet. Preaching? Man, you should hear him tell how they blew the black men from the guns i' the Mutiny!' . . .

"Huts," continued Nochtly, breaking in upon his own recital. "I mind Gerald Duncan fine—dafter than Ben!"

"Ay!" said Mr Trail, to help him in his explanation.

"Well, I rode with him to Fallowfield east lodge, where we parted, and glad I was to be rid of his rusty clapper on such a fine night; but when I reached the west lodge he was coming tearing down the avenue to intercept me. 'Clean forgot what I had to tell you,' he was shouting. 'Edith's letter—went out of my mind.—Just like that!' . . .

"His news won't go so quickly out of my mind," Nochtly added on a lower note, half to himself. Now that I am able to think of it quietly, I can be sorry for him. Edith Duncan, it seemed, had met Richard once or twice, and once at least saw him and Charlotte—"that girl in the Den"—driving together.

"Pooh! Pooh!" said Mr Trail; and I, all amazed and stunned, "Charlotte in London!"

"Ben Duncan's a gabble," Mr Trail went on, pausing to rest a second's inquisitive look upon me. "And he's not alone in that! . . . There's nothing remarkable in her being in London, or in the two young people, meeting there, being friendly. Two—in a manner—you must remember——"

"Do you think I am likely to forget it! Related? I couldn't prevent Fallowfield reminding me of that. . . . But surely I can buy silence about it in my agent!"

He fired that at us before disappearing round the house. Mr Trail was taking up snuff violently. In a second Nochtly was back, speaking over the window-sill,—

"You'll see that this goes no further! I have Fallowfield's word for silence. He's a gentleman!" and again he was gone.

"You hear that, Mr Shirra!" said Mr Trail, and double-rapped his ricochet shot home on his snuff-mull.

While Trincomalee and James Clephane confided the scandal in this fiery-cross fashion, Mr and Mrs Reekie-Poute whispered it abroad in their honeymoon progress through Fife. The 'Journal' had heralded their arrival, and described the fashionable wedding in a North London church, with just so much of the old Blalach devil as Tommy Pendreigh, weighing the reputed prosperity of the son against the general contempt of the father, would consent to sanction. . . . "T. Reekie-Poute, Esq., head-man" (jackal was almost hinted at for the knowing reader) "in the celebrated firm of estate-agents, . . .

and of 'St Brise,' Bluebell Avenue, Clapton. . . . Mr Reekie-Poute's consistently successful career in the City, and in political and religious circles, had been watched, it seemed, with satisfaction by his old friends here, and those of his father, our highly respected law-officer and fellow-townsmen, Mr Sandy Poute, the gifted Preses of the 'Excelsior Band of Hope,'—and so on. . . . Mr Reekie-Poute's lady (his second) was also well known in Fife, her family being in the habit of residing every August at the Bowes, the ancestral village, 'in whose romantic Den her father, Mr David Baxter, 'paid't in the burn' and 'pu'd the gowans fine,' before climbing Fortune's heights in the Metropolis on the 'staff of life.'" In other words, Mr Baxter was appropriately a baker. He was, we were also told, a leading light among poultry fanciers; and it was a remarkable fact that for forty years he had only once (when he was suffering from a carbuncle) missed the Handsel Monday show of the Town of Tarvit Cook and Hen Society, of which he was an honorary vice-president. . . . We got our little snigger out of the brutal stuff, and were paid back in the trail of whispered story which the couple left behind them. Meg Baxter had seen Richard and Charlotte leave the train at Vauxhall—after that day on the river at Walton, it must have been!—and had pointed them out to Tom. Tom was shocked! One can imagine with how delicate word and eye he showed his companion that!

And Tom was still greatly shocked when he spoke of the thing here in Fife, causing it to reflect his evil gloss.

Thus a lie was conceived and was born and lived; and it lives—it lives still, I know, besmirching as white and delicate a soul as ever harboured in a woman. It is true that my Charlotte was in London; true that they saw her there with Richard Clephane as they said. She herself has told me all, and I will tell you some of it. That is why I am writing this history—to tell you some of it. Her story flows as pure as her mother's milk. There are many who smile at me. I know them! You must know them. Why did she run away from the Bowes and to London? they ask, and wink and shake their heads. I might say that she went off so that the chief evidence of her father's guilt should be removed; but I do not say that. Charlotte, I believe, never thought of that. She was Rab's daughter, and it was from Rab's disgrace she ran away. Her brother David turned his back upon it; and nobody blames David for that. For years Rab had lain upon her nature like a weight of snow; now that the sun shone upon her she burst into a maturity. I know her now, and can read her in the light of knowledge. She was true daughter of Rab, and true daughter of the romantic and original woman, her mother, the elder Charlotte: and she had a craning neck for the world, like Rab, with a dream, like her mother, of the Happy Islands. The romance of the

world called her as the ship's horn in the Firth called these sailor lads from their farms in the heart of Fife. . . . It was Richard who called her? Richard Clephane was the spring of that romance? There are some eyes for whom the opal of a woman's heart gleams only with amorous fire. . . . And if it were Richard Clephane whom she heard calling, whose was the wrong? I know this: I was mute when he called to her listening ear; and his uncle railed as he did, and Mr Trail laughed, and the country-side gabbled its scandal; and I, who loved her, did not rise and throttle the scandal, but clung to my business and my flower-beds and my mean ambitions.

Charlotte has told me (or I have learned from her, at any rate) how: on that morning she arrived at King's Cross, having put her box in the cloak-room, and washed away the stains of her journey, and breakfasted at the cold slab of the refreshment-room; she went out to seek a lodging in the great world of London. The sense of being away from the Bowes; of being able to look out upon the world with open eyes, without having to avert them sickeningly at the recollections which life with Rab brought constantly to mind; and the exhilaration of her first long journey, strung her nature to the highest pitch. She suffered no fear. For her—for all of them—the troubles of everyday living hitherto had been mainly those which could have been averted easily by common prudence, and by those

shifts which their neighbours contrived to make; and so she stepped out on her new life with something like contempt for the troubles that might meet her there. I think she was just a little daft, as we all are daft at our best and happiest moments. If alarm ever assailed her, Richard Clephane was here. He lived in Jermyn Street: the number, she had observed, the first time he wrote her from that address, was the number of David's old master's shop in the High Street of St Brise; so she could not forget it. She could not have forgotten it, whatever it was: she had heard it whispered by the tall Den trees through the dark nights of winter,—those trees that have whispered Charlotte's name to me a thousand times. She would not go to Richard immediately. Before she wrote to him or told him she was here, she would find a situation and a roof of her own: that was her plan. But the fact of his being here gave her a sense of security—such as the lights of a known port must fill the mariner with, who sails past them down the coast. So she stepped into the Euston Road, all fearless. It is the world's wonder that the brave hearts of women can ride so serenely at unsafe anchorages! My Charlotte was brave.

She turned her steps, fearing nothing, westwards along the Euston Road. We traced her route, on a later day, she and I, very happy, hand-in-hand, like very happy London lovers. She was too happy in her present self, I thank God, to be

thrilled with any recollection. Yet she confessed to me on this later day that the road held none of the glammers which it did that morning of her arrival; when the wine of novelty was in her head; and the squares with their bits of trees looked like wonderland, and the tall white church-spire of St Pancras glistening in the winter sun brought to her eyes great buildings she had seen in pictures; and she rambled through the gardens and squares and side-streets, and into the very slums, delighting in all this variety of estate.

Towards Portland Road, I think it is, there is a section of street full of gravestones and chimney-pots. All the sculptors and plumbers in London seemed to be gathered here; even as—it flashed on her—in our young day all the shoemakers in Fife seemed to harbour in the Bowes. It was this sudden flame of association in this dreary waste, I can see, that first discovered for her that she was a stranger in this great place, as yet without a lodging; and then she told me, in the reflux of laughter, about the policeman whom she had met a little farther on, and we went along the Marylebone Road, laughing, to see if we should meet him again. She had seen the name Marylebone Road printed up, and that recalled to her the only address in London, save Richard Clephane's, which she had ever known; and that was David Baxter's. The Baxters were the last people she wished to meet then, but the thought of seeing them fascinated her; and

she stepped up to this policeman, and asked to be directed to David Baxter, the baker's. It was in Marylebone, she said: she pronounced it *Mary-la-bonne*, pleased with some beauty in that original form, as she imagined it (wrongly, I daresay) to be. The man shook his red head, and she had to repeat her question.

"Murrlybone! Murrlybone's an unco big place," he answered; still shaking his head; "and there's a routh o' bakers intil't."

"But I'm only poorly acquaint' with it as yet," he went on; and when she thanked him, and would have stepped upon her way again——

"I'm thinking," he said, "you come from the same quarter as mysel', lassie?"

"Oh, do I?" she answered with a little flutter,—and now she noticed how unfamiliar was all the speech about her. "Do I? I come from Fife."

"And I come from 'e Carse," said he, "and I wuss I were back intil't. Woman, this place gangs like St Dunstan's feeing-market, day and nicht, all the year round."

On his red raw face, which carried her back to the Bowes fields, the alien sat so clearly that she felt a pity for him.

"Is it so bad?" she asked.

"Bad!" he said; "I haven't tasted good brose sin' I entered it. Woman, they haven't the meal!"

This was the story Charlotte told me, laughing. We did not meet its hero in the Marylebone Road on that later day—we had only pretended to think we might; yet, strange to say, a night later we ran across him

on duty at Baker Street. Or, rather, he recognised Charlotte, and hastened to her.

"Yon's the lad!" he cried.

"Who?" asked Charlotte in surprise.

"Mr Baxter, your friend. He keeps the real Kilmarnock! As good meal as ever I got in Inchtured."

"Then you are not away back in the Carse?" said Charlotte, struggling with laughter.

"No," he answered, "no. I'm reconciled to it. Ho! the place is no' that bad. So long as a body gets his proper meat, he'll get used to anything."

Charlotte hung closer on my arm as we went away, and her laugh trembled on her lips. "Some people find life easy, David," she said.

After her meeting the policeman from the Carse in the Marylebone Road on that day of her arrival, Charlotte turned into some side-streets and wandered, her eyes never without a feast of wonders.

She was arrested before an archway, on the side of the street opposite from her, which gave upon a courtyard. Its wooden gates were flung back, discovering two men upon a cart pitching hay into a loft. The sharp and frosty sun bit into the floor and walls of the yard, chequered with the shadows of chimneys and eaves; and it fell with a pale brilliance on the yellow load, and illumined the figures of the men working with it; the whole picture framed by the gateway having a crystal quality against the dark and shadowed line of the

street. She stood upon the kerb, consciously refreshed by the sight. At a sound on her ear it vanished. Two men were passing behind her. One of them was speaking; about canaries she was aware—about a mule bird he had gone to Chipping Norton to see; and he spoke with a tang and a persuasive intonation that brought St Brise and set it down in Marylebone. Instinctively she followed the speaker, a little, trotting, punchinello man, with swinging arms, and a spring off his toes that lifted the tails of his shiny black surtout an inch or two higher on his dusty trousers at each step. It was David Baxter, the baker. She recognised him at once. It did not seem to her unnatural to see him here.

Following him at a distance, she saw him part with his companion, and turn into Crawford Street, and presently disappear into a corner shop, which, she observed, bore his name above the doorway. The shop had a little old-fashioned flat-bay window, into which she peeped cautiously. A low red blind was stretched across it at the back; in front, and stood against the glass, were caraway biscuits and penny-ladies and gingerbread-men, just as in the baker's shop on the causeway of the Bowes. She noticed, too, that as in the very oldest shops she could remember in St Brise or Town of Tarvit, the counter ran round the outer, the street, walls of the shop. At the back, separated by a partition with a panel of glass in it, was some kind of living-room. A red

baize curtain fell over the glass panel also; and hanging beside it on the partition wall was an almanac, with a portrait of Queen Victoria, and the inscription "Charles Bonthrone, grocer, Back Bowes," printed upon it: the neighbour of the almanac that hung beside the fireplace in her own kitchen in the Back Bowes!

She had a sudden, fierce vision of the Back Bowes cottage; as she had left it; as it stood there, left by her! The key was turned in the lock, on the outside. As a matter of fact she had hid the key where she and Rab always hid it for each other, in the worn groove on the flags under the coal-house door. But in this picture of the cottage, deep-bitten on her inward eye, the key stood in the lock; its polished oval handle, out of all proportion, large and glistening in a winter morning's sun; in its aggressive violation of the mere physical truth, marvelously interpretative of the spirit,—the resolve, animating her in that moment of leaving, to turn her back upon it all.

Out of this momentary absorption she was recalled by a movement within the field framed by the window, from which she had turned her eye inward upon that vision. The baker had come into his shop from the room at the back. Quick as a trout's shadow her mind darted from this man associated with her past to the intention of cutting herself off from the past which underlay her flight. She hurried away down the street, laughing at her own fear, knowing well

enough that he would not recognise her even if he had caught sight of her. She felt suddenly tired and faint. She was hungry, and the smell from the bakery made her feel faint.

But when she had eaten, and stepped refreshed into the streets again, the morning's sense of the wonderfulness of things reasserted itself. Everything here, at any rate, was wonderful! Everything! . . . Her last glimpse of the baker slipped into the field again. The black surtout was gone, leaving grey flour-dusted clothes, and a grey collarless shirt open upon his short rosy neck, the rosy flush on which mounted to the attenuated Kilmarnock cap that crowned his baldness. He was busily scraping his loaves, with a dignified air which recalled the saying of an old man in St Brise that if the Scots had been the chosen people, the patriarchs would have been bakers. . . . Here he was, fitted into this new wonderful pattern before her eyes, yet so immaculate in his own native Fife,—that was the most wonderful of all.

Instinctively she turned her steps towards Crawford Street again. She must find a lodging. She was not conscious, perhaps, how far a wish to be within hail of this baker's shop determined her in seeking a lodging here. David Baxter had come out to the pavement with a customer, a woman, with a black American-cloth bag, bulging with bread. They were laughing at parting. The woman, when she had gone a step or two, looked back to

fling a laughing, parting shot at him. . . . He stood for a minute looking after her before going back to his shop; and in a sort of bravado Charlotte walked on past him. He was talking to himself. . . . "There's a fell amount o' goodness in you, Mrs Peters, woman, but an awfu' want o' principle," she heard him say. Then the bell on his shop-door "pinged" as he flung it to.

Charlotte moved away up the street in Mrs Peters' wake. She was a tall, ripe-looking woman, with a leisurely, almost handsome carriage, despite her fleshiness; and Charlotte followed in her steps. By-and-by they turned into Homer Row, and Mrs Peters entered a house in it. As she would have passed on, Charlotte observed in the window of this house a bill intimating a bedroom to let. It was a small storm-window, like the storm-windows in the wynds off St Brise High Street; and Charlotte wondered what gales blew here that these were designed to withstand.

Acting on an impulse, derived from that associate recollection, Charlotte went to the door, and knocked, and soon was negotiating with Mrs Peters for the vacant room.

"Mine's a respectable 'ouse," Mrs Peters said.

"Oh! It ain't no business o' mine, my dear," she continued, as Charlotte fired angrily. "An' I don't blame 'em,—leastways indiscriminate. But I must 'ave my 'ouse respectable."

On closer view, the ripeness of the woman became, in Charlotte's eyes, a kind of fermentation; yet there was something

in her, easy and compliant, that appealed to the girl's susceptible mood. She went to King's Cross and brought back her trunk, and that night confided to Mrs Peters her desire to get a situation. She had hopes especially that a place might be found for her as a sewing-maid; for the Lady Charlotte's skill and taste with the needle had descended to her through Aunt Janet and her mother. Mrs Peters introduced her to Miss Tippet, who kept the registry round the corner, by the Vine and Grapes, and at the end of a week Miss Tippet had found her a place as sewing-maid with Mrs O'Sullivan in Leinster Gardens.

Mrs O'Sullivan herself was at the sea-side with her little girl. Mr O'Sullivan, The O'Sullivan of the Stock Exchange, one of the wonders of the Kaffir market, was travelling up and down to town daily; and only now and then slept at Leinster Gardens. At these times, he came home late and left early; so it was not until after Easter that Charlotte saw either him or Mrs O'Sullivan. The housekeeper's instructions were to give the maids plenty of freedom and fresh air.

"It's a great cure for the blues, fresh air is, and the blues comes to everybody in service," Mrs O'Sullivan said. "I've been in it meself, as 'appy as most, before the boss an' me made it up,—an' don't think that 'appiness comes wi' bein' mistress any more than the blues wi' bein' the maid; but the mistress has 'er kerridge, an' champagne, an' music 'alls, and Margate, an' it's her own

fault if she don't soetter the blues, but wi' the maid what's cooped up they stays an' they breeds, maggotty-like."

"Them were Mrs O'Sullivan's sentiments," Charlotte was informed by the servants at Leinster Gardens; who profited by them, and laughed at a mistress who could entertain them. "But, Lor'! You knows a laidy when you sees 'em!" It was quite understood downstairs that Mrs O'Sullivan wasn't a laidy. She had been, as she took no trouble to hide, in service herself, and as a "general," too; which settled the matter. If further proof were wanted, there was the house in Camberwell, where the O'Sullivan establishment, before the clown of luck somersaulted into notoriety in the Street, included three single gentlemen in the City with bed, board, and extras, all provided within the sovereign. It was known that the housekeeper had been engaged expressly to supply the knowledge which the mistress lacked; as the mistress herself put it, "to run the show proper and stylish."

All this was a fresh page of wonder to Charlotte, accustomed to the appropriate order, as of Nature, in the Big Houses in Fife, and particularly in the Den House under the Lady Charlotte, the repute of which had percolated to the girl through three generations.

A new world lay before her, and she had time and freedom for its discovery! She wrote to Richard Clephane now, and with him she explored it. Oh, the wonderful unfolding of that Spring! Early sundowns sinking through tall pine shafts

upon the purple and olive mysteries of Hampstead; then a concert, or a theatre, with a drive out of the throng along the quivering line of Piccadilly, westwards — an intoxication; splendid lingering days later of the sun's pageant, spent on the river and away in Sussex and in nearer Surrey valleys and down in Essex flats and forest; vast, tender nights in London lanes, blent with the murmur of whose leafy silences comes in the larger cadence of the town; — scenes of new and varied delights. Stolen delights, Charlotte thought! She was fearful lest Richard were giving her too much of his company; bestowing his time upon her instead of upon that fury of musical practice and study which she conceived to be his work. He had only to hint at this preoccupation to send her away from him. And then she would see another side of this new world, in another company. There was a girl, Nelly Whippet, a maid with the Hon. Mrs Ward next door, with whom she had fallen into closer acquaintance than with any of her fellow-servants. When they went into town of an evening, they were joined by Nelly's brother, Joe, who tore himself from his angling club, but brought with him its conversation; and by Mr Figg, the great Mr Figg, who wrote for the papers, it appeared, and knew all things that were worth knowing, and could name all people who were worth naming, and procured an entry for himself, and sometimes for his party, into lock-fast places which seemed to fly open at his magic mention of

the Press. Mr Figg's condescension upon the domestics of Leinster Gardens was explained by the great man himself to be due to a *páng-sháng* which he entertained for Miss Whippet.

Charlotte had discovered a new world. She had found a niche in it. It was all aglow. There was spring-time about her and in her heart. The knowledge of life came to her then clothed in glamour. Her work was easy, and pleasant. All about her she saw a generous wastefulness; to her, coming from the penurious estate in Fife, it seemed only bountifulness, the richness of life. Her companions in service lived happy in the moment, and she, sustained by a never-failing hope for Richard's future, imagined that it was in the moment that she also was happy. It was a world of wealth and gaiety and joy in which for a time her nature found that which it had craved for so long. She was carried away with the flush of the life about her, and the compromising air of London fanned her insidiously.

"It seemed all so fresh and free and generous," she has said to me, explaining that time. "I used to walk across the Park, when the summer was young, and the gloaming was pink and rosy and white, like a well-cared bairn, and my heart has thumped in me with happiness. I have caught myself singing 'Happy! happy!' till the folks looked round at me across the grass."

My Charlotte had a high way of feeling. You do not understand it perhaps, as I do not in myself, or save in Charlotte.

Her mother had it ; in a way, I believe, Rab had it. But it is given to few.

This life opened out for her, I fancy, like a day breaking in rosy splendour, the sunny blood pulsating in her as the sunny strokes of dawn beat the sky, so that you seem to see and hear them beat it. And the grey clouds that trailed in the wake of morning had canopied her before she guessed that the sun was gone. . . .

She had overcome, somewhat quickly, a repugnance which she had felt at first to entering public-houses with her party in these jaunts into town, and was able to assume an appearance of disregarding talk and badinage that sounded foul in her ears. Nelly Whippet and the others disregarded it, easily ; and Charlotte discerned in their attitude a quality of honesty and freedom and cleanness which won her admiration. Conscious of her own occupation with it, she chided herself for prudery ; and she condemned the prudery of her own mind the more because the superior Mr Figg also was preoccupied with the coarser conditions of the life and company, and caused her to wince and flush at them by a kind of unspoken comradeship which he seemed to claim with her in the recognition and demur of them. She had an instinctive distrust of this man and repugnance to him, which was a cloud in her sky, though as yet she did not feel the chill

of its shadow upon her. Another cloud, small at first, but quickly swelling, was a *páng-sháng* for her own company on the part of Joe Whippet. This was, all unreasonably, a blight and disillusion of her delight in Joe's fresh and child-like nature, which she had dimly noted as typical of the Londoner—the virginity of Cockney virtue to which she was specially susceptible in her present mood of generous revolt. That Joe's *páng-sháng* was undeclared in its tenderness chilled her more, because of the reason of his silence. Nelly had plainly intimated to her brother that Charlotte had another and a finer beau. In Charlotte's own presence she dropped hints of this beau,—of whom indeed she knew little or nothing definite. Out of Charlotte's very reserve about the friend whom she had in London, and met often, the sharp Cockney girl drew an understanding that he was of another class than that they belonged to ; and she came to pronounce this word "friend" with an easy smile, half of badinage, half of generous envy, which inspired it with an innuendo that alarmed Charlotte, and filled her with shocked resentment. Observing this, Mr Figg made overtures of an understanding and sympathy on his part ; all the while, keen on the scent of a mystery, insinuating himself into her confidence by questions to which she strove to give only evasive answers.

(To be continued.)

ARMY REFORM.

It is beyond doubt that the calamities and disasters of the war have filled the mind of the great masses of our people with a unanimity of desire touching the vital subject of army organisation and army reformation. The present Government, supported by a large majority and opposed by a small discredited minority, have a splendid opportunity of earning the lasting gratitude of the nation, if they will only adopt measures full and fair for satisfying this most patriotic wish of the people. It is, however, not to be denied that there has been for some time a growing impression that Government mean merely to appease, but not to fulfil the legitimate aspirations of, the nation. Mr Brodrick's scheme, for which a great deal can be said, unfortunately gave force and colour to the impression. The public regarded it as tinkering, and not a sound radical reform. The defects were those which exactly fit oratory: the difficulties to be overcome and the merits of the plan required cultivated thoughtfulness and considerable technical knowledge. The fact, however, remains that a large number of people hold the belief that Government do not intend to give us an effective army; and, as in the past, nothing will be realised but promises, imaginations, and expectations. To consider the truth of the impression, and to make a few practical suggestions by way of comment as to what should be done, and no doubt is going to be done, may aid in understanding and solving a difficult problem. We make no apology for returning to a question we have often discussed, for it is one we consider of life and death. It is a very complex question, something altogether more technical and difficult than those who rush in upon it have a notion of. There are a certain number of people who imagine that the reform of a clerical bureau in Pall Mall will cure all the defects and supply all the deficiencies of our army. They know not that a well-conducted war department is only one of the State engines for carrying on the business of war. The most perfect war department will not give us an army adequate in number to maintain the dignity and safety of the Empire. Ignorant persons have a vague idea that Lord Roberts can, like some magician, by a wave of his field-marshal's baton produce an effective army. It took Moltke, supported by a despotic sovereign, twenty years to reorganise the Prussian military system. Every project of a material change in a machine so complicated as our army, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties, in which a considerate man will

not be too ready to decide, a prudent administrator too ready to undertake. But it is an age of excitement, and a vast number of people wish that public affairs should be so managed that they may have every morning a stimulating subject in their favourite newspaper. Measures for army reform do not lend themselves to theatrical treatment. Many of them must be, by their nature, confidential; and all ought to be well chosen, well combined, and well pursued. They can be well chosen and well combined by military experts; but they can only be well pursued by a Government who have the support of the patriotism of the people.

In so serious a concern as army reorganisation, it is necessary that we should have a very distinct idea as to the terms we employ and the goal we intend to attain. The first step in our pressing and unmistakable object is to have a sufficient strength for the English army abroad and at home. But what constitutes a sufficient strength for war purposes must necessarily depend on the nature of the conflict. By sufficient strength we mean that England must have enough soldiers to meet the requirements of home defences, to garrison our foreign possessions, and to undertake the offensive action which may be decided upon. The number of men required would, on a rough calculation, probably be 800,000. In addition, there must be sufficient men as a reserve for wastage so long

as the war lasts. Having defined a sufficient strength, and stated the approximate number of men required to constitute it, the next point to be considered is the best way of getting them. A certain number of men are saying with a loud voice, "Conscription!" But conscription is not applicable to a foreign service army. Germany and France have conscription, but they have to enlist men specially for service abroad. For our foreign army Lord Roberts, many years ago, rejected the idea of compulsory service. For the militia, our old and constitutional home defence, conscription is still legal, but no Government has dared to put it in force; and unless they had enforced their present powers without avail, and were driven to it by dire necessity, it would be an act of folly to resort to it.

The tide of public opinion has always been, and is, against any system of constrained military service. It is contrary to the habits and genius of the nation and the British love for personal liberty. Englishmen are proud of an army created by no constraining influence but by spontaneous service. The war has aroused British patriotism and created an increased pride and interest in that army—the small artisan and the farm-labourer, in fact, becoming as proud of having a son a soldier as the squire and parson is of having his son an officer. We can foster this growing interest in military life among the bulk

of the population by having in every county boys' brigades, and so impressing parents with the moral and physical advantage of a military training. In every county there should be a rifle club for the young men who have been trained in a boys' brigade. The Government should provide a range, and arrangements be made with the railway companies for taking men to them. By these means, and not by a premature attempt to introduce compulsory service, will we remove whatever relic of prejudice against service in the army still remains in the public mind.

The introduction of a foreign system would be stoutly opposed; but the improvement of our national system would have the support of the patriotism of all classes. The basis of our national system is voluntary enlistment, and there is no reason why voluntary enlistment, if properly encouraged and administered, should not furnish a force necessary for the safety and dignity of the empire. Every inducement and every encouragement should be held out, in order to attract the best men. A man becomes a soldier either for love or money, or more often for the double attraction of both love and money. The Government must compete with the labour-market for recruits, and, to be successful, it must pay the market rate. The prominent object of our Budget should be, not to remove small taxes in order to please some section of the

public, but to adjust taxation so as the Exchequer shall be sufficiently filled to run in an efficient manner every department of the State—and the army and navy are the two most important departments. A few more millions is a cheap investment if it prevents national disaster. Considering the present rate of wages, a shilling a-day and no stoppages of any kind would not be an extravagant sum to pay the British soldier; the country, we are certain, will not grudge it. The nation is only weary of spending millions on an inefficient army.

But besides increasing the wage of the soldier we must improve his status and the standard of living. The soldiers whom we seek are men possessed of feelings common to the race. Englishmen dearly love privacy. The soldier resents being treated merely as one of a herd. The time has come when we should respect this sentiment by planning our barracks so as to admit of their being adapted for cubicles. A barrack on the cubicle principle is now under construction at Windsor. If it be a success, others of a like nature will no doubt be built. No Commander-in-Chief of the Indian forces was more zealous in inspecting minutely barracks, and in striving to the utmost to increase the welfare of the British soldier, than Lord Roberts; and it may confidently be expected that during the next four years of his command a great deal will be done to make the life of the soldier at home more comfort-

able. It is your great commander who habitually enters into the minutest details connected with the welfare of his men. The Duke of Wellington said if he knew anything he knew how to feed an army. There is room for improvement in the way we feed our soldiers, a greater room for improvement in the way the food is cooked and served. These are minor details, but they are details not likely to escape the attention of the Commander-in-Chief. Then there is the difficult question of the management of canteens. It was announced the other day that steps were being taken to make them more attractive to men who wanted to spend a quiet hour over their tea and coffee. If we want to make the army attractive to the best men, many of the old regulations which restricted liberty without strengthening discipline must be abolished. The soldier is not the vagabond of Mr Kipling's imagination, but a man who, for his station in life, is as well educated as his officer; and it is the pile of irksome regulations which so often drives him out of the army after he has become an efficient soldier.

If we are to have an efficient army we must secure not only the very best soldiers but also the very best officers that can be produced. And as in the case of the soldier so it is with the officer—if we wish to have the best material, we must pay for it. To secure the services of a large body of men who have received the ordinary education of an English gentleman at a price much below the

real worth of their services, is a transaction unworthy of the English people. It is not sound economy, because, as a rule, no services are so unsatisfactory as gratuitous or badly paid services. A great deal of the inefficiency to be found in every branch of our administration is due to the fact that our Government has grown accustomed to allow the private individual and the pious benefactor to do what should be done by the State. A commission should be a provision for a gentleman who enters the army to live as a gentleman. He should not be asked, because "a profession dignified with danger," as Dr Johnson so nobly described it, attracts a certain number of rich men, to bear charges which should properly be borne by the national Exchequer. The expense of keeping up bands and sundry other regimental funds should be met by the State. The cost of a change of quarters and the heavy outlay involved in attending a camp of exercise should also be met by a more liberal scale of travelling allowances. The majority of officers are men of good birth, with only sufficient means to meet necessary expenses; and the time has come when, after careful investigation, measures should be adopted to curtail these expenses, and so conduce to make the life of the British officer more economic, without affecting his social status, or the regimental life which has done so much for our army.

A right step in this direction is the recent change which has

been made in the uniforms, which will render them more serviceable to all ranks and less expensive to the officers. In every army there must be a dress for show. The new full-dress will continue to be smart and attractive, but will not require alterations (which necessarily cost money) from the junior to the senior grades. The mess-dress will be simpler and considerably cheaper than that now worn by all branches except the line. There will be one pattern greatcoat for cavalry, artillery, Engineers, line, and staff. Gold-lace overalls will be relics of the past, and henceforth spurs and scabbards will be of steel for all ranks and for all branches. A more serviceable dress having been determined upon, it is to be hoped that no further changes will be necessary for a long period of time. The perpetual alterations made during the past twenty years were a heavy drain on the slender purse of the officer, and were rightly regarded as a substantial grievance, amounting to a grave scandal. In fact, a rich nation like England could well afford to make some grant-in-aid with regard to the new articles. The new order conduces to economy and comfort—the two most important factors in dress. But whether it will be popular at first is open to doubt.

The time has come when we must take advantage of the latest experience for purposes of improvement in the professional education of the officer. We have no sympathy, as we

stated in the pages of 'Maga' some time ago, with the would-be military critics in England who say loudly in the press very hard things about the gentlemen who hold his Majesty's commission. They are not, as a rule, "incapable" and "ignorant" of their duties; and, as we then stated, "there is one form of criticism that has never been brought, and can never be brought, against our officers. No one has dared to gainsay their magnificent pluck, determination, and endurance." The South African war has disclosed that his teaching has been to some extent on wrong lines, and that he must have a different training to adapt himself to a completely new order of military circumstances. The reform must begin in the cradle of his military life. The course of instruction at Woolwich and Sandhurst requires to be thoroughly investigated, and many reforms made in the administration and discipline of these institutions. As in Germany, their commandants should be men who have made the highest mark in the business of war. Tact and firmness, knowledge of men and affairs, thorough grasp of his profession, practical experience of war, are the qualities required in the chief of a military college. And the State cannot pay too highly the commander who has to guide and mould generations of officers. At the college the cadet should be taught his drill, minor tactics, and, above all, how to think and act as a soldier. In his regiment he will learn the practical details of his profes-

sion and how to manage men. Our South African experiences have taught us that a change must be made in our infantry and artillery drills, and this important matter is certain to engage the attention of a Commander-in-Chief who for some years past has declared that radical alterations should be made in order to adapt our infantry and artillery drills to the improvements in the weapons of war.

The Commander-in-Chief, as head of the most important department of war, discipline and command, is directly answerable not only for the military training of the army, but also its auxiliaries. Much has to be done to make the Militia a real support to the army. The questions of attracting the best men by making provision for their families, of drilling recruits in the winter, of fixing the time of annual training so as to least interfere with their ordinary avocations, have to be, and no doubt are being, considered. Measures have also to be taken to make the other national force, the Yeomanry, more efficient and popular. By more rigorous training and more efficient inspection it could be developed into a most important national body. It possesses a name dear to Englishmen. The storm raised by the recent Order in Council regarding the Volunteers illustrates the pitfalls which beset the path of the statesman and soldier who attempts to put our military affairs on a proper basis. It also illustrates the value of a

polity of discussion. A good deal of misunderstanding and discontent might have been avoided if the order had been discussed in Parliament. The main objections to the order are the reductions of the Volunteer force it will entail, and the financial loss that it will involve on some corps. The war demonstrated the value of the force, as a national reserve on which the Government could draw for not only a large number of fairly well trained men, but also for officers and non-commissioned officers for various irregular forces. But the fact remains, that if we are to treat the Volunteers not as mere rifle corps to promote the love and practice of rifle-shooting, but as an efficient auxiliary force taking their place in the third line of defence, we must raise them to the level of the reformed military system. In order to do this, the biennial training under canvas is absolutely necessary. No amount of drill can compensate for practical work in the field. The Commander-in-Chief has already modified the original order to meet some of the objections raised; but it is his bounden duty to see that the Volunteer force, like every other branch of our military system, is fit to take the field. The Committee that has been appointed to consider the subject will no doubt be able to make such suggestions regarding the biennial training as will meet the civil requirements of the men. The question of finance ought also to be considered. If stricter regulations

mean the earning of a smaller capitation grant, as they undoubtedly will, the deficiency ought not to fall on corps funds. If Volunteers are to be treated as an integral part of our military system, and ORDERED to attend a camp at a particular time, they should be compensated for loss of time to themselves and their commanders. The Volunteer force is a body of which Englishmen are proud, for it bears witness to the chivalry of the race, and they would not grudge any reasonable sum being spent on making it efficient.

To create an efficient army, we must have not only a sufficient number of officers and soldiers thoroughly trained in the science of modern warfare, but they must also be provided with the best weapons and our artillery with the best guns. The war demonstrated the need of having a better weapon for the cavalry. A rifle has to be invented and adopted which will suit both mounted troops as well as the infantry. The war also revealed that the Field Artillery gun was not strong enough, and that the Horse Artillery gun had scarcely a longer range than the service rifles. These are technical subjects which will have to be settled by experts. To decide which is the best improved type of weapon is a matter which demands careful consideration, and to construct new guns requires time. Some years ago Lord Roberts said, "I trust that in the British army, at any rate, we shall hear no more of the moral effect of guns but

of their destructive power, and that generals in command will readily put up with the inconvenience which long lines of guns involve, and waggons on the march undoubtedly cause for the sake of having a superior force of well-served artillery, the possession of which would in all probability lead to victory." The advantages and disadvantages of having heavy guns in the field has been discussed by Wellington with characteristic thoroughness and foresight. But in the South African campaign we made a grievous mistake in neglecting to do what we had done in India for more than a century—and what the Boers did,—take heavy guns in the field. It is certain that heavy guns must in future form part of the true equipment of our Field Artillery.

In the reorganisation of our military system special attention will have to be paid to the question of transport. The war has brought home to us the necessity of making our army more movable. "No organised transport corps existed," writes Lord Roberts, "when I arrived in South Africa." In 1882 Lord Roberts, in a paper on "The Present State of the Army," pointed out the necessity of having a practical transport corps, "to meet the varied requirements of the several countries in which our troops may be employed." He writes:—

"In the Crimea, and still later in South Africa, it is notorious that, so far from having any preconceived plan for transport work and a trained staff

to carry it out smoothly, everything was left to the last moment and to chance, in the hope that officers and men, chosen at random from the several branches of the army, would at once be able to improvise a system, and to manage with success hundreds of *bât-animals* or ox-waggon. Apparently we have not profited much by our experience, for we hear that difficulties of transport are again being encountered in Egypt owing to proper arrangements not having been made in time."

Eighteen years drove on. We were again at war in South Africa, and lives were lost and treasure wasted "owing to proper arrangements not having been made in time." The prolongation of the war in South Africa is in a great degree attributable to our armies not being sufficiently movable, owing to the lack of a well-planned transport system. In India the Government has recognised the necessity of having some fixed system; and Lord Roberts, who, as Commander-in-Chief, did so much to create and mould the Indian system, will no doubt form a fixed system at home, although, as he has stated, "it may not be practicable to reproduce in England an exact copy of the Indian arrangements." The lessons to be learnt by our South African experience on this and many other points will be, and no doubt have been, carefully considered by experts who are competent to form an opinion on these technical matters.

The South African campaign, like every other campaign, has illustrated that it is not shot, shell, bayonet, and sabre which destroy an army in a campaign,

but disease. Insufficient and unwholesome food, insufficient clothing, want of pure water, want of cleanliness in camp, ill-chosen sites for encampments, crowding in insufficient buildings in towns, are the main causes of mortality in an army in the field. The time has come when there must be at the War Office a real special sanitary branch, with a competent officer at its head, specially devoted to the overlooking and directing all sanitary measures in time of peace and war. The chief of the sanitary department should not necessarily be an army medical officer but the best man for his work—a man who has devoted his life to the study of sanitary science, and gained for himself a European reputation. He must be acquainted with different climates and different soils, and by practical experience have learned how to guard against typhus, plague, and kindred diseases. He must know the conditions necessary to a healthy site for a barrack, a camp, or a hospital, and he must be able to advise how they should be drained, ventilated, and warmed. A man of this nature could be found if the range of selection was not limited, and it would be a direct economy to pay him an adequate salary. The Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief have the report of a small Commission sent out to South Africa to guide them, and we trust that before long a sound scheme, well balanced in all its parts, will be adopted.

The preceding review of the

improvements in our army to be commenced and completed cannot more properly terminate than with this most important question. Our aim has been to keep the one main object steadily in view—the efficiency of the army; and no troops can be effective who are not kept in sound health. There are many other questions which have to be weighed and decided before our army can be considered fit, in all respects, to take the field. Some of the points we have raised may be matters of minor detail, perhaps; “but,” as Lord Roberts wrote some years ago, “it is by attending to details that the army of one nation becomes superior to that of another, and is enabled to win victories with a minimum expenditure of blood and money.” Hitherto we have won them with a maximum expenditure of blood and money. It is very natural that vehement men who do not understand the complexity of the details should depreciate the Government and Commander-in-Chief for having done nothing towards army reform. They see evils, and they know not what steps are being taken to arrest them. And the point is, not to be led away, and to be moderate and not to go to an extreme. Sensible men are quite justified in beginning to inquire what is being done to make our army a machine perfect for its purpose. A few words would suffice to remove the uneasiness; but these words have not been spoken.

It is a futile absurdity, however, to rail at the Secretary of State for War and the Com-

mander-in-Chief because at the close of their first year’s administration they have not remedied the evils of a century and effected a complete and drastic reconstruction of our military system. Mr Brodrick has shown that he has the energy and courage to grapple with some of the most urgent problems of War Office reform. To be victorious he must guard against the temptation which besets the path of every Minister, of coinciding with that which his permanent officials recommend, and of defending every act they do. As the chief of the army we have a soldier who, in substantial knowledge of military affairs, has no superior. He has during the whole of his career been a strenuous reformer, and there is no reason to believe that whatever can be done to improve the efficiency of the army will not be attempted. The time has hardly come to pass judgment on his work. He has only recently been charged with the responsibility of an office which demands reform, and laden with the labour of providing an effective army. Men of affairs and men of business know, as a great writer on politics has shrewdly remarked, how much may be said against any one who is responsible for anything. They know how unanswerable such charges nearly always are, and how false they may be. Lord Roberts, we were told, was too old to command an army in the field. We are again told, by a small clique, he is too old to reform an army.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

VIRTUE OF SEVERAL KINDS—THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY—THE POLICY OF CECIL RHODES—KRUGERISM *V.* GREAT BRITAIN—THE ROAD TO THE NORTH—A PROPER USE OF WEALTH—THE LIFE OF KINGLAKE—TRAVELLER AND HISTORIAN—THE DEATH OF LORD DUFFERIN.

It is by this time a commonplace that virtue is of several kinds, and varies according to ambition, opportunity, and environment. The dweller in a civilised metropolis, who meets none that is not top-hatted like himself, is permitted little licence in his conduct of affairs. With him temptation and excuse are alike small. The end which he keeps in view—the comfort and enrichment of himself—affords no compensation to the State if it be pursued too ardently; and if he swerve a hair's-breadth from the line of moral rectitude, he deserves (and generally attains) immediate punishment. But he who in a savage land plays a bigger game for higher stakes, who looks with a keener eye upon his country's glory than upon his own profit, may be forgiven if he interpret his duty with greater liberality than he should if he frequented Fleet Street, or were a zealous member of the House of Commons. We have no right to judge those who are raised above ordinary restraints by the ordinary standards of common life. "Not a single great ruler," says Lord Macaulay, "can be absolved by a judge who fixes his eye inexorably on one or two unjustifiable acts." But "history takes wider views,"—again we

quote the essay on Clive; "and the best tribunal for great political cases is the tribunal which anticipates the verdict of history." Now, the verdict of history is given not upon one bad action, but upon the fair balance of good and evil; and no tribunal will easily condemn a man who half a century or even twenty years ago deserved well of his country.

At the same time, it is a very difficult matter to anticipate posterity's verdict. The opinion of a hero's contemporaries is inevitably partisan. While these would encircle his locks with too fine a crown of gold, those would depress him in too deep a dungeon. The most devoted lover of justice is more readily swayed by passion than by judgment, if he be asked to balance the good and evil in a career of which he himself has been a present witness. Moreover, it is only the great man who deserves to anticipate the verdict of posterity; and no one deserves the consideration which Lord Macaulay gave to Clive unless he prove himself a willing and efficient patriot. Macaulay's advice, then, is a counsel of perfection; but it is a counsel which none the less we must accept if we would not ruin our country by a series of petty injuries. For

instance, no impartial Englishman can open the map of Africa and refuse to Mr Rhodes the privileges which Clive and Hastings claimed from their compatriots. Whether we approve his policy or not, we must perforce acknowledge that it was pursued in no mean spirit of self-aggrandisement or of vulgar display. More than this, the policy has in all essentials been triumphantly successful. The country has accepted a new empire from the hands of Mr Rhodes; it has employed his energy in thwarting the schemes of Paul Kruger and his Hollanders; for which reasons we must regard his actions as public, not private, actions, and we must extend to them the indulgence which we reserve for the brilliant exploits of conquerors. In other words, we are guilty of despicable injustice if we regard the founder of Rhodesia as a freebooter rather than as a statesman.

But, while it is difficult to anticipate an ultimate verdict, the modern habit of publicity has provided us with a vast array of facts, upon which judgment may be passed. The fierce light which burns upon a throne is nothing to that which reveals, in a flash, the exploits of a public servant. It is our own fault if we do not know as much of Mr Rhodes as of Warren Hastings. He has been assailed and defended with equal energy, and now Mr Hensman, in his 'Cecil Rhodes,'¹

has made a laudable attempt to hold the scales with an equal hand. He has gathered his facts with care and accuracy; he has not hesitated to condemn, where he believes condemnation necessary; and though a contemporary biographer must write with a full sense of his limitations, Mr Hensman's monograph will hold the field for some time to come. At any rate, it provides the materials for an anticipatory judgment, and if it be intelligently read, it will do much to dispel the cloud of suspicion in which the career of Mr Rhodes is enveloped.

We have said that Mr Rhodes demands the indulgence which is freely and justly given to statesmen. He is conscious that he is working for a larger end than his own prosperity, and he confesses that the means have at times seemed violent to the home-dwelling citizen. Two years since, in a speech delivered at Oriel College, he put the truth in terms to which Macaulay would have subscribed. "He told us," says Mr A. G. Butler, quoted by Mr Hensman, "how much he had been interested in Aristotle's definition of virtue in the 'Ethics,' as 'the highest activity of the soul, living for the highest object in a perfect life.' That had always seemed to him the noblest rule for a man to follow, and he had made it his rule from the first. But he had been told that he had misunderstood Aristotle,

¹ Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career. By Howard Hensman. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

who did not speak of 'living for the highest object,' but of 'ruling life by the highest principle of right.' If that was so, perhaps he had sometimes offended; but his hearers must remember that in a somewhat rude state of society, such as was to be encountered in some parts of South Africa, certain rights are not clearly defined and understood as in more civilised countries." That is perfectly true; and the argument advanced by Mr Rhodes himself is proof enough that he has acted in accordance with a definite policy, and not, as his enemies wildly allege, with no better motive than congenital villainy.

Indeed, foresight and tenacity are the dominant qualities of Mr Rhodes. No sooner did he embark upon the ship of colonial politics than he saw what his country should aim at, and he never once relaxed his energy. The fight between Krugerism and England had already begun, when Rhodes, in 1880, was first elected for Barkly West. But while Krugerism was a policy of exclusion, the policy of Rhodes was freedom for all white men. Either side dreamed of a federated Africa; but while Rhodes would have persuaded English and Dutch to live at peace throughout the country, Kruger would have closed his empire against the hated foreigner. The first round of the battle, which is nearing its close, was won by Mr Rhodes. The astute Kruger saw that the best method of excluding the English was to close the north road against

their commerce, and this he hoped to achieve by establishing republics in Griqualand and Stellaland. But a commission appointed at Mr Rhodes' suggestion balked this cunning scheme; Mr Kruger was compelled to withdraw from Griqualand and Bechuanaland, which he had impudently annexed, and the roads to the north were left open. This was but a first act in the drama. Mr Kruger was unabashed. He merely bided his time; and some years afterwards, when the Netherlands Railway was completed, he devised another method of exclusion. The railway which ran from the Cape to Viljoen's Drift was outside his control; but he raised the rates on the line which connected Viljoen's Drift to the Rand, so that it was cheaper to send goods into the Transvaal by way of Delagoa Bay. Again Mr Rhodes was ready for his adversary: organising a rapid service of ox-waggons between Johannesburg and the Vaal, he made us independent of Mr Kruger's railway, and so plainly outmanœuvred Mr Kruger that that politician — always a strange compound of recklessness and stupidity — closed the drifts. This last measure was too much for the patience of the British Government, and war was threatened if the drifts were not opened. Mr Kruger submitted to Mr Chamberlain's ultimatum, and thus the fight for the northern route was won by England after a struggle of some fifteen years.

In this prolonged contest we

see most clearly the combined foresight and tenacity of Mr Rhodes. He did not win single-handed—that is obvious. At each step he claimed the assistance of the English Government, more or less unwillingly granted; but it is not too much to say that if Mr Rhodes had not seen the ultimate aim of Mr Kruger's policy, if he had not kept with all his energy to what he knew was England's road of safety, we should to-day have been cut off and isolated. Debarred from access to the Transvaal, hemmed in on our western border by hostile republics, we should have had but a small chance of making the federated South Africa of our dreams, or even of holding our position in our own circumscribed area. But the security of this famous route is by no means the whole of the debt due to Mr Rhodes. He has added to our empire the vast country which bears his name. He has conquered it and civilised it. Cities have grown up where a few years ago was nothing but a collection of native kraals. A vast new country is thrown open to British energy and British trade. The fertility of its farms is proved by the exodus of many Boers from their own country to the sweet veldt of Rhodesia, and it will be strange indeed if the land of Ophir yield no more gold. But Mr Rhodes is so little animated by the spirit of Krugerism that he has accepted such Boers as chose to cross the frontier of Rhodesia upon the same terms which he imposes on his own countrymen. When a handful of Boers trekked in to

Matabeleland, they were met by the police of the British South Africa Company, and told that they could only be admitted if they acknowledged the supremacy of Great Britain. That many have done so is proof enough that the policy of "equal rights for all men south of the Zambesi" is not impracticable, and again we must thank Mr Rhodes' astuteness and persistence for the demonstration.

That which Mr Rhodes has achieved for the British Empire could only have been achieved by wealth, and Mr Rhodes is a very rich man. At the outset of his career he realised that nothing could be accomplished without money, and he set himself to make it. He was a boy when he first saw the diamond-fields; he was a man of five-and-thirty when he consolidated them into a monopoly. Had this been the end of his ambition he would have no right to Macaulay's anticipated verdict. But to Mr Rhodes the consolidation of the diamond-mines was but a means. He was determined to create a monopoly, because the wealth which that monopoly would bring him was necessary to his schemes of northern expansion; and so he entered upon the fight against Barney Barnato with a firm resolve and a settled purpose. The story of the struggle is familiar: on the one side an ambitious statesman, who cared no more for diamonds than the power they might furnish; on the other the clever Jew, whose genius lay

not in the spending of money but in the making of it. Again Mr Rhodes showed his genius not only in the making but in the administration of his vast fortune. No man ever spent his money to better purpose. It has not meant to him so many more bottles of champagne, so many more large cigars. It has given him the power of turning thought into act, of carrying out the vast designs which benefit his country as well as himself, and whose benefit will endure far beyond the span of his own life. Millionaires are so common to-day that the difficulty of amassing vast fortunes must perforce have been overrated. But, though it may be easier than once it was to make money, it grows increasingly difficult to spend it. The common millionaire has so little imagination that he either collects objects of art which he cannot appreciate, or he hastily becomes what is known as a philanthropist. In either case he too often wastes his time and money. It takes more than wealth to make a collection of masterpieces, and no man was ever a philanthropist who did not possess in addition to money both modesty and wisdom. But Mr Rhodes has encouraged no false ambitions. Such collections as he has made appear to harmonise with their time and place. It is but natural that the British statesman, whose policy it has always been to overcome the hostility of the Dutch, should live in an old Dutch house, and should fill it with the spoils of Holland.

Yet, though Mr Rhodes has not inflated the price of early Raphaels, it must not be supposed that he is indifferent to the amenity of life. Whatever is African he respects and preserves, which for the builder of an African empire is a wiser course than to compete with picture-dealers in the auction marts of Pall Mall. His sanctuary, where the wild beasts of the country may roam at will, is famous; and he has neglected no means whereby oranges and other exotic fruits should be acclimatised in Africa. But above all, he has been fortunate in the temples and ruins, which add a spice of romance to our new empire. Most pioneers are content to annex a new world which has nothing strange within its borders save savagery. Rhodesia, on the other hand, is a playground for the archæologist as well as for the speculator, and no one is more keenly interested in the traditions which link the golden land to a remote and half-familiar past than Mr Rhodes. The country where once the Matabele fled the time carelessly may now boast two hundred and twenty-four mining companies, with a united capital of twenty millions. But if the speculator be busy, the archæologist also finds work ready to his hand, in the five hundred ruined temples which await his examination. Though not a little has been done by Bent, Schlichter, and others, much remains to do, and meanwhile the curious may consult for their pleasure and profit

the treatise¹ of Messrs Hall and Neal, recently published. Here are all the materials on which a judgment may be founded. The intricacies of the Sabæo-Arabian and Phœnician occupations are unravelled with skill, and most impartial readers will agree with Messrs Hall and Neal that Rhodesia is none other than the land of Ophir. But if Rhodesia be in truth the Ophir of old, if Solomon found his gold where we, too, seek for treasure, there is an echo of poetry in our most modern industry to which the pioneer cannot be deaf. And when this question be answered there are still the strange temples and their stranger worship to explain. However, we can do no more than refer our readers to Messrs Hall and Neal. The architecture of Rhodesia is already discussed in scientific fashion; its periods are properly divided into first, second, and decadent, from which it is evident that the groundwork is carefully laid. Above all, it is certain that Mr Rhodes, to whom nothing African is indifferent, will take every care of the ruins which add an interest to his country, and will loyally encourage the curiosity of the learned.

Such are some of the services which Mr Rhodes has rendered to his country, and for which he claims the gratitude of all Englishmen. But in order to strike the balance and find an even verdict we must look upon the other side,

and consider wherein he has infringed the common code. It would be tedious at this date to discuss the Raid. For that enterprise Mr Rhodes has received the black mark which he deserved; and if punishment can ever purge a transgression, then the Raid should be forgiven and forgotten. But the Raid is not the only crime wherewith Mr Rhodes has been charged. There are some who cannot for one moment overlook the gift of £10,000 which he once paid to Parnell. Though the gift was indiscreet, it was not criminal; and if there still be those who believe that in dealing with Parnell Mr Rhodes committed the unpardonable sin, we recommend them to study the correspondence printed in Mr Hensman's book. They will then discover that Mr Rhodes supported a certain kind of Home Rule in Ireland, for the same reason which persuaded Lord Rosebery to support it, because he honestly believed it one step on the road to Imperial Federation. His argument may have been unsound; it was not wicked: and most assuredly such an indiscretion as this is not enough to blacken the career of an active statesman. Again, it is easy to condemn the masterful behaviour of Mr Rhodes while Kimberley was besieged. At that time of stress he seemed to forget what was due to military discipline, and to remember only

¹ The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia. By R. N. Hall and W. G. Neal. London: Methuen & Co.

that he was in his own city, and was still, in Colonel Keke-wich's despite, lord of the diamond-fields. For this conduct we have no excuse; but yet, attempting to anticipate posterity, we cannot find enough in it for a verdict of guilty. The only conclusion possible is that Mr Rhodes, like all great men, has made mistakes; and that his mistakes, compared to his public services, may wisely be neglected. Even those who assail him most bitterly profit to-day, and will profit more as the years pass, by his achievements. Briefly, the sentence in the case of Mr Rhodes, as in the case of Clive, "should be one not merely of acquittal, but of approbation." The statesman who has lit up the Dark Continent, and who will presently unite Cairo to the Cape by civilisation's strongest chains—the railway and the telegraph,—is not to be condemned upon a side-issue. That future generations will do him honour is certain, and we would have our own free of the reproach which still besmirches those foolish ones who attacked Clive and insulted Warren Hastings. There is a cloistered virtue, which finds salvation in doing nothing, either well or ill. There is a combative virtue, which goes abroad in the world, and with some harm achieves a vast deal of good. And what man of sense will not prefer courage to blamelessness?

A greater contrast to Cecil Rhodes could not be found than

A. W. Kinglake. For though Kinglake admired action in others, though he would, if he could, have been a soldier, though he watched the progress of the Crimean War from the saddle, he was essentially a man of letters. What little is known of his life has been told by himself in his own books, for he was not of those who speak from the housetops, or advertise their wares in the market-place. That his life has hitherto remained unwritten is due also to his own reticence, since he destroyed such letters as might be the material of a biography. None the less we should like a portrait of the man, and in default of a better we must be content with Mr Tuckwell's.¹ Now, Mr Tuckwell is not a very good biographer. He assumes, when he need not, a militant air; he is now and again a trifle bitter, as in his character of Mrs Procter. But he has collected the few facts that are available, and he has recorded some few of Kinglake's admirable witticisms. For all of which we are duly grateful, and merely regret that Mr Tuckwell had not possessed greater knowledge and a better tact. Of Kinglake, indeed, we know little more than that he was born in Somersetshire, educated at Eton and Trinity College, where he belonged to the most brilliant set ever known to Cambridge, that he travelled in the East, was with St Arnaud in Algiers, visited the Crimea as the guest of Lord Raglan, and that, finally, he wrote the

¹ A. W. Kinglake. By Rev. W. Tuckwell. London: Bell & Sons.

two masterpieces which keep his reputation green. To this it may be added that he lived for many years among the intellectuals of London, and that a seat was kept for him in a certain corner of the Athenæum. But of course the most important effort of his life was his literature. He wrote two books, each unique in its kind. There have been many books of travel written since 'Eothen,' but not a single one comparable to it for ease of narrative and affability of humour. We may detect in its method some resemblance to Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' but it is essentially different from that performance. To Kinglake the traveller was far more important than the journey. He aspired to give no information, and he gives none save in his chapter upon Lady Hester Stanhope. But his egotism, to use his own words, is always "shameless and obtrusive." The traveller's "very selfishness," he says, "his habit of referring the whole external world to his own sensations, compels him, as it were, in his writings to observe the laws of perspective: he tells you of objects not as he knows them to be, but as they seemed to him." There is the whole secret of impressionism in a few words; and so intimately does Kinglake reveal himself, and the effect which the East had upon his mind, that you presently are impressed, according to his promise, "with the realities of Eastern travel." And he chatters with so keen a wit and so close an intimacy, that the reader gets speedily on terms

with him. He sketches those whom he meets upon his travels with the lightest touch, yet the famous Pasha of Karaghoolookoldour, Mysseri, Nicolson, and countless others, both Turks and Greeks, are as familiar to us as living acquaintances. Above all, he reminds us that travellers "are not always looking at sights," from which it follows that reflection is a better excuse for a journey than mere curiosity.

Such are some of the lessons taught by 'Eothen,' which is written in a gay and various style, perfectly consonant with its character. But Kinglake's other work is cast in a very different mould. 'The Invasion of the Crimea' is no effect of impressionism: it is a real history of war, in which you hear the rumble of the guns and the blare of the trumpets. As all the world knows, it is a defence of Lord Raglan, as well as a record of military operations at which Kinglake himself assisted. And though we still read it with pleasure for the deeds of heroism which it enshrines, it appeals to a generation which has forgotten the Crimea chiefly by reason of its brilliant style. Like all men who believe that writing is something more than a registry of facts, Kinglake has been bitterly and unfairly condemned. Matthew Arnold denounced his style as Corinthian, and thought it the perfection of "a good editorial." Sir George Cornwall Lewis was no nearer the mark when he said that Kinglake "tried to write better than he could write." Both critics merely

confess an irksome consciousness of a style that was neither simple nor serene, and they forget, perhaps, that Kinglake felt ardently that which he described with so admirable a vigour. The real fault of his style was a determination always to remain at a high level; nor when once he had denounced Napoleon, St Arnaud, and the rest could he return to a plain manner without an anti-climax. Moreover, the theme, as Kinglake treated it, deserved a brilliant colouring. He looked upon a battle with enthusiasm, and he translated his enthusiasm in such words as to Matthew's unimpassioned mind might well seem Corinthian. At any rate, it is in the picturesque prose of Kinglake that we shall remember the impolicy, the dissensions, and the valour which went to make up the disastrous war fought in the Crimea. Hampered as we were by a feeble Government, and by the treachery of a French intriguer, we none the less showed with what reckless courage Englishmen can fight. Well might General Bosquet say of the Charge at Balaklava, "It is magnificent; but it is not war"; and well did Kinglake reply, "Half-forgotten already, the origin of the Light Cavalry Charge is fading away out of sight. Its splendour remains. And splendour like this is something more than the mere outward adornment, which graces the life of a nation. It is strength—strength other than that of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers—strength

carried by proud descent from one generation to another—strength awaiting the trials that are to come." These words are not the flash of the Corinthian temperament; they are the pure Attic of valour and hopefulness, and they are the lesson of Kinglake's history—a lesson whose truth we are testing to-day in stern experience.

But the chief interest of Mr Tuckwell's biography lies in its *obiter dicta*. Kinglake, for all his Whiggery, had a keen insight into men and politics, and his tongue was sharp enough when it spoke of those whom he disliked. To say of Mr Gladstone that he was "good in the worst possible sense of the word" is to sum up that rhetorician's character in an epigram, to which the added phrase "conscientious with a diseased conscience" gives an added point. Nor was he any less successful in criticism. We know no more illuminating judgment than his upon Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle, he said, had "great graphic power, but was essentially a humourist; a man who with those he could trust never pretended to be in earnest, who used to roar with laughter over the fun of his own jeremiads." Whether he ever laughed at himself or his works we take leave to doubt; but we are sure that he was "essentially a humourist," and until this truth be acknowledged the eminent Scottish prophet will never be fairly and justly appreciated. However, nothing is clearer than that Kinglake knew both men and books, and that he wrote and talked of

them with spirit and ingenuity. During the last years of his life he cultivated the friendship of Madame Novikoff, the diplomatic lady, who enthralled Mr Gladstone and many other eminent politicians. Whether these politicians were well inspired to be enmeshed in the net of the siren, history may discover. But Kinglake looked upon his friend with his invariable detachment. He bowed to the fascination of the lady; he distrusted the ambassadress, whom he very well likened to Madame de Lieven. The letters which he addressed to her are excellent—so Mr Tuckwell tells us, but he does not give us specimens enough to form a judgment. But if they are all he paints them, and there is no objection of taste, let him print them, and we will forgive him the indiscretions of his biography.

Lord Dufferin, whose death we record with great regret, resembled Kinglake in one respect: he established his reputation upon a book of travels. The 'Letters from High Latitudes' is not, of course, so finished a performance as 'Eothen,' but it is alive with humour and good spirits, and it gave Lord Dufferin precisely that sort of fame for wit and eloquence which is most acceptable to a man of affairs. He succeeded to his title while still a minor, and at twenty-two he had already embarked upon an official career. The grandson of Sheridan, the son of a lady whose talent he inherited, he was well fitted to succeed in

the life which he followed, and no man of his time represented England abroad with more suavity and astuteness. Wherever he went as governor or ambassador he conciliated all men by an amiability of thought and manner. To his viceroyalty we owe in a great measure the friendship which to-day binds Canada to the mother country. How well he served us in the East, and in St Petersburg, needs not to be told at this day; and if at Paris his success was less conspicuous, that was because he had to deal with a foreign Minister who did not "play the game." But at either end of the earth he upheld the traditions of an older diplomacy. The telegraph and telephone are converting our ambassadors more and more into clerks who take the orders of a Foreign Secretary. So that while the duties of the Foreign Office are infinitely multiplied, the responsibility of the ambassador is greatly decreased. But that was not so in the time of Lord Dufferin's triumph; and he may claim not only to have served his Government faithfully, but himself on many occasions to have taken a wise initiative. "Count no man happy until he is dead," says the ancient adage, and though the last years of Lord Dufferin were clouded by sorrow and disaster, we prefer to remember him as the gay-spirited author of 'Letters from High Latitudes,' and as the upholder of England's dignity in many a foreign Court.

Lord Dufferin, being a Whig by temperament and inherit-

ance, served his apprenticeship in diplomacy under Lord John Russell, with whom in 1855 he went to Vienna. In this mission he had small opportunity of exercising his talent; but when he was sent to Syria after the notorious massacres of 1860, he instantly distinguished himself. The situation was delicate, not only on account of French intrigue, but because the popular sympathy was overcharged and extravagant, as is usually the case when an Eastern question awaits an answer. It was easy to deplore the barbarity of the Druses; it was not quite so easy to insist upon the provocation given by the Christians: but Lord Dufferin handled the affair with consummate tact, and established his reputation for diplomacy upon a firm basis. Promotion was henceforth assured him; and when in 1872 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, the Government reposed in him more than ordinary confidence. He went to Canada, not merely as the representative of the mother country, but as a statesman determined to harmonise and conciliate many conflicting emotions. Thirty years ago Canada was not the loyal and united province which we know to-day. Local jealousies and political differences disturbed the public peace, and the colonial policy of Mr Gladstone was not the best encouragement for a Governor-General. But Lord Dufferin was then and always a staunch Imperialist who was determined to strengthen the tie which bound her colonies to

England. He was also a master of persuasive speech, and he knew well that it was better to influence by words than to insist by deeds. He therefore cultivated a natural gift of eloquence to admirable purpose, and by his gentle dealing he made light of all difficulties. The scandal which inaugurated the Canadian-Pacific Railway, and the disturbance at the Red River, were handled by him so discreetly that the injury which they inflicted upon the country was soon forgotten. Finally, by visiting every corner of the Dominion, and by consulting the interests of all races and all creeds, he encouraged that spirit of loyal unity which is alive to-day. One boast he made, and made fairly. "No act or word of mine," said he, "has had a tendency to damp your personal devotion to the Crown, to discourage your attachment to the Empire, or to discredit the system of constitutional government under which you live." How well that boast was founded we know to-day, and the truth of Lord Dufferin's own comment on his government has been most clearly demonstrated. "I found you a loyal people," said he, "and I leave you the truest-hearted subjects of her Majesty's dominion. I found you proud of your descent and anxious to maintain your connection with the mother country; I leave you more convinced than ever of the solicitude of Great Britain to reciprocate your affection, of her dependence on your fidelity in every emergency." That

emergency has come, and the fidelity has not been found wanting; and that it has not failed us is due in some measure to the tact and eloquence of Lord Dufferin.

From Canada Lord Dufferin went to St Petersburg, where he did what was possible to overcome the anti-British feeling which was inspired by the Berlin Congress. It has, indeed, been Lord Dufferin's duty again and again to remove an imagined injury or to explain away a pretended insult. But in 1881 the Eastern Question became acute once more, and Lord Dufferin was transferred to Constantinople, where he performed what was perhaps his most brilliant service. Arabi had revolted, Egypt was passing through an acute crisis, and the settlement of the country owed much to Lord Dufferin's skilful management. And here he showed "the iron hand in the velvet glove," with which Lord Tennyson credited him, more brilliantly than ever before. Moreover he was learning many lessons, destined to be useful in the future. He was gaining an insight into the Eastern character, and discovering with what a subtle union of strength and softness it was prudent to govern a race different alike in colour and in temperament. So adroit a politician could not finish his career without attaining to the highest post to which, under the Crown, a British subject may be appointed. In 1884 he became Viceroy of India, and once more he was placed in a position which required

all his tact and delicacy. He was asked to succeed Lord Ripon, and to calm the bitter feelings which that politician had excited. The Baboos had been encouraged to hope for the speedy introduction of an easy franchise and a "free" government. The races of India were inflamed one against the other, and had not a firm governor succeeded the reckless partisan, one knows not what might have happened. But again Lord Dufferin had found the work for which his talent was best suited. He calmed the excitement of the Radicals, he won back the confidence of the Mohammedans, and though India could not be instantly quieted, he left the country far happier and more settled in 1888 than he had found it in 1884. But in India he finished the important work of his life. The embassies of Rome and Paris could add nothing to the distinctions which he had already enjoyed. That he discharged his duties admirably is no more and no less than can be said. He had played his part upon a larger stage, and maybe he found the theatre of Rome or Paris a trifle narrow. For the moment his fame is obscured by misfortune; but, as we have said, there is a verdict of posterity which it may not be over-bold to anticipate, and we believe that that verdict will be wholly favourable to Lord Dufferin, who has served his country at difficult times and in difficult places, and who sustained, with firmness and good-humour, the soundest traditions of English diplomacy.

ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

BY A. MICHIE.

THE Anglo-Japanese alliance is the first definite, public, and intelligible measure taken by his Majesty's Government to avert the cataclysm in Eastern Asia which thoughtful minds have been for many years anticipating,—a cataclysm whose form and conditions the wisest have been the most reserved in forecasting, but which would be likely enough to obliterate existing international landmarks and create a congenial chaos for certain ambitions to bustle in. The object, therefore, of the treaty of January 30 is beyond praise; and, what is most important, there is in this case no room for doubting the good faith of the parties, or their perfect agreement in the purposes and meaning of their contract. In this respect the Anglo-Japanese Treaty stands on quite a different plane from all intermediate attempts to deal with the seven-year-old Chinese crisis. Without particularising the various "conventional arrangements" referred to by Lord Cranborne in his speech in the House of Commons on February 13, we may say generally that, where not tainted by palpable insincerity or scarcely veiled chicanery, they fall into the general category of pious hopes, which each of the Powers concerned might interpret to its separate advantage or disregard at its pleasure. The new treaty, on

the other hand, is a business document, and with a loaded cartridge at its tail, a direct appeal to force which is not to be disposed of by a shrug: it has to be made note of by all whom it concerns.

The avowed and the real object of the two high contracting parties is the preservation of the integrity of China,—an object in which they are both interested, though not entirely in the same sense, as we shall presently explain. The first point of criticism of the transaction which naturally arises is that taken by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords. Why was it not done sooner, during the "two or three years" when Lord Rosebery has been saying that we ought to cultivate closer relations with Japan? During that period China has been disintegrating at a rapid rate. The Western Powers have been pulling her limb from limb, while injecting into her tissues foreign substances tending to decompose her whole internal structure. The remedy being preventive, not curative, comes late; the things that should have been prevented have already happened; and there is no provision in the treaty for restoring, but only for maintaining, the *status quo* as it now exists. There is no doubt a sufficient answer to this very obvious criticism.

For one thing, it requires two to make a bargain; and even a Japanese defensive alliance does not hang like a ripe apple on a tree ready to drop into the first open mouth. There were conditions and consequences attaching to so unique a proceeding (some of them adumbrated by Lord Rosebery, who, however, was careful, as becomes a critic, not to commit himself to anything definite), which the Government of the British Empire were bound to take into their gravest consideration. It was not an engagement to be entered upon unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, and time was absolutely essential to the maturing of the terms of so solemn a compact. Perhaps the time when a really effective Anglo-Japanese combination might have forestalled many of the regrettable occurrences which have brought Chinese affairs to their present pass was anterior to the "two or three years" of Lord Rosebery's unofficial activity; and before closing we may have occasion to carry his lordship's memory back to the period when he occupied a position of greater responsibility than he has since done.

When all is said in its favour, however, the fact remains that the treaty does wear the aspect of the locking of the door when the stable has been half emptied. Its value must depend on the two considerations,—what it may save from the remainder of the wreck, and whether the prospective gain outweighs the cost of the undertaking. We have heard

what the devil's advocates in Parliament and the press have had to say in disparagement, and it is, with one or two exceptions, mostly vapid stuff from which not the slightest enlightenment is to be obtained; and we have also had the advantage of reading the mixed comments of the foreign press, showing on the whole a broader outlook over the field than our own, but, owing to their several biasses, giving us only a will-o'-the-wisp guide to the centre of the maze.

We are consequently thrown back on those patent facts of the situation which, though complex in their effects, are simple enough in their essence and origin. The greatest social organism on the face of the earth is China, where some hundreds of millions of civilised, educated, clothes-wearing, laborious, and trading people offer the strongest incentives to foreign commerce. Great Britain, the first to seriously occupy the ground, has carried on a large and lucrative trade with China, to the mutual benefit of the two parties. The policy of England has ever been an open door for all, and her neighbours have freely entered by the door she opened. They envied her success, as was natural and human, and set to work to supplant her, first by fair competition, but afterwards by violence in the seizure of Chinese territory, by extorting from the Government, under threats, exclusive concessions, and sundry other encroachments on the sovereignty

of China. By such means they opened for themselves new doors, which they proceeded to bolt and bar against their neighbours,—especially scheming for the exclusion of England, the most formidable of their rivals. England had treaties with China which protected her against such exclusion; but the Christian Powers, her neighbours, compelled China by violence to break her engagements. The foreign Powers chiefly affected by these proceedings were Great Britain and the United States, and latterly Japan; but these Powers opposed no counter violence to the aggressors: they contented themselves with uttering platitudes about the integrity of China, in which the destroyers of that integrity were quite pleased to join. For these latter were busy cutting sirloins out of the live ox, and the longer the beast could be kept on its legs the better for them. The cry "Hands off!" was therefore meant for everybody else, only that the shouters might enjoy the freer use of the knife. Thus the professions of conservative sympathy for China made by Germany, Russia, and France have gone hand in hand with the most trenchant attacks on the integrity of that empire, and wholesale appropriations of her soil. Under cover of no matter what agreement for common action, the three Powers have distinguished themselves by the pursuit of special schemes of their own. Even in the crisis of 1900, when, on grounds of urgent humanity, large forces were assembled in China and placed under a German field-marshal, no sooner was the roof lifted than it was discovered that the allied forces were being exploited for the purposes of separate aggressions on the part of individual Powers. This action was in perfect accord with the programme indiscreetly disclosed by the German press at the time when the expeditionary force was despatched, the sole pretext for the equipment of the force, the crisis in Peking, being already over. The German troops were to support a policy of adventure, and to enable Germany to play some bold stroke in China for her own behoof. The non-aggressive and conservative Powers might be excused for feeling aggrieved at the unfair advantage which was thus intended to be taken of the presence of their forces; but with regard to these proceedings, as well as to all that had gone before, so long as they restricted their remonstrances to whispered moralities, they interposed no effective obstacle to the schemes of the more self-asserting Powers. Abstinence and neutrality were simply nowhere in the competition with resolute concrete ambitions, and the futility of mere words against solid facts and strenuous action having been fully demonstrated, the Powers concerned in the conservation of China had reached a point when they must either abandon their policy or support it by a

force which would be a match for the forces which were arrayed on the other side. Whether this new efficient force has been actually found in the combination effected between Great Britain and Japan is the real point for consideration. All we can positively say at present is, that there is a certain presumption in favour of a bargain whereby each party pledges itself to the other to take up arms in certain contingencies in defence of principles which they have declared that they hold in common.

And it entirely accords with the fitness of things that the Powers which have taken their stand before the world as the champions of Chinese integrity should be just those two which have assumed that responsibility. For their interests are, if not identical, at least harmonious, or perhaps we might rather say they are mutually complementary. Great Britain's stake in the fortunes of China is represented by the very large trade which she has patiently built up during two generations. It is therefore a clearly defined commercial interest which she is called upon to defend. And if, indirectly through the operation of the agreement, remoter questions should hereafter loom over the horizon, such contingencies are too far-fetched to influence our judgment of a compact entered into for a specific purpose and for a definite period. Japan, while sharing to some extent in this commercial interest, is, besides, vitally concerned in the Far Eastern problem by her geo-

graphical position, and by the great progress both in peaceful industries and in military and naval developments which she has made during the last forty years. It is not perhaps putting the matter too strongly to say that the very existence of Japan as an independent nation is at stake, and that to find some means of checking the inundation which threatens to sweep the Eastern Continent was for her a matter of life and death. Compared with these two Powers, the interest of all others who may be ranked on the conservative side of things sinks into platonic insignificance, and the views of the best of them, whether for or against the combination which has been made, are consequently of little account. The important question is not what friends or foes may think or say, but whether the Anglo-Japanese Treaty will prove efficacious for the purpose for which it has been framed. That is the question which must constantly recur so long as the treaty remains in operation. The text bears on its face the evidence of most careful editing, and the obligations undertaken by the two parties are laid down with a clearness of definition seldom found in agreements dealing with hypothetical cases.

Nevertheless, the particular contingencies which are contemplated and provided for are not those which are most likely to happen, chiefly because the treaty itself will be a principal cause of their not happening. It is not probable that the

interests of the allies in China will be openly assailed by force of arms. The Continental press has been very busy in endeavouring to give a name to the supposititious aggressor, against whom the treaty is intended to erect a barrier, each nationality eager to fit the cap on every head but its own. The majority of opinion, however, awards the honour to Russia, who, on her part, declares she is as harmless as a sucking-dove. She has a passion for free ports and a zeal for the rights of her weaker neighbours, as Mr Gilbert would say, amounting to a disease. Russia herself consequently expresses cordial acquiescence in the objects of the treaty; it is only her officious partisans in this country whose supersensitive feelings are hurt by it. But assuming, for illustration's sake, that Russian schemes do come within the purview of the dual alliance, how would the terms of the treaty meet the case? Russia claims, with much truth, to be a peace-loving Power. Well indeed she may be, since she has been in the habit of obtaining her desires without expending a shot. All her important aggressions in Eastern Asia, her vast acquisitions of territory, her political ascendancy over the abject rulers of China, have been obtained by means which may be technically called peaceful. We need not stop to particularise the methods of aggrandisement which are daily revealed in the public press; but we naturally ask how they would be met by the provisions

of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and how the not very dissimilar honeycombing tactics of Germany and France would be met? Is it not conceivable that the two armed sentinels may find themselves keeping solemn guard over a treasure-house which is being daily emptied of its contents by subterraneous burglaries? — a thing which actually happened in Vladivostock a few years ago.

The only answer to this is, that the essence of the treaty is not to be found within the four corners of the parchment, but in the spirit which lurks behind the letter. Be the particular stipulations of the treaty what they may, they are really of secondary importance. The great staring fact is that we have here a public advertisement of the unity of the aims of two great Powers, for we can no longer withhold that title from the Empire of Japan. If the declaration is not to sink into the limbo of dead matter, the spirit of it must pervade the future diplomacy of the two Powers in Peking. It is on the green table, and not amid the roar of cannon, that their battle will be lost or won; and an arduous and protracted battle it is likely to prove. The principalities and Powers which have been so busy in the past, whose success in their schemes forms the *raison d'être* of the dual alliance, are not going to relinquish their ambitions. On the contrary, the attitude assumed by Great Britain and Japan is calculated to stimulate

them to increased efforts to undermine the influence of the two Powers. We are not altogether free from misgivings as to the spirit in which our Government and their agents will meet the new calls on their energies; for this country is cursed with the incurable weakness of relying on verbal guarantees. Our diplomatic pathway is strewn with broken pledges of all sorts, and it appears we have yet to learn that these are sickly plants, unless tended and watered incessantly by our own action. As regards China, at all events, this course of procedure must be totally changed if the new treaty is to have any effect, as otherwise we shall find that we have lost the rose and have only the thorn left. From this point of view, it is perhaps as much to the advantage of Great Britain to have an energetic partner to keep nudging her in the Far East, as it may become to have our virile young Colonies taking a hand in the affairs of empire.

There remains another factor, and a rather uncertain one, to be reckoned with, the Chinese Government itself. One of the most natural effects to be expected from the new treaty would be the restoration to the Government of China of a certain confidence in dealing with foreign questions. For many years past there has been no reason in Chinese policy. It has simply been blind resistance, yielding only when external pressure became sufficiently strong. The Chinese Government has become so inured to

this treatment that it looks for nothing else, and is always ready to submit to the aggressor who shouts the loudest or applies the mailed fist most vigorously. During the worst of her troubles since 1895 China has looked for a protector and found none: hence there seemed nothing left to her strategy but to put a brake on her downward progress, and by circuitous devices delay the inevitable. Now that two strong Powers have united to apply a stronger brake than China herself had at command, it may be that her statesmen will take heart of grace and stand up for the prerogatives of government, while accepting also its obligations. To infuse such a spirit into their timid minds might indeed become the first step in the regeneration of China. And if achieved it would alone be an ample vindication of the policy embodied in the new treaty. But he would be a bold man who would predict how that Government will act in any given circumstances. Owing its protection to the spontaneous action of foreigners, conceived entirely in their own interests, the Government of China will be placed in so unnatural and humiliating a position that the exhilarating motives of patriotism will be watered down to a very tepid solution, while on the other hand the advice as well as the action of the protecting Powers will be liable to provoke fretting, resentment, and jealousy. The phenomenon is common enough in the relation between guardian and ward in

private life; and on the national scale we have had ample illustration of the recalcitrance of a *protégé* in the case of Egypt in the earlier stages of its regeneration. Friction there must be in the future as in the past; love there will be none. Not that love would be in itself impossible, but merely that the calibre and character of the man who could kindle it are not such as are usually ground out of the official mill.

The efficacy of the treaty, we repeat, must entirely depend on the real animus of the two principal parties, and that is not a thing which we shall gather from any declaration contained in the text. "Words make this way or that way," and it is by act and deed alone that the mind and intention, whether it be of individuals or nations, can be safely inferred. As it is best to look all facts straight in the face, we must frankly recognise that the status of the two parties to this agreement is not quite equal. They have, in fact, arrived at their present meeting-ground from opposite points of the compass, morally as well as geographically. As regards Great Britain, her record is entirely free from ambiguity. The principles she now affirms are precisely those on which she has consistently acted during her whole intercourse with China, we might say with the whole world. The principles of the "open door," "equality of opportunity," and the like, have been so interwoven with the texture of British policy throughout the world, have

been accepted so unreservedly as matter of course, that they needed no formula to express them, until a few years ago, when other Powers showed a determination to act in opposition to them, and the contrast began to call for definition. The declarations in the treaty, therefore, on the part of England being thus of a piece with all that has gone before, there is no room for misconception about the validity of declarations which are simply the expression of antecedent facts.

With regard to Japan the case is not quite analogous. Japan has in her day been the greatest exclusionist in the world, though, happily for herself, she has been converted to more liberal views by the stern logic of events. Her dealings with Corea have always been aggressive, and in their intention exclusive: her record in that country is by no means a clean one. But her loyalty to the allies during the crisis of 1900, contrasting as it did so favourably with the attitude of some of the Christian Powers, may well be held to cover a multitude of older sins. As between herself and China, however, it cannot be gainsaid, and ought not to be forgotten, that she has been the arch aggressor, the ringleader in the whole series of attacks which have brought about the crisis. Her invasion of China in 1894 set the tune of unprovoked aggression. Having brought, with wonderful secrecy, her army to a high state of perfection and her navy to correspond, she resolved to launch her forces

against her unoffending neighbour. What her real motives were we do not pretend to guess, but her proximate designs took the solid form of extensive seizure of Chinese territory. The war of 1894 was undertaken in the teeth of serious warnings from Russia and of faint admonitions of the goody-goody order from Great Britain. Japan seems to have imagined, however, that she could by her own will isolate her operations in China, and limit their consequences to suit her convenience. Hence she proceeded with fatal disregard for the interests and the opinions of the rest of the world. It was the puerile statesmanship of a hot-headed party, led by a highly respected Minister, affected it may be by the sanguineness which is a not unusual concomitant of the disease from which he soon after died. But for the influence of Count Mutsu, there was wisdom enough in the country to have cooled the passion of the war party: as it was, the still small voice was silenced in the militant clamour. When the most brilliant success had crowned the Japanese invasion, the warnings which she had received before undertaking the war were promptly fulfilled. A coalition of the Powers which she had ignored wrested from her the continental territory she had seized, while leaving her in possession of the fertile island of Formosa. Japan extorted a large war-indemnity from China; but such treasure-trove is an illusory form of wealth, and Japan has found that she has to pay for her successful enterprise by taking upon herself enormous military and naval burdens which she must bear as long as she continues a nation. The debauch of the night has been followed by the sermons-and-soda-water of the day after, and the wisdom of the country has been able once more to assert itself, and essay the laborious task of fitting Japan for worthily maintaining the position of a great Power which, for good or for evil, was forced upon her by her war with China. When, therefore, we find Japan standing shoulder to shoulder with England as champion of the integrity of China, we cannot but think of Saul having joined the prophets. We would by no means depreciate the value of an honest repentance. No doubt it is genuine, being the result of bitter experience, and converts are proverbially more zealous in propagating their new faith than those who needed no conversion. Japan having looked into the pit and smelt the sulphur, may be trusted to give it a wide berth for perhaps a generation to come. Moreover, if she is disposed to military adventure in the future, she will have a restraining force beside her which will give sober counsels a fair hearing. Marry her? Yes, but without illusions, for she has a past, which is not necessarily to her disadvantage, since her espousal of liberal principles founded on conviction of their utility to herself may have a more enduring quality than the outcome of headstrong passion.

From the purely militant point of view we need waste no words in claiming Japan as an eligible ally of Great Britain. But, as above said, she will be in a position to render the greatest services to the common cause in the field of diplomacy, in which she would supply that intelligence department in which the British establishments in the Far East have hitherto been woefully deficient. This alone will be no slight contribution to the common strength.

The prospect of good resulting from the treaty is considerably improved by the claim which is made by political parties in England to have each had a share in its incubation. The portion of the Radical press which can find only evil in the transaction qualify their criticisms by the reservation that, if there is any good in it, it was the doing of Lord Rosebery, who prepared the way for it during his term of office. The name of Lord Rosebery, indeed, has been used so freely in connection with the war between China and Japan, as to challenge some investigation into the verities of his action. The newspapers are once more unanimous in claiming for his lordship an extraordinary degree of merit for his inaction in 1895, when a coalition of European Powers decided to wrest from Japan the "legitimate fruits of her hard-earned victories over the Chinese." Granting the right of Japan or of any other nation to make war without a pretext on any defenceless neighbour, can we

logically deny the equal right of any third party to intervene either in the course of the war or in the disposal of its results? We do not, for example, hear any outcry against the Powers who assembled in conference in Berlin to revise the Russo-Turkish treaty of St Stefano, and that would have been a fitting precedent for the readjustment of the balance of power in the Far East in 1895. But the scene was remote, and the conflict in European eyes was a sort of holiday spectacle, awakening no serious political interest. The public had not been educated up to an insight into the practical issues which depended on the result; and the somnolent Power slept on.

That such a conference as we have mentioned was not called together may be a fault distributable over many individuals; but though no Blue-Books were issued on the affairs of that period, and no member of Parliament had the curiosity to ask for the production of correspondence, there is a certain presumptive case against Lord Rosebery. His abstention from interference with the three Powers which despoiled Japan of the rewards of victory is applauded by the press as if it were an act of the sublimest statesmanship; yet on their own theory of the "legitimate fruits of victory," the guardian of public order who should stand with folded hands, and perhaps averted eyes, while three highwaymen were robbing a traveller, would surely not merit the highest reward obtainable in

the police service. As a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery in 1894 and 1895 had a magnificent opportunity of showing in practice whatever statesmanship there was in him. He has himself boasted of the amicable terms with all the Powers with which he left the Foreign Office, and a gaseous understanding with Russia is one of the fetiches to whose worship the Liberal party is greatly devoted. There never, surely, was a better opportunity of cementing their good understanding than when both Russia and England were engaged, either simultaneously or in close succession, in the attempt to dissuade Japan from her threatened attack on China. Here, at last, was a common object on which the efforts of the two Powers might have been honestly consolidated, and with some chance of effect, had there been but a man to bring about the contact. That diplomatic failure, however, may be somewhat a matter of opinion, the facts not being all known; but when, at the close of the war, the British Government allowed itself to be quietly ousted from any share in the councils of the Powers who took upon themselves to arrange a settlement of Eastern Asiatic affairs, there is perhaps only too good reason for suppressing the record. We have no desire to see it; no exhilaration is to be looked for from its perusal. The claim made for Lord Rosebery is that he did not join the three robbers, which recalls the remark of a morning paper the other day

that the great Bayard obtained his reputation for chivalry by abstaining, on one occasion, from acting like a blackguard. But in public and business affairs the true criterion is *Cui bono?* Of what benefit, it may be asked, was his abstention to any of the parties concerned? Certainly none to Japan, who had to disgorge to the three Powers what she might have better saved her face by disgorging to four; nor to China, who has been buying the services of the three intervening Powers with her life's blood ever since. But there was no question of helping the Powers to mulct Japan. The intervention of Great Britain in the settlement could only have had a moderating influence, and the retrocession of Liaotung, which would have been a necessity in any case, must certainly have been accompanied by such stipulations on the part of Russia as would have prevented the whole of the subsequent Manchurian complication, the seizure of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and the long train of Russian and other intrigues, including our own fiascoes and humiliations in the Far East. This was Lord Rosebery's opportunity—such an opportunity as rarely occurs more than once in a man's lifetime. He did not rise to the occasion, for which many excuses may be found, such as ignorance, want of information, and, what was still worse, misleading information. Even had he been better furnished in these respects, it is possible Lord Rosebery's hands would

have been tied by the necessity of keeping his precious Cabinet together: and the examples we have lately had of the incredible ineptitude of some of his quondam colleagues seem to settle the question that no real measure of Imperial statecraft could ever have been possible with a Cabinet so composed unless the Premier were an absolute autocrat; no furrow could be ploughed with such a team. At the time in question the Premier was not empty-handed: he had the wherewithal to bargain with Japan, were it ever so little. But the treaty of 1894, which conceded to Japan all that she had asked, seemed to be thrust upon the Mikado's Government irrespective of collateral considerations. Lord Rosebery has not had recourse to these excuses, nor have his friends in the press for him; but the salient fact remains that a chance of establishing Eastern Asia and

the foreign relations of China and Japan on a basis which would have lasted at least a generation, and would have been most economical to our own country, was missed, and it will take a great deal of platform statesmanship to compensate this country for the heavy penalty she will have to pay during the lifetime of the Empire for this conspicuous failure in Foreign Office efficiency.

The great renunciation or abdication of 1895 may truthfully enough be deemed to have paved the way for the dual alliance of 1902. For it is but a forced, artificial, and most inadequate effort to avert some of the consequences of the *lâche* of the Rosebery Ministry. Much as we may admire the skilled workmanship of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, the best that can be said for it is, that it is after all only a wooden leg, a brittle substitute for the sinewy member which it replaces.

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ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

IV. THE FIRST CHECK.

THE first lesson brought home to the Englishman in South Africa is, that he must not judge the country by any European standard, for as long as he continues so to do he will find himself at sea. To show surprise is to declare ignorance—and the British and Dutch South Africans, after the manner of all superlatively ignorant races, have the profoundest contempt for those in whom they themselves can discern ignorance. Thus when the kindly eminence of a hill gives you a ten-mile view of some tiny townlet—a view conveying no inkling of the importance of the centre which you are about to approach—it is well to be silent. For the Colonial is surely more imaginative than the phlegmatic Englishman—and the sorry collection of tin

shanties and flimsy villas, which at so great a distance appear to you of little more significance than a farm with straggling outhouses—represent to his mind a town, and he will resent a less appreciative rating for them. This may appear unreasonable: it is, but it is none the less true; and in a great measure the variance of focus between the English and the Colonial mind has been responsible for the girth-galling which at the beginning of the war marked our efforts in harness with our colonial *confrères*. We have heard all the defects of the British officer, because the Colonial thinks quickly and lightly, and wastes no time in giving expression to his thoughts; we have not heard so much of the defects of the Colonial, because the British

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXVIII.

2 F

officer, while focussing his opinions less rapidly, though more seriously than the majority of Colonials, reserves his criticisms. But they are an easy people to manage if you can preserve your silence without offending their vanity. They admire in the Englishman the qualities which they themselves have not yet fully developed; but it cuts them to the quick if the evidence of superiority is thrust upon them. Thus, when the officer commanding the advance-guard, looking down the great straight road leading into Britstown—a track which would have done credit to the Roman Road at Baynards—commented unkindly upon the township, the Tiger was hurt, and thought unpleasant things about British cavalry subalterns in general, and the officer in command of the advance-guard in particular. But then Britstown had been a town to the Tiger ever since he could remember. Until he had arrived at man's estate and visited Kimberley and Cape Town, Britstown had been the town of his imagination and Beaufort West his metropolis. To the officer commanding the advance-guard, Britstown and Beaufort West, if rolled into one, would hardly have earned the dignified classification of a village. The mental focus of the two men was at variance, and the Tiger felt that the subaltern possessed the stronger lens. Yet man for man, on horse or foot, clothed or naked,

to the outward eye he was not a better man. It is here that the feeling lies.

The brigadier halted the advance-guard upon the rise. He wanted to know something about Britstown. The ugly rumour of Brand's intention to storm and sack it was still with us. As yet there had been no news of Lieutenant Meadows and his patrol. Three hundred yards to the right front was a tiny farm. A solitary upstart on the bare veldt. An architectural nightmare in red brick. Already a patrol from the advance screen of dragoons was edging towards it, lured by that magnetism irresistible to every British soldier. A magnetism prompted from beneath the belt, and which no military precaution, or experience, or solicitude for personal safety will eradicate from the canteen-bred soldier. If our scouts had been as farm-shy as so many of them have proved gun-shy, it would have made an appreciable difference in the casualty lists of the campaign. The brigadier looked upon the farm. It cannot be said that he found it fair, within the artistic meaning of the phrase. But there was a pan,¹ which meant water for the horses, and doubtless there was a hen-house and a buttery.

"Mr Intelligence, we will have breakfast at that farm. Let the advance-guard move on another half-mile, then Freddy will be able to water his horses in comfort. Here, who is commanding the advance-guard? Have you told

¹ Water dam or pool.

your men to rally on that farm?"

"No, sir."

"Then you had better look after them."

Away the youth went at a gallop, and it was about time, as the right flank had evidently divined success in the attitude of the first patrol, which had stopped at the farm, and the ungainly red edifice was exercising its magnetic effect upon the whole advance-guard. When the officer commanding the advance-guard arrived, dragoon No. 1 already had his head buried in a bucketful of milk, while dragoon No. 2 was indiscriminately stuffing as many eggs and pats of butter into a square of red handkerchief as the said square would contain.

The brigadier moved up to the homestead, and threw his reins to his orderly. The family paraded on the stoep, as all Dutch families do on similar occasions. And, as is the custom of the country, the brigadier shook hands with them all with great dignity. But he had no eyes for Oom Jan of the massive head and bushy beard, no eyes for the stout madam his *vrau*, nor for his six solid and lumpy daughters, for he was busy breaking the tenth commandment. In front of the house, on the beaten clay clearing, stood a truly magnificent carriage—a four-wheeled family spring-cart, rich in upholstered cover, electroplated bits, and out-glass finishings. The brigadier

examined it carefully, and then sent his orderly to fetch the commandeering officer. In this case it was the supply officer, a quick-witted boy, who at the moment believed that he was a subaltern, but who really was the youngest brevet-major in the British army.

Brigadier. "Look here, Mr Supply; I want you to value this *sham-a-dan*."¹

Supply Officer. "Very good, sir; it looks a good cart."

B. "Do you know your Shakespeare?"

S. O. "No, sir. I was a militiaman; but I'm becoming educated in the matter of South African carts, and I have found that even with fair usage and good drifts paint will sometimes come off."

B. "Quite so; you have made my point, in spite of your modesty with regard to your Shakespeare. What is the full limit at which you may requisition a Cape cart?"

S. O. "Forty pounds, sir."

B. "What would you think is the value of this cart?"

S. O. "Thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, sir!"

B. "I think that you are right to within a few pence. Make out a receipt for it, and then come and have breakfast. Here, Mr Intelligence, tell my servant to put the ponies into this cart. Now I call that a suitable conveyance for a general officer. I have never had a decent cart since I've commanded a column. In fact, I have almost been ashamed to sign myself as O.C. of a

¹ Colloquial Hindustani—bullock hackney carriage.

brigade, when my sole possession has been a broken-down Cape cart with only one spring. Self-respect is half the battle in the success of life. With a cart like that I shall be able to insult with a light heart every column commander with whom I am told to co-operate. Look here, Mr Intelligence; I am going to be a real live brigadier in future. Just you get me the regalia—a pink flag and red lantern in Britstown. I don't see why—but what do you want—?”

A howl had set up in chorus from the family on the verandah of the farm, and old Oom Jan came sidling up to the brigadier hat in hand.

Oom Jan. “But the commandant won't take my cart?”

Brigadier. “Dear me! no—no commandant will take your cart.”

O. J. “But see, they are putting the horses in!”

B. “You will get a receipt.”

O. J. “For how much?”

B. “Forty pounds.”

O. J. “No, no. Only last year I gave £120 for it.”

B. “I would gladly give £120; but I am not allowed. Besides, you are getting full value, and I will leave you my old cart.”

How much longer the altercation might have lasted would have depended on the duration of the general's good-humour, had not another issue of more moment prejudiced Oom Jan's case. A heavy dragoon had cantered up from the rear-guard, with the two little square inches of paper torn

from a notebook which mean so much in war.

“A party of about six mounted men are hanging on my rear. If they approach any closer I shall fire upon them. They seem very persistent, and do not mind exposing themselves.”

As the brigadier handed the note to the chief of the staff, the threatened firing broke out in the rear. Breakfast was declared ready at the same moment. The brigadier listened. Two more shots were fired, and then silence.

“That,” said the brigadier, “is a very one-sided battle. It can wait until we have had our food. I am not going to allow six men to play ‘Old Harry’ with my digestion.”

As the meal progressed, in came another fleet orderly.

“Regret to say that party reported on my rear was Lieutenant Meadows, who should have been in Britstown this morning. He lost his way in the night. I am sending him in to you to explain. I regret that we have shot one of his horses.”

Brigadier. “I thought it was a one-sided battle. I don't know which is the bigger fool, the officer commanding the rear-guard or the youth who has lost his way in the dark. Did you give him a guide, Mr Intelligence?”

Intelligence Officer. “Yes, sir; I gave him the tame burgher Stephanus whom we roped in at Richmond Road.”

B. “Those crimped men are no good. He slipped them in the dark, I bet. Hullo! here is

the boy. His peace of mind, I fancy, wouldn't be worth much at a public auction."

A smart-looking, though travel-stained, little dragoon subaltern cantered up, dismounted, and saluted. The brigadier was right; he did not look particularly happy. There was a moment of silence while the brigadier took a spoonful of marmalade, then he turned to the boy.

"Well, my pocket Ulysses, what is the extent of your adventures?"

Meadows. "Got lost, sir!"

Brigadier. "And your guide?"

M. "Had to leave him behind, sir!"

B. "Which means he left you!"

M. "He tried to, sir; but he didn't get far!"

B. "What happened?"

M. "First he took us wrong—took us back along the road we had come by. Then when I talked to him he tried to bolt, and I had to shoot him!"

B. "The devil you did! Have you had anything to eat? Sit down and have some food. Did you kill him?"

M. "No, sir; I left him with that other wounded Boer in the mud hut near the last camp. But he is very sick. We did what we could for him."

B. "Evidently! Are you sure that he was leading you wrongly?"

M. "Yes, sir. He was taking us back along the road by which we had come from Richmond Road. We stumbled upon one of my own men's water-bottles which he had dropped earlier in the day.

As soon as the guide saw what it was, he tried to do a bolt."

B. "Circumstantial evidence, I think; verdict and sentence in one. Well, you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have brought your man down. But next time don't hit a refractory guide so hard. I have an idea that if you shot less straight you might have been able to carry out your orders even with a refractory guide. Where are the telegrams? Hand them over to your colonel, and tell him to send another officer on with them at once. No; give them to me. Here, Mr Intelligence, off you go. Just get into Britstown as quickly as you can. As we haven't seen any smoke curling up over the landscape, I take it that Brand and Co. have postponed their good offices. But if anything is wrong, mind you manage to get one of your party back to me with the information."

The Intelligence officer and the Tiger had not left the column a mile behind them when they met a Cape cart coming along the dusty road from Britstown. It was driven by a youth of some eighteen summers, who stopped his pair of mules with the greatest unconcern to the signal from the Tiger.

Tiger. "Good morning. What is your name?"

Driver. "Good morning. Naude."

T. "Where have you come from?"

D. "Britstown!"

T. (who was now close up to the cart and busy in examination of it) "What have you been doing in Britstown, and how long have you been there?"

D. "I have been there about ten days; my wife has been confined there!"

T. "So you have taken her out for a drive to-day?"

D. "No. How could I?"

T. "Then you have been driving another lady?"

D. "No."

T. "What have you got those two cushions on the seat for? What's the good of lying? Where are you going now?"

D. "Back to my home!"

T. "Where is that?"

D. "Drieputs, two hours¹ on."

T. (decidedly) "Now, look here; it is no use lying any more. I will tell you what you have been doing and who you are. You are the son of old Pretorius of Richmond Road. Yesterday you were on command with Lotter; your brother was shot and taken by us. I don't know where you slept last night; but this I do know, that last night you drove a wounded man into Britstown, and probably a lady as well. The lady came from Nieuwjaarsfontein. For you see those cushions you have on your front seat came out of the Nieuwjaarsfontein *sitkamer*.² I have got a similar one, which I took myself from the farm. So don't lie any more. Tell me who is in Britstown?"

D. (who had lost his air of stolid indifference, and was beginning to move uncomfortably)

"Britstown is full of Karkis; they are coming in now fast."

Intelligence Officer. "Is this road clear into the *dorp*?"³

D. (with polite sarcasm) "You may ride along this road in perfect safety."

T. (cheerily) "That is more than you can, my friend. (*Turning to Intelligence Officer.*)

This man has evidently, sir, carried information to Brand's people and a wounded man into Britstown; see the blood on the back of the seat. I should keep him a prisoner, sir—send him back to the column with a man. Besides, if I am to stay with you, sir, I should like his cart and mules. They are good mules, you see. They have been into the town and back, and have scarcely turned a hair!" . . .

There was no doubt as to the occupation of Britstown when the Intelligence officer and his escort crossed the vlei, which is the principal outlying feature of that typical little South African township. The De Aar road was one block of moving transport, and the usually quiet main street of the village was alive with troops. Of a truth a concentration was taking place, and the Dutch were not amiss in their simile when they likened a British concentration to a flight of locusts.

Very few of you will have ever heard of Britstown. Yet, like so many other obscure South African townships, this war has brought it a history. Nor is the historical record which has been built up for it of extraordinary merit. There will be many of London's

¹ Boer method of assessing distances.

² Sitting-room.

³ Village.

favoured Citizen Corps who will scarcely treasure the memory of that little wayside asylum. We remember when the papers were full of the exploits and valour of the returning City Imperial Volunteers—then Britstown found no mention. Yet its associations, pleasant though they may not be, are closely interwoven with the opening chapter of the short-lived history of that favoured corps. The story is told to-day over the hotel-bars of the little township by gleeful Colonials. Told how in open fight, a handful of rebel farmers—perhaps our friends the brothers Pretorius and Stephanus were amongst them—drove two companies of the City's *élite* every mile of the twenty-two which lie between Houwater and Britstown. The Colonial, clinking his glass,—shallow in his taste and appreciation,—glories in the story, which is writ large in rebel little Britstown to this day, and will be for all time. The Tiger knew the story, nor was he slow to tell it, for was he not a dweller in those parts, and did not his cousin the member of the Legislative Assembly of the Colony claim for his own Martini three City Imperial Volunteers, and did he not with that same Martini shoot the hapless Colley at Majuba Hill. "Then you see he was only my cousin, and my mother is an Englishwoman!"

A militia picket is astride the road. None—at least by the main highway—may pass into the confines of the town without permission. The stolid country lout of a sentry views all new

arrivals with suspicion. But the deadlock is saved by the arrival of a dapper, chubby-faced youth, clean of person, well groomed in habiliments and gear.

"I am the staff officer of the town commandant. What can I do for you?"

Intelligence Officer. "What I want is the telegraph-office."

Staff Officer. "Certainly, sir; but what do you belong to? Are you with General Bruce Hamilton?"

I. O. "Dear me, no. I have just come in from the New Cavalry Brigade!"

S. O. "Yes; we are expecting you. You are to camp on the south side of the town. Just under the parapet of those defences. Those are our southern defences. What do you think? Brand had the impertinence to send in last night and demand our immediate surrender. That we, Britstown, should surrender——!"

I. O. (brutally) "And did you? Look here; you will have to wait until the general comes in for your camping arrangements. All I want is the telegraph-office."

S. O. "Of course we did not surrender. Why, we have made this place impregnable. There are three companies of my regiment here, to say nothing of the local town-guard."

I. O. "Oh, hang the town-guard! You trot along and find the chief of our staff. I have other things to think about. By the way, has the rest of the New Cavalry Brigade come in here? The Mount Nelson Light Horse—they are marching from Hanover Road?"

S. O. "No; but there is some ox-transport for you with the Supply column. How far back is your general?"

I. O. "About three miles. Thanks." (*Intelligence Officer and the Tiger canter on.*)

Tiger. "Please, sir, did he say that Bruce Hamilton's column was in?"

I. O. "Yes. Why?"

T. "Only the bulk of Rimington's—that is, Damant's—Guides are with Bruce Hamilton, and I should like to go and see them as soon as I have shown you the telegraph-office. I will also try and find out what young Pretorius was doing in here last night."

In five minutes a "clear-the-line" message was on its way to "Chief, Pretoria," to tell him that the concentration ordered two days ago had taken place. To us, following the fortunes of one small unit in the great move, it will appear that in our forty-eight hours' association with the New Cavalry Brigade everything has proceeded as could have been desired by the master-mind. But it was not so. Almost before the last of the horses had been detrained at Richmond Road, the whole nature of, and necessity for, the movement had changed. In short, everything had turned out as the brigadier had anticipated that it would. Plumer, with the tenacity for which he is famous, had clung to the rear-guard of De Wet's column, snatching a waggon here and a tumbril there, until he himself could move no farther. De Wet had outlasted him, and had, moreover, seen that it

would be useless to carry out his original programme. So he doubled and doubled again, with the result that the cleverly devised scheme of relays of driving columns was out of joint, and a dozen units were uselessly spread out over the veldt a hundred miles from the place in which the invader was catching his breath, within jeering distance of the column which had run itself stone-cold in his pursuit. So within forty-eight hours of the start the whole plan had to be reconstructed. This reconstruction was explained to the New Cavalry Brigade through the medium of one hundred and four telegrams which were awaiting its arrival at Britstown. As the majority conveyed contradictory instructions, the piecing together of the real meaning partook of the nature of one of those drawing-room after-dinner games with which the yawning guests at winter house-parties are beguiled. The first cover that was opened deprived the brigadier of his chief of the staff. That officer was ordered to proceed without delay to take up the command of a mobile column to be formed at Volksrust, the other end of the world—that is, the world with which we are at present concerned.

"Don't open any more till we have fed," said the brigadier. "A man with an empty stomach has no mind. We will have a fat high tea at the local Carlton, and then devise strategy."

A general in the field is a great man. But a general in a town at which half-a-dozen

Colonial Corps have concentrated is of no account. In the street men pass him by without recognition, and in hotels private swashbucklers in smasher hats literally hustle him.

"This table is reserved for the commandant," said the ample hostess of the Brits-town Carlton.

"Who is the commandant?" queried the brigadier.

"Major Jones," came the answer.

"Well, I'm — ! this beats cock-fighting. This is the result of martial law and the control of the liquor licence!—a well-fed major reserves seats, while a hungry general stands!" and the general and staff of the New Cavalry Brigade occupied the reserved table, and became guests of the hotel in common with thirty dishevelled troopers, who had passed into the hotel, representing themselves to the dazed militia sentry at the door as officers. The food may not have been of the best, but it was in abundance; and in a quarter of an hour the brigadier was prepared to study his instructions.

B. "Now, Mr Intelligence, since they see fit to remove my chief of the staff, you have got to be maid-of-all-work. You and I have got to run this brigade until the brigade-major turns up. He must be a bit of a 'slow-bird,' I think, or he would have been here with the rest of my hoplites by this. Do you know anything about staff work?"

Intelligence Officer. "Nothing, sir!"

B. "So much the better; you will then have a mind ripe for

tuition. Now I will give you a lesson. You have two pockets in your tunic. The right pocket will be the receptacle for 'business' telegrams, the left for 'bunkum.' Now for the telegrams!"

It would be beyond the scope of this sketch to give the contents of the one hundred and four telegrams which had accumulated in forty-eight hours. It will suffice to state that ninety-seven were relegated to the "bunkum" pocket, and seven retained as conveying intelligent orders worthy of consideration. It is superfluous to mention that the whole of the messages sent by the local intelligence departments and by the De Wet expert were dismissed as "bunkum," often without perusal. As the brigadier pertinently remarked: "I suppose that the poor fellows have to justify their existence as members of the great brain-system of the army. The only means of coming into prominence at their disposal is by squandering the public money, and that only hurts those who take their information seriously. They do you no harm if you consistently ignore their existence, and don't worry to read their messages."

The sum-total of the messages of instruction which the brigadier had so quaintly filed as "business-material" was information from the Chief, Pretoria, that the plan of the operations was changed. That our general was to co-operate—a word of very elastic meaning, and responsible for much velvet-covered mutiny during the present campaign—with Bruce Hamilton, who was

commanding the four columns which, over and above the skeleton of the New Cavalry Brigade, had concentrated that day at Britstown. A message in cipher gave an inkling of the plan which had risen phoenix-like out of the ashes of the original dispositions. De Wet, instead of being enticed south, was to be driven north into the loop of the Orange River between Prieska and Hopetown, where Charles Knox's column and a column of Kimberley swashbucklers would be ready for him. Bruce Hamilton with his four columns, and the brigadier of the New Cavalry Brigade co-operating, would push north — wheel into line with the panting Plumer, now north of Strydenburg, and then "Forward away!" Now, just as the original scheme had, when on paper, presented a very reasonable and common-sense stratagem, so with the new incubation. But there were three main factors over which the gilt cap at Pretoria had no control, and which dished this, as they have dished ninety-nine out of every hundred of schemes which have been undertaken during the guerilla war. The first of these three lay in the fact that the strategy was a conformation to the enemy's movements. This naturally gave him time to think and to develop his counter-move, with all advantages in the balance. No. 2 is to be found in the timidity of certain of the column commanders. Men who proverbially take every opportunity of sacrificing the main issue to pursue some subsidiary policy.

Men whom De Wet loves, and whom he plays with, decoys, and bluffs until he achieves his object. Men whose heart will not take them, like Plumer, "slap-bang" along the course which must lead to heavy conclusions, if the enemy will fight; but who prefer to fritter away the *morale* and efficiency of their columns in pursuing a phantom enemy. Choosing a country in which an enemy as sagacious as the Boer would never operate: knowing this, these men are careful not to leave the security it affords, though their lying telegrams to headquarters build up the statistics which have proved the numbers of the enemy to be like the widow's cruse — inexhaustible. The third reason is just as deplorable. It is the passive resistance evinced between column commanders, who are called upon to co-operate. These men, instead of sinking all differences in one common objective, work rather as if they were employed in a business competition. And why is this? Ask of the man in Pretoria with his hand on the tiller. Is not centralisation the cause of it all? Does not the centralisation of the guiding authority mean that all success is judged by personal results, — that the "brave" is selected for preferment who can claim to have the most scalps dangling from his waist-belt. This is the nature of the war for which the British nation is content to pay many millions a-month!

"Please, sir, can I speak to

you a moment?" The Tiger stood in the doorway of the hotel dining-room.

"Anything serious?" asked the Intelligence officer.

"I have made a discovery."

"Can you spare me, sir?"
(*to the Brigadier*).

"For half an hour. I am going down to the commandant's office to meet Bruce Hamilton. Meet me there in half an hour."

"What is it, Tiger?"

"I will now show you something which will open your eyes. Something which will show you how this game is worked. It is only about two minutes' walk from here."

As the Intelligence officer and the Tiger made their way down the main street, it would have been no great strain upon the imagination to have fancied that the town had recently been carried by assault, and the victorious troops allowed the licence consequent upon street fighting. Even in the few short hours of occupation debauchery had had its way. Drunkenness is the worst attribute of irregular soldiering upon five shillings a-day. If the Colonial has money he will drink. Where the average white man greets a friend and acquaintance with a hand-shake, the South African Colonial calls him to the nearest bar, and they drink their salutation. When half-a-dozen Colonial Corps "off the trek" meet in a wayside township, they turn it into an Inferno. Here they were crowding in

and out of the houses in drunken hilarity. The townsfolk, delighted at their opportune arrival when Brand was at their gates, ply them with the spurious spirit which passes for whisky in South Africa. If the spirit is there, no amount of military precaution will prevent the Colonial trooper from securing it. You cannot place whole regiments—officers and men alike—under arrest. And when a Colonial regiment is "going large," in the majority of cases it would baffle any but an expert to distinguish officer from man. And while young men in smasher hats fall over each other in the streets, the sober British troops look solidly on and wonder. Some, it is true, fall away with the rioters. But they are few. Want of means and discipline buoy them at least upon a surface of virtue. Yet, be it said to the credit of these roysterers in town, the man who will drink the hardest in the afternoon will follow you the straightest in the morning!

The Intelligence officer and the Tiger had arrived at a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. A primitive yet pretty dwelling—a toy villa of tin.

"Go in," said the Tiger.

The Intelligence officer knocked and entered. He was met with a smile by the pretty Dutch girl with the great blue eyes, who had so played upon his feelings at Richmond Road.

"Miss Pretorius!"

(*To be continued.*)

LIGHT AND SHADE IN IRELAND.

ONE of the privileges of living in Ireland is that of reading the Irish papers. They are full of good things. Some of these are due to the gaiety of the printer, some to the eloquence of the writer or speaker. Printers' errors in Ireland, and elsewhere, have, it is well known, not been always accidental. One is often led to think that those which now prevail are sometimes due to a subtle sense of humour, such as that which causes the 'Freeman' to speak of the "blockhead" system in South Africa. But when the type is hopelessly confused, and the reader encounters a collection of consonants apparently thrown together at random, it may be that the printer "had some drink taken." Even the 'Irish Times'—the respectable organ of landlords—informs us, on the 30th of January last, that certain proposals are "too genial" to form a "basis of peace"—no doubt meaning "too general." The statement in another paper that a certain officer is appointed "A.B.C. to the Lord Lieutenant" gives rise to many thoughts. In the 'Cork Examiner' of the 6th of December 1901 we read of a hospital nurse who swore that she had administered to her patient an "antiseptic lotion"; and we may suppose that this was prescribed by the parish priest rather than by the doctor.

An eloquent leader in the

'Freeman' again, of the 21st February last, contains the following passage, in reference to the successful career of the present Pope. "Catholics should pray that the tale of years may grow, and that the hand that has kept the Book of Peter to so steady a course through the quicksands may not be relaxed till the Pilot has reached the haven."

The reader's mind will inevitably conjure up the picture of a venerable pontiff sitting on a book, which is slowly being sucked down, while he attempts to fight the waves with his pen. No doubt we should understand the "bark of Peter" to be meant; but even then it does not seem likely that a Pilot who has guided his ship into the quicksands will ever reach any haven at all.

We have heard of the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. But Father Farrell (according to the same journal, in the next day's issue) has discovered something still more curious. "The grand old Irish tongue," he is reported to have said, "was spreading hand in hand with temperance." It will be admitted that the Irish tongue must have spread greatly if it has developed a hand. But this might make it less convenient for the ordinary mouth. This statement also suggests the subject of a striking picture.

The ordinary English view

of Ireland is singularly ill informed. Those who know not the country suppose it to be full of savage crowds fighting the police, and believe that we are on the brink of a sanguinary revolution; that any gentleman is liable to be shot at as he walks abroad; and that the people are gloomy and insolent, and all alike determined to destroy existing institutions. After a month in the island the visitor would arrive at the opposite extreme of opinion—and would be equally wrong. Misled at first by the worthless comments of the press, he would afterwards be equally misled by the general desire among all classes to make things smooth, and to paint a picture of general goodwill between neighbours. If he listened only to the foolish and bitter talk of the gentry in the country districts, he would again suppose the Government to be weak and negligent. It is only after considerable experience that he would become aware how much his Irish friends had enjoyed the simplicity with which he received their statements as to current conditions, and as to the Irish character and history.

This tendency to paint fancy pictures is very ancient in Ireland. On the fact that there are very beautiful Irish manuscripts of the early Middle Ages, and on the boastful chronicles of Irish monks, the patriotic Irishman has ever claimed that his country was civilised long before Great Britain, and spread Christianity to the shores of Scotland and Northumbria from

Iona. He forgets that there were Christians, in Hampshire, building churches before the Romans left England. He forgets that St Patrick came from France. Yet more, he overlooks the condition of Ulster in 1480 A.D., when the great O'Kane was visited by a Hungarian noble, who found him surrounded by sixteen ladies, none of whom had any clothes except one loose mantle apiece. We should not have expected such costume at the English Court of this age; and it reminds us of the delight of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, when the O'Briens appeared with their long beards and trailing saffron robes.

The fact is, that remote islands are always less advanced in civilisation than continents, or islands close to a continent, in every age. The chief trouble in Ireland is, that its civilisation still lags half a century behind that of Britain, although the advance from the time of O'Kane has been so immense. If the Irish peasantry could rise above the treacherous cowardice of uncivilised races, their lot would be more happy. If they were cleaner, the diminution of population through typhus, typhoid, and other diseases of dirt, would be stayed. If they learned to speak the truth, more confidence would be felt in their representation of their wrongs. Time only, and education, can abolish the evils due to ignorance, and to the heedless indolence which belongs to an earlier age than the present.

The Irish are seen at their best when they are enjoying themselves. The keen appreciation of natural beauty, the ready wit and unfailing humour of the race, the love of music and dancing, and of the wild legends of their forefathers, belong to the artistic temperament of the Celtic race. Patient in poverty and sorrow, kindly by nature, and cheerful at all times, save when roused to sudden passionate anger, the Irish, like the Italians, impress the visitor, from the first, as the most courteous and delightful of people. The dark passions of revenge and hate, which are too often nursed by neighbours whose language to each other is full of flattery, lie hidden and unsuspected beneath the surface. But when on pleasure bent, they enjoy life with a vivacity unknown to Teutonic races.

Last Christmas the "Christian Brothers"—a lay order that, though coldly eyed by the priests, is doing much for Irish education—gave a public entertainment, twice repeated to large audiences, in a town of the west, in which all the pupils of the school took a part. The delight of the audience in the spirited jigs and music was warmly expressed, but yet more in the singing of sad Irish airs, and of songs of the affections. It was, however, remarkable that when a "Celtic chorus" was duly announced, and on the programme set forth in the letters of the Irish alphabet, the air proved to be no other than the "Bonny, bonny banks," which is generally connected

with Scotland, not with Ireland at all. The chief feature of the evening was a play, so judiciously chosen that neither tenant nor landlord could find any cause to complain of the sentiments expressed, which were those of their common national pride. It was carried out with great spirit and humour; and, though the actors belonged to the shopkeeper class as a rule, the natural refinement of manner, common to all classes in Ireland, enabled them to support the character of gentlemen without the least affectation. The plot represented the "old ancient family" to which the peasantry were devoted. The young landlord, proscribed by the Hanoverians as a Tory adherent of the Stewarts,—for a Tory, in the Irish language, means a "raider" hiding from tyrants in his bogs,—was to be superseded by an odious German mercenary. Assuming the rags of a faithful adherent, he led the German a dance through the swamps, and finally reduced him to abject terror, by only just restraining the well-simulated fury of the peasantry. He appeared in the wildest mood, dancing and brandishing his club, and crammed his stupid victim with tales of horror. The audience laughed unceasingly at the cleverness of the allusions to "potatoes and point," and other native jokes, and thoroughly enjoyed the manner in which the stranger was deluded and wiled by the true Irish gentleman, to whom he clung as his only protector from assassination.

The chief characters were dressed in the costume of the age, though it might have been better if the faces of those with grey beards had been painted to look less youthful. It was also unfortunate that the huge "bun" of the leading lady should always be crooked, and her maid's cap—even when singing most touching songs—consistently over one eye. It was not evident why the grand piano should appear in an outdoor scene; and it was still more remarkable that, when the family lawyer came to explain matters in the ancient hall of the family, he proved to be correctly dressed in a black tail coat and a high silk hat, which one usually connects with a period two centuries later than that of the "immortal memory" of King William.

On the whole, then, this entertainment was distinctively Irish. The actors were no sticks; they performed their parts with humour and energy. The audience never missed the points, and were not slow to applaud. The faults were those of haste and carelessness, which unfortunately do so much to render ineffective the real ability of the people. An English performance might have been more correctly staged and drilled; but it would certainly have been much more dull, and less lifelike in its representation of character. An English audience might have missed the jokes, and in any case would have been less encouraging to the actors. For the Irishman is an actor by

nature, and is indeed constantly acting in the affairs of everyday life; but if he has the faults, he has also the virtues, of his quality.

Such an instance will serve to show that Ireland is not wholly given over to brooding about Home Rule; to the boycotting of neighbours; or to the shooting of landlords' horses, or of his agents. It is sometimes useful to enlarge on such topics to inconvenient strangers, after the example of the landlord in our play; but a drama chosen for a general hearing was carefully selected so as not to offend the ideas of any class in the audience, and only served to show how noble and how clever an Irishman might be expected to prove, as compared with a German mercenary. The patriotic sentiments which were cheered were of a general character. No hatred of the gentry was expressed by any actor in the piece.

These harmless and cheerful aspects of Irish life have, however, their contrast in other features still to be deplored. The instance of a prosecution of members of "the League" will serve to illustrate the darker side of the present situation.

We may enter, then, a court in one of the towns, where a dozen members of the "United Irish League"—not formed in the town, but in an adjoining village—are being tried by the magistrates, under the law of 1887 against "unlawful assembly." It should first be

explained that to call this law the "Coercion Act" is a wilful misrepresentation. Under that Act trial by jury is suspended, and the police obtain exceptional powers. It can only be applied after the district has been duly proclaimed; and at the present time not one county in Ireland is so proclaimed, and the Act has been in abeyance for more than ten years, and will probably so remain. Under the law as to "unlawful assembly" duly appointed magistrates can deal, in a summary manner, with such offence, without sending the accused for trial. But the powers of the police remain regulated by the ordinary law common to the British Empire.

The first point that strikes the visitor is the quiet dignity of the proceedings. The place is filled with an attentive and quiet audience, who behave with politeness to each other. It is true that the magistrate twice threatens to clear the court, but not on account of any seditious cries or disturbance, only because of the roar of laughter with which the sudden retorts of witnesses on counsel are received. The crowd is apparently in the highest good-humour, and regards the whole affair as an excellent dramatic performance. They are heard to say that it is great fun; and the fact that witnesses perjure themselves in the most shameless manner excites no disapprobation. The cleverness, and shrewd caution, of their replies is keenly appreciated.

Yet the town has no real liking for the League, which recently held a meeting of its twenty members, when the chairman was obliged to evade as best he could the demand for the creation of a new and separate league for townsmen, who took no interest in mere agricultural quarrels; and, when pressed to say what the subscriptions had been, was obliged to admit that the cause was poorly supported, and had in fact only collected two shillings.

To the accused, and to the witnesses, it is evidently a day of great public importance, and an occasion on which they play a most dignified part, in the presence of all their friends and neighbours, and of the gentry, and the police, and the magistrates. For they are defended by an eloquent counsel who has an opportunity of talking high politics. The "Castle" has also sent down one of the "big fellows from Dublin"—a real King's Counsel—to prosecute. The accused were accompanied towards the court by the brass band of the League. A cordon of police stopped the performers near the court, and they were disposed to attempt a scuffle, until another string of the enemy appeared in rear, when to save themselves from being cut off and forced to surrender, they prudently executed a retreat.

The accused are mostly grey-haired men, with two or three youths—one being the agent of a general store. Like the witnesses, they are dressed in their best, and present the appear-

ance of prosperous farmers. No indication of feeling is to be observed on their faces, but an air only of respectful attention, and cheerful confidence in their counsel, and in the justice of the bench. Even when identified by name, they neither betray emotion nor assume any mask of indifference, but sit as if in church listening to the sermon. The same air pervades the audience also, when not convulsed by the evasions of the witnesses.

The case is clear, and well known to all, yet there is an absence of evidence which the prosecution cannot overcome. A poor farmer took a plot of land, of about an acre, which had apparently been unoccupied for seven years, the former tenant—now dead—having given up his holding on being called to replace a wall which he had built—encroaching, as is so common, on the next field. For eight years the new tenant had held this plot, and neither his predecessor nor any one else had found fault with him for so doing. But in January last he received an anonymous letter denouncing him as a land-grabber, and calling on him to give up the holding. He well knew whence it came—namely, from a relation of the former tenant coveting the land—and he sent his son to get a letter from the landlord's agent explaining how he came to take the holding, as above stated. Armed with this the son attended the next meeting of the local League, when some forty of the neighbours were assembled in a shed,

with a chairman and a book of minutes. Asked by the Crown why he went there, the young man gave the significant reply, that "he wished to clear himself before the public"; that is to say, that the family could not live under the imputation of land-grabbing, even when they had held the plot for eight years before the old story was raked up against them. Outwardly it appeared that their reasons were founded on respect for the opinion of their own class, and that the whole affair was one of public policy. But the unfortunate family were not members of the League, and their explanation was not accepted by this self-constituted body, organised by a stranger from Dublin.

Their tone then suddenly changed, and they flew to the police for protection. Father, son, and mother made statements and signed them, and complained of intimidation. Their customers would no longer buy milk, and they denounced the leaguers, and stated all that had occurred. The fact of such intimidation, if proved, would at once constitute "unlawful assembly" on the occasion when this boycotting question was discussed; but the police had no power to proclaim or to break up such a meeting. They could give evidence that some thirty or forty persons were present on the occasion. One sergeant entered the shed, and saw the book of minutes, and heard questions as to holdings under discussion. The chair-

man objected to his presence, and he withdrew. The League, it must be understood, was not concerning itself with landlords, who, they said, "could not be expected to join," nor with labourers for such landlords, who were also let alone; but with the affairs of small farmers of their own class, and intermarried with their families, against whom, as is too common, individual members had ancient grudges, which could now be paid under the cloak of public agitation.

The police evidence, and that of the letters, could therefore prove nothing, except that meetings were held at which the accused were present, and that at the same time an anonymous threat was sent, by some one unknown, in the usual cowardly manner. But the boycotted family, which had made depositions, was called by the Crown to give evidence. The father first took his seat in the chair on the table, wearing a depressed and very stupid air. He could not read the letters because he had no glasses, and when these were offered, because he never learned to read, though he had written his name perhaps. He did not know if he wrote it after the deposition was taken down or before, or what was in the deposition. He did not remember anything in January, or that there was a New Year's Day this year. He knew nothing at all, and understood nothing; but he was of course telling the truth on oath. The son in turn was equally

ignorant and stupid—though in appearance a smart and intelligent young man. He admitted only that he had tried to "right himself with the public." He denied his deposition, and was not sure of his own signature. No hint as to the dangers of trial for perjury could move him; and, as the counsel for the defence remarked, it was unnecessary to cross-examine witnesses for the Crown when they had been so severely cross-examined as hostile witnesses by the prosecution, which owed its existence to their complaint.

The mother in turn mounted the table—a substantial lady in black, with a good plume of feathers in her new bonnet. A most respectable person, to all appearance well off for her class, and with a very ready wit and great power of simulating indignation. But this was bestowed, not on the accused but on the counsel for the prosecution, whom she scolded and defied throughout, in spite of his appeals to her oath, and of his insistent patience. She took a bolder line than her husband and son, and did not deny her deposition. She said she could only scribble her name—which appeared to be written in a good hand—and could not read. She declared (to save the imputation of perjury on oath) that she had said what was deposed, but had told the sergeant a lie—"a big lie"—for she had given up her customers because the sale of milk from four cows did not pay; and she said that it was

false to say they had given her up on account of the League, with expressions of regret, as deposed. When shown the anonymous letter, she admitted that she had seen "something like it," but did not know that it might not have "been written by the police." They were always coming to her house more than she liked; and finally, in a burst of eloquence that could not be repressed, she said that the sergeant had suggested she should get together some rowdies and break the windows of the accused. "You may hate my neighbours," she added. "I do not. I live on terms with them all."

This exhibition was received with much merriment by the audience, who never for a moment believed what she said, but greatly enjoyed the spectacle of the "big fellow from Dublin," who was thus badgered by his own witness. The counsel for the defence, who had showed the greatest wrath and contempt for the police evidence—given with much patience and steadiness—and who had suggested to the sergeant that he had been taken home drunk on the car of one of the prisoners, who went out of his way to see him safe to barracks, wished to profit by the last statement of this terrible witness. But to him she was too communicative; and, in contradiction of her statement that she knew nothing of any League, she now assumed a more friendly tone to the opposite side, and began to volunteer information as to the League proceedings, and to

show her management of her son's communication with the same, in so awkward a manner that no further questions were advisable on the behalf of the defence.

This, then, was all the real evidence. That of the police and the letters could not bring home the charge to any individual. The persons who had suffered, and raised the question, when appearing before their neighbours in court were afraid to give evidence, and preferred to endanger themselves on a charge of shameless and deliberate perjury. What is still worse is, that public opinion was in favour of their conduct, and that they were raised rather than lowered in the estimation of their neighbours by telling lies before them all, on account of the cleverness of their answers, and acuteness in steering a course between difficulties apparently insuperable. There were no other witnesses of any importance, and it was clear that the case for the prosecution was very weak, though no one doubted the facts.

Counsel for the defence had an easy task, in showing that there was no evidence sufficient for conviction in any instance. A friendly interchange of views as to the land had, he urged, taken place: the rest was got up by the police. These meetings had gone on for some time, and had never been stopped. If the League were really such a danger, why did not Government proclaim the county—which is just what the Nation-

described as *bene natus, bene educatus*, and on all points a duly qualified candidate for an All Souls' Fellowship. Seeing that I had a very limited choice of human playfellows of my own age, it is not wonderful that Fury was for some years my greatest friend, though I felt all along that he stood a good deal higher in my estimation than I did in his. By comparison he was of course by far the older of us twain, being middle-aged when I was a barelegged birkie, and an elderly gentleman by the time that I first went to school. If, on the one hand, he was generally ready to go for a walk with me, he gave it to be clearly understood that he, not I, was the responsible party, and never hesitated about inflicting a nip on my bare calf if I in any way annoyed him. For a dog of great force of character and unusual sagacity, he had a most extraordinary habit, that of insisting upon carrying with him wherever he went an enormous stone. Whether he did this merely from that force of habit in virtue of which a man will often carry an empty pipe in his mouth, or by way of penance for his own sins or those of his ancestors, I have never been able to make up my mind. But in view of the fact that the stone selected for the day's walk was always the biggest that he could lift, and the most generally uncomfortable-looking that he could find, the conveyance of it certainly looked like a penance, even if it was not so in reality. If in the course of a walk a rat-hole

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and self-respecting dog, he had in his old age so far outlived his prejudices as to take under his protection a tiny black kitten which had found its way into the house, even condescending occasionally to play with it in a sort of grandfatherly way. It so chanced that the pair were lying fast asleep by the fireside one evening, when the kitten, suddenly awaking, was prompted by her evil genius to tweak the old dog's tail.

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is not on the mass of the people that the blame should be laid, for they are naturally too weak to resist the local bully. The true method of action—as Mr Forster explained twenty years ago—is to lay hands on the individual who is the cause of the trouble, and make him feel the uncomfortable results of his unlawful assumption of authority. It is a disgrace, no doubt, that a party in Parliament should live on the blind passions and ignorance of the peasantry; but it is a yet greater disgrace to the Roman Catholic clergy of any place, who still have the power to put down such movements, directed, not against the landed class, but by peasants against peasants, and by farmers against their neighbours. As in the French Revolution many a private grudge was paid off in the name of Liberty, so are the faction feuds in Ireland carried on under the cloak of a Nationalist struggle for freedom. Fortunately not all Irish priests have such a conception of their duties.

The overt aspects of the case have been mentioned, but the secret history can be easily imagined; and the motives of the actors were probably very different from those which they publicly stated. In the first instance, the chairman of the League, and his followers, were really unable to control their fate. This was not so much through fear of the central organisation as for private reasons. The League collects but little money, and sends still less to headquarters, in spite of

the speeches of its leaders. But locally a chairman who found security (if he could find it) to obey the law, would be like a scarecrow in the field when the crows have found that it is not alive. He in turn might become the victim of some other bully, and at least he would become an object of derision among his neighbours. His ambition would have failed, and he would no longer be able to control landed matters after his own wishes and those of persons coveting the holdings of their neighbours, and joining the League for such a reason.

As regards the perjured witnesses, the motives lay yet deeper. They knew well enough that their depositions sufficed to secure punishment to their enemies. It was safe, therefore, to appear unwilling to injure any of their neighbours. There was an ancient family quarrel or grudge, which was to be paid by raking up this obsolete question, and so secretly satisfied, on grounds apparently of public interest. We might imagine the good lady saying to herself, "It is Pat Dooley's John's Tom; but I will be even with him yet." And so she was; but after the trial she stood radiant amid the crowd, apparently free from any fear of boycott or violence, and yet in reality for the moment avenged of her enemies, having at least scored a trick in a game which may yet be a long one, though the holding was at once given up—the son being expelled from his employment by the priests.

The moral of such stories is, that it requires great knowledge of the Irish, and great experience of their wiles, to enable any one to understand and to govern them, and that the unwillingness to combine against the League is due to the action of priests. If the more violent of the country gentlemen had their way; if counties were lightly proclaimed, and real coercion exercised by Government,—we might witness bloodshed and outrages once more in Ireland; and misery and injustice might result, greater than any which can be brought on the country by local conspiracies. If the politicians

were given their way, and a Parliament in Dublin fell under the control of the priests, we might witness a tyranny beyond any yet known to the country. The true method is to search out the actual culprits, and to deal with them alone, as far as possible.

Listening, therefore, neither to political outcry nor to the foolish chatter of the newspaper press, the Irish Executive has to continue its course, in patiently securing individual freedom, and in maintaining the two ancient laws—"Thou shalt not covet," and "Thou shalt not oppress thy poor neighbour."

DOGS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

I MAY indeed appear to be going beyond the mark in including under this category a dog of whom I have a very imperfect recollection. Yet I have little doubt in my own mind that I did love Crib, arguing from the fact that my own child, reputed to take after her father in many useless ways, did most undoubtedly in her infancy prefer Master Tartar to parent, nurse, uncle, aunt, or grandmother, or, in short, to any biped. In later childhood Crib was nothing more than a recollection to myself, to others a hero of romance or giant of the past, to whose standard of excellence—fighting excellence, alas!—no dog in rapidly degenerating days was able to attain.

“Dug!” I used to hear our old gardener say. “And ye calls that thing a dug, do ye? Well, and it ain’t for me to say as it ain’t what some folk mote call a dug, but, Lor’ bless your heart, he ain’t agoing to be not a patch upon what old Crib were. Why, I seen him fairly eat up the butcher’s brindle, as were half as big again, in no time; and he’d have eat the butcher too, if he had had a mind that way.”

One notable tradition in regard to Crib was, that he was of so independent a spirit as never to regard the person who paid tax for him in the light of a master, but rather to associate with him on terms of perfect equality, coming and

going when he would and where he would, and recognising neither right of ownership nor authority. He did not, in the first instance, belong to our household at all, but wore a collar engraved with the name of a clergyman who resided some few miles off. But, for reasons best known to himself, he elected to attach himself to us, and to accompany either my father or myself, then a baby in arms, on our daily outings.

“You had better keep the dog,” said the legal owner one fine day to my father, and the present was accepted. Thereupon Crib at once asserted his independence by professing a violent attachment to his old home, and declining to have anything more to do with us. Under the circumstances he was, so to speak, refunded, and promptly showed his dislike to the process by returning to his old love. Finally he became a joint-property dog, without, however, essaying the difficult feat of attempting to serve two masters. For—so at least his admirers avowed—nor dog nor man ever got the mastery over old Crib.

Who immediately succeeded Crib I have no recollection; but, as we generally did keep a dog of a sort, there was probably an animal with four legs and a tail somewhere about the place. Not, however, until the arrival of Fury, a black-and-tan terrier, was there any one worth talking about. Fury may be briefly

described as *bene natus, bene educatus*, and on all points a duly qualified candidate for an All Souls' Fellowship. Seeing that I had a very limited choice of human playfellows of my own age, it is not wonderful that Fury was for some years my greatest friend, though I felt all along that he stood a good deal higher in my estimation than I did in his. By comparison he was of course by far the older of us twain, being middle-aged when I was a barelegged birkie, and an elderly gentleman by the time that I first went to school. If, on the one hand, he was generally ready to go for a walk with me, he gave it to be clearly understood that he, not I, was the responsible party, and never hesitated about inflicting a nip on my bare calf if I in any way annoyed him. For a dog of great force of character and unusual sagacity, he had a most extraordinary habit, that of insisting upon carrying with him wherever he went an enormous stone. Whether he did this merely from that force of habit in virtue of which a man will often carry an empty pipe in his mouth, or by way of penance for his own sins or those of his ancestors, I have never been able to make up my mind. But in view of the fact that the stone selected for the day's walk was always the biggest that he could lift, and the most generally uncomfortable-looking that he could find, the conveyance of it certainly looked like a penance, even if it was not so in reality. If in the course of a walk a rat-hole

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ing played havoc in the hall, the butler's pantry, and the kitchen, had found safety on the top of a high cupboard, things had come to a pretty pass. The lady of the house had fainted, most of the female domestics were indulging in hysterics, and the grey-headed butler—himself regarded in the district as a pillar of the Church—had recalled many long-forgotten expressions of feeling, and was swearing like a trooper.

The long and short of the matter was that Lucy was banished on the spot, and having received a writ of divorce—*a mensa et thoro*, passed into my possession, and became my most constant companion, true-hearted friend, and formidable ally. Notwithstanding the abnormally thick head with which nature had endowed her, Mistress Lucy displayed an amount of ingenuity nothing short of marvellous in ascertaining my whereabouts, and during the course of a prolonged walking tour in Scotland, invariably appeared with my hot water in the morning, no matter to what part of a strange hotel's environments she had been consigned overnight. As a walking companion she was at all times and in all places perfect, often amusing, always cheery, and never obtrusive. But I had occasion to notice that her protective instincts were especially strongly developed; for whereas in the daylight she commonly followed at heel, and was ever hail-fellow-well-met with any man, woman, or child we encountered, after dark she in-

variably preceded me, and forewarned me of the approach of any stray foot-passenger by a deep and menacing growl. Fortunately in our many walks together we never met any but peaceable and law-abiding wayfarers; but I could readily believe that a professional highwayman who heard that ominous growl might have preferred to renounce all present idea of putting theory into practice, and to pass by on the other side.

The solitary occasion whereon Mistress Lucy was provoked to battle, ostensibly on my behalf, brought into strong relief the indomitable courage and tenacity of her breed. Her antagonist was a large black-and-white ram, an animal from foreign parts, which had been imported by a neighbouring farmer, a wealthy and eccentric old fellow, who farmed some thousand acres of his own land, and stocked the fields immediately adjoining his manor-house with strange creatures from all parts of the globe. The ram in question, an Afghan for choice, was the sole tenant of a small paddock into which I strolled one day, with Lucy at my heels, to have a look at him. Having satisfied my curiosity, I had turned to walk back to the gate, when he suddenly lowered his head, and without rhyme or reason charged viciously at me.

On the instant Lucy sprang past me to meet him, and, receiving the full force of the charge, was knocked head over heels like a ninepin. The headlong method of assault employed

by a ram having no terrors for an active man, I was much more interested than alarmed by the episode; and as the ram had now concentrated his attention on the dog rather than on myself, I was not without some curiosity as to the final result of the encounter. Still trusting to the frontal system of attack, Lucy, with every bristle up, made three more springs at her antagonist, on each occasion receiving a genuine knock-down blow, the last of so violent a nature that it fairly knocked her out of time for quite half a minute. And it was then that the ram, whose defensive tactics had been admirable, fairly gave himself away. Heedless of the law of chivalry which forbids the trampling on a prostrate foe, he had advanced, I fancy, for that very purpose, when, lowering his head sideways to prod the panting dog with the point of his crumpled horn, he found himself fairly pinned through the cheek, to which Lucy hung by her full weight. From that moment there was only one in it; for although there was no lack of gameness about the ram, he was absolutely powerless under that awful grip. In less than a minute he was lying on his side wholly at the dog's mercy, and he continued so to lie for some time after I had, with some difficulty, induced Lucy to loose her hold of him. Neither party appeared to be seriously the worse for the encounter; but the ram tacitly acknowledged his defeat by always walking off majestically

to the farther end of the paddock if he saw Mistress Lucy passing by.

Man, wrote the great philosopher, is by nature a social being; much more so, I venture to think, is dog. For to every rational human being—a good many, of course, are irrational—there must come occasions when solitude is an absolute necessity, minutes and hours when the presence of even a dog in the room gets on to the nerves. A dog, on the other hand, is seldom completely happy unless he is really filling, or thinks that he is filling, the rôle of companion. Not the least, at any rate, among my Lucy's many charms was her intense sociability, and that most gracious affability of manner which formed so striking a contrast to her—she is dead now, the dear old thing, so that I cannot wound her feelings—her extremely forbidding appearance. Now and again, in default of companionship, she would essay a solitary walk, but soon grew tired of her own society, and changed the proposed walk into a friendly call. The result was very nearly always the same, and so “*Ex uno disce omnes.*”

To good old Lucy then, mooning along the road on a summer evening with no definite purpose in her head, the sight of an open door and the sound of children's voices and the clatter of the tea-things formed an irresistible attraction.

“I'll go in and pass the time of day to them,” she would say to herself; and with that, wagging her tail, and putting

on that truly satanical expression which she fondly imagined to be a sweet smile, she would walk straight into the room, and there in the space of five seconds find herself—alone: for by window, door, stair-case—in short, by every possible or impossible loophole of escape—the family “*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*”

Albeit a little puzzled, and perhaps disappointed, at finding herself so completely mistress of the situation, Lucy, after finishing up the tea, would lie down in front of the fire and wait patiently for companionship. And meantime frantic messages would be despatched to the parish clerk, the school-master, the rector, and other people in authority, to intimate that a ferocious animal had taken possession of Mrs Purton's house, and that the family were in fear of their lives. The simplest solution of the difficulty was found when some cobbler, more alive to the ways of the world than his neighbours, looked in through the window at the intruder.

“Why, it ain't nobbut parson's lad's Luce. You come along-o'-me, old gal.”

And Lucy, quite as ready to take a stroll with a cobbler as with a duke, would follow him to his den, and later on, when he got a thirst on him, to our house. In extreme cases our gardener might be sent for.

It was sociability again, I fear, rather than devotion, which in my absence prompted a visit, one Sunday afternoon, to our parish church, where,

after waddling up the aisle, to the delight of the school-children and the great bodily terror of sundry nervous members of the congregation, Lucy took up her position in a vacant pew near the pulpit, and standing up on the seat, with forepaws resting on the back of the next pew, regarded the preacher, ever prime favourite with the animals of the establishment, with eyes of languishing affection.

Finally it was sociability, rather than reverence for great names, which led her to accompany our esteemed diocesan, a temporary guest at the time, on an unofficial visit to the church on a week-day.

“A most amiable, but most unecclesiastical, companion of my walk,” he called her, and all the time my mind was occupied by what was doubtless a most unecclesiastical thought.

“For,” said I to myself, “my lord, my lord, you and Lucy, each in your own way, are among the first in the land. It might tax the ingenuity of an Aristotle to declare which is the most perfect specimen of a class, yourself as a bishop or Lucy as a bulldog. But it would take a greater than Aristotle to decide which—in the abstract—is the least ill-looking.”

Yet “handsome is as handsome does,” and where impressions made on my mind by things fair to see have been ephemeral, the memory of Mistress Lucy's leal devotion and most pleasant companion-

ship remain with me to this day.

Another interregnum, and then came Bess, Betty, or Elizabeth Dinders, not inaptly described by a Yorkshire dalesman as "t' bonniest lile bitch in t' country": so bonny, indeed, of mind and body, when in the heyday of her youth, that a friend of mine, holding out a fistful—no small fist either—of gold and silver, once said, "Look here, old chap! I'll give you this and every penny in my pocket as well for her." To describe her properly would be to fill a book, so I will briefly say that her beauty of form was surpassed only by her beauty of character; that she was lovely and pleasant in her ways; in her dealings with myself, with her mistress, and with all mankind, nothing but adorable.

Bess came into my possession at a year old, most perfectly trained for her proper avocation, and apparently most anxious to convert me into a sheep-farmer at my neighbours' expense. She would have been a veritable godsend to Jacob, who might have retired on his savings at the end of the first year under her patronage. She continued her love for "shepherding" to the end of her life, and would "fetch" to me any mortal thing, bar a cat or donkey, that walked on two or four legs. I bet an old Yorkshire friend a shilling one day that she would "shepherd" him, having previously stipulated for only passive resistance. As he weighed seven-

teen stone, and was obstinate at that, Bess had all her work out out; but the damp state of the ground favoured her manœuvres, and at the end of five minutes he came in like a lamb, helpless with laughter, and paw-marked from neck to ankle, where she had either jumped on his back or stood up to push him.

But her cleverest bit of "shepherding" was done many years later on the water. Some wiseacre had assured me that a rather valuable Rouen drake, which, having probably done itself too well, was afflicted with something like rheumatic gout, would be benefited by having a swim on a pond. I have never tried the cure for myself, and so cannot recommend it with any confidence to a suffering reader. But I thought that there would be no harm in making an experiment with the drake, and carried him off to the pond accordingly. A poor wretched cripple on land, he proved himself an excellent performer in the water, and enjoyed his new amusement so vastly that when the shades of night were falling he absolutely declined to come home. Now, my neighbours hereabout are very worthy folk in their way, but apparently have traces of either Greek, Israelitish, or Scottish Borderer blood in their veins. So strongly developed, at any rate, are the instincts of acquisitiveness and appropriation, that my drake, being of portentous size and plump withal, if left at large that night, ran the risk of

figuring as the *pièce de résistance* at a club feast. Coaxing and admonition having had no effect, I called in the services of Bess.

"Fetch him, old lady!"

She grasped the situation in a moment, sprang into the water, and working steadily and slowly, brought the refugee twice over not merely to land, but literally to hand; and twice over the obstinate brute, bent on his own destruction, flapping his way back over her head, just as I stooped to pick him up, escaped to the far end of the pond. On the second occasion Bess got out of the water, shook herself, and then sat down, looking at me in a way that clearly meant, "Now, I did my part all right—why couldn't you do yours?"

"Go on, Bess, and fetch him!"

"All right! But I'm not a collie any longer, I'm a retriever." And in two minutes she brought him to me, carrying him by the neck without ruffling a single feather.

This was by no means the first or the last of her retrieving performances; for she was the very best all-round dog with a gun that I ever saw, equally perfect of nose and of mouth, and as steady as old Time. How soft her mouth was may be gathered from an incident that occurred in one of what I can only call her periodical fits of naughtiness. Vices the dear old thing had not; but about once a-year a spirit of innocent mischief took possession of her soul, and prompted

her to visit my hen-houses and clear them of every single egg. As she buried them singly in the garden beds, her work must have been done at racing pace, the men's breakfast-time, nominally three-quarters of an hour, being always chosen for the performance, and I have known as many as thirty eggs buried in separate places during those forty-five minutes. There came a day when, on my whistling for her, she appeared with something in her mouth.

"Drop it, Bess!" I said sharply, and on the gravel walk she dropped an egg, which cracked slightly in falling. Picking it up, I saw at once from the shininess that it was one of a valuable sitting of twelve, due to hatch in a few days. Fearing the worst, I ran off to the hen-house, and found the hen sitting on an empty nest. Within an hour, helped by the men, I disinterred the other eleven eggs from various parts of the garden, the freshly turned mould making their discovery comparatively easy. We put them back under the hen, and seven out of the eleven hatched out safely.

Now and again it occurred to me that this egg-burying was simply the dog's idea of an improved form of the game of hide-and-seek, which only one other dog of my acquaintance besides Bess ever played respectably. Any dog with retrieving instincts will eventually find a hidden article; but Bess herself and a collie called Watch were the only two within my ken that so far entered into

the spirit of the game as to play the part of hider as well as of searcher. That she really played the game *con amore* no one who watched her face and followed the movements of her tail could ever have had a shadow of doubt. Our usual playground was the drawing-room, and we played just like a pair of children, taking it in turns to go out of the room, while the other hid a ball or a handkerchief. What I hid, or where I hid it, mattered little; it was always found, by scent of course. But now comes a question, Were her powers of intelligence limited? Or was it out of compassion for my limited intelligence that Bess only employed three hiding-places? Knowing her kindly disposition, and never in other respects having known her intelligence fall short, I am inclined to favour the latter supposition. The places, however, were (1) under a bureau, (2) behind a curtain, (3) behind a coal-scuttle.

Having hidden the object in one of them, Bess herself invariably lay down on the hearth-rug and watched my movements with intense interest. If I was very "cold," searching in quite the wrong direction, she would beam all over, and literally hammer the ground with her tail, and the farther I went astray the more pronounced the hammering. When, on the contrary, I began to get "warmer," the tail worked less vigorously; at "hot" no more tail-wagging, but a look of intense anxiety.

I trust that I am not making Bess out to be a "trick" dog, for she was nothing of the kind. Other dogs perform tricks, and are often bored by them; but Bess used to play games, thoroughly enjoying them. Occasionally I had to repress her ardour, an ardour that was hardly damped at all by a very painful accident. One summer term at Oxford she was my constant companion when I went to practise at the nets, and proving herself a far keener scout than any of the red-capped boys became a prime favourite with the pros. After a week or two, I taught her to catch short gentle catches with an old ball, and she took to it so kindly that she came up, as a matter of course, for a few minutes' play after I had finished my practice. The catches improved in pace and quality, and the pros, off duty used to stand round in a ring and applaud her.

"Her'd make a better point nor t' owd man," said a north-country pro. *à propos* of this performance one afternoon, and indeed with a well-hammered ball Bess would hold things which the great man could hardly have got down to. However, we got too new a ball once, with the result that a tooth was broken; and though she did not seem to notice it, I had to put a stopper on catches with anything but a light tennis-ball, which I was always ready to back her to catch once in three times at a twenty-yards rise. Knowing the effect that a stray shot occasionally has

upon the nerves of a sporting-dog, I was fully prepared to see Bess's fondness for the cricket-field evaporate, when she received on the end of the nose, most tender of all points, a blow from a ball travelling hard along the carpet some eighty yards from the wicket. Yet though she sat on her haunches and howled murder for ten minutes, refusing to be comforted, on the following day she fielded away as merrily as usual, though perhaps with more discretion.

And now a few concluding words about what I will call the more serious side of her character.

Let it not be supposed that I wish to represent Bess, who was mortal after all, as a model of absolute perfection. For she was, I will reluctantly admit, in some respects an abject coward, and, like most of her breed, not disinclined to bully dogs—smaller than herself, and cats—that ran away. Her attitudes towards cats or dogs which, unawed by furious and noisy onslaught, stood their ground, was one of painful effort to preserve her dignity, and lame attempt to explain away the polemical aspects of the situation. I cannot pretend to quote the exact words employed by her on these occasions; but she evidently mapped out her conduct in accordance with the sage advice of Dogberry, though to be sure in her case the question was, "How if a' will stand?" Yet, had I attempted to argue the point with her, Bess, who was considerably cleverer than most

lawyers of my acquaintance, might have taken the line that only those ladies who move in very low walks of life condescend to public fisticuffs; but that judicious nagging, hen-pecking, or even backbiting, are privileges appertaining to the whole sex. Or again she would have pleaded that our diplomatists address to a weaker Power, which may be expected to take a kicking with good grace, complaints or remonstrances couched in very different terms to those used towards the Courts of Berlin or St Petersburg.

Having thus admitted that I accounted my dear old friend as on the whole a little lower than the angels, let me briefly try to show that she had a power of reasoning and drawing inferences which entitled her to a high place among the philosophers of the dog-world.

A roving life and the fear that I might lose her on my wanderings led me for the space of three years to hand her over to the care of a young lady who lived not far from my father's house. I explained it all to Bess, and, accepting the situation most gracefully, she exhibited towards her new mistress that sympathetic devotion which I had always found in her. But whenever I went to stay at my father's house, within two or three hours of my arrival Bess appeared, and resumed her companionship with me exactly as if we had never been parted, and then again within an hour

of my departure she trotted off home to her mistress.

It was a law of the Medes and Persians in her new home that dogs were not allowed in the house. This situation also Bess accepted, but with two reservations. Now and again, by back passages and unfrequented staircases, she would steal up to her mistress's bedroom; and on occasions when she felt that a large garden-party or some other great function was occupying people's attention so much that no one was likely to notice the intrusion, she would walk boldly into the hall, and lie down in front of the fireplace as if the whole place belonged to her.

One more story. Though there were several sisters in the family, Bess's adopted mistress alone used once or twice in the week to practise on the organ in the parish church, and on these occasions Bess would lie down in the porch and wait for her. On one occasion the lady went away from home for a month, and consigned Bess to the care of a younger sister. Bess acquiesced in the arrangement, and temporarily transferred her allegiance to that particular sister, firmly but courteously declining to go out for a walk with any other member of the family. One day a sudden fancy prompted this young lady also to try her hand at the organ, and Bess accompanied her and lay down in the porch as usual. But nothing would induce her to go home when the organ practice was over, and at last the

girl had to go without her, feeling sure that the dog would find her way back when she was tired of waiting. Not, however, till a late hour of the night did a chilled and dispirited animal walk meekly into my father's house and beg for a night's shelter.

"Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium aut rerum fato prudentia major."

Strike out the negative, substitute *illi* for *illis*, and Virgil's words about the crows hold good of my Betty.

Once only in the course of a thirteen years' friendship was a complaint made to me about her behaviour.

"I wish you'd speak to t' owd Bess, sir," quoth my Yorkshire landlady.

"Why, what has she been doing?"

"Well, sir, when you're out in t' morning she will run up and down to t' station along wi' t' bus, and it makes her common-like."

A want of dignity, forsooth, and not the behaviour of a lady!

A trivial circumstance, called in the vulgar tongue matrimony, having at last brought her master and mistress together, Bess spent the evening of an eventful life in happy contentment, passing many hours in trying to make up her mind whether the grey mare or the other beast was really the better horse of the pair.

I have finished with the dogs I have known and have loved,

and now two pairs of eyes are gazing hard at me, and two eager faces seem to ask whether I can have the heart to omit all mention of them. They are a very handsome pair of little ladies, with totally different characters. Pixie, the Dandie Dinmont, in appearance a typical specimen of her breed, is, as being my wife's pet she ought to be, a charming companion for a lady. She vastly prefers running away to fighting, unless, indeed, there is a rat afoot. Vixen, my daughter's terrier, poses as a shy timid little thing, but really has the heart of a lioness, and, like the immortal Peppers and Mustards of Charlies-hope, has been "regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stoats or weasels—and then wi' the tods and brocks," and may be said to fear "naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin

on't." She is a restless little lady, and the master-spirit of the pair, occasionally leading staid Pixie astray, and bringing her home in a state that tells of illegal hunting.

Yet Vixen has matronly instincts, while the only young animal that Pixie is decently civil to is, strange to relate, the human boy, a creature which she dearly loves, especially when it is plural.

The third dog of the establishment, a soulless beast, had puppies a time back. Vixen and Pixie, hearing the news, trotted off to the stable. The former went in and licked each puppy all over, by way, I suppose, of signifying her willingness to be godmother. But Pixie only put her head inside the door, and growled out her entire disapprobation of the whole affair.

A NEW READING OF THE GOWRIE MYSTERY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

ALL inquiries, legal or historical, which turn on comparison of handwriting are interesting and dubious. In the famous case of the guilty Casket Letters, attributed to Queen Mary, it is usually thought that, if we possessed the alleged originals, we could solve the problem. They would be compared with the Queen's authentic letters, of which thousands exist, and experts would decide. But the purpose of this essay is to show, by a precisely parallel case, in which the originals of the disputed letters, and genuine letters by the alleged writer, do exist, that modern comparison might lead to no result. This is a proof of the extraordinary skill in forgery which was possessed by the "faux notaires," the writers or attorneys of Scotland in the sixteenth century.

The legal case in which the documents wherewith we are concerned appeared is the so-called Gowrie conspiracy. Every Scot has heard of it, but this information is by no means commonly diffused in England.

To the world at the moment the story shaped itself thus:—The king, on August 5, 1600, after a morning spent in the chase, dined, or, in modern terms, lunched, at the Perth house of a young, accomplished, and popular noble, Lord Gowrie, whose sister, Beatrix, was the favourite of the queen.

Within an hour after the hospitable meal, the noble and his younger brother, Alexander Ruthven, were lying dead on the stairs or in a chamber of their house, stabbed by gentlemen in the retinue of the king. Of their retainers, some were wounded; from them or others torture could extract no confession—for the prisoners had nothing to confess. The king, and a man of enigmatic character, alleged that an attempt had been made on the royal life. But why, and in hope of what advantage? No preparations had been made, or at least none could be discovered, for escape and ultimate profit, if the king had really been slain. No forces had been collected, no party in the State had been warned. The two noble conspirators, if conspirators they were, had fallen beneath the sword of a royal page, and the hunting hangers or rapiers of two of the courtiers. Nothing like this had chanced since James II. dirked, under trust, the Douglas on the royal hearthstone. The dead were young, admired for manly grace, the Earl for rare learning, acquired at the University of Padua, devotion to the Kirk, and intrepid resistance to despotic measures. Naturally enough the country stood doubtful; the preachers were openly incredulous. The only lips that, as far as was known, could speak, had been

silenced for ever; the conspiracy, if conspiracy there had been, seemed aimless and objectless. Inquiry ended in a blank wall, for men do not plot the death of a prince unaided, without resources, without a party or a plan.

In spite of the impenetrable mist which veiled the events of that fatal day of August, the dead bodies of the two young Ruthvens were brought to trial, were found guilty, their *noblesse* was destroyed, their name was extirpated, and their estates were forfeited. Meanwhile, the Presbyterian ministers were sceptical as to the king's account of the events; his witnesses were misdoubted, and his character was tarnished by the belief that he himself had laid a plot to trap and slay the Ruthvens.

After trying every published, and one unpublizable, theory of the king's guilt, or of a purely accidental brawl, on the touchstone of certain universally admitted facts in the case, I am constrained to believe that James was entirely innocent, and that the two young Ruthvens really were engaged in a plot to capture his person. This theory would remain valid, whatever opinion we may hold of the evidence of the contested letters which we are now to discuss. The singular thing is that none of our historians, down to Professor Masson, the distinguished editor of the Register of Privy Council,¹ has had the good fortune to know the real facts

of the case. Whether they have undoubtedly accepted the letters in dispute (like Mr Tytler and Mr Hill Burton), or unhesitatingly rejected them, like the ingenious Mr Louis Barbé,² they have been guessing in the dark.

For my own part, when first wandering in the mazes of this old labyrinth, my thought was, "If I could only get at the papers of Tam o' the Cowgate!" The learned historical collector and antiquary so styled, the founder of the House of Haddington, was King's Advocate in the early part of the seventeenth century, and so, of course, was engaged for the Crown in this affair. My instinct was not wrong. Sir William Fraser's 'Memorials of the Earls of Haddington' was published in 1889—far too late for Mr Tytler and Mr Hill Burton, too late for Dr Masson and Mr Barbé—and in Sir William Fraser's analysis of Tam o' the Cowgate's papers is one key to the mystery. It turns in the lock, but who can open the door?

In the years 1608, 1609, were produced, in *private* examinations of a man named Sprot, and in a later trial, —sequels of the Gowrie case, —certain letters attributed to a laird named Robert Logan of Restalrig, near Edinburgh, letters written to the Earl of Gowrie and two other persons in July 1600. If these letters are authentic (as Mr Tytler and Mr Hill Burton thought unquestionable), Logan and

¹ Volume viii., 1607-1610, published in 1888.

² The Tragedy of Gowrie House, 1887.

Gowrie, just before August 5, 1600, were certainly engaged in a highly treasonable conspiracy. First, then, who was this Logan? what were his character and previous performances?

Logan, though a Lothian laird, was not, like so many of them, "an earnest professor of Christ Jesus." He was rather a genial ruffian; but cant was then so engrained that, writing to the infamous Archibald Douglas, Logan "commits him to the care of Christ." This was his usual formula. Several genuine letters of his, dated in 1585-87, are in the Hatfield MSS., and we find that he was then an intriguer with Archibald Douglas, the Master of Gray, and Bothwell, of whose secret understanding with Elizabeth he was well aware. He appears to have been in London with the Master of Gray's embassy in favour of Mary (1586-87); and, with all the Whittingham Douglasses, Bothwell, and the Master, he was an adventurer whom the party of the Kirk might find useful, but who was ready to betray any employer. He was in the secrets of the Court, was a half-brother of Lord Home, and cousin of the Master of Gray, upon whom in 1587 he acted as spy for Walsingham. In addition to Restalrig, and Gunnisgreen near Eyemouth, he owned Fast Castle on the desolate shore of the Northern Sea. This eyrie, joined to the mainland by a

high narrow rib of land, with a drawbridge, and impregnable from the side of the sea-cliffs, suggested the fortalice of the Master of Ravenswood in 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' Such was Logan of Restalrig, "a vain loose man, a favourer of thieves reputed; yet a man of a good clan, as they here term it, and a good fellow." Robert Cecil had been inquiring as to Restalrig's qualities; in 1599 Lord Willoughby described him in the terms quoted.¹ To Logan, or at least to Restalrig, his place, the most austere of the preachers, Mr Robert Bruce, twice repaired after the Gowrie Plot, in seasons of sorrow, or when a crisis called for prayer and meditation. Logan had been of Bothwell's allies; one of his servitors is included in a list of them (December 8, 1592). He himself, as a harbourer of Bothwell, was denounced a rebel (February 12, 1593), and again (June 13, 1594) was denounced, when three of his men beat a burgess on the way to Berwick, and robbed him of £950. In March 1599 he was bound over not to let Fast Castle be seized by "any of his majesty's traitors or rebels."² He boasted, if one of his letters is genuine, that he had sheltered Bothwell in Fast Castle during the stress of his guerilla life, and that neither king nor Council could come at him. Such was the chief ally of that eminent bulwark of the Kirk, the young Earl

¹ Border Papers, vol. ii. p. 583.

² Privy Council Register, vol. v., s.v. "Logan."

of Gowrie, if the later evidence is accepted. Logan's den of Fast Castle, his relations with the most artful conspirators, the fact that he had attracted the attention of Robert Cecil, marked him out as a useful ally in a desperate plot, such as, in July-August 1600, he is said to have contrived with Gowrie. He was greedy, of course. He had been engaged in a "band" with one of the wizard lairds of Merchistoun, who, "by arts to him known," was to discover for Logan a hidden treasure.¹ Probably the divining-rod was to be used. But we do not know the result. Now, for his reward from Gowrie he was to receive, as is averred, the estate of Dirleton, then a possession of the Ruthvens, and lying near Logan's own properties.

But how was all this discovered? The leading modern historians of Scotland, while accepting the evidence for Logan's alliance with Gowrie, touch very slightly on its nature. Logan, and a trusted emissary of his, an illiterate ruffian named "Laird" Bower, died in 1606. In April 1608 a country writer, George Sprot, Logan's law agent, was arrested at Eyemouth. He was fond of drink, and had blabbed of what he might tell if he would. He was tortured, and all that followed is an almost inextricable maze of folly and fraud. There exist an official and false, and a genuine and

true, version of Sprot's confessions. The official versions are to be read in his indictment, or dittay, of August 12, 1608, the day when he was tried and hanged; and also in 'The Examinations of George Sprot,' officially authenticated, and published in England with a pious and pedantic introduction by Abbott, later Archbishop of Canterbury.² *Both of these sets of documents have been deliberately falsified and garbled*,—a fact unknown to our historians. This is proved by the actual manuscripts of Sprot's confessions, retained by the King's Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, and still extant among the archives of his family. They are summarised in the records of his house by Sir William Fraser, 'Memorials of the Earls of Haddington' (1889).

Sprot was arrested, as we saw, in April 1608. What befell him we do not know, on documentary evidence. The contemporary preacher and historian, Calderwood (whose source, here, is an anonymous MS. in the Wodrow collection), tells us that Sprot first confessed to the plot and the genuineness of the letters. Next, under torture, he withdrew his confessions, and said that he had forged the letters. In July, Lord Dunbar treated him kindly. Now we come to a confession of his, signed by him on July 5, and among the muniments of the Earl

¹ The contract is photographed in 'National MSS. of Scotland,' vol. iii. No. lxxv.

² Pitcairn, 'Criminal Trials,' vol. ii. pp. 256-276.

of Haddington.¹ In this paper, all in Sprot's hand, and sent to the Earl of Dunbar (Sir George Hume), Sprot says that he will die for it that Logan was a conspirator with Gowrie. (From July 5 onwards the confessions were not made under torture.) This fact Sprot learned, he says, from a letter of Gowrie and a letter of young Ruthven to Logan. Logan sent his man, Bower, with the answers; "and a long time thereafter Bower let me see the first of Gowrie's letters," and also a letter from Logan to Bower. This letter bade Bower come in haste to Logan, to carry a missive from him to Gowrie concerning the lands of Dirleton, "which direction to Bower himself is *among the rest of the letters produced.*" So Sprot averred on July 5. This piece is No. 2 in the alleged plot-letters.

Now, when Sprot's indictment was drawn up, on August 12, no mention whatever of "letters produced" is made. There is talk of *one* letter, from Gowrie to Logan, not incriminating, and of one from Logan to Gowrie, stolen by Sprot, but that letter certainly was not then "produced." Yet, as the MSS. show, by July 5 letters had been produced, but only in private examinations. (They were to appear later.) All mention of them is suppressed in Sprot's indictment, and in the official account (and our historians know no other) of his confessions. Nor does the official account contain the fol-

lowing remarks of Sprot (which are in the manuscripts): "These things I testify to be of verity on sure, resolved, and clear conscience, as I would answer to God, notwithstanding that I purged the laird [Logan] of the writing of *the letters produced.* For indeed, I confess to my own shame and God's glory, I formed and framed them"—the "letters produced"—"all to the true meaning and purpose of the letter that Bower let me see, to make the matter the more clear by these arguments and circumstances, for the cause I showed to the lords of before" (on some earlier unrecorded occasion), and here follows Sprot's signature.

Thus, before July 5, 1608, in unrecorded confessions, Sprot had revealed the connection of Logan with the Gowrie plot, which he knew of, especially through one letter of Gowrie's, and one of Logan to Bower, both shown to him by Bower. But the "letters produced" (that is, letters 1, 2, 3, and 5) Sprot forged, he says (July 5), on the lines of his actual knowledge. He did this, he says, "to make the matter more clear," for the purpose of blackmailing Logan's heirs. If we conjecture that on an earlier occasion he was promised his life in return for disclosures, then we have a motive for his confessed forgeries, if made after the promise of life. But we do not hear that he received any promise of his life; he denies it on oath, and we do hear

¹ Memorials, vol. i. p. 105.

(from Calderwood, whose version is correct) that the letters which he first attributed to Logan, and then confessed to be forged, *were found in his house*. Three of those published, and six never published, were so found; one (5) was produced by a man named Ninian Chirnside, to whom Sprot had given this, and another, for purposes of blackmail. Still following the MSS., on July 15, Sprot, being again examined, repeated, from memory, the one letter of Gowrie's which he said that he had seen. It is not incriminating, as cited in the official accounts; it merely expresses a desire to meet Logan.¹ This letter, Sprot said, Bower showed him, and spoke of another to Logan from young Ruthven. Sprot was then asked whether Restalrig's letter to his servant Bower (2), demanding his presence, and speaking of his hopes to acquire Gowrie's Lothian estate, Dirleton, was in Logan's own handwriting. This letter had been "produced" by Sprot, as of Logan's hand. Sprot replied that he himself had written the letter to Logan's dictation, but that he had also *forged* a copy of it, now produced, in imitation of Logan's own hand. (In saying this I think that Sprot perjured himself.) He had often forged letters of Logan's, after the Laird's death, and had sold them, as instruments of extortion, to friends of the Laird, debtors to his estate!

On July 16 Sprot said that Logan in 1602, after he sold Fast Castle, destroyed, with Bower, letters, one of them from young Ruthven. Witnesses called by Sprot in proof of this assertion denied any knowledge of the facts, on oath, naturally, for their lives hung on denial. On August 6 Sprot reiterated his confession of having forged the letters. On the 9th August he was assured that he must die. He was asked why (before July 5) he had first accused Logan of writing the letters produced; and next had acquitted him of such writing, yet still persisted in accusing him of guilty knowledge of Gowrie's conspiracy. He merely clave to his statements: Logan was guilty, but he, Sprot, forged four of the five letters on the lines of the actual facts. On August 10 Sprot emitted the form of confession on which (with notable alterations) his officially published indictment is based. He abounds (in the MS. report) in Defoe-like detail. In July 1600 he was at Fast Castle with Logan. He saw Logan begin a letter, and place it, unfinished, "between the bunker," or bench (a coal-bunker is now a coal-box), "and the wall at the head of the table, where the laird sat at meat."² Sprot read the letter in Logan's absence, and replaced it; it was to Gowrie. Having been shown, by Bower, Gowrie's harmless letter to Logan,

¹ Pitcairn, vol. ii. p. 272.

² Bunker = bench, and the benches were often fitted with lids, and so became boxes. Hence the modern "bunker" at golf.

Sprot now smelled a rat. Some three months after the deaths of the Ruthvens—say in November 1600—Bower, at Berwick, told Sprot that Logan was likely to go abroad on account of “the turn he had ado with the Earl of Gowrie.” On going home, Logan bade Bower bring him the letter to Gowrie which Sprot had read in part. Now Bower could not read, and asked Sprot to help him to find the letter among a number of papers. Why, if Bower could not read, Logan wrote to him does not appear. Sprot, at all events, found, concealed, and kept the letter of Logan to Gowrie. *The indictment* says that Sprot kept the letter, “*and divers times read it.*” But Sprot in the *MSS.* declares that he kept the letter “*till he framed three new letters upon it.*” He either lied or made a slip of memory. He said that he read the unfinished letter in Fast Castle. Now it is dated from Gunnisgreen. But note that Government concealed, for their own ends, his confession of forgery.

Here, at last, we reach something intelligible. There are five plot-letters alleged to be by Logan. Of these, one (No. 2) is a copy, forged by Sprot, of a genuine letter to Bower, dictated to Sprot by Logan. (This, for reasons, I do not believe.) One (No. 4) is, by Sprot’s account, a genuine letter of Logan to Gowrie, stolen by Sprot from Bower, who had it in his keeping. Three (No. 1, No. 3, No. 5), to

an unknown man, are forgeries by Sprot, on the lines of No. 4, Logan’s genuine letter to Gowrie, stolen by Sprot from Bower. These were forged “to make the matter clear.” On reading No. 1, No. 3, and No. 5, it is plain that they might easily, or rather *must*, have been forged on the model of No. 4. The phrases are sometimes almost verbally identical; the facts and sentiments are the same: they turn on five or six topics, all existing in letter 4. Sprot, at an early examination, before July 5, had denounced the laird of Kinfauns as the Unknown, but this he withdrew later; he had simply “framed,” “devised,” “counterfeited,” “imagined,” or forged all these three letters, while No. 2, in substance genuine, was forged from a true copy dictated by Logan. On July 5 Sprot confessed that “*all the letters produced*” were forged by him, but the one genuine(?) letter (No. 4) *had not yet been produced.* It was in Sprot’s chest, rolled up in a paper; so he confessed on August 10.¹ This letter was not produced at the *public trial* (August 12), where Spottiswoode was present. From its non-production Spottiswoode inferred that Sprot made a false hysterical confession—not an uncommon thing when a mysterious crime works on weak imaginations.² But the cause of the non-production at the *public trial* (August 12) of the genuine letter, and of the forged specimens,

¹ Pitcairn, vol. ii. p. 273.

² Spottiswoode, vol. iii. pp. 199, 200.

was this: the king's officers, Dunbar and Balmerino, kept them all in reserve to use in a later trial for ruining Logan's heir by forfeiting her estates. In the indictment of Sprot the letter of Logan is a mere patchwork, with variations, of the genuine(?) letter of Logan to Gowrie, and of one of the letters to the Unknown, confessedly forged by Sprot. This letter, in the indictment, was dictated from memory by Sprot. The prosecution, as yet, did not produce the genuine letter (No. 4). They found it after Sprot's confession of August 10, but before his execution on August 12.

The points to be particularly noted are that Sprot and Chirnside did produce four letters, when privately examined, before July 5; that Sprot at first attributed them to Logan; that he next withdrew the imputation, and said that he had forged them himself; that he finally confessed to having *one* genuine letter of Gowrie to Logan; that he cited it inaccurately from memory; that his citations were printed in his indictment; and that at his examinations, and on the scaffold, he persisted in averring the guilt of Logan, known to him both from letters which he had read and conversations with Logan and Bower. One genuine treasonable letter he had, he maintained: the rest, though true in matter of fact, were (contrary to his original statement) forged by himself—one a copy of an actual letter

dictated by Logan, others on the lines of the letter to Logan from Gowrie.

But the prosecution, in official publications, suppressed, as we saw, all mention of letters produced by Sprot. They suppressed, too, his confession that he had forged four of the "letters produced." These official suppressions had their purpose. In June 1609 the cold remains of Logan were tried before the Lords of the Articles, a Parliamentary Committee of all Estates. The Lords, or some of them, were very sceptical as to Logan's guilt.¹ Dunbar, *who*, like Balmerino, *was heavily in debt to Logan's heir*, exerted himself in the case. The Lords of the Articles, unanimously, brought a verdict of guilty against Logan, and his heir was ruined. The Lords were convinced by the production of five letters of Logan: one to Gowrie (genuine), one to Bower (the letter dictated by Logan to Sprot, and recopied in Logan's hand by Sprot), and three to a person unnamed, but addressed as "Right Honourable Sir." These three were modelled by Sprot on the one genuine letter: they are mere variations on the themes and phrases of the genuine letter (No. 4).

Seven honourable witnesses — three ministers, a sheriff-clerk, a local notary, a yeoman, and the Provost of Edinburgh — swore that the handwriting and orthography (both peculiar) of these five letters were Logan's. They produced many authentic letters of his, and

¹ Hamilton to the King. Pitcairn, vol. ii. p. 292, June 21, 1609.

their evidence, beyond doubt honest, won the verdict of the Lords of the Articles. But on the record of the rolls of Parliament it is never said *whence* these five letters were procured.

The inference is only too obvious. In August 1608 the prosecution suppressed the fact that Sprot had first put in letters alleged to be by Logan, and had then confessed that he himself had forged them. In June 1609 they brought forward, clearly, these very letters, —one genuine, four confessed to be forgeries,—and thus was the dead Logan condemned on them. The world knew not that Sprot had produced four of them, and had also withdrawn them as counterfeits, in 1608. The seven witnesses to handwriting honestly believed that the letters were authentic.

Now, this is precisely where the crucial question arises. Our historians, though they possessed the plot-letters attributed to Logan, had no genuine letters of his with which to compare them. They only knew a single signature of his, "Restalrig," attached to the band with Napier of Merchistoun. But, on looking into the Calendar of the Hatfield MSS. (volumes iii. and iv.), I observed that Lord Salisbury inherits from his ancestor, Lord Burghley, a number of letters written by Logan to Archibald Douglas in 1585-87. I also found that two letters from Logan to Walsingham, letters signed "876 ++," exist in the British Museum. These last were

written at a dangerous moment, before news of the execution of Mary Stuart reached Edinburgh. The Master of Gray, suspected (unjustly) of having urged her death when he was sent to plead for her (December 1586-January 1587), dared not, on his return to Scotland, to communicate openly with England. He therefore asked Archibald Douglas, then in London, to forward all English letters for him under cover to Logan of Restalrig. Thereon the person signing "876 ++" wrote to Walsingham from Edinburgh, saying that by the Master of Gray's orders he (876 ++) was to have the Master's letters forwarded to himself, and that he would betray the Master, his cousin, to Walsingham.¹ Therefore 876 ++ is Logan of Restalrig. But *these* letters of his are in an Italian hand; he either feigned it, or employed a secretary who could write it, perhaps Mr Sprot.

Here, then, no comparison of handwriting was possible. But Mr Gunton, Lord Salisbury's librarian, most obligingly made tracings of parts of the Logan letters at Hatfield, and the Rev. Mr Anderson, of the General Register House, made tracings from the plot-letters deposited there. Both sets of letters presented all the peculiarities of Logan's orthography, as described by witnesses in the trial of 1609, and also the eccentricity (*not* then described) of scattering . . . s up and down the text where no mark of a period was needed.

¹ Papers relating to the Master of Gray, February 20-March 3, 1587.

The tracings of five signatures from the Hatfield and five from the plot letters convinced Mr Gunton that any bank clerk, wont to deal with Logan, would have passed a cheque signed "Restalrig" as it is signed whether in the Hatfield or Edinburgh examples. These are rough tests, it may be said, and stricter methods were next applied. The letters in the Register House and at Hatfield were photographed and compared. The result was that, while *one* Edinburgh letter, out of five, is said by Sprot to be genuine, Mr Anderson, with his great experience, has found no difference in any respect between letter 4, the alleged genuine example, and the others, which are confessed forgeries. Mr Gunton is of the same opinion.

It may be said, then, that the Edinburgh letter 4 (Logan to Gowrie, July 29, 1600) is *not* the genuine letter which Sprot says that he stole, but which was not produced in August 1608, whether the prosecution had then recovered it from Sprot's chest or not. If it is not that letter, it strengthens my argument in favour of the high state to which the art of forgery had been carried. The prosecution must have enlisted another forger, whose work cannot be distinguished from that claimed by Sprot as forged work of his own. But, it may be argued, letter 4 is *also* a forgery by Sprot. The objection is that, first, if so, Sprot was not only a marvel as a

forgery, but had an extraordinary power of creating character. The playful convivial ruffianism of Logan, his hope to meet Gowrie over "a fine hattit kit" (syllabub), "with sugar, comfits, and wine"; his objections to allowing his half-brother, Lord Home, to know of the plot, "in good faith he will never help his friend nor harm his foe," are characteristic touches. Logan places more confidence in Bower, his messenger,—"I trow he would not spare to ride to Hell's gate to pleasure me." He looks forward in case of success to an anniversary dinner. "I hope that the King's buck-hunting at Falkland this year shall prepare some dainty cheer for us against *that* dinner the next year. *Hoc jocosè*, to animate your Lordship at this time." The letter has been written "on two sundry idle days, for I durst not let any of my writers know of it." The postscript ends: "I will never forget the good sport that your Lordship's brother told me of a noble man of Padua, it comes so oft to my memory. And, indeed, it is *aparasteur* [*à propos*] to this purpose we have in hand."

Apparently some Paduan romance or real incident supplied the young Paduan student, Gowrie, with the idea of the plot. With his jollity Logan is also godly; he invokes "Godis grace" on the enterprise, to which he will be loyal, "although the scaffold were already set up." The whole letter should be read.¹ But even these

¹ Pitcairn, vol. ii. pp. 284-286.

touches, especially the Paduan hint, are of a notable naturalness and spontaneity. If Sprot invented the letter, he had a genius for delineating character which Sir Walter Scott might have envied.

There is another point. Logan writes, "I have already sent another letter to the gentleman your Lordship knows, as the bearer will inform your Lordship of his answer and forwardness with your Lordship." Now Sprot confessed that he forged three letters *on the model* of letter 4, and these were produced in his *private* examinations, and later in the public trial of 1609. These three letters—1, 3, 5—have no address, and begin "Right Honourable Sir." *Each of them is a pastiche framed on letter 4.* Here we have, twice, "the sport M. A. told me of Padua," "the reckless toys of Padua." Here we have the scheme of a meeting at Fast Castle, the visitors coming by sea, as if on a pleasure sail, which is in letter 4. Here we have the same commendations of Laird Bower, Logan's messenger. We have the same insistence on secrecy. Letters are to be returned to their writers. The king's hunting is again insisted on as the time for action. Gowrie's old tutor, Mr Rhind, and Logan's half-brother are again to be left out of the plot. Logan's intention of visiting Perth occurs in letter 4 and in letter 3. In short, letters 1, 3, 5 are mere barrel-organs playing over and over again the tunes of letter 4. They are "framed" on that one

letter, and on the mention of "a gentleman" in that letter to whom Logan has written. That gentleman is the Unknown to whom Sprot forged the three letters, 1, 3, 5. There is nothing new in these three letters except the mention of "one other man," who is to accompany the recipient, Gowrie, and Ruthven, in the boat to Fast Castle. By that man the forger may have intended the king.

I incline to infer, then, that Sprot told the truth when he said that these three letters, with their triple repetitions of the matter in the fourth letter, were forged on the model of that letter (with dates inserted rather at random). The fourth letter was not forged on them by an artist in the employment of the Government, who possessed it before Sprot's execution.

Now, granting this to be so, and the fourth letter to be genuine in substance, Logan and Gowrie were certainly meditating high treason. The scaffold was before their eyes,—that is confessed. But what did they mean to do? Spottiswoode writes that Sprot confessed that they intended to kidnap James and take him to Fast Castle. Spottiswoode was present at the *public* trial, and at the last dying confession of Sprot; but the intended kidnapping does not appear in the Haddington MSS. or in the publications of the Government. There, the charge is that of murder. Whatever the plot was, if we accept letter 4 as genuine, Logan on July 29 did not know the day

of action. Moreover, if we may accept the published official account, Sprot confessed that Bower carried the letter of July 29 to Gowrie, and returned, bearing a reply, "within five days"—say by August 4. Logan was then in Lothian. Why did he ride to Lothian if James was to be brought by sea to Fast Castle, say on August 6 or August 7? Well, we do not know that James *was* to be brought to Fast Castle. If by "Lothian" his house of Restalrig, near Leith, is intended, Logan would there get the earliest news of the success of the plot. The tale of its failure reached Edinburgh early on August 6. Suppose the news had been that the king had vanished. Then, I think, Logan would have cannily trotted to Dirleton, Gowrie's house near North Berwick. There was Gowrie's mother (who had once already helped to kidnap James with great and successful art); there were his younger brothers. Gowrie had sent his mother thither, from Perth, about August 1. There was the nearest point for a landing, if you sailed out of the mouth of Tay and rounded Fife Ness. Moreover, Gowrie's friends gave out, as proof of his innocence, that before August 5 he had sent "all his men and provisions" to his house of Dirleton (an Edwardian castle), and had proclaimed his intention to go thither "the same night," the night of August 5. Calderwood asserts this; and

on August 11, 1600, Sir John Carey wrote the same story to Cecil.¹ Gowrie's move was clever: he openly said he was going to Dirleton; and to Dirleton, perhaps down Tay and round by sea, he probably did mean to go—with a passenger, the king! Once at Dirleton, his castle well provisioned, and manned by "all his men," as Carey says, he would meet Logan there. It was thence but a summer pleasure sail to Fast Castle; and Berwick was handy—of course, in English keeping. The many grudges which England and the preachers at that moment bore against James are well known; and to kidnap James in the interests of the preachers and of England was a familiar, favourite, and successful old device. Thus, granting letter 4 to be genuine, or a forged copy of a genuine letter, Logan was almost certain to ride to Lothian before August 5, when he is said by Sprot to have done so. By noon, or earlier, on August 6, Logan heard that the Gowries were dead. So he tarried demurely over fine hattit kits, comfits, and wine, at Restalrig for a week or so, all unsuspected; and undiscovered he died, Bower preceding him to his rest in the year 1606.

Thus, if letter 4 is Logan's, *in substance*, the ancient riddle is mastered. Moreover, we may say that, if Sprot constructed the forgeries to which he confessed, they might deceive ordinary modern witnesses. When

¹ Border Papers, vol. ii. p. 667. So also in the only contemporary account from the Gowrie side, unpublished.

the art of forgery was carried to such a pitch of excellence by a mere drunken body of a country writer (whose own "hand of write" was unlike Logan's), what may not an Edinburgh practitioner have done in the way of forging the letters attributed to Queen Mary? My scheme is workable: the main difficulty is, Why did Logan let Bower keep his letter to Gowrie (letter 4) a day after the failure of the plot? That problem I cannot solve; but if letter 4 is not a copy of the letter which Sprot "quietly abstracted" while helping Bower to look for it, what is letter 4? What conceivable motive could so clever a man as Sprot have for constantly attesting, *not* under torture, and beneath the shadow of certain death, that one genuine letter he had possessed? That he spoke truth in saying that he based his three letters to the Unknown on letter 4, slavishly repeating its ideas, will, I think, be generally admitted by all who make a careful comparison. When we know what Sprot really did confess, as we do, at last, through the Haddington papers, the framing of 1, 3, and 5 on 4 becomes glaringly obvious. But, before this was known, what ingenious theories, for and against the plot and the letters, were builded on false premisses by our historians! No letters were ever produced in 1608,

cried Mr Mark Napier; the prosecution forged all five letters to ruin Logan's heirs, and save a few thousand marks to Lord Dunbar. But now we know that letters really were produced in Sprot's examinations, only Dunbar kept the fact dark for his own bad purposes. That, at all events, is perfectly certain.

Some witnesses, and persons accused by Sprot, were kept in prison, or confined to Edinburgh, for years, under suspicion, or to keep them silent. Not the least amazing fact is that three of the Edinburgh ministers, and the minister of Duddingstone, heard Sprot confess these letters to be counterfeits, which Government later produced as genuine. Perhaps they could not, certainly they did not, expose that transaction. To this level had James VI. reduced the once outspoken Kirk of Knox, Andrew Melville, and the Rev. Robert Bruce. Two of these four ministers had in 1600 been excluded from their parishes and pulpits for disbelief in James's account of the Gowrie conspiracy. He had broken them in with a vengeance.

I must express my gratitude to Lord Haddington for giving me access to the original MSS. in the case of Sprot, which contain the most curious pictures of the life and manners of the early seventeenth century in Scotland.¹

¹ I have also to thank the Rev. Mr Anderson, of the Register House, who, since this article was in type, has discovered a Sprot-Logan letter torn into thirteen pieces, and wrapped in a sheet of contemporary paper. Like 1, 3, 5, it is forged on the model of 4. It is an artist's sketch.

FAILURES IN FLORIDA.

IF South Africa be the grave of reputations, certainly Florida is the sepulchre of hopes. Expectations, anticipations, delusions, illusions, all slouch along in a never-ending procession towards a common grave. The optimist who starts out with the most sanguine beliefs in the future of orange-growing, and the pessimist who adopts "truck-farming" as forlorn-hope of a disastrous career, come to a like end of repentance in dust and ashes. As for the lucky few who achieve something distantly approximating to success, you may count them on your fingers. The country is a mere bottomless pit for labour and capital; and the chief point about it is that those things, which you can calculate with mathematical precision must turn out all right, are the most certain to go wrong. Catastrophes crop up, undreamed of in your philosophy, and unhinted at in the prospectus of the land agent. All you can do is to face the game, and start on a fresh track towards a new disappointment.

There was a millionaire lawyer in Pennsylvania, in the early 'Eighties, who had purchased from the U.S. Government vast tracts of land in Florida, on condition that he drained the lakes. Now, Florida is one vast sandbank silting towards the Gulf, and more than half of it swamp. If the lakes, which are at different

levels, could be drained by means of canals from one to another, it would also drain the whole of South Florida, and reduce the swamps. The great Okeechobee Drainage Company carried out this undertaking very effectively.

The land is of three qualities—"muck," "pine," and "hummock." On the pine-land grow stubby palmetto-bushes—it is harder work grubbing up palmetto than anything else on earth—and live-oak, so called because (on poor land) it is the dearest thing anywhere,—outwardly gnarled, mossy, picturesque; inwardly a heap of rottenness that you can break with a kick. There are a few flowers, and the rest is pines. This land is periodically devastated by forest fires, which occur whenever the cattle-owning "Crackers" have used up all the grass in the district; then they burn right and left, and new grass springs up. The pines, live-oak, and scrubby undergrowth flame like tinder. "Hummocks" are such hillier parts of the land as, being surrounded by swampy water, escape these fires, and so are left to vegetate in peace: they occur along the lake-shores, and are the nearest approach to that luxuriance of vegetation which one is led to expect in a sub-tropical climate. Here the trees and undergrowth are rank and dense,—wild orange, wild lemon, wild grape; Spanish moss festooning everything, "lawyers"

or "wait-a-bit" brambles, and sometimes poison-ivy, underfoot, and rattlesnakes in great abundance. "Rattlers" on land, and "'gators" in the water, supply that element of risk without which no young Briton is ever truly happy. But some people seem immune from both reptiles. I have seen a man in thigh-boots striding along a ditch towards the lake, dislodging innumerable snakes, which rose and struck at his heels, while another fellow walked behind him laughing, treading the snakes and kicking them away. I don't expect anybody to believe this; but such were the facts. As for alligators, which an old writer terms "vexatious creatures," they are very hard to hit. The eyes and the tip of the snout are the only parts that show above water, and you have to get abreast of the 'gators in the water and shoot them just behind the eye. The people who make a speciality of hunting 'gators for their skin go out with a brazier lighted in a boat, much as one goes out with a lantern hunting deer. This attracts the 'gators, and they come crowding up to be shot. The ordinary man, however, merely cuts out the tongue of his prize and leaves the rest: an oil is extracted from the tongue, supposed to be particularly good as gun-oil. Snakes are of two kinds—the slow-moving, flat-nosed, blunt-tailed species, invariably poisonous, such as rattlers, moccasins, and spread-adders; and the lithe, quick, whip-tailed, sharp-headed sort, such as the black snake, whip-snake, &c., which are

mostly supposed to be harmless. Fabulous legends, indeed, are told of the size and strength to which black snakes attain, and how they will then pursue a man at full gallop and swallow him at one fell gulp; but I have never known them capable of anything bigger for breakfast than eggs *au naturel*. They are terrible egg-burglars. One is supposed to catch up these sharp-nosed snakes by the tail, and crack them like whips,—when their heads will fly off; but it is a case of "First catch your hare," for they are like greased lightning. The spread-adder is one of the nastiest-looking customers to be met with. He is said to strike backwards. He spreads himself out and hisses horribly at you, making a great deal more commotion than he is worth; but he is distinctly poisonous. It is etiquette to kill a "rattler" on sight, and to chop off his head and bury it. There is a tradition that the mate comes searching for the body, and is avenged on the murderer; but no doubt this is on a par with the English belief that an adder, no matter in how many pieces, never dies till sundown.

All around the lakes drained by the Okeechobee Drainage Company there are scores of square miles of what is termed "muck-land," where the substratum of sand is covered to a depth of some four feet by a dense matted peaty substance, the *débris*, residuum, and decayed fibre of the long saw-grass which covers, or used to cover, these lands. This substance is like a meshed network of grass-

roots: it is inflammable, and will smoulder for days and weeks,—for ever, I suppose, if one didn't put it out. If the whole thing, all the countless square miles of it, were allowed to burn itself to ash,—even though the process took years,—I believe it might be the reclaiming of the muck-land. The ashes would remain as an invaluable top-dressing to leaven the obdurate sand below,—and the problem would be solved. The stalks of the rank saw-grass are as thick as one's wrist: it has to be cut down with axes, and then stubbed up either with a hoe or an oxen-plough. Niggers are generally employed to do the hoeing: they can stand exposure to heat better than whites, but they charge proportionately. You can cut out square chunks of muck and let it dry in the sun until it will crumble to a fine brown dust in your hands. Some men fondly imagined this would be a fine top-dressing for their orange-groves, and carried up quantities there. The rains run right through the porous sandy soil in which the oranges grow, and so fellows thought this spongy vegetable matter would retain the moisture; but it didn't. Great hopes were afoot, however, in the early 'Eighties, as regarded these muck-lands. Nobody knew how irredeemably sour they were, how hopelessly barren. The experiments tried so far had not been dazzling of result; but then all virgin soil is more or less sour and unworkable till it has been tilled and fertilised. We *did* till and

fertilise. First we sowed rice, and dug it in green, to sweeten the land. The result was imperceptible. We tried top-dressing of pulverised bones, of cotton-seed meal, of the compost-heaps which were treasured at the back of every man's dwelling, watched and tended with infinite care. We tried cutting out great blocks and crumbling them up dry, as previously described: we tried insulating little patches and nursing them separately, feeding and coddling them with this and that. But muck-land spelt failure every time.

Sugar-cane was the great idea and goal of our desires. The sub-tropical climate, the humid heat generated along the lake levels, were the very thing for sugar-cane. The principal landowner in our neighbourhood wanted to have a sugar-refinery built ready for his cane when it should be grown; but, fortunately for him, that required more capital than he could run to: meanwhile he put in a lot of cane from Cuba and elsewhere, and it failed, acres and acres of it. He and his partner were the nominal owners of all land thereabouts (being backed up by money in London), and having bought it from the Pennsylvania man aforesaid at from \$1 to \$5 an acre, they retailed it at \$8 to begin with,—by my time it had reached \$25, and touched \$40 dollars before it dropped again. There were plenty of guileless young Englishmen ready and willing, or their parents for them, to pay the price in cash. It is

probable that they hardly realised the subsequent compound interest to be paid, in fruitless toil and frustrate hopes, in vain endeavours to earn bread by the sweat of one's brow, and equally vain endeavours to shake off malarial fever,—in the amount of spirits which it might be necessary to consume, to keep up a Mark Tapley cheerfulness in the face of circumstances.

Every type of Britisher was represented in that foredoomed colony. The young fellow just fresh from school, whose deluded parents believed they had found "an eligible opening for a young man" in Citron County. The "masher" of those days, come out to retrieve his fallen fortunes, forget the Gaiety bar, and conceal the fact that he had in his boxes a dress-suit and two dozen white shirts. The ex-army man, frittering away his half-pay on fertilisers and futilities; the baronet, who found carpentering more remunerative than ancestral oaks; the seafaring man, Jack-ashore, a square peg in a round hole, making characteristically energetic efforts to accommodate himself to his surroundings. The scholastic type,—he generally took pupils at a vast sum per annum, and sold them land—of sorts,—so that they learned wisdom, if nothing else, by painful experience. The detrimental, or black sheep of a family, sent out from England by his people in haste to be rid of a *mauvais sujet*, and given a hundred a-year as long as he stays away and doesn't attempt to come back—a familiar specimen of

the "remittance-man." The chap who is prepared to be a Jack-of-all-trades while he waits for dead men's shoes, and who sets himself with equal alacrity to digging street drains, stoking light engines, printing local newspapers, taking tenor parts in a travelling *opéra-bouffe* company, clerking at a store, or acting as "rowst-about" (handy-man) in a Gulf steamer. The wastrel or ne'er-do-well, nobody's enemy but his own, good-humoured, cheerful, incorrigible: there are plenty of him everywhere. Lastly, the man whose fate is always curst, against whom the stars fight in their courses, who tries one thing after another with the energy of desperation. He is always absurdly sanguine; not with the placidity of a Micawber, but with a determination that *this* time things shall turn up trumps, the run of bad luck will be broken, he will beat Fortune at her own game—and so adds yet another to his illimitable list of failures.

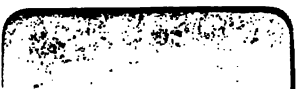
Peopled in this manner, Coosammee was practically an English township (Florida, originally a British possession, has never quite lost its British flavour, so to speak, chiefly because so many English go out there: it is the most Anglicised and the least American of all the States). It consisted of about thirty houses, thinly scattered among the pinewoods, of which a very few were inhabited by "Crackers" or native Floridians. The Crackers are so called from their being herdsmen armed with continuously cracking whips. Their

proverbial diet is "hog and hominy," and their manners are mostly like the snakes in Iceland. Their lean kine and razor-back pigs roam the woods at their own sweet will: once a-year these cattle are caught, numbered, and branded, the rest of the time the colonist has to protect himself against their depredations. This can be done, very inadequately, by fences; or, as the ultimate resort of those driven to distraction, by rifles. It is a somewhat Gilbertian position. If they ravage your property, you alone are to blame; and if you shoot them, you may possibly be lynched. The laws for *their* protection, of which every State has its own code, are very stringent, and they amount to this: In non-cattle-States you are more or less protected against cattle; in cattle-States the beasts are protected against you. This creates a most difficult situation. The cattle are supposed to feed in the scant grass and sparse herbage of the woods: not unnaturally they know better provender when they see it, in the shape of your carefully-fenced vegetation; and where there's a will there's a way, usually a way in. One night, I remember, a whole drove of hogs were rooting round my place: I and my neighbour drove them out, all except one obstinate pig, which took refuge under the house (the houses are wooden "frame" ones, built on blocks some two feet above ground) and refused to succumb to repeated shots—so we crawled in under and chopped his head off with an axe. We then hastily dug up all my patch of flowers, mostly marigolds, and buried the victim underneath, and replaced the marigolds all shipshape; so there was no appearance of guilt, beyond a few blood-spots, when the Cracker owner strolled up with a gun in search of the missing porker, and "guessed he had heard some shootin' around." He interviewed us at length on the verandah, but obtained no satisfaction, and departed with suspicions. Shortly after, my neighbour discovered a fiend in the shape of a savage old "tusker," or boar-pig, rooting at his precious grove. Happening to carry a revolver, he fired, and to his great amazement (for he was a very short-sighted man) down drops the tusker, dead as a door-nail. He was promptly interred under the biggest orange-tree in the grove; and all inquiries failed to resuscitate him. One is also greatly molested by rats, 'possums, and such small deer; but the Crackers are not responsible for these. The Cracker women have bulging upper lips, derived from their pernicious habit of "poking snuff," which is stuffed up under the upper lip with a little bit of stick, and left there till renewed. At any country store, indeed, the chief requisites are laudanum for the men (they get through enormous quantities), and snuff and chewing-gum (another horrid habit) for the women. Occasionally some Englishman badly on the down-grade marries a Cracker woman. I have heard of one or two cases—but it is regarded as a scan-

dalous thing, and the last step but one in the "*facilis descensus Averni*."

The (supposed) staple industries of Coosammee were, as I have mentioned, truck-farming and orange-culture. "Truck" means, briefly, such things as can be grown for the Northern markets—cucumbers, cabbages, sweet-potatoes, strawberries, pine-apples, tomatoes, melons, &c. Of these, the cucumbers are rarely more than four inches long, not a bit like our English ones. The cabbages are not worth exporting. The melons are too big for transit—four good-sized water-melons would fill a cart. Strawberries and pines no doubt would pay if they could be grown—but they can't. The inveterate hopelessness of the soil is against them. One man started a flower-farm, with lilies and things, but it "bust-up." Then he started a saw-mill, but that "bust-up." He is probably "bust-up" himself by this time. A certain English M.P., whose knowledge of maritime matters ought to have stood him in better stead than it did, was touring through Florida, and was of course entertained by many of the English folks and by all the land agents. He developed a vast enthusiasm, which found a vent in letters to the London daily papers, eulogising the country as an unrivalled field for the go-ahead young Englishman; and in this enthusiasm he bought some considerable acreage (during the dry season) on the

lake-front. He then went about bragging of his magnificent investment. When he returned to look at it, he found that the land, becoming aware of his nautical proclivities, had obligingly turned into water. There is a fine old crusted story told about a certain colonel out from the old country, whose hobby was "pure water." Every estate he looked over with a view to purchase, he first rushed to the well. A Florida well is from ten to fifteen feet deep; and the water—well, be it as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, it shall not escape calumny. He passed on his quest, and at last one extra 'cute land agent took him over a property where the well had been previously salted—i.e., several lumps of ice from the nearest ice-factory had been carefully planted in. Up comes the bucket to the torrid sunshine, brimming over with beautiful ice-cold water; and the colonel clinched the bargain on the spot. But this is a digression from "truck." I was about to say that tomatoes were grown successfully by some fellows, and sent off to New York; but when all expenses were added up, the growers were rather out of pocket on the transaction. There is always a local market for cabbages, Irish potatoes, onions, &c., and for fruit, if one could get it to grow. Limes and guavas sometimes came our way from other quarters; but fruit usually took the form of tinned peaches and dried apples.



What people lived on there, before tinned things were invented, is an insoluble mystery—unless it was simply hog and hominy. I have personally experienced all the agonies of pioneer cooking, my own and other people's, and am fortunate in being alive to tell the tale. After repeated gallant attempts, one abandoned bread-making and took to "biscuit" (which is made with flour, water, lard, and baking-powder, and either baked as bread or fried as damper). Fresh meat, especially Florida steak (which resembles stamped leather when you have hammered it enough to be possible for mastication), was equally a failure, on account of its attractiveness to flies and buzzards; so one had perforce to fall back on tinned stuff again. Milk and butter did not exist at all, except the tinned kind. There are various other tinned stuffs, such as green-corn, and succotash, which are practically unknown in England; but curry and Worcester sauce were the ultimate resort of the despairing. Pig existed in a vast variety of forms: there were eggs to be had occasionally, fish in the lakes, and venison once in a while. But all one's culinary efforts were largely hampered by the dreadful necessity of washing-up; and eventually I came down to one single plate a-day, and washed it after each occasion of use.

As for oranges, the prospectuses which allured me to Coosammee represented that

district as positively groaning—or just about to groan—under its golden freight. It was a hymeneal paradise of orange-blossom, an El Dorado of ripened fruit. Groves in every stage of maturity awaited the fortunate buyer: you "pays your penny and you takes your ch'ice," and live happy ever after. These tales of romance are apt to dwindle into the most sordid of unsatisfactory realities. Cinderella's coach returning into its original pumpkin was not more of a decadence.

The original buyers bought old orange-groves in full bearing, and made them pay—for an orange-tree lives two hundred years. But the deluded tender-feet, who bought raw material in the shape of virgin ground and stocked it with young trees, found that they might well starve while waiting for their hypothetical crops, decimated by frost and devoured by "scale" and orange-bug. They carted up "muck"; they spent days laboriously searching the woods for cattle-bones to grind into bone-dust; they expended something like \$3 or \$4 a sack on patent fertilisers, of which one sack only went as far as six young trees (there are about sixty trees to the acre), and they tried various means of subsistence while they waited, each more discouraging than the last.

The oranges were put in in three ways: (1) You sow pips of any particularly good orange. These take three years' growth before they flower; in about five years they begin to bear,

but they are not much good for seven or eight years. (2) You get a sour or wild-orange stock, cut off all the branches, and "bud" or graft it with any of the citron family: you can grow both lemons, oranges, and grape-fruit—a big pale yellow thing, a sort of shaddock with a thin skin—all on the same stock. If a frost comes along, it will kill all the fresh growth, but not the stock—all you have to do is to bud it again; whereas a frost will kill any true orange-stock up to seven years old. The Florida frosts are tremendously severe: I have found a cup of tea, poured out overnight, frozen solid beside me in the morning. (3) The third way is, to get young trees of two or three years' growth, and plant them. You secure earlier bearing thus, but you run more risks. A grove is laid out in rows, the trees ten to fifteen feet apart. While they are yet young, "truck" can be grown between them. Cow-peas are usually sown and dug in green to improve the soil. When the trees are all in bloom the smell is sickeningly sweet.

How to live while your grove matures is the great question. Chicken-raising is one way; store-running is another: various profitable forms of dishonesty exist in the towns. But there is nothing in the world so hopeless as trying to make a living in a place that was once expected to "boom," and didn't boom, and never will boom; which becomes a backwater forsaken by the flowing tide of progress and

civilisation, a stagnant miasmatic backwater, where dead things lie and nothing wholesome grows, without hope, without past, present, or future. The men who have spent their all in an apparently unprofitable venture cannot afford to start again elsewhere: they stay and moulder there. Coosammee was very much this sort of a place. The "mucklands" there, however, had one advantage, which is why they sold at first so readily. They were close to the lakes, which at that time were expected to prove the chief means of cheap transit; and the products, had there been any, could have been shipped at once. But the railway, that desideratum of the American "city" in embryo, never came near us. It has arrived since, I believe, but too late to do any good to the place—it had got past saving.

I do not pretend that life day by day was so dispiriting as it appears, taken as a whole, looking back upon the nullity of its results. There was more or less social intercourse, especially when older settlers began to fetch out their wives from England; there were expeditions on horse to the coast and elsewhere; there was hunting, there were nigger festivities, and visits of Indians,—all sorts of those small incidents which go to enliven the sameness of the colonist's life. "Anything's fun in the country," as Kingsley says. The ordinary Floridian is not unlike the ordinary any-one-else; and one need go no farther than the nearest "saloon" to

encounter all the wild western flavour he is likely to want. Given a saloon, and a thirsty season, or politics, and the incidents occur with sufficient frequency.

Our nearest "city," Kickshindo, was a young town of some importance in its own estimation: it had a large number of inhabitants in varying shades of colour, as well as a hotel full of winter visitors. (The winter visitor abounds in Florida, and takes that flowery view of life—through the hotel windows—which is not so obvious to the working colonist. *He* is apt to regard the superficial delights of the country with a jaundiced eye, believing, in the words of the nursery rhyme, "that horrid fly is put to hide the sharpness of the hook.") It was desirable to draw attention to the fact that Kickshindo was "booming," so the powers that be decided to hold a barbecue. This was a tremendous success, both as a function and an advertisement.

A barbecue is conducted on the following lines. Special trains are run from all quarters to the town which is *en fête*, and crowds arrive and form into a procession. A procession is a vital part of all things American. The members of various clubs and masonic lodges, strangely habited and gorgeous with banners, lead off; then come the rest, two and two, cheered by a brass band with drums. A spot of hummock-land has been cleared for the occasion, under the shadow of big trees—maple, cypress, black-jack, and live-

oak; and there is a cooking-trench about three feet deep and three wide, full of burning oak-logs. Branches are laid across this, on which countless joints of beef, mutton, and pork repose in all their glory, attended to by divers niggers. The feast, being cooked, is served on long plank tables: there are neither plates, knives, nor forks, so the revellers do their best with rounds of bread and pocket-knives. Dancing and music follow on until evening, and there is much consumption of iced water and water-melon. Everybody is hugely delighted, and declares Kickshindo to be the most desirable, the most prosperous, the most go-ahead, the city with the biggest future,—that ever reared its mushroom growth in an atmosphere of lies.

Sometimes the Indians come along, selling basket-ware and suchlike. There were about 300 Seminoles left in the South after the last Seminole war. They are a gentle, quiet people, and of as kindly a disposition as Alvaro Nuñez found them in the sixteenth century. They are ugly as a rule, but not so revoltingly ferocious and malign of face as other tribes—the Apaches, for instance. They wear immense turbans and curious head-gear, and are the only tribe who do any definite *work*: they make baskets and moccasins, keep pigs, and even cultivate a little soil—where they can find it. Tallahassee was the chief's name when I was there, and his colleagues were Tom Tiger and Billy Buster. They used to come to

the stores to exchange skins for whisky, &c., and buy powder and shot, in the limited quantity which is allowed.

My house, built of rough lumber, stood out in the pine-woods in my ten-acre lot. I had fenced in everything, and ploughed a space of six feet outside the fencing, to keep off forest fires: I had cleared three acres, and planted out budded orange-trees. I tried chicken-raising and egg-selling, with very fair success in spite of snakes and 'possums; I tried truck on a small scale, and Florida fever, and most other products of the country; I became acquainted with the personal habits of 'coons, wild pig, and many atrocious birds. The pine-woods have a melancholy of their own, and are but dismal at their best, in spite of the bright play of sunlight on their tops, and the dazzling shafts of slant beams striping the sparse undergrowth. Where the pines are thinner, and the oaks and magnolias more frequent, it looks cheerful; but there are but few wild-flowers, and those of a quiet, unassuming character. The birds of the woods and swamps are of the same sober colouring as the landscape, and rarely wear that gaudy brilliance which one associates with sub-tropical nature. The ubiquitous buzzard claims the pre-eminence for discordant cry, gross habits, and unmitigated hideousness. He is such an egregious glutton that you may find him, in the neighbourhood of his lunch, too gorged to fly, and scarcely able to stagger. These birds are the natural

scavengers of the country, and it is against the law to shoot them. They would not commend themselves to the average man as game; but it was confidently asserted in Coosamsee that the Italian labourers working on a local sugar-plantation were in the habit of killing and feasting on these attractive objects. Still, they have their uses: whereas the whip-poor-will, "another of our sweet songsters," is apparently created to no possible end—unless it be to drive the orange-grower, already mentally weakened, into a state of raving lunacy. I have never seen the whip-poor-will, but I have heard it. It likes being heard.

The woods at nightfall are full of the most curious uncouth sounds—the hoarse croaking of frogs, the deep solemn grunt of the bull alligator from the lake, all sorts of awkward scurryings, shamblings, and shufflings; and occasionally the hideous, excruciating scream of the screech-owl, which is as though a diabolical murder were being committed, or a witch carried off by fiends. This is not conducive to repose, though in course of time one can get accustomed to anything. But at least these noises have the merit of variety. One evening, at the close of a hard day's work in the grove, I was engaged in figuring out the profits I should enjoy when the trees came into bearing. This is a purely fanciful speculation, dear to the youthful and inexperienced, in which one may exercise the imagination and enjoy oneself cheaply at the same

time. I was tired, mosquito-bitten, and without any books; and presently I found myself attuned to the inditing of doleful verse; but I had counted without the whip-poor-will. I started in with my first ten lines—I am always very good at these—and the whip-poor-will started with his first line, which he repeated *ad nauseam* in shrill piercing tones. Without cessation or modulation he poured his absurd remark upon the night. I left my work and walked the verandah for an hour to the *obbligato* of that insufferable bird. Sleep was out of the question. I grasped the cumbersome and dangerous revolver, with which I had expected to fight my way through the towns of Florida, and fired up into the trees. The whip-poor-will was quite unaffected, mentally or physically, and took up its tale with renewed vigour. There was no bearing it. I dashed out of the house, mounted my horse, and galloped off through the woods to a friend's house, a mile or so away. The persistent echoes of the whip-poor-will seemed to go along with me. Arrived at my friend's, I threw the bridle over the gate-post and rushed in with a torrent of explanations. The man was sitting at his table, his hands buried in his hair; despair and impotent rage were pictured on his face. He said nothing, but merely held up his finger enjoining silence. It was not necessary: "*Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!*" There was the demon again—another one. My friend had suffered even as I, and we

continued to suffer together far into the night. After a course of suchlike monotonies, the mind becomes perfectly childish in its desire for something new and interesting; and hence it was that in an evil hour I gave ear to the "vain things fondly invented" of Old Man Adams. This worthy was a venerable Cracker who had played many rôles in his time, and had enjoyed plenty of thrilling experiences and hairbreadth 'scapes, none of which lost in the telling. But his favourite yarn was one calculated to touch young colonists on their most vulnerable points—love of adventure and eternal want of pence. Old Man Adams deposed to having joined, in the days of his youth, a filibustering expedition to Cuba, where, under pretence of kind inquiries after the Cubans, he and his friends landed at various points and ransacked houses and churches, carrying off altar-vessels and "golden Jesuses" as he termed them. In short, they crammed their hold with plunder. Being hotly pursued by a U.S. cruiser, always on the look-out for these freebooters (who were a constant bone of contention between Spain and the States), the vessel was run up a creek in the Everglades, too shallow for the warship to follow. There they sunk her with all her treasure; and there, according to Old Man Adams, she was still waiting for some bold spirits to come and enrich themselves. "Ah! if you young gentlemen only knowed," &c., &c. At last we succumbed, several of us; and it was ar-

ranged that, under cover of a camping-out expedition to the coast, we should be guided by Old Man Adams to the creek and the treasures. I asked Vansen to stay in my house while I was away, and keep an eye on things. Vansen was rather a good sort. He was supposed to be a Swede, and had followed various callings in the States. He had made a little money, and was putting up a house with it,—quite a large house for a single man. This fact, together with his taking the position of clerk at the dry-goods store, created much gossip amongst the inquisitive, and great interest among the few marriageable women of the neighbourhood. His manners were good, and he could sell a half-pound of rice or a reel of cotton with the same apparent satisfaction as if it were a whole cargo of perishable goods. I was not acquainted with his peculiar proclivities towards drink, which indeed were as seldom-indulged as they were violent; so I left him in charge and started off with a light heart. There were six of us, including Old Man Adams—four mounted men and two waggons. We had laid in a vast supply of necessities, from oats to kerosene, most of which got irretrievably wetted in the first “slue” we crossed. We had blankets, and guns, and cooking utensils; and we were full of hopes the most irrational.

. . . Even at this length of time I do not care to recall the different kinds of fools we made of ourselves by trusting to the guidance of that colossally specious Cracker. Suffice it to say, that after exploring miles of swamp and leagues of water for a creek which did not exist, and a treasure which I don't believe ever had existed, we abandoned the search in huge disgust, and turned homewards, black with disappointment, and exceedingly malarial. No one wished good night to anybody else, as we finally broke up the party on reaching Coosammee. As for me, I rode remote from all, a melancholy man, to my lonely dwelling in the woods. It seemed years instead of days since I had left it. I thought there was an extraordinary illumination going on there, and was prepared to chide Vansen for his extravagance with my candles. I opened the door. Vansen was extended full length upon the floor, surrounded by lighted candles stuck in old bottles. His boots were clean, his face was shaved, he had his best clothes on; a rug was spread out beneath him, a pillow lay under his head. Various photographs of his friends and relations were arranged about him,—and—there was an empty laudanum-bottle clutched in his cold right hand. He must have been some two hours dead.

Shortly after this I quitted Florida for good.

MY ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

I.

"AND so," said the man with the silky frock-coat, who sat in the centre chair, "you would be willing to go out to the Bangowango Protectorate in the interests of the Company? Very good. I think we can promise you the appointment—on one condition: it is essential that our agent should be master of the Opeku language. It is impossible to explain the principles of European commerce to the Bangowango native in English, and all interpreters are unreliable. At the same time, we are not aware of any means by which you can obtain instruction in Opeku. Being, however, as you say, an ex-student of University College, you will doubtless be able to find some source of information. You shall have three months in which to prepare yourself; by that time we expect a Bangowango headman to have arrived in London in one of our sailing-vessels. We will confront him with you; and we shall no doubt be able to offer you the opening."

I was quite pleased with the prospect, and was turning to go, as, from a wave of the hand, I felt was expected of me, when a second person at the board, an older man, who somehow suggested having torn his conscience to shreds but still having it about him, asked leave to address me. The chairman, with a shrug, as of patient

forbearance shown to a fool, assented.

"I forget your age," said my new questioner.

"Twenty," I replied, feeling very young beneath his gaze.

"Ah!"

"You know, of course," he continued, "the kind of country you are going out to?"

"Why, I suppose it will be all very interesting," I said.

"Exceedingly. Almost entirely unexplored. The Opeku tribes of the Protectorate are specially remote from all civilising influences."

"Then I shall be a sort of explorer?" I replied, swelling with the proud thought.

"Exactly. If ever—that is, I mean to say, *when* you return, you should be able to interest all England with a book giving faithful impressions of many barbarous habits. Cannibalism, for instance, you will be in a position to describe minutely."

The chairman looked as if he thought his colleague might have spared us these unsavoury details; but finding it produced no effect on me, he did not demur. I merely said that the natives would be welcome to dine off me if they cared for anything so tough, and the speaker went on—

"Perhaps you may be interested in the study of tropical disease. Here again you will have a wide field for observation. The Opeku district of

Hwatowayo looked fogged. He smiled, and leaning forward said plaintively—

“Me no Dutch, no Dutch: spik plenty Opeku.”

The air was now rent with laughter, in which every one joined excepting myself and the chairman. The latter looked exceedingly worried, and his skin began to act freely—a contingency which stout men who wear silky frock-coats are ever anxious to avoid. I confess I felt humiliated: it dawned upon me, of course, that I had been considerably bamboozled by that old reprobate, Dr Sutherland; this was evidently what so amused everybody around me.

The interpreter was recalled, and it was soon definitely established that I knew no more Opeku than I do Dutch, and I tailed out of the room, very glad to make my escape.

What the language is that I so thoroughly mastered I cannot even now say; but it remains with me, a sort of phantom accomplishment of which I can make no possible use. It is curious that I cannot forget it, whereas the solution of a quadratic taxes my memory most severely. I spend hours when I am alone travelling in converting passages of English into that remarkable tongue, and in composing long pieces of verse and prose. I never see an alien on these shores but I try it on him, always without result. Kate and I (for I may mention that we are married now) used often to dwell upon a project, to be carried out

when the ship of fortune should have sailed into our little harbour, of travelling round the world, visiting every accessible corner where articulation exists, until we should discover the tribe of natives to whom my language would convey a meaning. But it does not seem likely to come off: the family demands so much more attention every year, and there would perhaps be no one to take my place at the works. (I went back to the engineering after my failure as a scholar of Opeku, and am now a partner in a firm in Whitefriars, where we make the metallic fittings necessary for certain parts of refrigerating-machines, and turn out some millions of these fittings every year.) I am said, I believe, to have a peculiar influence over the class of British workmen we employ: perhaps it is that, when anything goes wrong, I am able to fire off a series of interjections of appalling sonority, of which no one knows the meaning but myself.

No; I do not think our project will carry us farther than the south coast, where we go every summer. Besides, the other day, when hastily looking at the books in a second-hand shop window, my eye caught the following title: “Some Suggestions for the Formation of a Universal Language. By Donald Sutherland, M.A., Ph.D., &c., &c. Aberdeen, 1846.”

I fancy that an investigation in this direction might throw some light upon the matter.

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

reading-room must surely bear the dints of my elbows) all I could say of Opeku was that it was dimly and remotely allied to Arabic, and that it was chiefly a string of grunts and groans, varied by an occasional snakelike hiss.

I tried not to be discouraged, and seriously set about learning Arabic,—no easy business,—hoping that something would turn up, as it shortly afterwards did, to help me in my search for knowledge.

I was leaning back in my chair at seat H 97, mentally wearied and needing some change of thought. The British Museum reading-room is not a place where men usually study each other, but my attention was attracted at that moment to the elderly man who was advancing to take place H 98. I like to speculate on the life-stories of people who sit opposite me in omnibuses and trains; and my own little disappointment happily had not robbed me of this resource.

In this particular case it was not hard to sketch the general outline of the man's story from his appearance. He was of good height, erect and well built, with a noble head and a leonine shock of white hair. But his boots were terrible, and his trousers frayed at the ankles. His frock-coat was green with age and filthy with stains; its collar was turned up, and it was buttoned so closely that you could not help wondering if there was any clothing beneath it. There was a sort of forlorn dignity in the way he shuffled along, looking down and around, as one whose

path is beset with phantoms. He looked like a seer: he was, alas! a seer of snakes.

He sat down and waited for his books. He smelt of drink; but it was plain that drink had long ceased, in his case, to promote hilarity: he sat for the most part perfectly still; when he did stir it was with extreme deliberation, as if any undue movement might rouse a spectacle in his brain and an apparition of some horror that his shaken body would insist on though his mind might rebel against belief in it.

I say all this because I can never hold as lightly as some can the ruin that drink brings a man to. I suppose the tragedy has comic interludes. But I never saw this old man without feeling that he was a standing warning of the dangers of conviviality.

When his books came they were not many or large; but he received them with a sort of dejected appetite, felt inside his coat for a pair of eyeglasses, and was soon engrossed. I daresay I should have forgotten about him had not my eye fallen on the title-page of the book he was reading. It was a work on the influence of climate on dialect. I immediately wished to know the name of the author: Opeku would undoubtedly be mentioned in the tropical section; and this would be the sort of clue to be followed up. I dared not for some time, however, interrupt the reader; but at last as he laid aside one volume to take up another I touched his arm and said—

"Can you kindly tell me

anything about the Opeku language? I am anxious to learn it, and don't know where to find anything about it."

He turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, and pushed towards me the volume he had just been reading, merely saying, "Folio three-thirty-six."

"This is no use to me," I said, after referring to page 336. "I've read all this in Vummerhausen."

The old fellow grunted. He seemed ill-disposed to talk, and clinched matters by simply saying, with a distinct Scottish accent, "Vummerhausen's a fool!"

Now the man who could confidently call Vummerhausen a fool must have some pretensions to being a scholar in the direction I was seeking. I therefore returned to the attack.

"How am I to learn Opeku?"

"Get away to Bangowango," says he, without looking up.

"That's just it," I said; "I want to go to Bangowango, but it's no use till I know Opeku. Do you know Opeku?"

"Does Jebb know Greek?" said he, with a kind of seedy conceit. "He knows mair, he knows all round it. I'm no' such a dunce as I look."

"Could you teach me?"

He turned impatiently to me. "There's a rule of silence here for hawering tongues. I'm no teacher: do I look it?"

"No," I thought, "you don't"; but I only said—

"Well, there's my card, sir. If you know of any one who will undertake to give me lessons in Opeku, I will give him liberal terms."

And I left him.

It was about a week after this, and I was still groping about, almost in despair, for a solution of my difficulty, when I heard a slow shuffling step ascending the staircase of my quarters at the Inn. He walked in with a certain stiff solemnity, holding my card, which was by this time exceedingly dirty, and, without the semblance of a bow, said—

"My name is Sutherland. Are you the gentleman who was yon day wishing instruction?"

"In Opeku? yes," I said; "sit down."

"You said liberal terms, I believe," he continued, with a kind of toneless sigh, looking down his shabby frock-coat, now dirtier than ever.

"I am ready to give liberal terms," I said.

He looked irresolutely at me, then seemed to gulp down some remnant of pride, sat down, and began at once.

"With regard to the structure and formeition of this language, we shall notice that absolute simplicity characterises every detail. While it may be regarded as essentially a language of inflection, irregularities are of course conspicious by their absence; and it is to be noted that the so-called irregularities in any language are merely an aspect of our defective grasp and arrangement of its principles. It must be remembered that the birth-place of every language is the glottis, and that orthography is the servant, and should never be the master, of any tongue. We shall therefore in this present instance prepose

an alphabet of twenty-five consonants and ten vowels, as follows. . . ."

And so, volubly and clearly, he gave me a masterly sketch of the language in which he was about to instruct me.

I was amazed at the learning which had acquired all these details of a language which my teacher had probably never spoken in its native surroundings, and the skill that had so clearly arranged them for my benefit. Of course writing was unknown among the Bango-wango natives; but he had apparently invented symbols to convey precisely the sounds used, and from the first I felt absolute confidence in his knowledge. I took copious notes,—he was by no means easy to keep up with,—and invented a sort of shorthand in Opeku. I found it best not to ask my instructor questions, but to let the flood of his knowledge gush out spontaneously, and to collect as much as I possibly could in the time. At the end of an hour I had enough taken down to occupy my time in learning; and he then dictated to me a vocabulary and some exercises, Opeku into English and *vice versa*.

I now felt a difficulty about the fee.

"When will you come again?" I asked.

"That depends."

"Shall I pay you at the end of the time? I suppose that will be better," I said, thinking to myself that this would be the safer arrangement. •

He hesitated, and I saw a blank look of dismay steal over

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXVIII.

his face. There was not much variety of expression there, but at that moment it spoke of hopeless disappointment.

"How do I ken you?" he at length burst out with a sort of dull vehemence. "Next time I come ye may have flitted. Or ye may be deid—or me."

"There, there," I said; "will that satisfy you?" I pressed a sovereign and a shilling into his hand. (Your guinea is your only professional unit.) I am convinced, however, that he believed himself at the moment to be the recipient of two shillings merely. He stole out of the room hurriedly.

It was some days before he came again. This time he sported a linen collar, and had had his boots cleaned. The stains on his coat had been inked carefully over, and he gave me the impression of having been at some pains to pull himself together. He still reeked of spirits—but of spirits, I imagined, of a better quality. His white moustache was browned at the centre, I thought, by the passage of good French brandy. He took up the thread of the language exactly where he had left off. He seemed to warm to his work much more quickly, and spoke sonorously and well for fully the hour, I writing like a demon the while.

After this his visits were fairly regular. Sometimes he would be absent for several days at a time, and then turn up rather dilapidated. But on the whole I came to the conclusion that my work kept him in a state of affluence to which

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he had long been a stranger. His tone towards me was not pleasant; but I humoured him, as I wished to get the best possible value from him. He was an extraordinarily enthusiastic exponent of the language he taught me, and his enthusiasm infected me. I felt disposed to do him credit in spite of his rudeness. Once when I demurred that I was learning more than was commercially necessary, he jumped down my throat with some violence. Was I master, or was he? There was a literary value in what I was learning, or there would be in the future: had I no mind for it, or was I a mere groveller? I took the hint and was silent. In the future I saw myself as the exponent of Opeku to the educated of England. Perhaps some day I might even fill a newly endowed chair in Opeku at one of our universities. At any rate I had now got an opportunity I might never meet with again. So I worked like a Trojan. I found

it more than interesting. The language had more capabilities in it than I had ever dreamed of, and it was (possibly because of the excellence of my teaching) so beautifully simple. I grew to be able to translate almost any English; I even learned how to write the rude pentameters in which—so my ancient tutor informed me—the Opeku priests conveyed their religious precepts. He was much pleased with my efforts at times, and his memory seemed inexhaustible; it was practically a dictionary as well as a grammar. Once when I recited a poem by himself in Opeku the tears stood in his eyes, and a minute afterwards he was calling me a “doited fool.”

“I’m not a fool,” I said.

“Are you not?” said he.

“I don’t know that I am,” was my lame reply.

“That’s it — ye don’t ken it yet,” he said with a rude laugh. “But ye will some day,” and he pocketed my tenth guinea and went off.

III.

All this time I was taking care not to forget that I was a blighted being. I called up the image of Norah as often as I could remember to do so, beat my breast and soliloquised, and tried not to feel better. I used to go to her people’s house pretty often, and I delighted in affecting indifference to her charms—or at any rate thinking that I affected it.

I did not tell her of my designs for the future; indeed she never asked me: nor did I im-

part them to Kate, to whom I paid the very particular attention I thought she deserved as being a good and steady girl.

“You’re a jolly good sort, Kate,” I said one day. “I should like to talk to you about my work, or rather about my hobby.”

“I shall be awfully glad if you will,” she said.

“I’m getting a new accomplishment,” I said, “and am working tremendously hard at it.”

"I thought you were rather *distract*," said Kate.

"Quite natural that I should be *distract*," I remarked, looking woundedly at the fair Norah, who didn't care a rap. "However, working at it has proved a great resource," I said, "and I really feel as if I were beginning to get on. There's nothing so bad for a man inclined to brood as idleness."

"Is it the 'cello?" said Kate.

"No, it's a language," I said; and I told her of Opeku and its resources.

"I wish it were the 'cello," said Kate, "and I could play your accompaniments."

"Thanks; that's very nice of you," I said. "But I never could excel in music as I can in Opeku. Many people can play the 'cello; but there can be hardly half-a-dozen people in the kingdom who can speak Opeku. When I've studied it for a few years I shall probably be, without boasting, one of the leading authorities on the subject—so my teacher tells me."

"That's a very nice ambition," said Kate.

"Oh, I daresay it's not so fine an ambition as dying for one's country," I said pointedly.—I always believed that Captain Chalmers was not exactly the kind of soldier who is attracted by war's alarms.—"But still it's something to go on with. I'm sure, a fortnight ago, I'd no idea such an ambition would ever occur to me."

"I respect you very much for it," said Kate, earnestly. "It seems to be a modest ambition—one bound not to lead to disappointment. You aren't going to pit yourself against men of

greater opportunities and possibly higher intellectual abilities" (if Kate has a fault it is, perhaps, that she is a trifle blunt), "but you are going to do something unique and at the same time exceedingly useful."

"And not unornamental," I responded. "If I could interest you in Opeku, you'd be surprised what a lot there is in it."

"Perhaps you can interest me in Opeku," said Kate, smiling.

I tried, and it was no failure. It is no exaggeration to say that I learnt as much Opeku at the feet of Kate, telling her about it, as I did at the hands of that bibulous old bully, Dr Sutherland. I have since realised what it means when a person says that to learn a thing properly you must teach it. Perhaps the Doctor learned much in his bellows at me; but he could not have a finer whetstone for his knowledge than I had in the gentler intellect of Kate. She was so full of interest in a subject which I had thought would be a bore to her, that my own enthusiasm was redoubled. She came to possess some knowledge of what I was learning as well, by hearing it, though I am inclined to believe she has by now forgotten it. Norah pretended not to care to hear about it. She was always writing letters or going upstairs to look at her dresses when I was there. At any rate those evenings were to me, somehow or other, exceedingly pleasant.

However, the pleasantest periods must have an end; and ere I was aware of it the time was approaching when I must

finally enter into my contract with the British Bangowango Trading Company. I will not say that I anticipated it with wild joy. But I had quite made up my mind long ago; I felt certain of my fitness for the work, and did not at all mean to relinquish the scheme.

"Now, Dr Sutherland," I said one day, "next lesson must be my last. The week after that I am to have my interview with an Opeku chief at the office in the City of which I told you, and I shall be able to put your instructions to the test. I am confident you have done the best that could be done with me, and I feel that I owe you a good deal that can't be repaid. Of course, however, I shall be unable to afford to go on working with you when once arrangements are made."

The old fellow was not best pleased. The last few weeks had been to him a time of comparative prosperity. Drinking on a full stomach, however sorry a pursuit, however dull a slavery, however joyless a necessity to the inebriate, is some thousand times better than the horrible extremity of drinking on an empty one. I felt certain he would get back to the lowest ebb again, as I had found him. No one would employ him—few would stand his temper or his irregularity. I offered to mention him to my future employers; but he refused to give me any address, and I could do nothing more for him.

As I paid him for the last time, I felt really sorry for him. The depth of the shadow he

was about to re-enter after the less sombre gloom of the last period seemed so dreadful.

"Dr Sutherland," I said, "I'm a young man, and you are an old one. I can't do anything for you. But can't you—I hate to say it—can't you keep off the drink?"

"Ye're owre late, ye fule," he said; "ye're owre late. D'ye think I wouldn't if I could? Look to yourself. The drink's played the deil with my maurals, or I should never be taking your dirty money as I have done. Ye'll greatly oblige by leaving me to my lane the now," and he disappeared, never to cross my path again.

That evening I for the first time broached my plans to the two sisters. It came about in this way. Norah came in whilst Kate and I had our heads together over my work.

"Opeku again!" she said pettishly. (I have reason to believe that the Captain had that afternoon sent her a necklace with only three turquoises in it, when she had expected five.) "Opeku again! Aren't you sick of it?"

"I'm not," I said; "I don't know about Kate."

"Oh, Kate's got Opeku on the brain. It's about time she stopped it, I think. It's all you and Opeku. She jabbers Opeku in her sleep now."

Kate coloured, and I could see that Norah was in a temper. So I promptly developed one of my own.

"Very well," I said. "I can promise you you shan't be bothered by *my* Opeku much longer."

"I'm glad to hear it," retaliated Norah.

"Quite so. You may be interested to learn," I went on hotly, looking straight at her, "that I am very shortly going to put my knowledge of Opeku to the test. I am going out where it is spoken—yes, where it is spoken; and that is, Norah, in Bangowango, away just the other side of the equator. Yes, that has been my plan ever since *October*, Norah. That's where I'm going — Bangowango. It isn't much of a place for a white man to go to, but it's quite good enough for the likes of me, and that's where I'm going. It's the most horrible place in the world. It's all swamp, and snakes, and leeches. There's miasma there that you can cut with a knife—that is, if you've the strength

left to hack at it at all. Very few white men ever come back alive from it. The inhabitants are all cannibals and delight in blood. The man whose place I am filling died a horrible death. But it doesn't much matter to me where I go——"

I thought I had petrified Norah into a pallid silence with my eloquence; but now she was pointing in alarm beyond me.

"Kate—look to her!" she said.

I turned round and saw that Kate was fainting. I ran and raised her in my arms to the sofa, whilst Norah rushed out for restoratives.

"Oh! oh!" said Kate, as she came to. "It's very stupid of me. I—I can't bear to hear of —of people going out to such dreadful places."

IV.

The day appointed for the interview arrived. During the interval I should, of course, have been busily engaged in revising Dr Sutherland's notes, and finally rubbing up my knowledge of the Opeku language. I did nothing of the kind. I simply wandered aimlessly about, trying not to analyse my feelings with regard to the whole business. For one thing, however, I did not go near either Norah or Kate. I was man enough to feel that it was unsettling, and one-half of me was determined not to be unsettled. But I blamed myself considerably for having allowed myself such pleasure as I now discovered the series of evenings spent with Kate to

have been. I only realised what it had been when I saw how she took the announcement of my travels.

But that was all over, and I must go through the next epoch of life as best I could. Perhaps I should come back safe and sound from Bangowango, and then be able to take up the thread of friendship again. It was not easy to reason in this way, and the word "perhaps" cost me an effort; but I had the courage to trample on sentiment, or at any rate the kind of sentiment which leads a man on to getting engaged to a girl on the eve of leaving her behind him.

I went to be examined by the doctor who acted as medical

adviser to the Company. I had a lurking hope that he might find a varicose vein; but I could not claim even this mild disqualification for facing the tropics. He reported upon me as perfectly sound in body, although he privately informed me with some asperity that he would not vouch for the mental condition of a man who with so good a physique elected to go where I was going.

I ultimately wrote to Kate and Norah, and told them that I should not see them again before my departure. There was much business to attend to, I said, and I meant to avail myself of what little leisure I had in making farewell visits to my relations in the country. I wrote as coldly as possible; and this done, I felt something more like a man than I had done for some days past.

The day for the interview arrived, and I once more found myself in the board-room of the Company. The same fat pale man was in the chair. His proportions, however, were quite dwarfed, and he looked even flabby beside the native chief who was present.

This was no other than the notorious Hwatowayo, of whom the newspapers had not long before been full. He was supposed to have been converted from cannibalism; but I thought I read a discerning appetite in the glance with which his yellow eyes feasted themselves on me.

He was the most magnificent specimen of a glutton I have ever seen. Diametrically he was stupendous. And all his

points were emphasised by his costume, which was what I should call ultra-London. He had the shiniest possible broad-brimmed silk hat, set at a knowing angle on his curly head. He wore a frock-coat, and a double-breasted waistcoat of enormous frontage, in itself a complete jeweller's shop window; and he carried a noble gold-headed cane. I immediately inferred that with the Bangowango aristocracy gluttony is a fine art, and Hwatowayo its chief exponent. Every feature was in keeping with this idea. His mouth was large, mobile, and prominent: his nose flat and dwarfed. Magnificent was his fat neck; and the lobes of his ears were like Rugby footballs, and laden with golden adornments.

"You will now be able," said the chairman to me, "to carry on a conversation with Hwatowayo. He knows no English, and the interpreter has been dismissed; and from the facility with which you can make yourselves understand each other, we shall know if we can avail ourselves of your services. Will you kindly address some remarks to Hwatowayo?"

I felt very foolish in the silence that followed, and under fire of a scorching grin from Hwatowayo.

"I don't know what to say," I said.

"Ask him how he likes missionary cooked," said the older man who had on the last occasion informed me about the little drawbacks of Bangowango life.

"Silence, gentlemen," said the chairman, as the rest of the

directors laughed. "This is no time for levity."

"I'll ask him how he likes our restaurants," I said. Whereupon I rapidly evolved a flowing sentence, expressing hope that his august digestion was in good order, and that he found himself well fed in London.

Hwatowayo said nothing, and looked as if he were still waiting for me to begin; so I repeated my remark, this time with a few nods and smiles, and encouraging waves of the hand.

He still left it unanswered, and I began to fear that something must be wrong with my accent. I tried again, this time speaking with slow and impressive earnestness. Again I failed to elicit any response. I now began to get hot and anxious, and made another desperate attempt to "make him sensible," as the Irish say.

"It appears to be no go," said a director. "Let the nigger have a shy this time. Go it, Hwato, old boy. Speaky Opeku white man, you useless great swine, go on. Speaky Opeku, *encore, vite, allez, marchons.*"

Thus adjured, Hwatowayo seemed to understand, and rose to the occasion. He fired at me a volley of consonants, dentals, and sibilants. But there was no word in it that bore the smallest resemblance to the language I had learned from Dr Sutherland. "Tampe, tampe," I said, meaning "slowly, slowly"; but he paid no attention to me, raised his voice gradually to a vociferous boom,

struck the upper part of his body a reverberating blow with his swarthy fist, rolled his yellow eyes, gobbled like a turkey-cock, and paused, evidently expecting a reply.

"There seems to be a considerable amount of sense in his remarks," observed a Yankee director and shareholder. "Can you put it into English for us, young fellow?"

"I'm bound to say I can't," I replied. "He speaks very rapidly; but I cannot even distinguish a syllable. His Opeku, if indeed it is Opeku, differs very considerably from mine."

"Well, tell him so; make that amount clear to him anyway. The interpreter worked the oracle somehow, and he's about half your size."

"Well, I'll try again," I said, and I strung together a masterly phrase (my Opeku is an extremely comprehensive language) indicating my respect for him, my wish to understand him, and my inability to do so, arising no doubt from the careless rapidity of his utterance and my own want of practice. In a word, I remarked—

"Titta pütche lalla foofoo."

Hwatowayo grunted. He held his hand to his ear to catch my words again, and I repeated—

"Titta pütche lalla foofoo."

No answer.

"Titta pütche bully jubah," remarked a wag at the table. "Lalla foofoo," I corrected him gravely; and in a few moments all the members of the board were inanely pointing at Hwatowayo and calling out—

"Titta pütche lalla foofoo."

Hwatowayo looked fogged. He smiled, and leaning forward said plaintively—

"Me no Dutch, no Dutch: spik plenty Opeku."

The air was now rent with laughter, in which every one joined excepting myself and the chairman. The latter looked exceedingly worried, and his skin began to act freely—a contingency which stout men who wear silky frock-coats are ever anxious to avoid. I confess I felt humiliated: it dawned upon me, of course, that I had been considerably bamboozled by that old reprobate, Dr Sutherland; this was evidently what so amused everybody around me.

The interpreter was recalled, and it was soon definitely established that I knew no more Opeku than I do Dutch, and I tailed out of the room, very glad to make my escape.

What the language is that I so thoroughly mastered I cannot even now say; but it remains with me, a sort of phantom accomplishment of which I can make no possible use. It is curious that I cannot forget it, whereas the solution of a quadratic taxes my memory most severely. I spend hours when I am alone travelling in converting passages of English into that remarkable tongue, and in composing long pieces of verse and prose. I never see an alien on these shores but I try it on him, always without result. Kate and I (for I may mention that we are married now) used often to dwell upon a project, to be carried out

when the ship of fortune should have sailed into our little harbour, of travelling round the world, visiting every accessible corner where articulation exists, until we should discover the tribe of natives to whom my language would convey a meaning. But it does not seem likely to come off: the family demands so much more attention every year, and there would perhaps be no one to take my place at the works. (I went back to the engineering after my failure as a scholar of Opeku, and am now a partner in a firm in Whitefriars, where we make the metallic fittings necessary for certain parts of refrigerating-machines, and turn out some millions of these fittings every year.) I am said, I believe, to have a peculiar influence over the class of British workmen we employ: perhaps it is that, when anything goes wrong, I am able to fire off a series of interjections of appalling sonority, of which no one knows the meaning but myself.

No; I do not think our project will carry us farther than the south coast, where we go every summer. Besides, the other day, when hastily looking at the books in a second-hand shop window, my eye caught the following title: "Some Suggestions for the Formation of a Universal Language. By Donald Sutherland, M.A., Ph.D., &c., &c. Aberdeen, 1846."

I fancy that an investigation in this direction might throw some light upon the matter.

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

THE GERMAN AND THE POLE.

THE axiom that "slight occasions may determine great events" was perhaps first enounced by Adam in Paradise; yet we note its application, always with interest, sometimes with astonishment. A few months ago a Prussian village schoolmaster caned some Polish children: now the whole German press is beside itself, furiously sneering at the ridiculous sentimentality of Poles, or calling aloud to its neighbours for help against a common peril; and his Majesty the Emperor has declared—not in an after-dinner speech, but in the most solemn of official pronouncements—that the very existence of Prussia is at stake. At first sight it would seem that since Poles have made so great a noise over so slight an incident, they must either be very foolish or very dangerous, or both. Nor is the explosion justified because the children were savagely flogged for not saying their catechism in a tongue almost unknown to them, and because their parents, guilty of having threatened the teacher in a moment of indignation, were visited with the severest penalties devised by Prussian law for interference with a Government official. Czartoryski's protest, read in the Galician Diet; the German consulates attacked by Lemberg and Warsaw mobs; interpellations raised in the Berlin and the Vienna parliaments; more than 100,000 marks collected for the

sufferers, in so poor a country, and in so short a time; a partial boycott of German goods throughout Galicia and Russian Poland, and measures taken to render the boycott complete: these—for Poles, impatient by nature, have long learned to be very patient—are expressions of a far deeper feeling than any single act of oppression could arouse. The affair of Wreschen was the last drop, and the cup overflowed. A system has long been at work in Prussian Poland, whose aim, openly stated, is either to make Germans of the Poles or to drive them out of the land; each of its acts has added a little to the sum of bitterness felt by every Pole throughout the three empires; and the outburst of the last month was but the accumulated resentment of fifteen years. It were hard to find anything in history that quite resembles this system. There is something like it in the tale of Pharaoh and the Hebrews; and so far as regards the Egyptian king's utterance, "Let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply," the attitude taken is similar, and the political motive absolutely the same. But the parallel fails in this, that the Israelites were in no wise attached to the land of their sojourn. Were a Moses to arise and call upon the Poles to leave the country where they are thus treated, he would not be followed by one man out of a thousand. The

people love their land—the land of Poland's most immemorial legends, of the three brother-kings, and the twelve palatines, and the marvels of Lake Goplo, and the White Eagle of Gnesen—so fondly, that for its sake oppression itself can be borne. But in the native soil there is strength to resist as well; and it has come to pass that the system—though backed by the mighty machinery of perhaps the most perfect administration in the world; backed, too, by a powerful society which has given to the struggle all the bitterness of civil warfare—has hitherto utterly failed of its purpose, and has but kindled unutterable hatred, endangered the Triple Alliance on the side of Austria, and brought Russia, Russia herself! into undisguised sympathy with Poland.

Most appropriate here, at the very outset, is a beautiful saying of Bismarck, not intended for the Poles, it is true, but in its generality applicable even to them: "*It is from God that all nations proceed. Whosoever, therefore, would exterminate any nationality sins against God; and that Government is unchristian which employs such methods of extermination.*" Long before (May 15, 1815), a deep sense of this truth had impelled King Frederick William III. to address his Polish subjects thus: "You also have your Fatherland; and of my regard for your attachment to that Fatherland I have already given you proof. Though incorporated with my kingdom, you will not be asked to give up your nationality. Together with

German, Polish shall be used in every department of public business. Each of you shall have free access to every office, honour, and dignity in my realm." And Frederick-William IV., so late as 1841, said in his message to the Diet of Posen: "The love which Poles, in common with every high-spirited nation, feel for their country and language and memorials of the past, shall under our rule receive consideration and esteem, countenance and favour."

It were well that these noble words should be borne in mind throughout every page of the present article. They contain the conception of a grand and generous policy of government, and a deep and true philosophy as well; which was but to be expected from the rulers of so philosophical a nation. But philosophers are too much given to deny in practice what they affirm in theory; and it has come to this, that, in commenting on the Wreschen incidents, the whole Russian press—one may say, without exception—has sided with the Poles; not surely out of friendship, but moved by a simple feeling of humanity. When Muscovite barbarians rebuke the madness of German philosophers, it must be stark and staring indeed.

Yet it is but fair to say here that for these deeds Prussia alone, not Germany, is responsible. And Prussia bears in its essence the stamp of the old Teutonic Knights; from them its people have taken their character, if not physically

(though in truth those militant monks cared for no vow but that of obedience), at least spiritually, by the stern discipline they instilled into the wild Borussi whom they subdued, and the colonists from the West whom they planted amongst them. Thence sprang the Prussians; and, true to their origin, they are even now the worshippers of rigid order, the fanatical idolaters of law. Their ideal of civilisation is drill; they take such freedom and constitutional forms as may be granted them, just as a soldier takes his day on leave. Regulations and penalties which, to the free spirit of other nations, were unendurable, they quietly accept as part of the campaign of progress: they may fail to see their use, but a Prussian has only to obey orders. A traveller alights at the Berlin terminus, and wants a cab; the policeman on duty interferes, and the one he has called must be taken, or none. A man commits some trifling misdemeanour, and runs away from the policeman who commands him to stand in the king's name: he is simply shot down for resisting authority. These are facts. And if the Prussian can bear this, how will he look upon an utterly different race, whom he knows in his heart to be not less intelligent than himself, yet tainted with incomprehensible aspirations towards freedom—a race that feels as a degradation the very yoke of which he is so proud—and, above all, a race absolutely in his power and at his mercy? For the Teutonic

Knights, though brave, were brave professionally; they cared little to fight when the odds were against them; they preyed by preference upon the naked barbarians whom they rode down, or on the unprotected peasantry of Mazovia whose farms they laid waste, until Jagello, King of Poland and Lithuania, quelled them for many a year in the field of Grünwald. To their betters in arms, as to military superiors, they bowed with respect; more than a century afterwards, they offered their unsolicited homage to a Polish king. To rivals, they were insolently fierce; to their slaves, mercilessly exacting. And these ancestral features are still reproduced in the Prussian character to-day.

Now, when Frederick II., called the Great, had decided his neighbours to share Poland among them, and had received his own share, a great problem arose for him and his councillors. How was it to be ruled, this new element in the kingdom, completely alien to the rest in nature and language and history and religion? By spoliation, Germanisation, and colonisation: such was the attempted solution, well worthy of their forefathers. The former State lands, of course, reverted to Frederick, and he seized all the property of the Church. The whole, officially valued at 10 millions of thalers, must have been worth six or eight times more. The king confided the distribution of the spoils to his German courtiers. Manso tells us in his '*Geschichte Preussen*' that even the Berlin

hotel-keepers, in the hope of getting some Polish estate as a gift, tried to curry favour with Court officials by exceptionally low bills! Numbers of the nobility and gentry, who could not stand the vexations of the new *régime*, sold their lands and emigrated. German peasants were imported on a large scale to till the lands seized; Holshe has calculated that in the Metze district alone Frederick settled 4629 colonists, at a cost of 540,000 marks. That many Poles were forcibly carried off to serve in his army will be readily believed by any one conversant with the practices of the time and the man; and even the statement that Polish country girls were by his command violently abducted and married with German labourers in Brandenburg, "in order to improve the breed," is not incredible.

Nor did this end with his reign; it had in the early years of the last century developed into a system. From 1799 to 1807, besides a yearly subsidy of 50,000 marks (taken, of course, from the taxes paid by the Poles), Frederick William III. granted over 6 millions of marks, solely to enable Germans to settle in Posen. But retribution was near. Eylau followed Jena, Friedland came after Eylau; for a space of time, taught by Napoleon, Prussia learned what national humiliation meant. That the lesson was well learned is shown by the memorable proclamation of 1815, which has been already quoted, and of which Bismarck was to say in

the Prussian Diet, "To me it is not worth one brass farthing (*ein Pfifferling*)!"

More than forty years of comparative peace ensued; and these sufficed to bring the peasantry, always on the side of the Government when it is possible, into strong antagonism with the upper classes, who foolishly sought for independence to be won by arms. There are witnesses to say how hostile they were then to Polish patriots. Now no revolution is to be feared by Prussia; but no class is more patriotic than the peasantry. This change from below was originated by a change from above. A nation whose hereditary policy had always and from the first been aggressive, could not remain quiet for long. With it, peace was but a preparation for war; internal and administrative reforms were like refreshment to a trooper on the march. But, much as the nation longed to fight somebody, there ensued a period of hesitation: rendered cautious by reverses, it looked about for enemies it would be sure to beat, and for a leader whom it could trust to find them.

It was then that Bismarck came forward: perhaps the greatest diplomatist — not statesman—that the world has seen; but for all that, a typical Knight of the Sword, plus genius and a fierce overbearing eloquence. He began by the safe but iniquitous war with Denmark; then he struck down Austria, crushed France, and made the German Empire. Peace should have followed.

But how could the Warrior of the Sword rest from fighting? or how fancy that so feeble a thing as the Church would withstand his power? At once the *Kulturkampf* began. Long after he gave in, weary, baffled, and recognising that he might as well

"Wound the loud winds, or with
bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters."

But it was in the Polish provinces, where over 200,000 Catholics had been deprived of their pastors, that he had encountered the most stubborn resistance; and his fury at being thwarted fell upon them. Making his peace with the Vatican, he turned upon the Poles. In every struggle, he had always done his best to make sure of victory; and he thought it easy to destroy a nationality which belonged to those that he classed as "feminine"—one, besides, that formed but a small minority in the empire. The easier the better, both to his liking and to that of the nation which adored him. Prussians do not admire facing great odds for the mere sport of the thing; they laugh at the foolish courage of the bull-dog, and prefer to ravin as the wolf. *Parcere subjectis* never was their motto: to be feeble was to be guilty. These words may seem exaggerated; but read on till the end, and then judge.

The famous "brass-farthing" phrase has already been quoted from one of Bismarck's speeches in debate (January 1886). All the others are in the same key, more or less.

"Necessity, the tyrant's plea," has no law, and can keep no promise; and to necessity he constantly appeals. His arguments, summed up, amount to this: "Poles in Prussia are unfriendly to the Germans, disloyal to the realm. Statistics since 1861 show that they increase faster than the Germans. We are therefore bound to strengthen the German, and to weaken the Polish, element of the population, by every possible means." These arguments, in which the great man vented all his pent-up rancour, were delivered with the utmost eloquence that hatred can bring forth; and a crushing majority at once and in great haste voted a series of laws to put down the Poles. "An idea," says the '*Vossische Zeitung*,' "was suddenly brought forward, to which no one had until then given serious heed: an idea that may perhaps have germed in one sleepless night. Thereupon came, one after another, first, that horrible indiscriminate expulsion of a multitude of Poles"—30,000—"who did not possess the rights of German subjects; then the vote of 100 millions of marks to buy up Polish estates; then the removal of all Polish officials into territories inhabited only by Germans, and the law which abolished the use of Polish in every branch of the administration. No fewer than six bills were precipitately brought in, and as precipitately voted." One of these forbade any Polish doctor to practise vaccination! "I wonder," remarked Windhorst, the leader of the Centre,

"why German lymph and German wet-nurses have not also been prescribed." That an unenlightened population should have believed, as it did, that the Government intended to kill off all Polish children by blood-poisoning is scarce a matter for astonishment; we may rather be amazed that an enactment entailing so much suffering on mothers, of necessity silent about the health of their little ones in presence of a physician who did not understand them, unless they could pay an interpreter, should ever have been passed by men with any claim to humanity. Of the school laws, which dated from that time, there will be further occasion to speak.

Not that these measures passed unchallenged, either by Poles or by honest and independent Germans. Windhorst protested consistently throughout, and let fall words of warning that seem spoken for the present crisis. "In the great forthcoming struggle between Germans and Slavs," he said, "you may perhaps bitterly regret what you have done—bitterly regret your share in the dismemberment of Poland." To Putkammer's contention that the very dream of independence was treason against Prussia, a deputy replied, "What laws can prevent a man from dreaming?" Schorlomer-Alst called those laws the bankruptcy of German civilisation; the triteness of the phrase may be excused, it is so apt. Derichted said: "What are the Poles to do, and where can they go? You will not let them be farmers, nor doctors,

nor servants in the Administration, nor officers in the army. At most they can shed their blood for us, or starve at home." Meyer von Arnwald, a man of truly noble mind, broke with the Conservative party after Bismarck's outrageous repudiation of the promise of a king. And, not to quote any other Polish Deputy, Koscielski's bitter words, "Yes, we Poles are in the wrong; our crime is that we exist," are worthy of remembrance.

But upon the majority, whom Bismarck's formidable array of statistics and charges filled both with anger and apprehension, arguments, warnings, expostulations, and irony were lost. Richthaupt was sincere—or shameless—enough to proclaim that any nation has the right to destroy another nation that incommodes it. And Bismarck pursued his German opponents with such a storm of invectives, such accusations of disloyalty to the Empire and drivelling sentimentality; he attacked the Poles with such venomous sarcasms, aimed at the national failings—even daring to say that the outlay for purchasing lands in East Prussia was a boon to Polish noblemen, who could have a good time at Monte Carlo,—that what with the authority attaching to his name, and the unlikelihood that so great a man would resort to measures so extreme, unless in a case of extreme necessity, he almost seemed to have the best of it, not only in the voting, but in debate.

Yet to what did his arguments amount? As to disloyalty: had Polish soldiers

refused to fight for the making of the German Empire? had they ever wavered when called upon to face French or Austrian bullets? No; but that was past: those who had died were dead, and their services, like the pledges of the dead king, were "not worth a brass farthing." His complaints were that Polish deputies mostly voted against the majority; that there was an active and seditious propaganda amongst the people; that every Pole cherished the thought of an independent future for his country; and he thought he made a great point, when Polish deputies protested that they were loyal, by his challenge to any one of them to declare that he renounced all hopes of a resurrection for Poland. Their silence was his triumph.

Such charges scarce deserve to be refuted. To construe opposition into disloyalty is to make parliamentary government a fiction. Where there is any freedom of the press some excesses must occur; and he was clearly unfair in ascribing to the nation the outbursts of a few noisy and uninfluential men. He well knew the programme of the chosen representatives of the nation: quiet progress, respect for the Polish nationality and religion, and—if such a thing could be legally obtained—some slight measure of autonomy. But this very moderation exasperated him. To blame conspiracies, to withhold from agitation, meant in his eyes "Polish intrigues"—the parrot phrase of the time—more dan-

gerous than the rest, because not punishable. He had the Poles both ways; if revolutionists, they were dangerous; if not, then dangerous *a fortiori*. As to his challenge, none but a renegade or a liar could have taken it up. A Welshman may dream that some day the kingdom of Arthur will flourish again without disloyalty to England. The oath of allegiance bears on acts, not hopes.

Of his statistics the value has been disputed, and not by Poles alone. Some items are clearly guesswork; there are grave suspicions that others have been tampered with. But, assuming the truth of the main conclusion, that Poles increase faster than Germans, let us see how fast. Between 1861 and 1890 the census shows an increase of 231,000 in favour of the Poles, who are $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions—9 per cent in thirty years! If that rate should continue, in how many centuries would East Prussia become quite Polish? Bismarck saw far ahead when not blinded by hate; but when blinded, it would seem that he saw much further!

The crusade, begun under such frivolous pretexts, was carried on with great fire and fury until the Chancellor's downfall. A change of attitude in the Government was then hoped for; and to give practical proofs of their loyalty the Polish deputies voted in favour of several most important bills. During four years there was a lull; but after the Emperor's severe words to the Poles at Thorn in 1895 the per-

"why German lymph and German wet-nurses have not also been prescribed." That an unenlightened population should have believed, as it did, that the Government intended to kill off all Polish children by blood-poisoning is scarce a matter for astonishment; we may rather be amazed that an enactment entailing so much suffering on mothers, of necessity silent about the health of their little ones in presence of a physician who did not understand them, unless they could pay an interpreter, should ever have been passed by men with any claim to humanity. Of the school laws, which dated from that time, there will be further occasion to speak.

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The crusade, begun under such frivolous pretexts, was carried on with great fire and fury until the Chancellor's downfall. A change of attitude in the Government was then hoped for; and to give practical proofs of their loyalty the Polish deputies voted in favour of several most important bills. During four years there was a lull; but after the Emperor's severe words to the Poles at Thorn in 1895 the per-

secution broke out again, though Bismarck was no longer there to direct it. This was due to a society, calling itself the Ostmarkverein, formed to complete his work. It is known to Poles as the H.K.T. (haka-té); its adherents are called Hakatists. The nickname comes from the initials of its three founders, Hanseemann, Keneemann, and Tiedemann, who have each made a fortune, with Government aid, on land that formerly belonged to the Poles. The members—those who figure on the list given by 'Die Ostmark'—number 400, most of them "greedy land-owners" (to use the words of the 'Posener Zeitung'); the rest are public officials, professors, or—alas!—ministers of the Gospel. It is perfectly organised, has sixteen newspapers at its command, and purchases estates wherever it can, to dispose of them to German settlers, attracted by flaming advertisements and the low price of Polish land. And it seems to be doing good business: 24,000 acres bought, a net profit of 356,507 marks in one year, and a dividend of 7 per cent to shareholders, is not bad!

If the society had no other aim, its doings would be less blamable, though wrong at least in intent. But it was for an ulterior purpose that Hakatists established or subsidised their sixteen newspapers, and filled all ranks of society with their spies. Their ideal is social, legal, educational persecution, to harry the Poles either out of their nationality or out of the land. Ubiquitous, many-headed, they can do far more than Bis-

marck could; and already they have produced a strong feeling of antipathy to the Poles among many honest folks who read their newspapers with simple faith. And that these same men should approve their own Government when it persecutes, and yet feel shocked at England's South African War, is no mystery, but the most natural thing on earth. Posit on one hand boundless mendacity, on the other infinite guilelessness, and all is explained. "Who would dare to print this, were there the least doubt of its truth?" And so the campaign of slander in both cases goes merrily on—England too proud, Poland too weak, to resist it effectively.

But before describing the details of the vast persecution, we must note the programme of the Pan-German Society, whose authentic resolutions, published in its own pamphlet, 'Die Deutsche Ostmark,' are the most scathing exposure of the so-called "scheme of self-defence":—

"Resolved: (1) To insist upon the exclusive use of German in all elementary schools, and the total abolition of the one or two hours per week of Polish, tolerated hitherto. (2) To found throughout the country kindergarten, commercial and agricultural schools, State-directed and exclusively German; also, State-aided German theatres. (3) To advocate the substitution of German for Polish names of places, districts, &c. (4) To aid the German middle class of craftsmen and shopkeepers, by giving employment to the former, and to the latter easy terms of credit; and to favour the promotion of such teachers and clergymen as are German in spirit. (5) To urge on military authorities that all Polish recruits be sent into German provinces. (6) To press

for the restriction, and where possible for the prohibition, of the influx of Polish labourers from the Russian Empire; for the colonisation of State lands by German farmers; and for an official decision to let no foreign Poles become German subjects. (7) To prevent Poles from profiting by the laws which grant loans to peasants at low rates of interest. (8) To aim at extending the scope and the funds of the Colonisation Committee in East Prussia; and to obtain that the 'Husbandmen's Fund' be distributed amongst deserving non-commissioned officers of peasant birth."

The aims of the association are very clearly stated here; it remains to see with what completeness they have been carried into effect—how, in a word, the Prussians "defend themselves."

At the very entrance into Prussian Poland strong signs of the struggle may be remarked. Even in the Russian provinces no restraint is put upon speaking Polish at the stations; but a Pole who crosses the frontier and ventures to use his own language is at once reminded that "here German alone may be spoken." A man was robbed in a Prussian station the other day; all the justice he got from the police, when he made his complaint in his native tongue, was to be called a Polish swine, and told to go back to Galicia. Women who happen to ask in Polish for a stamp or a railway-ticket, are often no less brutally insulted. Gentlemen from Russian Poland have often been forced to employ an interpreter at the booking-office, and to hear their language meanwhile treated as "damned Polish gibberish." A case has occurred in Rawicz, when a telegraph-clerk refused to send a message

in Polish to Galicia; one in French, English, even Chinese, would have been sent. These are small things, no doubt, but they show the animus which prevails quite as well as great ones; and in actual life, small things which occur continually are hardest to bear.

Polish labourers, often without employment at home, are wont to travel to different parts of the empire to get work. You might think that Prussians would not, in self-defence, hinder poor men from getting bread. Yet the Hakatist press every now and then raises a loud outcry against them; "they yearly bring 8 millions of marks into Poland; wherever they go they form a separate community, with by-laws and Church services of their own." Even freedom to work, it would appear, should be denied to the Poles. Usually self-interest—for the men get little and do much—makes German magistrates hesitate to interfere with them; to expel the Poles would injure German employers. But sometimes they contrive to reconcile hatred and interest—as in the Brandeburg Marches, where the Chambers of Commerce allowed the Poles to stay till the 15th December, when, no longer needed, they were sent away in midwinter, with no chance of getting work at home in that season.

This treatment extends to all classes, and to all circumstances. It is forbidden to speak Polish, not only in the various branches of the Administration, but even—where common humanity seems to

require it—in druggists' shops. Doctors paid by Government to prescribe for the poor often put up notices that, having no Polish, they require patients who do not speak German to bring an interpreter. This was complained of in the Diet of 1898—of course without result. All Poles must know German, or take the consequences.

Marriages between Poles and Germans are looked upon with disfavour. It is believed that a Polish family is somehow invariably the result of these; and whatever social or other influences can be brought to bear, are employed to prevent them. Not one landrath in all the Eastern Provinces is a Pole; a score at most have appointments in the Civil Service. In Posen, out of 130 burgomasters, there is but a sprinkling of Poles, and these are mostly Germans at heart. The fact is, that they are quite free to *try* for these appointments; but to get them is another thing. Now, no great patriotism, no perverse anti-German influences, are needed to prevent a young man from entering a career to which Dante's "*Lasciate ogni speranza*" might justly be applied. Twelve years ago—and things have not changed for the better since then—a young gentleman of Polish name and extraction, but quite German in all else, had a mind to enter the diplomatic service. He was very successful in his studies, and, having completed them, applied to the Chancellerie for a post: he was refused *on account*, he was told, *of his name*. Certain appointments,

it is true, are in Polish hands, but these are nearly all far away in the Western Provinces; and perpetual banishment can be indifferent to no one but, to use Scott's words, the "man whose soul is dead." The same may be said, possibly with deeper truth, of a military career. The Pole who wishes to serve Prussia is sure of nothing but insults and degradation.

So much for social and purely administrative vexations. The legal persecution is yet more painful, because the outward forms of justice are strictly observed. *Summum jus, summa injuria*; and the Poles certainly are treated to *summum jus*. In the Wreschen case we have a good instance of this; and I return to it, notwithstanding recent denials in high places. Denials do not change facts disclosed in open court; and it is easy to lie with an overwhelming majority to applaud the liar. A German butcher, who beat a schoolmaster for caning his son, was recently let off with a slight fine, in view of extenuating circumstances. In Wreschen a poor woman, seventy-five years old, with five small children depending on her for bread, has been sent to prison for two years and a half because she had used threatening words to the schoolmaster! The punishment inflicted was legal, no doubt: *summum jus*. And she was only one out of many thus treated, though her punishment was the severest of all. Every article of the Code, if a charge concerning nationality be brought against a Pole, is

forced and twisted and tortured into some sort of bearing upon the case: this is but one a little more flagrant than the others.

By the authority of the law, and according to the will of the Pan-Germans, all Polish names of places are Germanised until no one can recognise them. Wroclaw is turned into Breslau, Czczewo appears as Dirschau, Bydgoszcz is metamorphosed into Bromberg. Nor is this merely in order to spare the dainty jaws of Teutons: these names alone are permitted to be used. Letters addressed to such places with their old historical names are returned as "unbekannt." Were there but two or three Polish words in the address, were it even written in both languages, still the letters must be forwarded to headquarters, where they are detained until an official translation can be given. Polish national songs are treasonable; and so are the airs: public orchestras are not allowed to play treasonable music.

Here is a batch of concrete and strikingly illustrative facts. In Thorn, two months ago, thirty-two schoolboys were condemned as having formed a secret society, which entailed expulsion from every grammar-school in the empire, and three years' service as a common soldier in the army, some of the boys belonging to the first families in the land. As a fact, they had merely formed a club to study Polish history and literature; the tribunal asserted that since they kept the fact a secret from the masters—German masters, who were very likely to approve of their studies!

—the club was political, and a secret society. For having gone so far as to state that "Hakatism aimed at exterminating the Poles, and the Government favoured that aim," and that "the land was being taken from the Poles, foot by foot," Vincent Bolewski, the editor of a Polish newspaper, was fined 300 marks. The reader is now able to judge that sentence as it deserves. If Polish is spoken in any society, whatever its aims may be, it is regarded as political, and harassed with all those petty formalities in which German procedure is so rich. Thus the religious and charitable association of St Vincent & Paul is obliged to notify each of its weekly meetings to the police. A meeting of a purely commercial society was once broken up by the gendarme who was present *ex officio*, for the reason that he did not understand Polish! This last fact was attested by Wagner, a German of the Independent party; to whom also belongs the responsibility of the statement that a Pole was fined for wearing in public a red-and-white necktie—these being the national colours. But the severity of the laws is specially directed against the "Sokole," or athletic societies, which are indeed full of patriotic young men. Every appearance of justice—nay, of common-sense—disappears when the courts have to do with them. One of the members was lately summoned for wearing the uniform of the society in public. The judges assumed (falsely of course) that it was the Polish

costume; and the fact—true enough, to be sure—of the society's strong political views was an additional motive for his condemnation. "The appearance of the accused in the streets"—thus runs the sentence of the criminal court in Beuten—"wearing the Polish costume, calculated to unsettle the public mind, is scandalous behaviour;" and the poor fellow was fined for transgressing the law against "gross impropriety." If he had walked half-naked through the market-place, what more could they have said?

Such a masquerade of justice is almost comical. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the order of the highest judicial functionary in Prussia—Judge Zach—who forbade the tribunals to let any one employ an interpreter, if he had either been at a German school or served in the army. No matter what the interests at stake might be,—his fortune, his liberty, or even his life,—he was supposed to know enough German to defend them; or, if he did not, so much the worse for him. This spirit of unfairness has pervaded the courts to such an extent that even when logically compelled to reverse a decision, they do so in terms which destroy the good impression that might have been made. They reluctantly admit, for example, the right to speak Polish at public meetings, but preface their admission with remarks on the dangers of Polish agitation, "which ought to be resisted"; and wind up with complaints about the inadequacy of existing laws.

Yes, "there are judges in Berlin." But of what kind?

The educational system, ever since the Government took it in hand, has become the most formidable weapon for the destruction of Polish nationality. The schoolmaster is only a man paid to teach the children to think as the Government pleases. By the Ministerial rescript of 1887 not one word of Polish may be spoken during lessons in the elementary schools, even when the children do not know any German at all! The only exception made was in favour of prayers and religious instruction: this exception is now, in one school after another, gradually being disallowed; hence the Wreschen outburst, justified (as is well known) by the Council of Trent, which forbade the Catholic religion to be taught in any language but that best understood by the people. Here, and in many other cases besides, the *Hakatist* press tries to lay all the blame upon the machinations of Polish priests. But then how is it that a similar outcry is made against them by Poles of the Radical school? According to these, they are hopelessly unpatriotic, Germans in disguise, miserable traitors. Either these are wrong, or those—or both.

But to return: all children are thus, so far as the State is concerned, utterly out off from the knowledge of the language and history of their country. As to the latter, it is on record that an inspector of studies has directed the teachers to inform them that they are "Germans of Slav extraction"! They are

compelled by bodily fear to sing at school "I am a Prussian," and other songs which are lies in their mouths. They have to choose between falsehood and insubordination; and love to the great German Fatherland is inculcated by the unsparing use of the cane. Whether a brute can be made to love its master by such means is not doubtful; nor has any race of men yet been found to whom love is possible under these conditions.

In the secondary schools Polish is still taught, as a man who gets an ounce of bread every day is fed. Be it remembered that the Polish grammar is more intricate than Latin, at least as regards its inflectional structure, which is most complex. Now, after several changes and tergiversations, it has at last been decided that pupils who learn religion shall also learn Polish, but not for more than two years at most, and only for three-quarters of an hour, once or twice a-week. If you imagine boys and girls who have been brought up to speak Latin, with no notion of grammar, learning the language under such conditions, you may easily guess the result. But, wretched as it is, the Prussians are doubly pleased with it; both because it is wretched, and because they can answer to every complaint, "We take care to teach Polish; if your boys will not learn, we cannot help that."

In the *Gymnasien* (*lycées*, grammar-schools) the studies are very thorough, and though exclusively German, Polish boys might profit much by them. But here tactics are changed.

To give a superior education to a Pole of the better classes, whose nationality would probably resist the training, were merely to strengthen the enemy. So every obstacle is thrown in their way, both moral and material. Not to speak of the first—for the position of a Polish boy under teachers and among school-fellows who show their contempt for his nation and himself most pointedly, may readily be guessed—at least 100,000 marks, and often so many as 400,000, are annually granted by the Government to the poorer pupils, and a certain number are admitted free—i.e., at the taxpayers' cost. But Polish scholars, however poor, however successful in their studies, scarcely ever get either of these two forms of relief; all the money goes to the Germans. Lately a headmaster attempted to obtain something—the usual grant is from 300 to 400 marks—for a boy of exceptional ability, but of Polish nationality: he was met by a flat refusal, and payment of the whole school fees was insisted upon. And yet the parents contribute their quota to the sums spent by the State for this purpose, just as they pay their share of the hundred millions voted to uproot them from the soil; they pay for the Germanisation of the people by the school programme, and for the police with their petty persecutions, and for the unjust judges set over them. They must find the money for their own extermination!

But what can Germans say

in defence of these "methods of barbarism," organised, calculated, scientific, but barbarism all the same? Some will of course deny everything stated here, and treat it as an elaborate calumny. Such men are beneath notice; but we may lend an ear to the pleas of them that, under the cloak of learned sociological theories or with barefaced Ministerial effrontery, strive to justify what is going on.

"In presence of the fact"—it is the erudite Professor Hasse of Leipzig who speaks—"that our former elemental rush towards the East subsided some thirty years ago, and that we have now to deal with an elemental rush of Slavs towards the West, the struggle for life leaves us only one of two possible alternatives. Either the German race must gradually assimilate all other circumjacent national civilisations, which, being inferior, are less fit to survive, or we must ourselves be assimilated by another and a more potent social organisation. *Tertium non datur*. That, in the struggle for existence, 80 millions of Germans are otherwise entitled to hand down their culture to future ages than 10 or 12 millions of Poles, should be clear to the least intelligent. At any rate, 48 millions of Germans have a far greater weight in the destinies of the country than 2½ millions of Poles. He that, within our frontiers, would be protected by our arms and profit by our culture must sooner or later become a German."

Thus Professor Hasse, whose appeal to numbers would make any wrong thing right, if the majority thought that the destinies of the nation demanded that wrong should be done. Our old friend, the "struggle for existence," is made answerable for the present system; it might just as well be made answerable for any crime in the world.

But the assertions of the ex-minister Miquel are, when we remember facts, so shameless as to be truly astounding. "The Government," he said, "is pleased when Poles offer to serve in the army or the administration. . . . You may rest assured that, as regards promotion, *no difference* will be made between Germans and Poles. Nor is there anything to prevent Poles *from applying* for such aid as is provided by the funds at the disposal of the State." *No difference?* Certainly not; a German who loved the Polish nation would be treated as a Pole. *From applying!* Yes, of course, they may apply as much as they like. No one denies that. "I do not admit," he said on another occasion, "that the colonisation laws have harmed the Poles; its benefits are shared equally between the Germans and themselves. . . . They owe us a debt of gratitude for what we have done. . . . To their language we do not object; let them but speak ours too, and we are content."

Benefits and gratitude! Well, perhaps the one is due and the others exist; but not as he meant. It was intended to weaken, to destroy, the spirit of Polish nationality; the result has been to strengthen it. For that one should be thankful; but to God and nature, that have made the system a blessing in disguise.

The change of attitude which dates from Bismarck has created a Polish middle class of business men. Debarred, as we have seen, from all liberal

professions and from official appointments, they have been forced to take to commerce and industry; and the habits thus contracted, habits of hard work, of thrift, of punctuality, of enterprise, are invaluable to the formation of the national character. Their success as a class—for want of space compels us to waive details—may be judged from the statistics of the Polish Commercial League. In 1873 it had 43 branches, 7668 members, and a balance-sheet showing 3,739,302 marks of capital; in 1896 there were 101 branches, 35,987 members (!), and a capital of 27,009,273 marks. But yesterday, Count von Bülow was talking of the Polish middle class as created by Prussia. His words were most true. But, under the circumstances which gave it being, to speak of the gratitude which it owes to Prussia is a fine piece of audacity.

It is an undeniable fact that what there was of anti-German agitation before Bismarck began to meddle has not only not diminished, but increased tenfold. If Poles were all perfect in Christian sanctity, this would not be the case; and of course it is to be regretted that they are not saints. What is then to be done, Germans ask, these things being as they are? Some would advocate still harsher and more repressive measures: they think the hatred has become intensified, not because but in spite of the system that I have sketched. But others there are who raise their voices to warn the Government that it has gone the wrong way to work, and that no na-

tion can be assimilated by exceptional treatment.

Had the hundred millions of marks voted to buy up lands in East Prussia been spent in aiding the peasantry, giving prizes to the most successful farmers, offering rewards for the best and noblest achievements in Polish literature, and fitting remunerations for such officials as did most to bring Poles and Germans to live together in unity—but few nations, if any, can conceive so lofty and magnanimous a plan of government; least of all those descendants of the Teutonic Knights, for whom the divine right of the mailed fist is the embodiment of the national policy. However this may be, and whatever may be thought of so chimerical a plan as ruling a discontented country by making it contented, there can be, at least out of Germany, no two opinions as to the value of the existing system.

It is well to close this article by quoting from a German, who is not friendly to the Poles. In the '*Preussische Jahrbuch*' (January 1902), Professor Delbrück says:—

"No modern State can destroy a civilised nation. . . . To do that, methods must be employed which our civilisation will not tolerate; and even these are useless when the nation has a literature of its own, a feeling of its individual existence. . . . To flog children in the cause of their country is to make of them, not Germans, but martyrs. One intelligent priest and a few courageous children may challenge the whole might of Prussia—ay, and triumph in the conflict. . . . And, if statesmanship means the art of achieving things not impossible, then the policy of Prussia in the Eastern Provinces is not a crime, but an absurdity."

PROSPECTING IN BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

THE life of the prospector in New Guinea is not fraught with many pleasures; but in the writer's experience, oftener than elsewhere he enjoys that exquisite sensation which attends the unexpected finding of gold, and here the dreary monotony of life in the Australian interior is exchanged for conditions more congenial to his wandering nature.

British New Guinea is to most people the least known part of our Empire; but there are few valleys in its dark interior in which the prospector has not "chipped" some quartz formation, or "panned" some sand from the river's bed. The British flag was first planted on New Guinean soil by Captain, now Admiral, Sir John Moresby while surveying the coast-line in H.M.S. Basilisk during 1873; but owing to the retrograde policy of the times the fruits of his labours were lost, and Germany was allowed to seize the greater part of the island without opposition. Eleven years later, the Australian colonies, alarmed at the growing influence of that Power so near their shores, practically forced the Government to re-annex the part now termed British New Guinea; but it is only in recent years that its vast resources have attracted attention, and in the near future it will probably rank as one of the greatest gold-producing countries of the world.

Samarai has now eclipsed

Port Moresby as the chief port of the Possession: it is built, or rather erected, upon a small island at the extreme south-east of the mainland, and is in direct communication with Cooktown in Queensland and the Australian capitals. From Samarai coasting-steamers run regularly to the mouths of the Mambare, Kumusi, and Gira rivers on the north-eastern coast; and in the upper reaches and sources of these rivers are the great gold deposits, the origin of which has completely baffled the mineralogist and geologist to explain. The men there do not trouble themselves as to its origin, however; and while the river-beds continue to yield a sure and steady quantity of gold to the ordinary miner, and the mountain gorges or creeks provide sensational "finds" for the more daring prospector, no one cares whether the presence of the precious metal is in accordance with the views of geologists or otherwise.

"It is a fact that the bottom is on top," said an old pioneer to the writer. "But then the outcrops are all inside the darned mountains, so we are quits."

The township of Tamata is the most important centre of the New Guinean goldfields, but the Yodda valley camp rivals it closely; and it is expected that some of the new camps at the base of Mount Albert Edward will in time surpass them

both. The fierce unreasoning hostility of the natives renders prospecting at any distance from the settlements an extremely dangerous occupation, as the writer, who has had several experiences among the cannibalistic tribes of the lower ranges, can testify. As a rule, however, the prospector scorns all such dangers, and if he escapes the dreaded fever, trusts to his rifle for protection and his luck for fortune, and straightway proceeds to cut a path into some unknown river valley. The famous Yodda valley—where men at first made 50 ounces of gold (equivalent to £180) per day—was discovered in such manner; and if the stories of some of the prospecting parties who crossed New Guinea in all directions were given to the world, doubtless a “rush” would set in towards the deadly fever-swamps, unparalleled in the world’s history both for its general extent and the amount of victims. Round the camp-fires at night, enveloped in their smoke to escape the many pests, the men of the various settlements regularly gather to discuss the latest news from the coast, and to consider the many strange reports of “great strikes,” constantly circulated by the friendly natives. Frequently a party is organised to go and prove the truth of any such report, and when in turn word is sent back that the chances are good, a general exodus often takes place, all setting out for the new fields with light hearts and high hopes.

Miners cannot stay in New

Guinea for more than one season at a time; they are forced by repeated attacks of the various fevers to leave their work and take a “spell” in the southern parts of Australia or New Zealand. In the writer’s opinion lack of proper food is the prime cause of these fevers, as it is only when the men are “run down” that the *kuri-kuri* breaks out among them. The stores are floated as far as possible up the rivers in oil-launches and whale-boats, and then transported overland to the camps by native carriers in the employment of the diggers. The majority of the miners are Australians; but in most prospecting parties there is usually a Scotsman and an Irishman, and not infrequently a German.

In the party with which I was associated there were two typical Australian prospectors, one German, one Irishman, and, including myself, two Scots. We also had six native carriers and two dogs. My Scottish comrade said that “the dugs were as guid as ony twa men”; but however that might apply to the whites, it was at least unfair to our dusky “boys,” who were Fly river natives, and only cost 1s. each for wages per day. We all had had experience on other gold-fields, and each man was fever-proof, which in New Guinea means impregnated with quinine. “Doc,” the Irishman, was a Dublin University man of some repute. He had been in turn a member of a famous North Polar expedition, and an officer in the American Philip-

pino campaign. Scottie had been everywhere; but his accent seemed to become more pronounced the farther from home he wandered. The two Australians, Coolgardie Bill and Starvation Sam, were good specimens of the wandering Anglo-Saxon. Bill was one of the pioneers of Coolgardie; but if he were addressed by his real name, William Hambley, he would probably not recognise it. Sam was the son of a governor of a not unknown "link" in our chain of Empire; but as he adopted his cognomen to hide his identity, and no one would dream of calling him anything else, perhaps I will be excused from going further into his family history. He was six feet five inches in height, had been in his time soldier, sailor, missionary, pearler, outlaw, and mail-carrier; from which description all Queenslanders and South Sea travellers will immediately recognise him. Our German companion was a first-class mineralogist and an excellent comrade—and cook; but he deeply resented the appellation of Kaiser, which Scottie bestowed upon him. "I am not Cherman," he would say; "I was been as mooch English as you, Scodie." "A ken that fine, Kaiser," Scottie would answer; "A'm Scotch frae Dundee."

We left Tamata with the intention of prospecting the Owen Stanley ranges, and among the miners in general were considered to be the most experienced and best-equipped prospecting party that ever

essayed that venture. Our journey for the first week was—allowing for the nature of the country—uneventful. A crocodile gripped one of our carriers while crossing the Ope river; but making a combined attack on the huge saurian, we forced it to relax its hold, and finally, as Bill remarked, "Ther' war one inseck less in the darned country." Another day we were attacked by myriads of bees, and despite our face-nets they inflicted much pain upon all. The New Guinean bee does not sting, in the strictest sense of the word; it has an intense craving for salt, and, obeying some instinct, it fastens into the skin and raises great blisters thereon by its peculiar suction action. At lunch-time we carefully made a pile of dry brushwood and shook a small packet of salt over it. Instantly the bees left us and followed the salt down through the loose heap, and then with a chuckle of delight, and a grunt of satisfaction from Kaiser, Scottie applied a lighted match. Doc said that Scottie chased the only bee that escaped for over half a mile, but at any rate we were not troubled further that day.

Continuing our journey, which at first had been through the swampy and pestilential morass formed by the Ope river's periodical overflow, we at length crossed the "divide" between the Ope and Kumusi waters, and travelled through a country in which brilliantly hued creepers blazed from the tree-tops and luxuriant vegetation flourished every-

where. Gaudy-plumaged parrots, cockatoos, and birds of paradise flitted overhead, making the forest resound with their deafening chatter. Snakes of nearly all varieties started from the dense undergrowths as we approached, and our dogs had plenty of exercise in chasing these undesirables. They in turn were the hunted when near rivers, and many a narrow escape Scottie and his charges had from the enormous and impregnable crocodiles that infested the banks of all streams.

There were several native villages in the district which we now traversed; but having had previous experience of the treacherous nature and cannibalistic proclivities of most of the tribes in that quarter, we avoided them, and altered our course when we struck a native pad or track. We knew that our tracks must be seen, however, and nightly expected a visit from the warriors, who, fearing only the Government police, looked upon prospecting parties as the lawful prey allowed them by a considerate Government. We were not disappointed. One night while camped near the Kumusi, and about thirty miles from the Yodda valley camps, the long-expected attack came, and, to Scottie's intense disgust, we did not stay to argue the point, but departed hurriedly and ignominiously. Two days later we reached the Yodda, and camped for some time, to try our luck and to hear the latest reports from the mountains. A day previ-

ous to our arrival a strong party had set out to prospect Mount Scratchley; and while we were camped a famous pioneering company arrived from the interior, and reported the discovery of vast gold deposits in the gullies of the higher ranges. Several of the members showed some peculiar stones which they had taken from the mountain ravines; and one veteran, in whom Sam recognised an old comrade, hinted mysteriously that the nuggets and slugs which they had with them came from a lava deposit at the source of the Gira, in German territory. While Doc and I noted that significant fact for future reference, Kaiser was more interested in the stones. "Dat is vat is called zircon," he whispered to me as he placed a pebble on his tongue. "Gott! it is over twenty carats," he continued excitedly. "Ask him ver it vas come from." "Why not ask him yourself?" I suggested jokingly; but the reproachful look he gave me made me regret that I had spoken. Kaiser's race, in most British colonies, is always suspected of underhand dealing. On my inquiring of the owner where he had found the stones, he placed them in my hands. "In some creeks in the back ranges," he answered. "You can have them all; I ain't going to carry them farther." "But look," I said, chipping the edge of one, and disclosing a translucent mass of pale straw colour, in which a tinge of port wine danced according to the manner in which the

stone was held. "I don't care," he replied; "I is a gold-miner, an' I knows that every ounce of gold is worth £3, 17s. 6d.; but that darned stuff only Jews will buy, an'—well, Bill threw his away, an' I'll do the same if you don't want them." I had no spare money,—the prospector never has,—and as he refused to take a new Winchester rifle and my silver-mounted revolver, I did not know what to give in return.

"Ye'll need all yer pop-guns where ye are goin'," he said. "I is going down to South Aus. with my pile; but say—if ye has any fruit-salt, or sugar, or quinine to spare, I an' the boys would be eternally obliged to ye." I gave him a bottle of quinine tabloids, and another of saccharine; and as few of the miners had ever heard of the latter substance, and of course seldom carried sugar, their delight was a treat to see. We entertained them to dinner, and next morning they started for the Kumusi river *en route* for the coast, Samarai, and Australia. At the same time we picked up their old tracks and steered for the distant peak of Mount Scratchley.

Our progress was now necessarily slow, for in addition to being in a hostile country, through which Sir William Macgregor and his native police was the only armed force that had ever passed, we had to carry on prospecting operations. Three days out, our first "strike" was made. We bridged a deep river in the usual manner by felling a tree across from bank to bank; and after we had

crossed, Kaiser, who was an enthusiastic botanist, descended into the channel to examine a curious growth on an under branch. "Come on, Kaiser," shouted Scottie; "there's nae gold doon there." "Bring up a sample, anyhow," Bill added, throwing him a gold-pan; and laughingly we all passed on, leaving our inquisitive comrade to follow at his leisure. Shortly afterwards Doc shot a wild pig, and as all prospectors adopt the rule of dining when opportunity offers, a halt was called for that purpose. During cooking operations Kaiser arrived, carrying Bill's gold-pan. Bill took the dish from his hands with the intention of replacing it in its former position on a carrier's back; but, to his loudly and vigorously expressed astonishment, he found that his comrade had followed his instructions, and actually carried about 2 lb. of sand from the river's bed. "Lor'! but ye is green, Kaiser," he remarked, preparing to throw the sand out. "Haud on a wee," Scottie cried, seizing his arm; "it's aye whaur ye dinna expect to find gold that ye get it. Noo A dinna think there's ony there, so try it." Bill looked at Scottie in thoughtful silence for a minute. "I reckon it's worth trying anyhow," cried Sam; "pitch it here, an' I'll pan it." Bill did so, and Sam walked over to a creek near. Shortly after we were all startled by his shout. "Did you salt [add gold to] this dirt, Scottie?" he roared. "Get oot, man, an' no mak' a fool o' yersel'," Scottie answered, walking over. "Hallo! Come here,

lads," he continued; "we've struck it!" In a moment six excited men were round the pan, to which Sam was still imparting a gentle concentric motion, and, to our unbounded amazement, every movement of the dish still increased the comet-like tail of deep red gold in the ripple of the pan.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said the two Australians simultaneously.

"I'll be d—darned!" remarked Scottie with great feeling.

"Mine Gott! Tree ounce stuff!" cried Kaiser.

"Better come and have dinner," suggested Doc. I do not remember what I said; but even our "boys" babbled away in unintelligible but excited language. Of course we returned to the river—one of the Kumusi head-waters—and by sundown had tested the sands at various points for a distance of two miles on both sides of our bridge. Kaiser meanwhile had set to work with his pan, and when we returned to our camping-ground he had about half an ounce of coarse gold to show for his efforts. Next day we pegged out six prospectors' claims along both banks of the stream, including, of course, as much of the alluvial land on either side as our claims would allow. For several days afterwards we devoted some time to the most promising bars and deposits; but as we had neither the tools nor the material for constructing sluice-boxes, our methods were restricted to simply washing the "dirt" in our pans. On

the fourth day Scottie threw down his pan, ejaculating at the same time the most used word in his fairly extensive vocabulary.

"What is the matter, Mac?" I cried from the opposite bank.

"A dimna see hoo A shood hae tae work like a Clyde steevadore," he answered, "when ony man wi' the sma'est scientific abelities could get as much gold in hauf an hoor as the lot o' us can in a day."

"Explain, Mac. Have you an idea?"

"Ay. Thoosands o' them. But what's tae hinder us frae taking a wheen split bamboos an' stringing them thegither like a sheet o' galvanised iron——"

"Nothing. We have our axes, but what——?"

"Turn the affair upside doon an' lean it against the bank there. Some o' us could throw the sand on tae the thing an' Kaiser could keep it goin' wi' enough water tae wash the sand awa'."

"But the bamboo is too smooth; the gold would be carried over the edges with the sand."

"Pit a hale bamboo in a-tween every twa split yins, an' if the gold could rise ow'r that it wad be too licht for savin' onyway."

"All right, Mac," I responded. "You make the affair, and if it works we will appoint you our chief engineer."

Mac did not answer. He knew that all his appointments merely meant so much additional work left to him as a

matter of course; and even as things were, he never had "ony time for meeditaishun." He made his corrugated inclined plane, however, and as all his comrades excepting Kaiser laughed at his idea, he worked it himself for the first day. That evening, as we sat in the smoke of our camp-fire, Doc remarked, "Well, boys, I made about an ounce to-day; but I can't say that I care much about the work."

"I reckon I is good for an ounce too," said Bill.

Sam was cook, Kaiser camp-guard, and I had been writing up my log, so we had nothing to say. Mac evidently—like all Australian bushmen—believed that silence was golden, for it was only after being asked several times that he spoke. "Ah weel," he said reflectively, "there's some folk in this weary world content tae work awa frae morn till nicht for a paltry three pounds seventeen an' saxpence worth [one ounce of gold], but A'm no ane o' them?"

"Mac is home-sick," Doc laughed.

"Has yer patent turned out a duffer?" inquired Sam.

"I reckon Scottie is keeping back his gold from his mates," said Bill aggrievedly.

"How much did you get, Mac?" I interrupted soothingly, for Mac had been my companion in many a journey, and I understood his nature well.

"A dinna ken," he answered, handing me a fair-sized pouch; "aboot hauf a pun' A think."

"What!" roared the men, springing to their feet.

"Lor'! Scottie, does ye mean —?"

"Eight ounces exactly," I announced. "Mac has made £30 for one day's work."

"Scodland for ever!" shouted Kaiser from the midst of a cloud of native tobacco-smoke, and the others echoed his sentiments. Next day all hands assisted at Mac's machine, which showed in its construction many signs of that gentleman's ingenuity; but it had not been designed to bear the strain now put upon it, and after a few hours' work the bamboo ripples fell away. However it may apply in other circumstances, it is a recognised law among prospectors that misfortunes never come singly, therefore we were not surprised that afternoon when the river suddenly came down "a banker" (in flood) and carried away all our preparations for a new machine. Doc, who was of a philosophical nature, went out shooting when it became apparent that no further work could be done that day. When he returned to camp I saw from his face that the last of our misfortunes had not yet been reached. "The Papangis and Babagas are out," he said quietly.

"That means——?" I said.

"That we'd better git, quick an' lively too," interrupted Bill.

"This creek runs into a large river about three miles down," continued Doc, "and there is a palisaded village near the junction. I saw some canoes drawn up on the banks, and from their design and peculiar ornamentation I at once guessed

who their owners were. There were also some bearing the symbol of the Sizuretas; but probably they were those taken from that tribe when the great massacre occurred. I did not see any natives, and as I was quite close to the palisades I therefore concluded that they did not wish to be seen, and you can all guess what that means."

Doc's words caused great consternation, and when our "boys" gathered that they were in the country of the dreaded Papangi they set up a wailing. "Papangi no good. Hims eat poor black devils. Stick head on *pouri dubus*" (sorcerer's house), cried one, on whom we had bestowed the title of King George.

"Dinna you be frightened, ma man," said Mac consolingly. "If ony o' the Papangi heathens come near enough A'll gie them sic a feed o' lead that their ghosts 'll hae indegeestion." King George did not understand all that Mac said; but he brightened up considerably at his words, and at once began to infuse spirit into his companions. Mac was always delighted at the prospect of a fight; but as these tribes had only a month previously murdered and eaten most of the inhabitants of Angerita, the chief village of the Sizuretas, and afterwards successfully given battle to the Warden of the Northern Division and his police, who had gone to punish them, we thought discretion the better part of valour, and prepared to move, much to Mac's disgust. "Are ye gaun to rin

awa' again?" he bellowed indignantly. "Let's get ma gun, an A'll gang an' fecht them ma'sel'."

"An' your head vas look vell on pole-top, Scottie," said Kaiser as he struck our tent.

"We will fight if we can get a good camping-ground where they can't get behind us," I said, and with that Mac had to be content.

In a marvellously short space of time our carriers were loaded and across the stream, after which we cast our bridge adrift and started up the north bank, intending to follow the river to its source, and then prospect for the lode from which the gold was shed. The sun had just disappeared as we began our march. We had not stayed for supper, and perhaps this fact had something to do with the depressing influence that seemed to rest upon all. Animal life had suddenly become very active; and to feel a coiling, writhing object among the feet, or to tread upon some nameless amphibious creature, was anything but a pleasant sensation.

The moon shone brightly for the first two hours, and we travelled much faster than is usual in New Guinea. Our dogs, however, seemed conscious of some impending danger that was not yet apparent to us; and it grieved Mac sorely to see how his dumb charges hung so closely to his person, and how spiritless they had become.

"I fancy we should have stayed and risked a fight," Doc said at length, as we paused at the mouth of a narrow ravine through which the stream

rushed furiously. "Our boys will never face *that*."

"Can't we get over the top?" I suggested; but Bill and Sam, who had been reconnoitring, said our only possible course was to traverse the stream and trust to there being no pools. This prospect was not very pleasing. We did not know the length of the ravine, nor what animals might have their homes in its depths, and our nerves were already at high tension.

The moon was now obscured with banks of dark clouds that had suddenly shot up from behind Mount Victoria, and the birds of night, before so noisy, were now strangely silent. The atmosphere had also become oppressively close, and we had to throw down our loads, from sheer physical inability to longer sustain them.

"It's a 'buster' comin'," Sam gasped; "git up the flies—quick!" A flash of lightning lit up the valley as he spoke, and a terrific thunder-clap reverberated through the ravine. A minute of what felt unnatural silence passed, during which we all struggled with our long canvas "fly," and then the storm burst. We had got our flour and rice sacks under cover, and following Kaiser's example, crawled in under the folds beside them. The rain was the heaviest I have ever experienced, and soon we were drenched to the skin, even through the thick canvas. Suddenly one of the dogs started up, and instinctively fearing some new calamity, I gripped his nostrils tightly, while Doc crawled to

the edge of our covering. "It's them," he whispered. "They are on the other bank; Heaven help us if we are discovered!"

"Let me oot!" growled Mac; "A'm no gaun to be speared like a rabbit in a hole."

"Shut up, Mac," I remonstrated. "It's too dark for them to see, and they cannot cross the water in any case." The patter of feet could now be heard on the opposite bank, and an occasional *Che-ep* (battle-cry) showed that we were not mistaken. In this new excitement we soon forgot our miserable condition; and from the characteristic behaviour of the individual members of the party it was evident that the actual presence of danger had dispelled the strange feeling of depression which previously had almost unnerved us. Mac was muttering to his dogs, Bill and Sam were—unconsciously, I believe—pouring out a torrent of Australian bush words which, as Kaiser afterwards said, "sounded like poedry." Kaiser himself, I knew, was munching a piece of damper, which with thoughtful precaution he had carried from our last camp. Our boys lay still, as if asleep. I was so engrossed in the study of my comrades that events outside passed unnoticed until Doc's voice startled us. "Come out, boys!" he cried; "all is clear." We crawled from under our soaked covering, and found Doc puffing at his pipe as serenely as if he had just risen from supper. The storm had ceased; the moon was shining again, and the dark clouds were

speeding towards the Yodda valley. "Evidently our friends were surprised by the 'buster' as much as we were," Doc said; "at any rate, they have gone home to dine on something else."

"That minds me that A'm hungry tae," cried Mac; "come on, Kaiser; gi'e us a haun'."

By some miraculous means these two worthies got a fire kindled, and while we dried ourselves by the blaze of the gum-logs, the "billies" were boiled, and soon some copious draughts of thick black tea made us feel quite recovered. When morning came the waters in the gorge had subsided, and after a hasty breakfast we forced a passage up the stream, and finally emerged on the wooded slopes of the mountains.

The details of our journey from thence onwards would require too much space to enumerate. We steered for the distant ranges, because we wished to prospect them before the state of our stores rendered that impossible, knowing that, if unlucky, we could always come back to the sands of the river. We were attacked twice by hunting tribes of what must have been the notorious Tuguris; but we were no longer inclined to run away, and for the benefit of the gold-seeker who might come after us, we taught them that it was dangerous to interfere with prospectors.

One day in the middle ranges we traced up a rich gold formation, and by the primitive method of dollying

with improvised tools obtained 110 ounces from it in three days. In this region—near the source of the Gira—signs of gold were everywhere; but we were not equipped for systematic mining, and could only treat the rich free ore or the alluvial deposits. There seemed to be few natives here, and owing to the height above sea-level the country was much healthier than in the lower valleys. One day we came on a deserted village, in the stockaded garden of which were cocoanut and betel palms, and the usual taro and sweet-potatoes. The sugar-cane and tobacco-plant were also much in evidence, showing that some civilising influence—probably that of the missionaries—had been at work among the former inhabitants. We saw no sign of life, however, and therefore concluded that the fierce Tuguris had recently raided the place.

Another day Doc and I, while climbing up the mountain-side from our camp, found our progress suddenly barred by a steep gully that cut transversely along the slope. Descending with difficulty into the valley, and following up the course of an old water-channel, we found a heterogeneous deposit of zircons, sapphires, topazes, and many other gem-stones amidst the *débris* of an extinct blowhole. We gathered some of what appeared to be the best, intending to find out their value at the earliest possible opportunity. The valley formation itself would have gladdened the heart of

any geologist; from any point lower down the mountain the slope seemed continuous, and only when at the edge of the "breakaway" was the valley evident.

We were now near the German boundary, and hesitated between our desires and our duty as law-abiding prospectors. While camped on doubtful territory an incident occurred that may serve to illustrate more than one thing. We were satisfied with our luck so far, and therefore light-hearted, so much so that one night Mac began to sing, and soon we all joined him. The air was very clear on the mountains, but it struck me that the echoes lingered strangely; and after we had turned in for the night, volumes of sound still rose and fell on the atmosphere, sweeter far than that produced by our own rough voices. Next night, as we sat at supper regarding ruefully our fast-diminishing stores, we were startled by a loud "Hallo." "Hallo!" we shouted back, and then to our astonishment four men and six carriers marched into our fire-lit circle.

"It's a graun' nicht," cried one. "Hae ye onything for eatin'?"

"Well, I'll be—Scotched!" remarked Doc, while Scottie sprang to his feet and stared at the new-comers.

"You are just in time," I said. "What clan do you represent?"

"Macpherson; A'm frae Laggan-side. Sandy here is

a Glesga man, but Bob an' Jim are Englishmen; they're nane the waur o' that——"

"We heard you singing last night," interrupted the one indicated as Bob. "We are as hungry as hawks—but how is the war?" . . .

The new party had just come from a protracted trip in German territory, and they told many strange tales of what they had seen in that mysterious land. Unfortunately their stores had given out, and on investigation we found that ours could not last more than ten days for both parties. However, as Mr Robert Elliot informed me, they had made enough gold to warrant their going back again; and, pending considerations as to the advisability of our joining forces, we all resolved to have a "spell."

We eventually reached the coast at Holnecote Bay; a week after we landed at Samarai, and eight days more found us in Sydney.

Here two Hebrew gentlemen offered Sam and Kaiser a £10-note for our entire stock of gem-stones. In consequence of this generous offer (!), and the fact that his great height afforded an easy means of identification, we had to send Sam rather hurriedly to Melbourne. We eventually restored peace, however, by selling our stones to the aforementioned individuals for £80; and since then Aaron K. has informed me that one stone alone, when cut into four parts and polished, fetched fifty-three sovereigns.

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹PART IV.—THE CONQUEST—*continued.*CHAPTER XX.—LOST—*continued.*

SHE was different from them. Better or worse, she was different; and just the recognition of this, with its resulting sense of perplexity and isolation, clouded her new world for her. Chilled a little, her high way of feeling having suffered a fall, she withdrew from her old free association with them, and fell back upon the company of Richard Clephane; only to perceive in him, as she had not earlier, discords which chilled her still more.

At first, perhaps, it was her own disquiet which she found reflected in him. She still took his work seriously. There was a chatter of music in the O'Sullivan household. Conscious of noting that his name had no place in it, she laughed at herself for imagining that the O'Sullivans should care for the refined talent that was Richard's. Why, they did not even talk of Parabo! She divined that in music—and in all things in this great London—there are circles that do not touch. Yet her quick instinct had told her also of a freemasonry of knowledge and appreciation which links them all; and now the troubled recognition came to her that no circle containing Richard had

ever come within her ken, though she was like an astronomer, always watching the field for the appearance of the expected star.

Richard, as a matter of fact, was at the moment coming off the top of such wavelet of success as he achieved in London; and coming off it acquiescently enlightened about his own talent. He was a riddle: "a well," his uncle called him; but, indeed, there were no depths in him. He was a riddle to us, because we were confused by the conflicting emergent qualities in his character. There was this unhardy shrewdness about himself, for example; his rawness to the touch of ridicule; and the quality in him, whatsoever it was, that caused him to tempt inevitable failure in a musical career, and to accept it with so little vexation. There were a hundred others, good and bad, and all small; and over them he wore the enigmatic mask, which seemed the largest thing about him, and, in its apparent balance and simplicity, confused us most of all. We were deceived into thinking it the tonic of his character; whereas it was only the bitumen, meretriciously mixed with the

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colours of the artist, by which the picture at first takes on the appearance of a unity, but inevitably in time cracks and falls to pieces.

The cracking process in his character was showing already. It showed just in his wise perception of his own failure as a musician: he took it too complacently, and found too mean a consolation for it. Every step in his decline was registered on Charlotte's sensitive nature. I can only guess at their feelings. On his coming to London, with these Den nights warm in his memory, he may have thought of marriage with her. Parabo had praised her voice. A wife with a voice was the wife for a musician. She would be "the right thing." I can believe this of his selfish but still naïve mind. His earlier talk about the artist's liberty in experimenting upon women must not be forgotten; but that may have been only talk: as much a pose as this idea (if ever he entertained it) of a wife with a voice. But now his unstable mind, contemplating with a pitiful knowingness the conditions of the new life about him, leapt to an extreme licence in them for the pose which it would be "the right thing" for him to affect. So I read him. Any one could see how incompatible with the social success opening out before him was Charlotte as a wife. The thought of that was long dismissed by Richard; but—I declare I know it from words I have heard from his

own lips—he fidgeted in his mind whether a liaison with her might not be incompatible with it.

Charlotte, on her part, was still strong in her resolution and anxiety that no occupation with her should interfere with his career. Yet, now, when he scarce dissembled that the engagements to which she so readily gave way were only social engagements, she was conscious, for the first time, of a disappointment that about his, their, future, he had no bursting word of hope or desire. She was silent about his music; whereas, earlier, she would have cheered and urged him on with her enthusiasm. To her "I should like to hear you play. When shall I hear you?" he had given laughing assurances; but now his answer was different. "What did it matter about playing in public!" he said; and fell to talk of the professionalism of music, and of his own imperfect training; of the hopelessness of all attaining greatness, and the uselessness of any save the chosen attempting it. He could not understand why she took it so badly. He did not understand that this which he was tearing down had been for her the flag and symbol of all that had called her to him.

"Parabo? Parabo was daft! I'm a very creditable violinist but that's all: why should I trouble? I do not need to play for a living."

In his anxiety to persuade her out of her silence to acquiescence in his view, he broke his usual

reserve. "Music is a craft—first and foremost, a craft—and it must be learned," he said. "You have to be apprenticed to it, as you would to the making of shoes; and there are only one or two snabs better than the ruck, you know, and fit to be put on to a lady's pair."

"You nip me like an east wind when you speak so!" she said. It was like her that his going to the Bowes shoemakers for an illustration increased the hurt of his words.

"After all, what is Art?" he persisted. "Life! Life and the colour of it! The joy of living . . . Charlotte," he whispered, "Charlotte, we never felt the sun down in Fife."

"Stop! stop!" she cried, surprising him by her passion of regret and humiliation.

There was nothing in this talk to have affected her so, had she not peeped behind the gaiety of this new world, and caught a glimpse of the strenuousness of the life that seemed so easy. She had a suspicion of the coarseness behind its freedom, the grimace behind the smile; and in the light of this experience she read the subconscious intention lurking behind his words.

"Stop! stop!" she cried.

Yet, after the first blast of humiliation and regret—even in the midst of it—his words had an appeal. Just because she was on a lower level to which this new experience had brought her, she was conscious of the force of their appeal.

She was still conscious of it

when she heard of Madame Biatrucci. She heard of her from Mr Figg. He had followed Charlotte one night, when she went to meet Richard, and thus identified the "friend" of whom Nelly Whippet had spoken; and by inquiries, easily pursued, wormed himself into a knowledge of Richard's condition and manner of living. It was immediately after this that there happened the affair with the Biatrucci: the visit with the adventuress to her cottage in the country; the walk after dinner, prolonged, by entanglement in by-paths, however else, beyond the departure of the last train for town; the arrival after midnight of the lady's brother, putting a high price on his sister's honour, in default of its vindication at the altar. When this ridiculous story (the gull's part might well excite laughter!) skulked, masked and cloaked, through some baser society papers, a hint put Mr Figg upon the track of Richard as its hero. With a less disguised and more sensational paragraph in his pocket, addressed to the editor of a scurrilous rag, he called on Richard, who, in affright of ridicule, temporised with the blackmailer. Charlotte, too, was embraced in the machinations of the scoundrel. He revealed the story to her, with recognisable proofs in Richard's own handwriting, and scarce veiled hints about her own virtue. The horror overwhelmed her. Brought up at the knee of constraint, she had escaped with a blithe mind into the amplitude of freedom—and sud-

denly this horror overwhelmed her. Broken and proud, she left Leinster Gardens, to hide herself deeper from all who might know of her humiliation.

But of all this, so near and vital to my own life, I was ignorant, of course, when the rumour which linked her name disgracefully with Richard's stole upon us, like an easterly haar from St Brise. At the first feel of it I had wished to start for London at once. The Clephane Railway Bill, as it happened, was to come before Committee ten days later; and I was going up then with Nocht, who, sorely against the grain, was taking Rab Cuick also with him. The rascal's evidence on old march-dykes and rights-of-way, indeed, was the core of our case. I was restless to be off at once, however, and suggested to Mr Trail the expediency of my going South before the others.

He took me up with surprising sharpness.

"Mr Shirra, you know well enough what is in the interests of our clients. It's possible, indeed, you conceive of a higher duty. You may propose bringing this lass of Rab Cuick's back among us as mistress of Roselea?"

"Oh no!" I cried, caught in confusion and fright.

"I thought not," he answered me with contemptuous incision. "I never reckoned you among the Quixotes. . . . Very well, then. Better bide here."

"But," I protested, seeing it was useless to hide my de-

sign, "this affair of Richard Clephane and Charlotte concerns . . ."

"It concerns the two of them, in the first degree; and in a less, Mr James Clephane and Rab Cuick. James has been persuaded to be prudent and to sit still, and Rab . . . Have you been feeling Rab's mind on the matter?" he asked with an extreme inquisitiveness.

"I would not speak to him of it!" I burst out.

"Wise," said Mr Trail. "Wise. For it concerns you not at all."

"On your own showing," he continued, when I would have spoken. "There's no room for Platonics, if you're honest."

"Richard Clephane . . ."

"Richard Clephane, so far as I know, has never denied, as you did a minute ago, the intention which alone gives the right to look after Charlotte Cook. And if he has . . . phew!" He tossed off a huge pinch.

"You compare us!" I cried, stung with shame.

"And why not? Though, as a matter of fact, I did nothing of the kind. It is your own showing and avowal that you have no *locus standi* here . . . And he has; you must remember, he has."

"I am her cousin," I blurted.

"Have you not been a long time in finding that out?" he said, stinging me to a prickly heat of humiliation.

The appearance of Nocht in the office doorway spared me further suffering at this downright tongue.

"What! what! The two corbies cast out!" he cried, looking from my hot face to Mr Trail.

"We have been having an argument in which you, I'm sure, will take sides with me. Come in and sit down. I have been holding against Mr Shirra here, that all the great men in the world have been great because of never having had a weakness for any woman."

"And a decrepit old sinner like you, Michael, has little credit by the contention," answered James.

I joined in the laugh at the retort, and, casting about for a further show of composure,—
"It's worthy of Rab Cuick!" I said recklessly.

Nochty was on his feet at the name. "I distrust that man," he cried; "I distrust him. He's a thwart—a moral thwart—and I distrust him. . . . I can't endure him, and won't . . . so there, Michael!"

Mr Trail's eyes were looking at me explosively over the ball of red handkerchief at his face. I had fired fresh rebellion to his plans.

"Oh! I'm with you, Mr James," he met it, with his indomitable patience in important matters. "I am entirely with you, on general grounds. But at this particular moment, if you can't suffer him for the next fortnight you had better stay at home; for if any man's evidence is to win your case for you, it is his. Take my advice. His help is necessary in this business."

"We must consider this," I broke in, seeking to rectify my

blunder, "and conciliate the man, Mr Clephane."

"Would you mind particularly conciliating me by holding your tongue, Mr Shirra?" said Mr Trail, breathing hard.

"Conciliate!" Nochty was crying, stamping about the room. "Conciliate! I had as soon that he had the reversion of Nochty as that I should conciliate him."

"You must allow this about Rab," Mr Trail said quietly, "that neither one nor other of you two virtuous gentlemen could do it."

In the end, however, Nochty was recalled to reason,—the Clephanes, it must be said, always saw very well how the wind blew; and Rab went with us to London. On the Saturday before our departure we all met in Mr Trail's office. Nochty and I were arranging to travel by day—on the following Wednesday or Thursday, we had not definitely fixed which—and Nochty, a little importantly, was jotting in his memorandum tablet.

"I'm very pleased to give you every assistance in my power, Mr Clephane," said Rab, fingering a pencil and a scrap of paper; "but my affairs will not allow me to be away a day more than I can help. I maun travel by night."

James Clephane gloomed.

"You might miss more by being away by night than by day," Mr Trail interposed, with a sly look, suggestive of other people's turnips and the like.

"A hit," chirped Rab. And Nochty rose.

Out in the lobby, at the street door,—“A moment!” I delayed them. I was to put up at the “Westminster Palace,” James Clephane in old quarters at the “Tavistock.” “And you, Rab, where are you staying?”

“Me?” cried he. “D’ye mind Hugh Coyle in St Brise, Mr Trail?”

“Fine that!” The recollection evidently held some humoursome treasure.

“Well, I’ll tell you a story about Hugh. He disappeared for a time,—in Perth Jail, for shoplifting in Newburgh, we all knew,—but when he won back he gave out that he had been in London, and we made believe to believe him for the sake of the great stories of London life that he retailed. But there was a stupid body, who had been in London; and by way of showing how he could trip up Hugh,—‘Where did you

bide when you was in London, Hughie?’ he asked him. ‘Sure,’ answered he, ‘on the left, just as ye go into the town yonder.’ . . . And that’s where I’m going to bide, Mr Shirra—just as you go into the town yonder!”

James Clephane, with a twisted face, stepped into the street. It was still crowded; the farming folks were driving out of the town in their gigs, or paying last calls to pick up parcels at the shop-doors.

“Good day!” Nochtly called to us, with a flourish of his riding-whip, as he threaded his way across to the “Salutation.”

“Good day!” we answered; and Rab, raising his tuneful voice to carry to him,—“And—eh—we’ll meet at the House, Mr James, come Monday week!”

Nochtly’s hand tightened on his crop.

CHAPTER XXL.—THE SEARCH.

We travelled up to London on the Thursday, and I planned, for my earliest business the next morning, to call upon Richard Clephane. As his lawyer, with this Bill case on hand, it would be well to see him at once. That was my excuse. My purpose was to beguile from him the whereabouts of Charlotte. Let Mr Trail say what he might, that concerned me as well as Richard in the first degree.

On the Friday forenoon, therefore, after a short consultation with our solicitors, I

set out for Jermyn Street—according to appointment, however, taking the “Tavistock” on my way. I found James in a shortness of temper, for which I could discover no reason save the strain of travelling; until, about to take my leave, I mentioned that I was going on to Richard. Then his temper aired itself, with snarlings at the ill-guided and undutiful laddie, and lamentable growls about something doubtful in his conduct.

It appeared that, being up by six o’clock—as he was every

morning at Nocty — James walked to his nephew's lodgings, to be informed that he was not at home.

"Not out of bed, I suppose?" James said, with a tolerant knowingness.

"If you please, no: out of town. He had gone out of town over the Sunday. I think, sir," his man had added, "if you are Mr Clephane, Mr Clephane expected you yesterday."

Pressed by James's further indignant inquiries, he explained that his master had only gone late last night after dinner. He left word he had gone for the week-end, should Mr Clephane call. He left the same word for Mr Biatrucci.

"Betrucchy! Betrucchy!" James cried. "Another fiddler?"

Of that the man had no knowledge — intimated skilfully, indeed, that such information would be an impertinence, as the request for it possibly was. Nor did he know where in the country Mr Clephane had gone to; only that he was returning to town on Monday morning.

James varied his blasts against the ungrateful and ill-guided master by others against the polite insolence of the valet. "The man knew more than he told. He had an unruffled, shiny face, and was a rascal." So James. Charlotte was a morbid spot on my mind, raw to the touch of every suspicion. James's hint of something hidden inflamed it. Was the destination in the country Charlotte's dwelling-place?

Was she being smuggled out of London in view of our arrival? From these unworthy suspicions, which held a conniving Charlotte in their mesh, I was glad to fly to consultations on the Clephane Bill. James Clephane gave me an appointment to expect him at my hotel on Monday morning, so that we might call together upon Richard. Then, perhaps, the road to the discovery of Charlotte would be opened for me.

For the remainder of that day, and all Saturday, I was kept busily at work. There cropped up some worrying points, in clearing which Rab's help would have been invaluable; but he did not report himself. The fear that he might fail us was a fresh trouble. And always stretched across the background of my mind loomed my anxiety about Charlotte. On the Sunday morning I attended service at the Abbey, bringing away from it, instead of the serenity I had hoped for, an agitation of mind which Mr Trail did not fail to remark in the long reporting letter to him which occupied my afternoon. Dinner over, I stepped out to take the air. Happening eastwards, I crossed Parliament Square, drawn by the line of pale lights over Westminster Bridge. Perhaps there was an unusual beauty in the night: Nature must have her extreme moments. This was my extreme moment, doubtless, when I was all unnerved by the strain of this law case and the thought of Charlotte. The

sight of the gold and purple wonder of the water-reaches between the bridges filled me with a feeling inexpressibly poignant. I have never before, or since, suffered so exquisite a weakness. What they must endure who are myriad-stopped pipes upon which Nature is ever playing! I am thinking of one especially: I understand her better for that night.

I pushed my steps along that crowded and noisy road that leads dismally deeper and deeper into the squalid pit of South London. Worn, and sunk in a depression, I kept on; enduring the weariness and staleness of the spectacle, because of a foolish hope springing up in me that in that great crowd I should see the face I was looking for. I knew it was folly; yet twice or thrice I caught, as I fancied, a quick vision of Charlotte; but always when I came alongside of the figure that had deceived me, my hope looked into unkent eyes and died. Until at last, towards midnight, the spectacle sank away, and I found myself retracing my steps among only the dregs and echoes of it. I shrank from the show of the river from the bridge, which had arrested me on my way across, as from a majesty and beauty too piercing for my bleared mind, and when I reached my room I threw myself on my bed, all the spring and sap gone out of me.

In the morning I had recovered tone and self-respect; yet so insufficiently that when Rab Cuick was shown to my

room I shirked from handling him as I had determined. Instead, I welcomed him with some show of sprightliness.

"So you have arrived?" I said. "And what do you think of London?"

"Oh, it's a great place," he answered; "a great place—I can see that. Though the noise of it is a bit in my ear still, and I cannot quite master the tune."

"You haven't had a great deal of time," I said.

"But I've made the most of it. How d'ye think I was occupied last night? Expounding the doctrine of Predestination, sir. A Voice crying in the Wilderness. A friend of mine carried me off to his Angling Club."

"You have friends in London—relations?" I asked. "I hadn't heard?"

"You hadn't heard?" he said. And then, as if he were afraid of the effrontery, in his tone rather than in his words, of this reference to Charlotte (as I understood it), he slipped at once into his story again. He talked like one excited; or fired in his wits, at any rate, by the novelty of his surroundings. The enthusiasm of the pure sensibility in him, increasing rather than decreasing with his age, was the most wonderful thing about this wonderful man.

"There were a dozen or twenty men," he said—"a dozen or twenty, coming and going, in a cold room in the upstairs of a public-house. The walls were hung with stuffed fish, with records in gold letterings; not trout, you know, but

pike and perch, and roach and dace and bleak that we never see in our country. . . . Carters, time-keepers, mechanics, working men and a publican, smoking and drinking . . . with considerate manners; wherein they differ from us: the younger men 'Mistering' the older, wi' an inflection of the voice that is the touch of the hat in speech; the grey-beards very frank and friendly, and acknowledging the deference paid them with a fine bit touch of consciousness, . . . queer little 'I drink to you, sirs,' done wi' dignity, punctuating their conversation,—which was all about fish. All about fish . . . bran-paste and ground-bait. We wouldn't call it fishing up North,—yet there's a knack in it. Of course I kent there was a knack in it; but it's finer than I thought. I saw something of it on Saturday: I ran down to the Lea with my friend in the afternoon—a curious and interesting trip. Still, Lor'! it's only poor sport . . . that's what I cannot understand in life: how so many get engrossed wi' the small fishes. Small fishes,—sma' triumphs, sma' sowls. Talk about this great country o' ours! It's an inheritance from hardy spirits,—hardy and reckless,—and bloody spirits if need be,—whom the man wi' the dream could get to follow him. Did ye ever read about Drake and a man Doughty? —Great, sir! But are we fit to handle a weapon forged in that spirit? The mere fact of their living in a great city

does not make folk great. Here in London, the wonder and marvel of the world, thousands of men—they tell me they run to thousands—engrossed in catching half-pound roaches!"

He paused to look sharply at me, before running on—

"Their conversation just like their fishing,—exactly like it,—for there you've a marvellous fine figure for their conversation. Just a pool, wi' little sparkle, flowing nowhere; and ilka one clapped on a seat, sittin', sittin', keeping his own little float bobbing in't. No fire, no break-awa'. Even if there was, ilka one lifts his lines the moment the clock chaps his bedtime. . . . Man, I had a fine time o't last night. There was I, bent on—what d'ye call it?—sociological study? . . . keen at any rate to explore the heart of this great people. For they are a great people,—that's the funny thing: by their 'fruits' you ken them. . . . And not an entrance could I find. I could cock their ears, and raise reminiscence among them, wi' stories of Eden trout, and pike taken out o' Kinghorn Loch,—wi' the otter, too, though they looked down their noses at that. But for a thought beyond? . . . I tried them wi' music; I tried them wi' politics. They never stirred. Thinks I to mysel': 'I'll put a cast o' flees over you that never fails to raise folk wi' us in the North—especially at night when the liquor's in'; and there was I casting delicately for all I knew wi'

Foreordination and Foreknowledge and all the subtleties of the Catechism. Mercy me! never a nibble! They were as shy of ideas as a trout of a shadow. A fine companionable folk. But for argument wi' them—it's as heart-breaking as chopping touchwood. . . . I tell you I went home last night very greatly in need of a dictionary to explain their meaning to me."

I recalled my own homecoming last night. This man, said I to myself, in bitterness, must know of the rumour of Charlotte being here. Of course he knows; yet here he was drinking in some public-house, and endlessly chattering about it.

"I expected you to have called on me earlier," I interrupted him, resentfully.

"I meant to," he answered, unmoved; "but you see how I was occupied. I called on Mr Parabo, though!"

"Parabo!"

"Ay! Parabo. He's the same old body."

"And what did he tell you of Richard Clephane?" I asked eagerly.

He marked his appreciation of my eagerness by the exaggerated indifference of his answer.

"To tell you the truth, now that you speak of it, we did not mention his name.

"I think," he went on, as I looked at him abashed and doubtful, "you do not understand Parabo and his kind. They are not like us solid folk down in Fife. Every day to them is a new picture-book.

Parabo, I could swear, has met wi' fifty geniuses since he discovered one scraping in my kitchen at the Bowes. It's his business; leastways, it's his instinct and occupation,—bright and light and happy oratur that he is.

"Yet I suppose there might be a cannibal butterfly," he went on.

He was pacing my floor, talking with the modulation and significance of voice that was his gift. It constantly charmed even me out of my defence, as I listened; though I knew only too well that he was seeking to get under the guard of my mind.

"For, man, if you consider it, artists are just cannibals. They feed on their own kind. They're like man-eaters: when once they've tasted human blood, you cannot let them. Only the tiger takes to it, they say, when old and mangy; whereas to them the taste comes young. It comes to the laddie sitting of a winter's night by the warm fire with all the folks round it, smelling homely; and they pat him on the head, thinking he's nodding to sleep, he's so quiet: and all the time he's feeding on them. There's our friend that you mentioned, Richard,—though he's not a very ferocious genius. . . ."

I must have made a little movement to attention.

"He interests you?" said Rab, stopping to face me. "Oh—getting on? Aye harping on that! getting on! . . . I've told you before, as a fiddler he doesn't count. . . . For

the other kind of getting on that you have in your eye," he resumed his walk,—“well, he's quick to imitate, and has his trick or two of finger-ing, as I know” (Rab spoke with a little crow); “and, more-over, is a gentleman, with address and a name, which, I gather, counts for more up here than we have any notion of; and dresses well, which counts for most of all. In fact, weel equipped on the outside. He could never get on in the humble profession of fiddling. He hasn't the resolution, and he hasn't the necessity. There is no compulsion in his blood, and none of his own belly or a family's, to drive him out among the patient and proud crowd that herd on the lower slopes o' Parnassus, never to mount, yet aye keeping a pre-tending eye upon the summit. Poor devils! Oh, they get on, many of them; if by that is meant that the road is through green pastures and quiet waters by. . . . It's o' nights, when folks cannot see them, that they lie clawing their failures, spite o' their soft bed. There's that amount of nobility o' fabric in them. . . . But Richard Clephane—he'll see the world and have his fling, and when the bubble is burst, he'll come back to Fife, and for once we'll have a laird o' Clephane who is not unsophisticated and sincere as a peat. Provided, that is, by the grace of God, we haven't one that is a wastrel—there's the Mac-Nab blood, you know.”

I sat listening in a kind of lull of terror and disgust. This

man whom he painted, this was the man whom Charlotte was said to be with, and he knew it. He was bound to know that rumour.

“It depends on his fortune wi' women,” Rab went on.

Ah! There he had got home! I dug my nails into my palms, and was silent. I was tongue-tied. It was like awakening out of a nightmare when word was sent up to me that Mr James Clephane had arrived.

The first thing I observed, when he was shown in, was his well-groomedness. In the country, his dress was like his manner,—personal, but never without the cast of the laird. Now, it was correct; you might almost say fashionable. But when I looked further, to his face, I saw that something was wrong. It was grey and shrunk—like a fire that has caked at a white heat. To Rab he made no signal that I could see; even to myself, his “good day” was only a gesture. I dared not think what the news was that he had to deliver. Yet I must get rid of Rab at once.

“Well, I will look for you at the same hour to-morrow,” I said to him. “Mr Clephane and I have some special business now.”

He was already on his feet.

“Good day,” he said, very blithely; but I could see a dangerous brightness in his eye, and the wind playing in his cheek. “Good day.”

With his hand on the door-knob, he turned.

“By the way, Mr James, I was just telling Mr Shirra here

that I saw your old friend, Mr Parabo. He was full of his respects to you."

Rab's words were like poker-strokes in a glowing mass.

"Stop!" Nochtly cried, flinging round and facing Rab. "I have a question before you go. Where is your daughter?"

"My daughter doesn't take me deep into her confidences," said Rab, stepping back into the room. "Nor am I so keen to press her for them as some folks are."

"You knew she was in London?" said Nochtly again.

Rab patted the air, simulating remonstrance, with his head cocked towards me.

"Mr Shirra is my lawyer," snapped James.

"And I have the honour to employ him on occasion," chirped Rab, with a sudden change of manner. "So we can discuss this family matter wi' freed . . ."

"Family matter!" James flung out his hand. "By Heaven! stop your tricks to-day, Rab Cuick!"

Rab's chirpiness shrivelled up at the blast of James's anger; but a tenseness of passion took its place in his own words, or seemed to. For me it was only horrible that they should waste time on temper-play, if, between them, Charlotte could be found.

"Rab!" I cried; "if you know anything of Charlotte..." but he took no heed of me.

"You are hasty, James Clephane, . . . overly hasty," he said. "Suppose I said to you that the whereabouts of my daughter is a question I should

have demanded of you, any time these four months past."

James staggered under the straightness of the blow. The sight of its effect seemed to put a curb on Rab's anger; now, at any rate, it was jockeyed by his old mookery.

"We're not in Fife now," he said. "By favour of Mr Shirra, we're in a room at the heart of the world, and . . ." he laughed, "I'll tak' dunts frae naebody! I have to thank you and the nous of your lawyer for bringing me where I can indulge i' the luxury of saying my say."

"No, no!" he continued, maliciously, "don't suppose that I am shutting my nieve on my railway evidence till I've taken the price of it out of you in plain speaking. . . . God!" He hesitated a moment. "This is more a family matter than you conceive of. If I shut my hand on any knowledge connected with Clephane and its affairs,—or Nochtly, either; it's because of my own interest in them, . . . and I'll see my own profit out of so doing, you may depend. . . . Now, look you! You are kind enough to have a very poor opinion of me, and not to hide it. I am doing my best to pay off my debt to you in kind. It seems I am wanting in the office of a father. I've been neglectful o' my family, as you have not been slow to tell them. They have come out from under my disreputable roof-tree: I didn't ask them, but they went wi' a benediction from you—I say you, as symbolising the sentiments of all that's moral and respectable in the parish. . . .

Well, now, Mr Clephane, now that you find them straying into your private preserves, it's for you to whistle on them, not me. . . . Good day to you, good day!"

"Horrible!" I said, as the door closed on him, "horrible!"

Nochty was white and trembling.

"Air!" he cried. "Open the windows on the rascal. . . . We'll walk through the Park. . . . But just a minute. . . . Not so quick on his tracks that we can smell him!"

We walked through St James's Park, behind the Horse Guards, in silence. In the middle flight of the Duke of York's steps, James stopped for breath.

"Have you no questions to ask?" he said testily.

"I fear you have some ill news. . . ."

"Ay! I'll tell you when we get to the top. Who was it used to say, on the Porter's Brae, 'they make no provision for the flesh here'?"

He stood at the top again, taking long breaths, and looking about him with the half smile of the short-winded. But when we moved on across Pall Mall, and up Regent Street, temper, though a chastened temper, showed in his words.

"There was truth in what the man said, Mr Shirra, though his neck ought to be wrung for saying it. I have been unmindful of the private preserves: they were in a manner my brother's trust. I let them be poached once, and it's notorious that there are gangrels in them again. . . .

Why! her name is linked with his at the Club . . . in the very street, sir!"

"Oh! it is not true!" I cried.

"Isn't it? I was in the Row yesterday, walking, and I saw Gerald Duncan. The girl, Edith Duncan, was with him, . . . a nice girl that. 'Glad to see you!' he says; 'not often you're up in town?' . . . I told him it wasn't. 'I came up about the case, you know,—my brother's laddie's.' 'Yes, yes,' he says hastily. 'We must get on, Edith,' and away they went. He swung his horse round beside me again. 'Sorry for you, Clephane,' he says. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Oh,' he says, 'I know no particulars. I'm out of touch with gossip, . . . my life's devoted elsewhere. But I hoped the story was mostly smoke.' And he rode off after Edith. What do you make o' that, Mr Shirra? . . . the fussy little . . . Devauted! That's bad enough — here's worse. See this letter. I was in my Club, sitting in the reading-room, when Charlie Mapleton looked in. The Mapletons used to be in Dun's Muir thirty years syne . . . Michael Trail'll remember them well . . . He saw me and went out again. I knew I wasn't mistaken. By-and-by this letter is brought to me from him. Hopes I'm well and remains . . . never forgotten his old friend, my brother Dick . . . Had just heard this story, and that it was Dick's boy that was meant . . . And then blackguards me for broken duty in letting my nephew come up

to London, a fiddler instead of a gentleman . . . what was to be expected but this mess . . . There, Mr Shirra! It's all over the town . . . and when I come up here for the first time for years, it's to be cold-shouldered, sir, for that, that . . . Heaven! Mapleton's not pukish. The scamp must have flaunted the girl under their noses to cause them to take it like that . . . But here we are!" He brought me up, mazed, at the Jermyn Street door . . .

"Observe the face!"

Absorbed in his latest news as I was, I did not for a moment grasp that he was alluding to the valet. He was stamping on the step with an impatience that was partly pleasurable anticipation; and when the door was opened I felt the knob of his cane in my ribs, adjuring me afresh to observe the face, and approve his judgment. The valet showed the way upstairs. James was flourishing his cane behind the man's back. "A rascal! a shiny-faced rascal," he chortled, not too lowly, to me.

Richard Clephane stood waiting us in the doorway of his room. He had heard our voices, he said. Through his fulminations all morning I had fallen into a way of regarding James as the champion of my cause; and now an affection, if not heartiness, in the greeting of uncle and nephew startled me. It sounded like defection in James.

"Uncle! Come in! . . . Ah! Mr Shirra. . . . You feel it warm here, uncle? Butt, pull down the windows an inch."

Richard's eye, I observed, had left his uncle's face and was running over his figure.

"Never mind, never mind," James was telling the man; "you can go." He pulled down one of the windows himself, while Richard, with apologetic protest, moved to the other. Nocty walked to the door which the man had closed behind him, and flung it open. "All right," he said, shutting it again. The thing was done with a little conscious flourish of knowingness; and Richard's cool quiet "I can trust Butt" was like sticking a pin in a bladder. James, conscious of some collapse, sought the inflation of temper.

"I daresay. He's deep; and it seems you have much that needs hiding.

"But it's not hid!"—he got hotter as Richard protested. "It's flying from mouth to mouth like a shuttle between the shuttle-boxes. It's waved in my face in the Park, sir, in the Club. Your father's friends upbraid me, write letters . . ."

I was watching Richard under James's sudden attack. He had gone white. He showed very white under the black beard.

"Where is the girl?" James was crying. "Where were you on Saturday, instead of being here to receive me?" He made a great deal of Richard being away on Saturday. "You might have published the banns of your intrigue, the town is so full of it. Here's her father even tells me I must whistle for her—and he's right, by heavens! he's right; though

if Rab Cuick weren't—weren't just Rab Cuick . . .”

I was still anxiously watching Richard. I could see he was puzzling over something. “Rab Cuick?” he said. “Rab Cuick?” There was a sincerity of surprise in his voice that put heartening into me.

“There is a rumour, a rumour . . .” I interposed.

“You are speaking of Charlotte Cook?” he said to his uncle, ignoring me.

I caught a flash in his face—a flash of relief. “Then it’s not true!” I cried.

“What is not true, sir?” The blood had flushed back to his face. His voice had found mettle, his manner assurance. “What is not true?”

What was it? . . . The impossibility of this story being true of Charlotte broke on me the moment I was asked to put it into words.

“I never believed it of her!” I cried. “I never did believe it.”

He checked at my vehemence for a second; but he was riding his high horse recklessly, in his relief at finding his uncle on the wrong scent.

“Mr Shirra, you see”—he turned to James—“is kind enough . . .”

“Oh! I wasn’t thinking of you!” I interrupted him.

He looked at me resentfully, doubtfully,—but, indeed, I was not thinking of him. I was thinking that we were wasting time. James had harked back to his various encounters—with Gerald Duncan, Mapleton, Rab Cuick. Must there not be truth in a rumour doubly,

trebly corroborated so? There must be? He embraced me in demanding that. It was evidently his turn to feel a defection. He addressed me as well as Richard: as if I had deserted him, gone over to the enemy. In reality my mind was clearing to see that he never had been on my side. He was ranged with Richard. It could not be otherwise. They were ranged on this eternal question of Clephane reputation; and to me that was waste of time. It didn’t count. It was Charlotte only who counted. It was myself and Charlotte only who counted. I awoke to a perception, though still dim, of the great, the tremendous, rights of self. It came to me fiercely that all this time—it seemed to me all my days—I had been mixing them up with those of others.

“Do you know where Charlotte is?” I broke in impatiently. Richard narrowed his eyelids in a second’s contemplation of the course to which I had given him an opening.

“Why, yes,” he said, widening them again to great frankness. “I’ll tell you.” He began at the end, with the explanation of his absence at the week-end—an old engagement. He had the air of making a clean breast of a story which was to turn out to contain not even an indiscretion. He dealt with these stupid *canards*—“based on recognition of acquaintance—old acquaintance—attentions, returns for Bowes hospitalities

—after the Den. cooped up in service in London. . . .”

“In service?” said James.

“You see yourself how ridiculous it is,” Richard said, swiftly. “Why, up here——”

“Rubbish!” interrupted James. “I’ve lived in London. Men seduce servant-girls every day.” But there was a note of relief in his voice.

I declare I heard them without understanding. Charlotte was lifted so high aloft in my mind that their words could not reach her. I only knew that I wanted her.

“Her address?” I demanded of Richard.

“I don’t know,” he said, stiffening—“I don’t know that she would wish. . . . Oh, well——” he changed quickly, and gave me the address at Leinster Gardens. I noted it eagerly. “As I had to give her father it when he called for it.”

“Rab Cuick!” James cried, and I suddenly realised.

“Certainly, Rab Cuick,”

Richard said. “He was here on Thursday.”

“He must have travelled up on the Wednesday night,” James gloomed.

“Of course he travelled on the Wednesday night,” I echoed him. My thoughts were racing back to Rab that morning, to all he had told me, still more to all he had not told me.

“Before us, after all,” said James.

“Before us, after all.”

Ah, that was it. Rab was before me. He had got Charlotte’s address, and was before me. I got to my feet.

“That’s true,” James said, observing me. “We can’t keep Mr Shirra waiting all day, Richard, while we discuss your private affairs. To business! What do the lawyers say now? . . .”

I sat down in my chair again. I had forgotten. I was Clephane lawyer before everything else.

CHAPTER XXII.—“THE SILLY ROACH.”

When at length I was able to set out for Leinster Gardens, it was with a weary sense that Rab was in front of me. I had an apprehension that before I could make up on him he would, somehow or other, whisk Charlotte away; and I daresay this softened the news of Charlotte’s fresh flight awaiting me at Mrs O’Sullivan’s. So prepared, indeed, was I to find her gone that it took me some time to understand that she had left before Rab ar-

rived. The housekeeper at Leinster Gardens was certain about that. She remembered Rab’s visit very well. Why, then, had Charlotte left?—suddenly, at a moment’s notice, the woman said. Richard did not know she was gone. I could not doubt his sincerity in giving me this address. The housekeeper could throw no light on this, I saw; but her curiosity was piqued. When I asked that I might see the lady of the house, she

was a little haughty in instructing me that all such matters were left to her; but I had my way. Mrs O'Sullivan, with her pink and paste complexion, yellow hair, bediamonded fingers, and voluble Cockney sympathy, was a new type to me—at least as lady of the house. I had thought of her type somehow as always detached, without any ties. Mrs O'Sullivan brought into the room with her a pale, delicate-looking girl, over whom she fluttered. They got quite attached to Charlotte, she told me, and made me believe it. "They called her Charlotte instead of Cook, to distinguish her from a far more important personage downstairs,—Grumpy!"—(This with a lifting of the eyebrows and a blowing out of the cheeks.) "Eh, Moira? Moira was sorry Charlotte was gone—wasn't she? Moira darlin'! had cried.—Hey! Pop-pit!" She flung her arms round the child and pressed kisses on the white little face which the tears were beginning to stain.—I had learned something about Mrs O'Sullivan, though she could tell me nothing about Charlotte.

I went on to Miss Nelly Whippet, next door, and found her being interviewed by a gesticulating elderly gentleman with sloping shoulders and very flat feet. There had been a deal in a gold bangle some months before—on the instalment system. I could not help gathering so much, and that the eloquence which my appearance arrested was about an overdue payment. Miss Whip-

pet consequently was effusive, but flustered. I caught at one straw in the swirl of her talk, however. Her brother Joe and Mr Figg were friends of Charlotte. "Joe—poor Joe! . . . But Mr Figg! The gentleman—the man—who was here last week inquiring for Charlotte, seemed to think as Mr Figg might know something. She had told him where they were to be found, most nights as likely as not—the 'Opeful Piscatorialists at the 'Golden Last,' Hackney. The man—the gentleman—here last week spoke as if he would seek them there. . . ."

Of course, he had sought them there, and had found them I could not doubt; though in his endless chatter to me about the Angling Club there had not been hint or syllable of his real errand to it. In all my inquiries, I was conscious of following in Rab's footsteps. He had impressed these people. "The gentleman—the man": so he had not discovered his relationship with Charlotte! What was his design in that? Oh! It was useless to seek to fathom his designs. It was enough that from this point again he had the start of me, and that the girl had put me on the track.

It was all a kind of dream. The Clephane business was harassing enough of itself for one man without the pursuit of Charlotte; and both seemed to lose substantiality. The impression of that week left on my mind is like a scene viewed from the window of an express: a steady sweep past of days,

skirt worn by Burmese women is simply a piece of stuff about four feet wide wound round the waist, and for ordinary wear is all that modesty could desire; but the contortions of the dancing-woman require that the edges of the *htamein* be sewn together. The ladies also wear much jewellery, many flowers in their hair, and complexions of dazzling falsity, procured by the liberal misapplication of Burmese and European cosmetics.

Dancing-girls are even more under the thrall of their particular *nat* than the musicians. They have soothed him with an offering of eatables, and the spirit-dance is performed entirely for his delectation. The *nat's* taste in dances is rather peculiar: what he likes is a series of short standing jumps, accompanied by much spasmodic flourishing of the arms. The audience look on in polite patience, being aware of the frightful consequences omission of the spirit-dance would involve. The neglectful performers would be suddenly doubled up with cramp or colic; invisible hands would pin their arms behind their backs; or, what used to be common at one time, the outraged *nat* would sow dissension among the gods, provoking a fight, to the end that panic ensue and the entertainment be brought to confusion. I have never been present when an actress was seized with illness; but I have seen a *poay* stopped by a fight. Thanks, however, to considerate treatment of the *nat*,—and perhaps in some degree to a recent police regula-

tion which prohibits the holding of *poays* on moonless nights,—the latter disaster is now of rare occurrence.

The spirit-dance over, the maids of honour perform the "monkey-dance," imitating with extraordinary cleverness the characteristic movements of a monkey. Not to our common ancestors, however, did they go for their best and unloveliest feat: toss a rupee on the stage, and the girl, setting her heel twelve inches from it, bends over backwards and picks up the coin with her lips. This contortionist business concludes the dance—at its wildest a whirl of writhing and posturing, in which arms and hands do most of the work,—and the girls give place to the four ministers of state. These are clad in long muslin coats, and red or green official hats shaped like half-eggshells: they are on their way to obtain audience of the king, and, as becomes exalted officers of the Crown, proceed with dignified deliberation to slow music. Their march is one of attitudes, somewhat resembling the advance and retreat positions in fencing: the high importance of their office finds expression in the inscrutable stolidity of their faces. After attitudinising round the stage for ten minutes, they arrive on the threshold of the audience-hall, where, it appears, they expected the king's gentlemen-in-waiting to receive them. No one is there. Forthwith the ministers become quite animate with wrath. Taking

the audience into confidence, they describe with precision and detail the tortures where-with the gentlemen who are not in waiting shall be put to death, and go "off."

The stage now represents two scenes: a box which stands before the orchestra becomes the ladies' apartments in the palace, and the rest of the matted space the royal gardens and part of the city.

The maids of honour are in their apartments, squatting side by side on the rather insufficient box, and we learn that they also are expecting the gentlemen-in-waiting. The ladies have done their hair anew since we saw them dancing: they now wear it coiled on the top of the head instead of the back, which has a meaning. The ex-Queen Soopyalat, a lady of masterful mind, tried to set the fashion among women of wearing the hair in the manner immemorial custom has reserved for men — on the crown of the head; whence this mode of coiffure, for a time at least, became the accepted mark of Burmese "new womanhood."

The maids of honour complain bitterly of the unpunctuality of the gentlemen, and discuss the propriety of reporting them to the queen. The consequences of such report are reflected in the faces of the defaulters, who now come on, and are seized with spasms of writhing and grimacing at every mention of her majesty's name. The pair, stripped save for a loin-cloth girt tightly about the hips, enter compar-

ing notes as to their errands, and, finding their ways are the same, agree to go together. Their talk as they swagger round the stage is a vigorous interchange of joke and pun. Burmese is a language which lends itself with deplorable facility to punning, and the conversation of the gentlemen-in-waiting — otherwise the clowns — is a lesson in the elasticity of their mother tongue. One point must be noticed: there is never the faintest approach to coarseness in the jests. Burmese public opinion is dead against such licence under all circumstances.

A dozen circuits of the stage bring the clowns to the ladies' apartments: they introduce themselves, and address the maids of honour in terms of familiarity,—a breach of good manners which rouses the ladies' ire. A four-handed game of retort and repartee ensues, in which the clowns are worsted by withering snubs: they explain that their discomfiture is due to the fact that they are obliged to wear their hair hanging over their foreheads, the poor *youn* (man's coil of hair) having run away from the *zadone* (woman's coil). This allusion to the Soopyalat's character is received with roars of delight by the men; the women see its humour less clearly. This allusion was actually made by a clown while performing in the Royal presence: King Thebaw cast a malicious glance at his masterful queen, and ordered the clown to be rewarded with a

skirt worn by Burmese women is simply a piece of stuff about four feet wide wound round the waist, and for ordinary wear is all that modesty could desire; but the contortions of the dancing-woman require that the edges of the *htamein* be sewn together. The ladies also wear much jewellery, many flowers in their hair, and complexions of dazzling falsity, procured by the liberal misapplication of Burmese and European cosmetics.

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stands a couple of two-gallon tins of kerosene-oil, fitted with long spouts and wicks of rag, vomiting much flame and more smoke, which rolls in evilly smelling black volumes into the still night air. These are the footlights. You must provide the scenery from the resources of your own imagination. Immediately below us squat the members of the orchestra with their instruments, and the actors, busily engaged in dressing and making up, sublimely indifferent to the gaze of the closely packed audience. Custom prescribes a regular system of seating *poay* - goers. Close round the stage are packed the children six deep; behind them, comfortably disposed on pillows and mats, are ranged mothers chaperoning their daughters; behind these, perched aloft on forms, and craning their necks to see over the heads in front, are massed the elderly men and the *ka-lah-thas* or bachelors. The bachelors are the "gods" of the Burmese audience, and on their verdict depends in no small degree the success or failure of actor and actress. Behind these again surges a black mass of unbidden guests, Coringa coolies and "lesser breeds without the law."

Now tuning up is finished, and the musicians, in rather perfunctory fashion as it seems, perform the ceremony of propitiating the *nat* or spirit who presides over things unmusical. There is no getting away from the *nats* in Burma; they infest creation, and their susceptibilities cannot safely be ignored. The spirit who rules the des-

tinies of the orchestra has his abode in the *saing-waing*, a carved wooden structure like a great skeleton drum, whose inner side supports a series of small drums. Before this the bandsmen make obeisance, the conductor presenting an oblation of rice and plantains. This done, the men take their places, and with a reedy squall clarionet leads squealing flute and sonorous drum into the overture. The overture is the merest preliminary, a sort of instrumental debating-ground as it were; for the moment the players get on even terms with one another, they plunge into the "spirit-dance," which is the signal for the maids of honour to come on.

While these ladies are posturing, it may be well to explain that the Burmese *zat-poay* or dramatic performance (as distinguished from the *yoke-thay* or marionette play) runs in a comparatively narrow groove, depending for its variety on the wit of individual performers. Opera, tragedy, comedy, farce, or melodrama does not describe the *zat-poay*; it is a heroic blend of all five. A full company such as this before us comprises eleven persons: a king, who discharges the onerous duties of an Adelphi villain; a prince, who is the hero; a princess, the heroine of course; two clowns; four ministers of state; and the two maids of honour, now dancing after the manner of their kind. These girls wear close-fitting white jackets and brilliant silk *htameins* or skirts, sewn together at the edges. The

pony, a house, and a thousand rupees. The clowns now bid adieu to the maids of honour and start for the audience-chamber, singing a song expressive of joy at nearing their destination, to an accompaniment of wonderful posturing, meant to convey the idea of cheerful fatigue. Two ministers suddenly come on and bar their way: the advent of these worthies reminds the clowns that they are late, and in rapid asides they frame excuses. They explain to the grim officials that they were tempted to stop on the way, opportunity having offered the acquisition of two great secrets: one, the art of making oneself invisible; the other, the art of making gold. (The Burmese devote a good deal of time in private life to the discovery of these two "secrets," particularly the latter.) The ministers at once cease threats of punishment, and give the clowns to understand that if these secrets are disclosed it is not impossible that they may be pardoned for being late. After many protests and much wrangling, the clowns consent to reveal secrets which will place boundless power and riches in the hands of their possessor—if the ministers will consent to hear them, crouching in the reverential attitude of pupils before learned teachers.

This extravagant stipulation leads to more squabbling; but finally the great men give way, assuring each other that they make obeisance to Superior Knowledge, and not to the sons of dogs whom accident

has made the means of conveying it. The clowns eagerly indorse this view, and one promptly steps upon the box, which the ladies vacated some time ago. The shouts of delight which welcome this simple act is apt to puzzle the Western stranger who does not know that to take one's place on any elevation is of itself an assumption of unquestioned superiority. The whole aim of the "business" that follows is to show in a ridiculous light the representatives of a tyrannical government, now a thing of the past. The clowns compel their victims to lie prone on their faces; to use the most abjectly humble forms of address, heard only from the lips of gravediggers and outcasts; and every fresh humiliation is received with the enthusiasm that at Drury Lane heralds the confounding of the policeman in the pantomime. The precious secrets are of course "sells." The ministers are instructed at great length that lead can be turned into gold by melting it in a pot and adding a monk's top-knot (monks' heads being clean shaven); and if they would become invisible, they are advised to cover their bodies with soot and go out when it is dark. This scene is so popular that it is always prolonged, and is seldom finished before midnight.

The proceedings up to this point are purely introductory, and only now do you come to the real play.

The scene is the royal audience-hall, and that ever-useful box the throne, before which

the two ministers prostrate themselves and discourse in rhyme on affairs of state. To them enter the king, the band playing a slow majestic air: on his head his majesty wears a spire-like crown; round his neck a jewelled collar; and on his wrists jewelled cuffs. His white cambric jacket fits him like a glove, and over his silk waist-cloth before and behind hang peculiarly shaped pieces of stiff embroidery. This resplendent being strikes an impressive attitude, his left finger pointing to the top of the pole and his sword resting on his shoulder, the ministers grovelling at his feet the while. After posing thus for full ten minutes, he moves at a snail's pace to the throne, crosses his legs, and signifies his readiness to hear what his advisers have to say.

In the old days of native misgovernment this scene was sometimes made to serve an important public end. A monarch who never ventured outside the walls of his palace, and who was kept scrupulously in the dark concerning all that went on in his kingdom, was necessarily inaccessible to his oppressed subjects, and the only possible way of bringing grievances to his notice was to put them into the mouths of actors who played "ministers" in *poays* performed at the Golden Feet.

It is well known in Burma that Yain-daw Lay, the famous prima donna, and Mounng Tha Byaw, the Burmese Irving (the only actor, by the way, who ever received a patent of no-

bility), were instrumental in procuring thus the dismissal from office of the tyrannical governors of Pakhan and Minhla. A trace of this former use of the *poay* occurs to-night in a direct allusion to the burden of the municipal taxes—an allusion which tickles the audience so hugely that you conclude those burdens do not lie very heavily upon them. His majesty promises his gracious consideration for the tax grievance, orders an execution or two with ogre-like zest, and turns to more personal matters. He asks what news there is of his brother, who is at the University of Takkatho in the Punjab, and directs his ministers to let him know when the prince returns. Then he unfolds his legs and struts very slowly "off."

The band now plunges into the symphony, which *poaygoers* know well as the cue for the prince, who, sitting with his back to the stage, is putting the final touches to his complexion with the aid of a hand-glass. At the first bar he springs to his feet, and, still "off," makes the inevitable *shiko* to the guardian spirit of the drama, strikes up a plaintive song, and dances on to the stage. His voice is not much to boast of; but so long as princes and princesses are good-looking and of goodly shape, Burmese critics are not exacting in the matter of voice. Our prince to-night is a remarkably fine-looking young man, without a hair on his face,—Burmese stage royalty is always smooth-visaged,—

pony, a house, and a thousand rupees. The clowns now bid adieu to the maids of honour and start for the audience-chamber, singing a song expressive of joy at nearing their destination, to an accompaniment of wonderful posturing, meant to convey the idea of cheerful fatigue. Two ministers suddenly come on and bar their way: the advent of these worthies reminds the clowns that they are late, and in rapid asides they frame excuses. They explain to the grim officials that they were tempted to stop on the way, opportunity having offered the acquisition of two great secrets: one, the art of making oneself invisible; the other, the art of making gold. (The Burmese devote a good deal of time in private life to the discovery of these two "secrets," particularly the latter.) The ministers at once cease threats of punishment, and give the clowns to understand that if these secrets are disclosed it is not impossible that they may be pardoned for being late. After many protests and much wrangling, the clowns consent to reveal secrets which will place boundless power and riches in the hands of their possessor—if the ministers will consent to hear them, crouching in the reverential attitude of pupils before learned teachers.

This extravagant stipulation leads to more squabbling; but finally the great men give way, assuring each other that they make obeisance to Superior Knowledge, and not to the sons of dogs whom accident

has made the means of conveying it. The clowns eagerly indorse this view, and one promptly steps upon the box, which the ladies vacated some time ago. The shouts of delight which welcome this simple act is apt to puzzle the Western stranger who does not know that to take one's place on any elevation is of itself an assumption of unquestioned superiority. The whole aim of the "business" that follows is to show in a ridiculous light the representatives of a tyrannical government, now a thing of the past. The clowns compel their victims to lie prone on their faces; to use the most abjectly humble forms of address, heard only from the lips of grave-diggers and outcasts; and every fresh humiliation is received with the enthusiasm that at Drury Lane heralds the confounding of the policeman in the pantomime. The precious secrets are of course "sells." The ministers are instructed at great length that lead can be turned into gold by melting it in a pot and adding a monk's top-knot (monks' heads being clean shaven); and if they would become invisible, they are advised to cover their bodies with soot and go out when it is dark. This scene is so popular that it is always prolonged, and is seldom finished before midnight.

The proceedings up to this point are purely introductory, and only now do you come to the real play.

The scene is the royal audience-hall, and that ever-useful box the throne, before which

the two ministers prostrate themselves and discourse in rhyme on affairs of state. To them enter the king, the band playing a slow majestic air: on his head his majesty wears a spire-like crown; round his neck a jewelled collar; and on his wrists jewelled cuffs. His white cambric jacket fits him like a glove, and over his silk waist-cloth before and behind hang peculiarly shaped pieces of stiff embroidery. This resplendent being strikes an impressive attitude, his left finger pointing to the top of the pole and his sword resting on his shoulder, the ministers groveling at his feet the while. After posing thus for full ten minutes, he moves at a snail's pace to the throne, crosses his legs, and signifies his readiness to hear what his advisers have to say.

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and his figure is that of an athlete. Save that he wears a silk head-kерchief instead of a crown, and gains much in appearance thereby, he is attired in every way like the king. He is still singing when the princess, smoking a large green cheroot, joins him. She is the happy possessor of the fair skin so much admired by the Burmese, and has been wisely sparing of means to improve it. She is pretty, according to native standards, and is dressed like the maids of honour, but wears more jewellery.

The scene which follows is called *Thit-tsa-nhan-gan*, or the scene of plighting. The prince is on his way home from the Punjab to Mandalay with his tutor's daughter, whom, in defiance of the law of the royal house, he has married without leave: rather tardily, as it seems, he is assuring the lady that he never, never, &c. If your attention is not riveted on the stage (and a wandering eye may be forgiven after six hours of the performance), you will remark that the bachelors are leaving the back seats, and are unobtrusively invading the positions of the girls and their now drowsy chaperons. The opportunity is too good to lose: the most bashful youth can at least say, "Oh, how the brother wishes that the sister and himself were like the princess and the prince!" The sister naturally asks why the brother wishes it? and the ice is broken at once. You will also remark that most of the young men who do not press forward at

this juncture have with one accord produced little books, in which they write with industry: they are simply copying down the words of the prince's song.

Burmese love-letters are always written in verse, and you can get valuable hints from the prince on the "expression of the emotions." A proportion of the men listen to the songs, making no attempt to copy them down: they are married, and have no use for them.

The journey from the Punjab to Mandalay is long and perilous. The prince and his bride, with two devoted attendants,—the clowns of aforetime,—travel round the stage, across burning deserts, through trackless forests and treacherous swamps, where hordes of wild beasts, known and unknown to natural history, lie in wait for travellers. Every new peril is described with vigorous pantomime; and when no immediate danger claims attention, the princess voices her forebodings concerning the reception that awaits her in the palace. She is homesick and weary, and is haunted by doubts of her husband's constancy. Is he to be trusted among the proud and lovely creatures who dwell in Mandalay? Will he protect her from ill-usage and think of her sometimes? thus the princess at great length in song, amid sympathetic silence. This appeal leads up to the song of the evening. The prince stops (regardless of the detail that they are fording a malarious swamp chest-deep, and teeming with crocodiles and serpents of vastest bulk), clears his throat—oh,

the pity of it!—spits, and begins to reassure her. Now may lightning blast the man who sold the pencil whose point breaks before the prince's last word has been committed to the keeping of the little books. Were the palace filled with maidens fair as, &c. Were the throne the reward, &c. Did treasure untold, &c. The princess is soothed; the prince is anxious to soothe her more, and proffers embraces: she retreats: he follows, and at last is permitted to secure the corner of the kerchief she holds. Songs amorous, and quaint manœuvring, till the prince, excited by the exercise, seizes his chance, and steals a kiss. A tremendous roar of applause goes up from the "gods." "*Alai! Saindai!*" (Oh, it's delicious!) they shout again and again, while the girls look shocked. But what is wrong? The princess ought to be singing undying devotion, whereas she is scowling at the prince in a fashion unmistakably genuine. Her feelings have been outraged: kissing is not in the business—it never is—and she has been made to look foolish in public. The bachelors speedily realise this, and cease their shoutings: there is a pause: the women murmur sympathy, and we are just beginning to anticipate an entirely unrehearsed scene, when Oo Hpo Oh tactfully rises to the occasion with a shout of applause and a large handful of rupees. The audience follows suit with a shower of silk kerchiefs and money, the Burmese equivalent of bouquets, and by the time the offerings have been collected for her, the

princess is beaming. It remains for the prince to make amends: he tries to kiss her again, and manages so clumsily that he kisses a clown instead, whereat the audience and princess shriek together delightedly. The prince was guilty of serious rudeness in kissing the princess: love affairs in Burma are considered matters of such strictly private interest that any allusion to them is held the worst of bad form: merely to touch a lady's hand is an insult; how much worse, therefore, to kiss her publicly on the stage.

This is the most popular scene of the *poay*, and therefore is always prolonged. Tonight the pair plight their troth for about two hours and a half before the manager gives the signal, and the prince discovers that they have arrived at Mandalay. Two ministers come to receive them, and, after the customary courtesies, usher them into the presence, the king having taken his seat on the throne under cover of the entry of his ministers. At his majesty's feet the prince and princess arrange themselves as gracefully as may be on knees and elbows, that being the attitude approved for suppliants at the Golden Feet. To speak or raise their eyes from the ground unbidden would mean instant death, so perilously strict was court etiquette in the days of the Burmese kings. His majesty surveys the tops of his visitors' heads for a few moments, and then inquires who the lady is: being informed, he scowls a scowl that would turn to water the

bones of his presumptuous brother, were it not squandered on the top of his head. Gradually the king's features relax, and his majesty graciously informs the princess that she is at liberty to raise her eyes. She does so; and the monarch starts the start so familiar to patrons of English melodrama. He has, of course, fallen hopelessly in love with her on the spot.

If events have dragged somewhat heretofore, they move now with a vengeance: we do not complain, for it is a quarter-past three, and the children below are slumbering, literally in heaps. It is the love-stricken king who makes things hum. Royally oblivious of the circumstance that his brother has just walked home from the Punjab, he orders him to set out immediately on an expedition whose nature is not clearly specified, but from which we plainly understand he will never return. The prince and his bride bewail their separation to dirge-like music, and he with lamentation takes his departure. He is barely off the stage ere the king drops his languid manner and makes violent love to the princess, who repels his advances with injudicious scorn. The king flies into a royal rage, and with much threatening pantomime hurries off messengers to recall his brother: he is still enlarging to the princess on the tortures in store for her husband when the latter is brought back.

The next scene is the execution-ground: the king has so far relented as to remit torture

in favour of simple decapitation; but, mindful of dramatic law, his majesty requires the faithful servants of the prince to act as his executioners. While the king, with a fluent zest that indicates careful study of the business, is instructing the clowns in the most approved method of beheading, the prince and princess bewail their fate in a plaintive and not untuneful song called a *ngo-gin*. After the annexation in 1885 a *ngo-gin* called the "Lament over King Theebaw's Fall" achieved dangerous popularity: so deeply did it stir the feelings of the emotional Burmese that the Government found it wise to forbid the singing of the song in public.

The *ngo-gin* ended, the princess pleads with the executioners for her husband's life—of course in vain; and the prince (singing) is spread carefully on the ground, face down, and decapitated at a single stroke. You may be pardoned for thinking that we should miss nothing by going home now; but if that be your thought you have not grasped the resources of the Burmese playwright. The king, unmoved by the sight of his brother's corpse, refuses it burial within his realm; so the princess is perforce obliged to enlist the services of the executioners to carry it into neighbouring territory. Their way lies through a great forest, and while they rest in the shade of a tree (the pole), its guardian spirit makes himself known to them. It is the "long arm of coincidence," that tried weapon of the Western playwright, crop-

ping up as naturally as possible in the Far East. This guardian spirit proves to have been the partner of the princess in a former existence; during that existence they performed so many good deeds that their influence is not even yet exhausted, and the wood-god is able not only to restore the prince to life, but to endow him with supernatural powers. He does this with great despatch, and the rejoicing pair retrace their steps to the palace, where they boldly beard the king, engaged as he is in the congenial business of ordering a few executions. The prince calls upon the king to abdicate in his favour or accept a challenge to mortal combat. The king, not in the least surprised by

the reappearance of his recent victim whole and sound, calls upon his ministers and troops; but they have already transferred their allegiance, and nobody answers. The king reflects in impressive silence for a few moments, and then reviews the situation dispassionately in a feeling speech. His brother has been restored to life, and invested with superhuman powers; advisers and army have deserted; he is alone. It is evident that the influence of his merits upon his fortunes is exhausted. He bows to his fate, and with regal dignity goes to his doom.

The expiring bray of the clarionet ushers in six o'clock, and the *poay* is over.

J. A. M. GYL.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE SECRET OF THE 'STATE TRIALS'—THEIR AUTHENTICITY—THE ESSENCE OF DRAMA—POLITICS AND LIFE—A BATCH OF STORIES—THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE 'TRIALS'—THE PART PLAYED BY THE PRISONER—HIS VIEW OF THE TRAGEDY—A NOTE ON ROMANCE.

WHAT is the secret of the 'State Trials'?¹ Why do these plain records of ancient disputes and half-forgotten crimes hold fast our attention, when the truths of history or the fables of fiction alike fail to beguile us? It is partly because the divergent is more easily made interesting than the normal. Only the greatest masters can touch the commonplace with distinction and success, and even they appeal in vain to the indolent mind which craves no more than amusement. But whatever is curious or eccentric attaches the most wayward fancy without difficulty, and in its treatment demands no greater gift than sincerity. And sincerity is a quality which none of the Trials lack. When a man stakes the hazard of his life or liberty upon his demeanour you may be sure that he will play his part without flippancy and without guile, and if the drama turn to tragedy, it is enacted with a gravity and compression which too often elude the conscious artist. In other words, the drama of the 'State Trials' is authentic, and authentically presented. You are so close to it that you might yourself

be a jurymen without a jurymen's responsibility. Compare a genuine trial with a piece of fiction founded upon it, and you will see the difference at once. Fact is certainly stranger than fiction; it is also more intelligent. Fiction is commonly out to a pattern, that it may agree with the tenets of a particular school, or be brought to an orthodox conclusion. Most novelists are too deeply tinged with psychology to permit their characters the licence of free speech and free action. They are persuaded to suppress this truth or to introduce that falsehood, with no better reason than to prove their point. But in the 'Trials' there is neither pre-occupation nor analysis. The characters are revealed not in an interested comment, but in speech or action; and if you demand an analysis of their motives, you must supply it yourself. How different the procedure of novelist or biographer! The novelist, as we have said, twists the facts to suit his fiction; while the biographer generally knows no other colours than black and white. He must either place his hero upon the throne of virtue, or depress him into the

¹ State Trials. Political and Social. Edited by H. L. Stephen. London: Duckworth & Co.

very pit of villainy, while the compiler of the 'State Trials' is content to let his personages display their own qualities without intervention; and the result is that judges, advocates, witnesses, and criminals reveal themselves with an appalling candour and simplicity.

Borrow once said that he first learned to write genuine English from studying the 'Newgate Calendar,' and in point of style the 'Newgate Calendar' and the 'State Trials' are nearly related. They follow the same convention of phrase, and they are both distinguished by a rigid economy of words. They expose their stories with a business-like brevity which is beyond praise, and though Borrow exaggerated the influence of the 'Newgate Calendar,' it is easy to see what he meant by his seeming paradox. Again, one reporter differs very little from another. The chains of tradition lay so heavily upon these journeymen of literature that they had not the freedom to follow their own taste; and when one, bolder than the rest, shook off the trammels, his licence profited him little. Pierce Egan, the Younger, for instance, recorded such trials as he heard with a flippancy which robs them of their best effect; while Borrow, for all his romance, showed true artistry in not rising above his model. His own edition of the famous 'Calendar' differs not a whit from its predecessors; it is composed in the dry tone to which we are accustomed, and

its strong and simple dramas grip the fancy, not by the elegance of their exposition, but by their own quick and nervous force.

The essence of drama is action expressed in dialogue, and, if this definition be justified, the interest of the 'State Trials' is explained. Treason, murder, and theft are "action" at its highest, and these are expressed by the skilled reporter in dialogue of rare speed and poignancy. All the conditions favour a brilliant interchange of wit. Either side is forced by circumstance to do his best. The judge upholds, or should uphold, the dignity of the bench; the advocate is eager to push home the charge which he sustains; and the criminal, defending life or liberty, is often inspired to an eloquence of speech, a rapidity of thought, which he can only command in the presence of danger. Standing in the very shadow of the tree, a man has few words to waste, and though the contest is commonly unequal, it is very stoutly engaged. In the old days the prisoner was not allowed the benefit of a counsel: so that on the one side was a trained lawyer with nothing to do but to enhance his reputation; on the other was often a rough, untutored fellow, fighting, as best he might, a last battle for his life. The result is that the trials resound with the cut and thrust of argument. The advantage is pushed now this way, now that, with a tense brevity which recalls the

στιχομυθία of Greek tragedy; and we are forced to admit that the human intelligence rises with the occasion far above itself. After all, a trial was once in England, and is still in France, a struggle between two temperaments; and the French anarchist spoke no more than the truth, who declared that he felt sure of acquittal directly he entered the court. He was instantly conscious of his superiority in intelligence to the presiding magistrate, whom he knew he could worst in argument, and a victory seemed the natural result of his superiority.

The stories set forth in Mr Stephen's excellent volumes of 'State Trials' are as various as they are moving, and each is admirably told after its own fashion. For our part, we prefer those which do not touch politics, and which give us glimpses of life as it was lived a couple of centuries, or more, ago. The Earl of Essex, for instance, played his part upon the larger stage of history, and despite the interest of Mr Stephen's version, his trial discovers little which we knew not before. Quite other is the trial of Count Conigsmark and his friends—known in the picturesque phraseology of the Court as the Polander, the Captain, and the Lieutenant—for the murder of Mr Thynne. On a Sunday evening in February 1682, Mr Thynne was driving along Pall Mall in his carriage. The Duke of Monmouth had but just left him, when on a sudden three mounted men surrounded his

carriage, and while two of them barred the road, the third fired four bullets into the unhappy wretch. The culprits were discovered, as usual, by a blunderbuss left upon the ground, and the Captain, when taxed with the crime, made no other defence than that he intended to force Mr Thynne to a duel. But all the three were in the service of Count Conigsmark, who at least had a sufficient motive for the murder. He hoped, said the prosecution, to marry the Lady Ogle, the wealthy wife of Mr Thynne, and he had already inquired whether, if he slew his victim in a fair duel, he could espouse the widow. We may take it that the Swedish envoy, whom he consulted in the delicate affair, gave him sound advice, and that, the duel being impossible, he persuaded his faithful henchmen to do the deed for him. So we see the Count lurking under a false name in a London lodging, moving secretly from the Haymarket to St Martin's Lane, leaving one house because it was uncomfortable, another because the chimney smoked. But secluded as he was, he received shortly before the murder both the Polander and the Captain, and even supplied the Polander with the coat and the sword which he wore on the day of the murder. Nor did the news of the crime persuade him to proclaim his innocence. Indeed, his actions were all the actions of a guilty man. Pretending to leave London for Windsor, he set out incontinently for Rotherhithe, dis-

guised in a black peruke. At Rotherhithe he borrowed a coat, stockings, and shoes of one Derick Raynes, telling him that he was a merchant, who dealt in jewels, and presently hired a boat to row him in a sculler as far as Gravesend. There he was found, and to the King's Messenger, who arrested him, he confessed that the crime was a stain upon his blood. "But," said he, "one good action in the wars, or one lodging upon a counterscarp, will wash all that away." The evidence seems strong enough to hang the loftiest aristocrat; but the jury found Count Conigsmark not guilty, and he lived long enough to die a hero's death. At the siege of Argos in 1686 he found the counterscarp which should cleanse his name of its stain, and so fell fighting four years after his disgraceful appearance before an English Court.

The trial of Count Conigsmark is what the dramatic critics are wont to call "a slice of life." Beau Feilding's trial resembles nothing so much as a Restoration comedy. For the Beau was a true son of his time, both in folly and humour, and he could hardly plead inexperience for the trick which was put upon him. In 1706, when he was indicted "for marrying her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland, his wife, Mary Wadsworth, being still alive," he had already been a rake upon the town some thirty years. He had lived not ingloriously at the Court of King Charles II., and after a brief sojourn in France with the second James,

he had returned to astonish the London of Anne with his reckless effrontery. Yet he was deceived by an artifice which should not have deceived a schoolboy, and the evidence given at the trial must have galled him more bitterly than its result. Now, at the end of 1705 he married the Duchess of Cleveland, then four months a widow, a lady whose past was remarkable as his own. She was, of course, the more conspicuous figure; she had won more points in the game of life; but in a sense they were well matched, and had she not been too high-spirited to endure his cruelty and insolence, all might have been well. The union was short-lived: a few months after marriage the Beau was committed to Newgate for maltreating the Duchess, who then sought a further relief by indicting him for bigamy. The manner of his guilt is the most amazing part of this amazing story. Having in 1705 determined to marry a fortune, Beau Feilding honoured with his choice a young and wealthy widow, Mrs Duleau by name. Straightway he went to Doctors' Commons to read Mr Duleau's will, and finding it satisfactory, he cast about how he might have access to court the lady. And thus, after the true fashion of ancient comedy, he consulted one Mrs Streights, who knew one Charlotte Villars, who was used to cut the hair of Mrs Duleau; and the two women, on the promise of £500, set up Mary Wadsworth to represent the lady of quality. The trick succeeded perfectly, although Beau

Feilding took the precaution to call at Waddon, where Mrs Duleau lived, that he might catch sight of the lady, and even tracked her to the races on Banstead Downs. Mrs Streights, in truth, played her part with the greatest skill: the interview arranged between Mary Wadsworth, the pretended Mrs Duleau, and the greedy rake succeeded perfectly. Feilding was enchanted, and though he had been cautioned not to tell the lady that they met at his lodgings, he could not forbear "showing her his fine clothes, and what furniture he had." This touch of vanity is admirable, and the comedy was intensified when Madame Margareta arrived to sing to the lady. Yet the charmer betrayed no haste: again and again the happy day was named, only to be put off, until Feilding, on the 9th of November, resolved to make an end of delay. Hastily looking Mary Wadsworth and Mrs Villars in his room, he drove to the house of Count Gallas, the Emperor's envoy, whence he returned with the Father in Red, who performed the ceremony with a proper despatch. It is a plot which Wycherley might have treated with infinite humour, and we may be sure that it gave the keenest delight to the ill-treated Duchess. The Beau, of course, behaved according to his habit. When he found that he was married, not to a lady of quality, but to simple Mary Wadsworth, he thrashed the simpleton whom he had unwittingly made his wife, and went off to

trap the Duchess of Cleveland. The last act of the comedy is the strangest of all: after a brief stay in the Fleet he carried off his Mary Wadsworth to Scotland, and there lived with her until his death. Well might the Beau declare that he had hung his lyre upon the wall, and laid aside the arms which once had brought him glory. He had been tricked into marrying a woman of neither birth nor fortune; and so miserably unfit was he for the warfare which was once his joy, that he crawled off to Scotland like an honest citizen and finished his life, for all we know to the contrary, in disgraceful amiability.

Another comedy, as yet unexplained, was enacted by his Grace the third Duke of Marlborough, and one William Barnard, who but for a furtive appearance in the King's Bench would have been all unknown to fame. The terms of the indictment explain his crime with perfect lucidity. He was charged "for that he being an evil-disposed person, and seeking wicked gain, and little regarding the laws and statutes of this kingdom—on the 31st of December 1758 with force and arms—did send a certain letter in writing, with a fictitious name, to wit, with the fictitious name of Felton, thereto signed and subscribed to the most noble Charles, Duke of Marlborough, demanding a certain valuable thing, to wit, a genteel support for the life of him." At first sight it looks like a common case of blackmail, but it was something more than

that. The letter, addressed to the Duke and ominously signed Felton, was expressed in the terms common to threats. "Desperate diseases," said the miscreant, "require desperate remedies; and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make me, or to unmake yourself." All he asked was a "genteel support" for his life, and he gave his victim a very fair warning. "If you think this of any consequence," he wrote, "you will not fail to meet the author on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday, if the weather should be rainy on Sunday, near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the foot-walk to Kensington." Inspired by prudence, or bitten by curiosity, the Duke kept the appointment thus suggested "as much undressed as a man of his quality is." At first he saw nobody; but as he was returning, he noticed a man approach the tree, holding his handkerchief disconsolately to his mouth. The Duke rode up to him, told him who he was, and obligingly asked him what he had to say. The man replied that he had nothing to say, and so the Duke rode off. But the matter was not thus simply finished: a few days afterwards the Duke received another letter, which, honourably acknowledging his punctuality, complained that "the pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless and too conspicuous." At the same time the man of blood was amiable enough to arrange another meeting-place.

"If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next," said the blackmailer, "your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address by asking him to take a turn or two with you." Again the Duke sought the meeting-place at the appointed time; his sagacity pointed out the person, whom he addressed in the proper terms. Again the person had nothing to say, and the interview was once more ineffectual. Then came a letter declaring that the blackmailer was "the son of one Barnard, a surveyor in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster," and a postscript explained that he "frequently goes to Storey's Gate Coffee-house." There, sure enough, an emissary of the Duke found him; but he treated the matter with an indifferent contempt, pleaded in court that he was not guilty, and was acquitted by the jury. At this distance of time we can view the case with disinterested impartiality, and can only conclude that the man had a very fortunate escape. Of his guilt, in fact, there can be little doubt. Wherever the appointment was made, there was he to confront the Duke, with all the curiosity of a vain and foolish person. The long arm of coincidence should have laid hold on him at once. It was not by mere chance that he deserted Storey's Gate Coffee-house to follow his victim, now to Hyde Park, now to the Abbey. The jury, of course, acquitted him because they could not understand his

motive ; but their lack of understanding does not make him innocent, and for the rest the motive is intelligible enough. William Barnard, we may suppose, was the sport of an inordinate pride. His vanity was flattered, when he could see a Duke dancing to his call, and to send forth threats was doubtless a pleasant interlude in a life of boredom. He did not want money—that is true—but he lacked excitement, and he got it by the simple artifice of blackmailing a Duke. The dull duties of a surveyor did not satisfy his sense of drama, and it is evident from the alacrity wherewith he answered the Duke's summons that he was determined to play the drama out even to the last act, whose curtain was drawn up in a court of justice. The jury, good honest citizens, did not appreciate the mystification, and so were convinced of his innocence. And he, poor man, had done no more harm than send the Duke of Marlborough riding up and down the town ; nor need we judge him harshly, who was a master in the art of epistolary blackmail, and who after a hundred and fifty years can still provide us an hour's amusement.

William Barnard, then, was but a comedian. James Annesley, the Wandering Heir, was the hero (or the victim) of a sad tragedy. Born the son of a great nobleman, he was brought up in destitution, relieved now and again by a sudden splendour of state and costume. Dressed for the most part in rags, he would for a

day be tricked out in the magnificence of a scarlet coat, and assured that some day he would be the Earl of Anglesea. But this kindness passed like the sunlight from a wintry sky, and left the poor devil in darkness. Taught the rudiments in a mean school, he was afterwards content to do the menial service of an errand-boy, and would doubtless have counted his lot happy had he not been kidnapped and sold to slavery in the Plantations. Yet, throughout all his miseries, he remembered whose heir he was, and no sooner did he return to England than he set about claiming his title and estates. By this time his father was dead and his uncle in possession, nor was his uncle disposed to surrender without a fight. At first he attempted to kill him, and actually drove a coach-and-six at him at the Curragh ; but this scheme failing, he declared him illegitimate, and brought a great array of witnesses to prove his point. The conflict of testimony suggests perjury on one side or the other ; but the Wandering Heir wrung a verdict from the jury, after a trial whose length was then without precedent. Nevertheless he profited nothing by his verdict. He had won his title and his lands, and did not enjoy them. *Beati possidentes*, said the Earl of Anglesea, and in the happy possession of what was not his he continued until his death. Did he bribe James Annesley to renounce his claim ? we wonder ; or did he use his

influence to reverse the verdict? We know not; for with the verdict the Wandering Heir disappears from history, kidnapped again perchance, or retired (maybe) to the comfortable seclusion of the Continent.

That is the worst of these moving dramas, as Mr Stephen points out: the last act is too often missing. We should like to know, for instance, if William Barnard ever again tried his hand at blackmailing the aristocracy. It is not likely that an appetite for excitement, thus suddenly whetted, would be quenched for ever by an honourable acquittal. But, most of all, we should like to hear what became of James Annesley, how he endured, and why he surrendered his good fortune. Of course it is no part of the 'State Trials' to inform us of the future. They are finished and done with as soon as the verdict is given, and we have no right to complain of the inevitable reticence. Moreover, if now and again they fail us, their virtues are immeasurably superior to their defects. How admirable, for instance, is their atmosphere! The novelist has so long accustomed us to a false parade of local colour, that we appreciate more highly the appropriate and sufficient backgrounds in which the episodes of the trials are placed. For here there is no stuffy court packed with barristers idle and bewigged. We are conscious that lawyers and judges are present to extract the truth; we know that they are play-

ing their part in the drama of elucidation. But with the opening statement we look through the windows of the crowded court into the free and open world beyond. We see James Annesley working in the Plantations, or perchance walking the deck of a British ship with Admiral Vernon. We see the Polander and his friends riding down Pall Mall in the failing light of a February afternoon to track their unsuspecting prey. Or we ride out into the Park with the Duke of Marlborough, in frank enjoyment of an unwonted situation. Or, again, at the famous dinner of Nottingham gentlemen, held at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, we hear Mr Chaworth discussing with my Lord Byron how best to preserve game. Or we follow the combatants stealthily from the dinner-table to the dark room, where, by the light of a single candle, Mr Chaworth turns the key in the door, and Lord Byron draws his sword to take a sudden advantage of his friend. Even the ghastly smugglers who brutally beat two excisemen to death are not without a sense of the open air. The morning breeze blows over their foul deed, and freshens a brutality which cannot be condoned. And, again, there are touches of detail, beyond the reach of art, which a simple testimony adds to the drama. When M'Daniel and his thief-takers, degenerate followers of Jonathan Wild, are in quest of their booty, they stop at a shop "to buy a lamb's liver for breakfast."

equal his faculty of self-deception ever claimed that his own life was a romance. The heroes of Elizabeth's age, who brawled in taverns, aped Euphues, and discovered new continents, are romantic in our eyes: in their own, we may be sure, they were hard realists. The lees of last night's debauch, the stubborn and ill-paid management of the English tongue, the unspeakable horrors of sourvy—into these terms they translated their experience; and they would have laughed as loud as Rabelais, had they been told that their life resembled the drama of their invention. So we are like the boy who expects to find a pot of gold under the rainbow,—we chase romance, and never catch it, and if we caught it, it would turn in our hands to the dust of truth. That is to say, the fairy-story which a man anticipates is never realised by himself, though the unprejudiced spectator may perchance detect it in his career. There is more romance in the works of Balzac than ever was crowded into the life of man, and the 'Comédie Humaine' will pack the simple brain with dreams until the end of time. If Rastignac were possible, he would confront Vautrin with a dull assurance, and who knows but he would ask him for a tip that would win money on the Stock Exchange. Yet generous youth will steep itself in Balzac unto

the end of time, will see a duchess wherever it cast its casual eye, and will be happily deceived, so long as it preserve intact the faculty of faith. But incredulous at last, even youth discards romance, finds no more than an intellectual pleasure in Balzac, and knows that life is barren of prolonged surprise. A sudden access of good fortune, with its accompanying contrasts, is, we are told, romance in essence. Yet Christopher Sly still preferred small ale to sack, and remained a tinker after his transformation. Indeed, a tinker, turned millionaire, is nought but a tinker in better clothes, unless imagination quicken him, and even then romance departs from him, since there is no situation which may not be properly filled by a man of sense. We can recall but one hero, who lived and died conscious of his miraculous career. "Now for my life," said Sir Thomas Browne, "it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable." Nor does this confession disturb our argument. Sir Thomas Browne battered no castles, he rescued no ladies in distress. His lifelong miracle was a miracle not of action but of thought, and his boast expresses the simple truth that romance shines only in another's experience, that reality pales always before the splendour of our dreams.

MR BRODRICK AND ARMY REFORM.

THE statement made by the Secretary of State for War, in introducing the Army Estimates for the coming year, has aroused widespread interest; and his proposals in regard to the increase in the daily pay of the soldier, and to the elasticity to be introduced into the terms of enlistment, have been heartily approved both inside the House of Commons and throughout the country. These proposals are based on the recognition of the fact that, to obtain the right sort of recruit, we must pay the market value of his labour, and that it is worth our while to pay a higher price for good physique and intelligence, while for the first time we have an official acknowledgment of the real value of character in the soldier.

The announcement of these measures appears to have come upon the House as a surprise; for though they have been long and constantly advocated by Army reformers, there had been no indications that the Government were prepared to accept them, and Mr Brodrick is to be congratulated on the courage and ability which have enabled him to secure for the Army what may, we hope, prove to be lasting benefits, in the face of the opposition he must have encountered both from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary of State for India, on the ground of the great additional

expenditure involved by the scheme.

To Lord Roberts, too, as well as to Mr Brodrick, we should be grateful; for both the reforms now proposed have been persistently advocated by him for years past, and it is doubtless to this fact that we owe them. It may, however, be noted that these proposals were bound to be popular with all classes, and that they are not in any way in advance of public opinion. As was pointed out in the article on "Army Reform" in the March number of 'Maga,' the nation is practically unanimous in desiring a thorough and effective reform and reorganisation of the Army; and it has been the great fault of the present Government that they have failed to realise how much the country is and has been in earnest in this matter, and how readily popular approval might be secured for any real measure of reform.

So grateful were the members of both Houses of Parliament for the boons promised to the soldier in Mr Brodrick's speech, that criticism may be said to have been disarmed: in the House of Commons Sir Charles Dilke and Mr Lee, formerly Military Attaché at Washington, both made remarks that are worthy of notice; but there was very little indication of any desire to call in question the soundness of the proposals put for-

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ward by the Secretary of State; nor has the verdict of the Press been less favourable to Mr Brodrick. It is, therefore, in no spirit of hostility that we would draw attention to certain points which appear to have been omitted from consideration, so far at least as we may judge from his statement.

It has long been accepted that, in any system of short service, the employment of the soldier in civil life, on the completion of his term of service, has an important bearing on the question of recruiting. In 1894-95 a Committee of the House of Commons, of which the late Sir George Chesney was Chairman, summed up the work of previous Committees, and made definite recommendations; yet the subject was not even noticed by the Secretary of State, nor referred to by any one of his hearers.

Mr Brodrick seems to have a curious reluctance to allow inquiry into any matter connected with the War Office, without himself assuming the position of judge or arbiter, and there appears to be little beyond a purely departmental estimate to justify his sanguine expectations as to the number of recruits likely to be obtained under the new conditions. That such an estimate is liable to err on the side of optimism the experience of the last twelve months makes only too probable. In our opinion, some examination of the means available for securing the enlistment of young men of a superior class should be made,

apart from recruiting officers and colonels commanding regimental districts; but assuming that 50,000 recruits of a superior type are obtained annually, are any steps being taken to render their training as soldiers more satisfactory than it has hitherto been?

The system in practice before the outbreak of the present war, and as to which no hint of change has been at present given, was for the recruits to be trained with their Battalions. This naturally could not be carried out when the Battalions went on active service. The lack of accommodation at the depots, and the disorganisation of the training staff, led to the recruits being attached to embodied Militia Battalions, where the standard of training is of course below that required of regular troops. When these Militia Battalions were disembodied, the recruits were formed into Provisional Battalions or Half Battalions, with officers and improvised staff, unequal both in numbers and experience to the task of properly training men as soldiers.

We do not hold Mr Brodrick or Lord Roberts responsible for the plan adopted at the outbreak of the war, but for its perpetuation. This is now the third year that no provision has been made in the Army Estimates for the adequate training of recruits at the depots. These are not large enough to accommodate even the ordinary number of recruits, and if the Army is to be increased, the question of their expansion ought not to be deferred. Additional barracks

are necessary at all our depots to accommodate the men; additional facilities of all kinds, including local manoeuvring-grounds and rifle-ranges, are absolutely necessary if the training of recruits is to be efficiently carried out. We venture to think that this subject should not have been omitted from Mr Brodrick's statement, but that he should have taken a statesmanlike view of the whole situation, and should have stated whether it is intended that recruits should be trained with Battalions as heretofore, and be counted as a part of the Battalion establishment; or whether in future Battalions will be maintained at their full establishment, and recruits be separately trained at the depot, due provision for this being made in the Budget.

One of the most interesting points in Mr Brodrick's statement dealt with the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry. The experiment, no doubt, will be a costly one, and time is needed to secure its success; but the idea of thus drawing into closer union the Forces of Great Britain and of her Colonies is one on which the Secretary for War may be congratulated, and, if successful, its results are likely to be of more importance in our military history than almost any other event of recent years.

Every one is agreed as to the desirability of increasing the efficiency of the Volunteer Force, and of raising the status of the Volunteers generally, but the wisdom of forming a Volunteer Reserve is open to grave doubt. A pertinent question

put by Mr Seely as to whether the members of such a reserve would have rifles, and be actually available, received an answer from Mr Brodrick to the effect that he could not commit himself as to details; but until the Force has reached a standard of military efficiency far greater than that at present attained, the formation of a Reserve can only be a paper measure, calculated to mislead those who depend on the Volunteers for the defence of the country.

The proposals regarding the Militia were disposed of very shortly in Mr Brodrick's speech, and in spite of the fact that this Force is a supplement to the Army, and that its value as the constitutional Force of the country is universally recognised, it is evident that its needs have not been seriously considered. It is still to be utilised as a school for training officers for the Army, and, however valuable such a school may be, the result on the Militia itself is well known.

In regard both to recruiting and to the supply of officers, the Militia requires as complete treatment as the regular Army itself, if it is to maintain its efficiency. It must be fully officered, and its officers should be distinctly connected with the county to which their Battalion belongs; while some such measures as those mentioned in the article on "Army Reform" in last month's 'Maga' are needed to make the service attractive to the best men. The real efficiency of the Militia can only be attained by recognising its

local character, and stimulating local interest; but at present the idea seems to be to perpetuate the system of War Office control, and to centralise its administration.

The changes in drill which are foreshadowed appear to indicate a real advance in the system of training; but the very essential point of arranging for suitable local training-grounds has not been provided for in this year's Estimates. Some mention is made of a Manœuvre Act, which will doubtless affect the question of the larger manœuvre areas; but the hesitation shown in dealing with this matter as a whole is much to be regretted.

The measures affecting the Medical Service and the Nursing Service do not call for any special remark.

As regards Artillery *matériel*, it appears that the lessons of the war are being applied with discretion, and that the department over which the Director-General of Ordnance presides is wisely adopting many real improvements, and we may rest assured that it is doing a very useful work for the country.

The statement that advantage will be taken of the visit of Colonial statesmen to England for the Coronation to discuss with them the possibility of an arrangement by which the whole force of the Empire may be made available in the case of a war in which the interests of the whole Empire are involved, was received with cheers by the House of Commons, and their satisfaction is shared by the nation at large.

Such an announcement is a guarantee of the adoption of more complete measures of reform than have as yet been proposed. For in an arrangement of this kind the Colonies will stand in the position of contractors in a bargain: they will insist that our forces shall be maintained at a high standard of efficiency, and they will require to be satisfied as to our ability to take part in a war of first-class magnitude. It is very important that we should keep up a supply of instructors for the Colonial troops, and should be able to afford them complete information on all subjects relating to a European war.

The declaration of this year's programme with which Mr Brodrick summed up his statement to the House of Commons compares favourably in regard to its modesty with the more ambitious and sanguine estimates of last year: it promises little beyond the increase of recruits and the formation of reserves for the regular Army, the Militia, and the Volunteers, all at present non-existent. Beyond this the work of organising the six Army Corps is to be proceeded with as the troops now in South Africa return home,—a somewhat dim and distant prospect.

The Army Corps scheme, except as regards the First and Second Army Corps, for which barracks are being built, remains practically in abeyance, and we cannot but think it is well that it should be so, until after the conference with the Colonial statesmen, already re-

ferred to, has taken place. Their views must largely influence our arrangements for mobilisation for war, on which the scheme as originally cast depends. There are many people who regret that in planning the Army Corps the territorial principle has been departed from: these will not be sorry that there should be ample time for the fullest reconsideration of the subject.

To sum up, we believe that the nation has welcomed the Government proposals as an indication that all idea of conscription for filling the ranks of the regular Army has been abandoned, and that the policy of paying the market value for the men required has been accepted. The terms of enlistment are such as will commend themselves to both soldiers and civilians. It remains to be seen whether the addition to the soldier's pay will attract the number of men required. We trust it will; for though Mr Brodrick abstained, and perhaps wisely, from enlarging on the advantages of a military career, those advantages are not few.

The formation of an Imperial Yeomanry is a distinct advance in Imperial policy which will command general approval, and which, taken in connection with the proposed conference with Colonial statesmen, may lead to great results.

The chief defect in Mr Brodrick's statement lies in the absence of any indication of the manner in which it is proposed that the 50,000 recruits of a superior class are to be trained,

or of any intention of dealing with the very insufficient and unsatisfactory accommodation now existing at all our depots. It must not, however, be forgotten that the pronouncement of the Secretary of State, in introducing the various votes included in the Army Estimates for the year, must necessarily be an incomplete statement of the general line of policy he may already have advocated in the Cabinet. It is the Cabinet as a whole which is responsible for the definition of military policy, and for the provision of the funds necessary to carry it out during a period of successive years. What is really needed is that the Government should adopt a definite line of policy with regard to military matters, so that, though the money necessary might not be all forthcoming at once, yet there should be some guarantee that reforms for which no provision could be made in any given year should not be left out of sight, and should be taken in hand as funds permit. Under the present system there is a yearly struggle between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary for War, who can secure the provision for particular items only by the exclusion of others of equal importance, the consideration of which have to be deferred. Consequently, every plan of reform is disjointed, and is dealt with piecemeal by the military experts for the time being, and the nation longs in vain for any well-thought-out scheme of Army reform.

The procedure of the House of Commons, by which questions of policy can only be raised on the passing of the Estimates, restricts the time that can be devoted to military matters, and checks the interest of members in the action of the War Office. The Army Estimates once passed, the whole question of military reform is shelved for a year, so far as the House of Commons is concerned.

Under the circumstances it is difficult to account for the present attitude of both Houses of Parliament towards the burning question of Army Reform, and their ready and almost apathetic reception of the Government proposals. The strong personality of the hard-working Minister who leads the discussion, his mastery of details and his optimism, may account for much; but it would seem as though the attention of both Houses had been drawn off by the inquiry into the scandals connected with the Army remounts, and

that they had determined to leave the discussion of Army Reform alone. The attitude of the leading journals is, too, unaccountable: their articles express approval with but little qualification. The caricature in the 'Westminster Gazette' of March 12, and a protest by Mr Prevost Battersby in the 'Morning Post' of March 13 against the general indifference, are chiefly noticeable.

Were we in a position to make a suggestion to the Secretary of State, we should recommend an abandonment of the policy of Departmental inquiry into the defects of our Army organisation. The more complete the investigation that is invited, and the more directly civilians may be allowed to share in any inquiry that has to be made, the greater will be the interest taken by the nation, and the more certainly will funds be forthcoming to provide the remedies needed.

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VOL. CLXXI.

EVENING ON THE VELD.

WE leave the broken highway, channelled by rains and rutted by ox-waggon, and plunge into the leafy coolness of a great wood. Great in circumference only, for the blue gums and pines and mimosa-bushes are scarcely six years old, though the feathery leafage and the frequency of planting make a thicket of the young trees. The rides are broad and grassy as an English holt, dipping into hollows, climbing steep ridges, and showing at intervals little side-alleys, ending in green hills, with the accompaniment everywhere of the spicy smell of gums and the deep rooty fragrance of pines. Sometimes all alien woodland ceases, and we ride through aisles of fine trees, which have nothing save height to distinguish them from Rannoch or Rothiemurchus. A deer looks shyly out, which

might be a roebuck; the cooing of doves, the tap of a woodpecker, even the hawk above in the blue heavens, have nothing strange. Only an occasional widow-bird with its ridiculous flight, an ant-heap to stumble over, and a clump of scarlet veld-flowers are there to mark the distinction. Here we have the sign visible of man's conquest over the soil, and of the real adaptability of the land. With care and money great tracts of the highveld might change their character. An English country-house, with deer-park and coverts and fish-ponds, could be created here and in many kindred places, where the owner might forget his continent. And in time this will happen. As the rich man pushes farther out from the city for his home, he will remake the most complaisant of countries

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXIX.

2 P

to suit his taste, and, save for climate and a certain ineradicable flora and fauna, patches of Surrey and Perthshire will appear on this kindly soil.

With the end of the wood we come out upon the veld. What is this mysterious thing, this veld, so full of memories for the English race, so omnipresent, so baffling? Like the words "prairie," "moor," and "down," it is easy to make a rough mental picture of. It will doubtless become in time, when South Africa gets herself a literature, a conventional counter in description. To-day every London shopboy knows what this wilderness of coarse green or brown grasses is like; he can picture the dry streams, the jagged kopjes, the glare of summer and the bitter winter cold. It has entered into patriotic jingles, and has given a *mise-en-scène* to crude melodrama. And yet no natural feature was ever so hard to fully realise. One cannot think of a monotonous vastness, like the prairie, for it is everywhere broken up and varied. It is too great for an easy appreciation, as of an English landscape, too subtle and diverse for rhetorical generalities—a thing essentially mysterious and individual. In consequence it has a charm which the common efforts of mother-earth after grandiloquence can never possess. There is something homely and kindly and soothing in it, something essentially humane and fitted to the needs of human life. Climb to the top of the nearest ridge, and after a broad green valley there

will be another ridge just the same: cross the mountains fifty miles off, and the country will repeat itself as before. But this sameness in outline is combined with an infinite variety in detail, so that we readily take back our first complaint of monotony, and wonder at the intricate novelty of each vista.

Here the veld is simply the broad green side of a hill, with blue points of mountain peeping over the crest, and a ragged brown road scarred across it. The road is as hard as adamant, a stiff red clay baked by the sun into porphyry, with fissures yawning here and there, so deep that often it is hard to see the gravel at the bottom. A cheerful country to drive in on a dark night in a light English cart, but less deadly to the lumbering waggons of the farmer. We choose the grass to ride on, which grows in coarse clumps with bare soil between. Here, too, are traps for the loose rider. A conical ant-heap with odd perforations, an ant-bear hole three feet down, or, most insidious of all, a meerkat's hole hidden behind a tuft of herbage. A good pony can gallop and yet steer, provided the rider trusts it; but the best will make mistakes, and on occasion roll over like a rabbit. Most men begin with a dreary apprenticeship to spills; but it is curious how few are hurt, despite the hardness of the ground. One soon learns the art of falling clear and falling softly.

The four o'clock December sun blazes down on us, raising

hot odours from the grass. A grey African hare starts from its form, a meerkat slips away indignantly, a widow-bird, coy and ridiculous like a flirtatious widow, flops on ahead. The sleepy, long-horned Africander cattle raise listless eyes as we pass, and a few gaudy butterflies waver athwart us. Otherwise there is no sound or sight of life. Flowers of rich colours—chrysanthemums, gentians, geraniums—most of them variants of familiar European species, grow in clumps so lowly that one can only observe them by looking directly from above. It is this which makes the veld so colourless to a stranger. There are no gowans or buttercups or heather, to blazon it like a spring meadow or an August moorland. Five yards off, and nothing is visible but the green stalks of grass or a red boulder.

At the summit of the ridge there is a breeze and a far prospect. The road still runs on up hill and down dale, through the distant mountains, and on to the great pastoral uplands of Rustenburg and the far northwest. On either side the same waving grass, now grey and now green as the wind breathes over it. Below is a glen with a gleam of water, and some yards of tender lawn on either bank. Farmhouses line the sides, each with its dam, its few acres of untidy crop land, and its bower of trees. Beyond rise line upon line of green ridges, with a glimpse of woods and dwellings set far apart, till in the far distance the bold spurs of the Magaliesberg stand

out against the sky. A thin trail of smoke from some veld-fire hangs between us and the mountains, tempering the intense clearness of an African prospect. There is something extraordinarily delicate and remote about the vista; it might be a mirage, did not the map bear witness to its reality. It is not unlike a child's conception of the landscape of Bunyan, a road running straight through a mystical green country, with the hilltops of the Delectable Mountains to cheer the pilgrim. And indeed the land is instinct with romance. The names of the gorges which break the mountain line—Olifants' Port, Crocodile Port, Commando Nek—speak of war and adventure and the far tropics beyond these pastoral valleys. The little farms are all "Rests" and "Fountains," the true nomenclature of a far-wandering, home-loving people. The slender rivulet below us is one of the topmost branches of the great Limpopo, rising in a marsh in the wood behind us, forcing its way through the hills and the bush-veld to the north, and travelling thence through jungles and fever-swamps to the Portuguese sea-coast. The road is one of the old highways of exploration; it is not fifty years since a white man first saw the place. And yet it is as pastoral as Yarrow or Exmoor; it has the green simplicity of sheep-walks and the homeliness of a long-settled rustio land. In the afternoon peace there is no hint of the foreign or the garish; it is as remote as Holland itself from

the unwholesome splendours of the East and South.

No landscape is so masterful as the veld. Broken up into valleys, reclaimed in parts by man, showing fifty varieties of scene, it yet preserves one essential character. For, homely as it is, it is likewise untameable. There are no fierce encroachments about it. A deserted garden does not return to the veld for many years, if ever. It is not, like the jungle, the natural enemy of man, waiting for a chance to enter and obliterate his handiwork, and repelled only by sleepless watching. Rather it is the quiet spectator of human efforts, ready to meet them half-way, and yet from its vastness always the dominant feature in any landscape. Its normal air is sad, grey, and Quakerish, never flamboyant under the brightest sun, and yet both strenuous and restful. The few red monstrosities man has built on its edge serve only to set off this essential dignity. For one thing, it is not created according to the scale of man. It will give him a home, but he will never alter its aspect. Let him plough and reap it for a thousand years, and he may beautify and fructify but never change it. The face of England has altered materially in two centuries, because England is on a human scale,—a parterre land, without intrinsic wildness. But cultivation on the veld will always be superimposed: it will remain, like Egypt, ageless and immutable—one of the primeval types of the created world.

But, though dominant, it is

also adaptable. It can, for the moment, assume against its unchangeable background a chameleon-like variety. Sky and weather combine to make it imitative at times. Now, under a pale Italian sky, it is the Campagna—hot, airless, profoundly melancholy. Again, when the mist drives over it, and wet scarps of hill stand out among clouds, it is Dartmoor or Liddesdale; or on a radiant evening, when the mountains are one bank of hazy purple, it has borrowed from Skye and the far West Highlands. On a clear steely morning it has the air of its namesake, the Norwegian fjelds,—in one way the closest of its parallels. But each phase passes, the tantalising memory goes, and we are back again upon the aboriginal veld, so individual that we wonder whence arose the illusion.

A modern is badly trained for appreciating certain kinds of scenery. Generations of poets and essayists have so stamped the "pathetic fallacy" upon his soul that wherever he goes, unless in the presence of a Niagara or a Mount Everest, he runs wild, looking for a human interest or a historical memory. This is well enough in the old settled lands, but on the veld it is curiously inept. The man who, in Emerson's phrase, seeks "to impress his English whim upon the immutable past," will find little reward for his gymnastics. Not that there is no history of a kind—of Bantu wars, and great tribal immigrations, of wandering gold-seekers and Portuguese adventurers, of the *voortrekker*

and the heroic battles in the wilds. But the veld is so little subject to human life that had Thermopylæ been fought in yonder nek, or had Saint Francis wandered on this hillside, it would have mastered and obliterated the memories. It has its history; but it is the history of cosmic forces, of the cycle of seasons, of storms and suns and floods, the joys and sorrows of the natural world.

“Lo, for there among the flowers and
grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds
and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.”

Men dreamed of it and its wealth long ago in Portugal and Holland. They have quarrelled about it in London and Cape Town, fought for it, parcelled it out in maps, bought it and sold it. It has been subject for long to the lusts and hopes of man. It has been larded with epithets; town-bred folk have made theories about it; armies have rumbled across it; the flood of high politics has swept it,—

“That torrent of unquiet dream
That mortals truth and reason deem.”

But the veld has no memory of it. Men go and come, kingdoms fall and rise, but it remains austere, secluded, impenetrable, “the still unravished bride of quietness.”

As one lives with it the thought arises, May not some future civilisation grow up here in keeping with the grave country? The basis of every civilisation is wealth—wealth

to provide the background of leisure, which in turn is the basis of culture in a commercial world. Our colonial settlements have hitherto been fortuitous. They have fought a hard fight for a livelihood, and in the process missed the finer formative influences of the land. When, then, civilisation came it was naturally a borrowed one—English with an accent. But here, as in the old Greek colonies, we begin *de novo*, and at a certain high plane of life. The Dutch, our forerunners, acquired the stamp of the soil, but they lived on the barest scale of existence, and were without the aptitude or the wealth to go further. Our situation is different. We start rich, and with a prospect of growing richer. On one side are the mining centres—cosmopolitan, money-making, living at a strained pitch; on the other this silent country. The time will come when the rich man will leave the towns, and, as most of them are educated and all are able men, he will create for himself a leisured country life. His sons in turn will grow up with something autochthonous in their nature. For those who are truly South Africans at heart, and do not hurry to Europe to spend their wealth, there is a future, we believe, of another kind than they contemplate. All great institutions are rooted and grounded in the soil. There is an art, a literature, a school of thought implicit here for the understanding heart,—no tarnished European importation, but the

natural, spontaneous fruit of the land.

As we descend into the glen the going underfoot grows softer, the flinty red clay changes to sand, and soon to an irregular kind of turf. At last we are on the stream-bank, and the waving grasses have gone. Instead there is the true meadow growth, reeds and water-plants and a species of gorgeous scarlet buck-bean, little runnels from the farm-dams creep among the rushes, and soon our horses' feet are squelching through a veritable bog. Here are the sights and sounds of a Hampshire water-meadow. Swallows skim over the pools; dragon-flies and bees brush past; one almost expects to see a great trout raise a sleepy head from yonder shining reach. But there are no trout, alas! none, I fear, nearer than Natal; only a small greenish barbel who is a giant at four to the pound. The angler will get small satisfaction here, though on the Mooi river, above Potchefstroom, I have heard stories of a golden-scaled monster who will rise to a sea-trout fly. As we jump the little mill-lades, a perfect host of frogs are leaping in the grass, and small bright-eyed lizards slip off the stones at our approach. But, though the glen is quick with life, there is no sound: a deep Sabbatical calm broods over all things. The cry of a Kaffir driver from the highroad we have left breaks with an almost startling violence on the quiet. The tall reeds hush the stream's

flow, the birds seem songless, even the hum of insects is curiously dim. There is nothing for the ear, but much for the eye and more for the nostril. Our ride has been through a treasure-house of sweet scents. First the pines and gum-trees; then the drowsy sweetness of the sunburnt veld; and now the more delicate flavour of rich soil and water and the sun-distilled essences of a thousand herbs. What the old Greek wrote of Arabia the Blessed might fitly be written here, "From this country there is a smell wondrous sweet."

Lower down the glen narrows. The stream would be a torrent if there were more water; but the cascades are a mere trickle, and only the deep green rock-pools, the banks of shingle, and the worn foot of the cliff, show what this thread can grow to in the rains. A light wild brushwood begins, and creeps down to the very edge of the stream. Twenty years ago lions roamed in this scrub; now we see nothing but two poaching pariah dogs. We pass many little one-storeyed farms, each with a flower-garden run to seed, and some acres of tangled crops. All are deserted. War has been here with its heavy hand, and a broken stoep, empty windows, and a tumbled-in roof are the marks of its passage. The owners may be anywhere—still on commando with Delarey, in Bermuda or Ceylon, in Europe, in camp of refuge, on parole in the towns. Great sunflowers, a foot in diameter, sprawl over

the railings, dahlias and marigolds nod in the evening sunshine, and broken fruit-trees lean over the walks. Suddenly from the yard a huge aasvogel flaps out—the bird not of war but of unclean pillage. There is nothing royal in the creature, only obscene ferocity and a furtive greed. But its presence, as it rises high into the air, joined with the fallen rooftrees, effectively drives out Arcady from the scene. We feel we are in a shattered country. This quiet glen, which in peace might be a watered garden, becomes suddenly a desert. The veld is silent, but such secret nooks will blab their tale shamelessly to the passer-by.

The stream bends northward in a more open valley, and as we climb the ridge we catch sight of the country beyond and the same august lines of mountain. But now there is a new feature in the landscape. Bushes are dotted over the far slope, and on the brow cluster together into something like a coppice. That is a patch of bush-veld, as rare on our high-veld as are fragments of the old Ettrick forest in Tweeddale. Two hundred miles north is the real bush-veld, full of game and fevers, the barrier between the tropical Limpopo and these grassy uplands. Seen in the splendour of evening there is a curious savagery about that little patch, which is neither veld nor woodland, but something dwarfish and uncanny. That is Africa, the Africa of travellers; but thus far we have ridden through a countryside so homely and familiar that we

are not prepared for a foreign intrusion, which leads us to our hope of a new civilisation. If it ever comes, what an outlook it will have into the wilds! In England we look to the sea, in France across a frontier, even in Russia there is a mountain barrier between East and West. But here civilisation will march sharply with barbarism, like a castle of the Pale, looking over a river to a land of mists and outlaws. A man would have but to walk northward, out of the cities and clubs and the whole world of books and talk, to reach the country of the oldest earth-dwellers, the untameable heart of the continent. It is much for a civilisation to have its background—the Egyptian against the Ethiopian, Greek against Thracian, Rome against Gaul. It is also much for a race to have an outlook, a far horizon to which its fancy can turn. Even so strong men are knit and art is preserved from domesticity.

We turn homeward over the long shoulders of hill, keeping to the track in the failing light. If the place is sober by day, it is transformed in the evening. For an hour the land sinks out of account, and the sky is the sole feature. No words can tell the tale of a veld sunset. Not the sun dipping behind the peaks of Jura, or flaming in the mouth of a Norwegian fiord, or sinking, a great ball of fire, in mid-Atlantic, has the amazing pageantry of these upland evenings. A flood of crimson descends on the world, rolling in tides from the flagrant west,

and kindling bush and scaur and hill-top, till the land glows and pulsates in a riot of colour. And then slowly the splendour ebbs, lingering only to the west in a shoreless, magical sea. A delicate pearl-grey overspreads the sky, and the onlooker thinks that the spectacle is ended. It has but begun; for there succeed flushes of ineffable colour,—purple, rose-pink, tints of no mortal name,—each melting imperceptibly into the other, and revealing again the twilight world which the earlier pageant had obscured. Every feature in the landscape stands out with a tender, amethystine clearness. The mountain-ridge is cut like a jewel against the sky; the track is a ribbon of pure beaten gold. And then the light fades, the air becomes a soft mulberry haze, the first star pricks out in the blue, and night is come.

Here is a virgin soil for art, if the art arises. In our modern history there is no true poetry of vastness and solitude. What there is is temperamental and introspective, not the simple interpretation of a natural fact. In the old world, indeed, there is no room for it; a tortured, crowded land may produce the aptitude, but it cannot give the experience. And the new lands have had no chance to realise their freshness: when their need for literature arose, they have taken it second-hand. The Australian poet sings of the bush in the rococo accents of Fleet Street, and when he is natural he can tell of simple human emotions, but not of the wilds. For the chance of the

seeing eye has gone. He is not civilised but de-civilised, having borrowed the raiment of his elder brother. But, if South African conditions be as men believe, here we have a different prospect. The man who takes this country as his own will take it at another level than the pioneer. The veld will be to him more than a hunting-ground, and the seasons may be viewed from another than a commercial standpoint. If the art arises, it will be an austere art—with none of the fatuities of the picturesque, bare of false romance and preciosities, but essentially large, simple, and true. It will be the chronicle of the veld, the song of the cycle of Nature, the epic of life and death, and “the unimaginable touch of time.” Who can say that from this land some dew of freshness may not descend upon a jaded literature, and the world be the richer by a new Wordsworth, a more humane Thoreau, or a manlier Sénancour?

Once more we are in the wood, now a ghostly place with dark aisles and the windless hush of evening in the branches. The flying ants are coming out of the ground for their short life of a night. The place is alive with wings, moths and strange insects, that go white and glimmering in the dusk. The clear darkness that precedes moonrise is over the earth, so that everything stands out clear in a kind of dark-green monochrome. Something of an antique dignity, like an evening of Claude Lorraine, is stealing into the landscape.

Once more the veld is putting on an alien dress, till in this fairyland weather we forget our continent again. And yet who shall limit Africa to one aspect? Our whole ride has been a kaleidoscope of its many phases. Hot and sunburnt, dry grasses and little streams, the red rock and the fantastic sunset. And on the other side the quiet green valleys, the soothing vista of blue hills, the cool woods, the water-meadows, and the twilight. It is a land of contrasts—glimpses of desert and barbarism, memories of war, relics of old turmoil, and yet essentially a homeland. As the phrase goes, it is a “white man’s country”; by which I understand a country not only capable of sustaining life, but fit for the amenities of life and the nursery of a nation. Whether it will rise to a nation or sink to a territory rests only with its people. But it is well to recognise its possibilities, to be in love with the place, for only then may we have the hope which can front and triumph over the many obstacles.

The first darkness is passing, a faint golden light creeps up the sky, and suddenly over a crest comes the African moon, bathing the warm earth in its cold pure radiance. This moon, at any rate, is the peculiar possession of the land. At home it is a disc, a ball of light; but here it is a glowing world riding in the heavens, a veritable kingdom of fire. No virgin huntress could personify it, but rather some mighty warrior-god, driving his chariot among trampled stars. It lights us out of the wood, and on to the highroad, and then among the sunflowers and oleanders of the garden. The night air is cool and bracing, but soft as summer; and as we dismount our thoughts turn homeward, and we have a sudden regret. For in this month and in this hour in that other country we should be faring very differently. No dallying with zephyrs and sunsets; but the coming in, cold and weary, from the snowy hill, and telling over the peat-fire the unforgettable romance of winter sport.

A BALLAD OF FAMOUS SHIPS.

CAVENDISH came home from sea with his sails of the damask
green,
All his mariners clothed in silk and splendour of woven sheen :
England thrilled like a harp to his deeds, and young blood leaped
afire
For the Southern Seas and the Spanish Main and the fame of
the fierce *Desire*,

Drake went down to Darien, and a mighty hope had he :
"Give me, O God, in an English ship to sail yon secret sea !"
Fate and the elements leagued his foes, he swerved not from his
quest,
Till he could pasture the *Golden Hinde* on the treasure of all the
West.

Those were the days, the living days, my masters, an you will !
Of voyaging, of adventuring, might each man have his fill ;
With Cumberland in the *Red Dragon* the vaunting Dons to
smite,
Or round the world with Dampier in the *Bachelor's Delight*.

Some in the valiant *Gabriel*, where, under the Polar star,
Frobisher skirted frozen shores and perilous lands afar :
Some at the sack of Cadiz saw the *Warspite's* culverins play,
When Raleigh fought the tall *San Philip* all St Barnaby's Day.

The *Sunshine*, and the *Moonshine*, shall their light of renown
grow pale,
Wherewith John Davis dauntless first did Arctic waters sail ?
Or shall the *Tiger's* orient fragrance fail as the wind-spun foam,
First of all East-Indiamen that carried her spices home ?

Blake he prowled by the Kentish Knock, to ambush De Ruyter
there,
Boasting himself of his huge three-decker, wonderful past com-
pare :
Black and gold as a wasp she spread her gorgeous wings to the
breeze,—
The Dutchmen fled from the "Yellow Devil," the *Souverains of*
the Seas.

Anson with a rotten ship and a scurvy-smitten crew
Lumbered on through the wallowing waves, with a priceless prize
in view :
Riddled with shot she seized her prey, she fought with her decks
afame,—
Like a trumpet-note it cleaves the ages, the proud *Centurion's*
name.

Broke in wait on his dinky *Shannon*, ready and ripe for the fray,
Watched the confident *Chesapeake* swagger through Boston Bay ;
The boarders on the broadside's heels, he grappled her close and
tight,
The Union-Jack ran up to finish the fifteen minutes' fight.

Famous ships, forgotten ships, that once were in all men's speech,
Their sails to the moth, their nails to the rust, their timbers rent
each from each,
Splintered in sand, mouldered in ooze, broken and burned they
be,
That bore our fathers from strength to strength, and our flag
from sea to sea.

See, like a forest of masts unmoving, black on the sunset glow,
Phantom outlines of hero-vessels loom from the long ago ;
None to lay their deeds to his heart, they crowd in oblivion cold,
None to follow their stormy path, while the careless world grows
old.

Who shall number them ? who may honour them ? All in a
thunderous haze,
Their tattered topsails glimmer out from battles of bygone days ;
The *Swiftsure* vies with the *Arethusa*, praise undying to share,
And the *Speedy* claims like noble place with the Fighting
Téméraire.

Yet two shall stand the flagships of that gallant immortal fleet,
One lordliest in her triumph, one most glorious in defeat ;
Bare your heads to their names, so long as Englishmen you be,—
For one of them is the little *Revenge*, and one is the *Victory*.

MAY BYRON.

THE PRINCESS AND THE MONK.

A TRUE STORY.

THE Buddhist Lent had just begun, for it was the month of *Waso* (July), which is in the rainy season, and the days were dull and wet and the nights dark and starless. In the south-eastern quarter of the city of Mandalay a large monastery stood within its own even and well-swept grounds, surrounded by numerous trees and completely hidden by their dense foliage. Were it not for the little bells from the spire of the monastery tinkling in the monsoon wind, no one approaching that spot would have dreamed that he was so near holy ground.

This was the monastery built and supported by the Queen of Burma, and its abbot was the queen's own *sadaw* or bishop. Within its walls was a large gathering of monks who had obtained permission from the abbot-bishop to reside there during the rains. There were Manipuris with semi-Indian faces; Sinhalese who spoke besides their own no other language but Pali, the sacred language of the Buddhists; light brown, oval-faced Muns from the south; high-cheeked, round-faced Burmans from Upper Burma; and light-skinned, flat-faced Shans from the eastern borders. The inmates of that monastery, including the laymen, numbered about a thousand. Of course

not all the monks there had taken their vows solely to attain *Neibban* (Nirvana). Some were there in order to try and free themselves from *Thanthaya* or the endless wheel of existences; some to equip themselves with knowledge which they might utilise in the world; others, again, had taken the robe in order to ease the pinch of hunger; and yet again men of quite another class who were there to escape the clutches of the law.

An hour or so before noon the monks took their places in the refectory and sat down to their meal, which was served on low oblong tables, around which about half-a-dozen could sit cross-legged on the fine *Danubyu mata*. In the centre of each table was a circular wooden tray which held bowls containing varieties of curry, tender bamboo shoots, green leaves, and the indispensable *nga-pi*, or fish-paste, so dear to the Burmese palate. Around this tray were the plates of the monks filled with rice, and close by on the floor a large china bowl of water on which a small lacquer cup floated.

Before the monks ate, a *kyoung-tha* or lay-lad, holding the two opposite edges of each table, said respectfully, "*Kap-piam Bhante*," a Pali formula which means, "I make the offering, my lords." The monks,

like the laity, ate with their hands, and the more aristocratic of them did so with the tips of their fingers, taking very small fingerfuls. When the meal was over the water had to be offered to each monk. He washed his hands, took a long draught, and rinsed his mouth into a spittoon. In any ordinary monastery the coat of some *kyoung-tha* would then serve to wipe the monk's hands, but in the case of this one supported by the Queen of Burma serviettes were supplied at each table. The trays and plates being now removed, pickled tea-leaves, Chinese tea, salt-fish, cheroots, and betel-leaves and nuts were served. The monks nibbled at the salt-fish to excite their thirst, which they quenched with sips of very hot Chinese tea. After that they chewed betel-leaves and nuts and smoked.

The withdrawal of the abbot and the senior monks was a sign for the *kyoung-thas* to enjoy their meals, and the decorous silence which reigned was rudely broken by the shouts of the boys as they fought for their rice-and-curry.

The monks were now at liberty for the afternoon to follow their own inclinations. Some retired to their siesta, and others chatted; the serious-minded talked metaphysics and kindred subjects, and the frivolous discussed the merits of their favourite prima-donnas.

At one of these little tables four monks were seated. Chance had thrown them together, for they were strangers to one another on

the first day of Lent, and their reserve of that day had long been broken down and replaced by familiarity. They were always together at meals or at other times, and they seemed to hold aloof from the rest, who ineffectually tried to gain their confidence. Their failure to make friends with the four angered the other monks, who in their disappointment spoke of them as four madmen who dabbled in the occult arts and who would eventually be destroyed by jealous *waizzas* ever eager to prevent the swelling of their ranks. A *waizza* is a man who has discovered the philosopher's stone and the secret of the transmutation of metals. *Waizzas* fly in the air, dive through the earth, and are only visible at their own pleasure. They possess creative powers, and can benefit, punish, or destroy whom they choose. The disappointed monks and novices predicted all kinds of evil for the quartette. Were they not accumulating sin upon sin? Did not the Lord Buddha prohibit such practices as magic? And were they not, after all, spiritually superior to those four monks? Even if their own sins of omission were many, still their sum of ill deeds performed were nothing compared to the dark practices of the four. However, their remarks passed unheeded by the four monks, who continued to keep to themselves and to treat their brethren with silent contempt.

One day as they were sipping

their tea after the forenoon meal U Gandama, a good-looking monk of fine physique, said—

“Well, reverend sirs, I think we know each other long enough. We around this table, apart from the others, are men of superior knowledge. We must feel that of each other, for even the most thoughtless of the novices credit us with being embryo *waizzas*. Whatsay you to our exchanging knowledge? So far we have made no confessions to one another of the extent of our powers, but have merely related what we have seen others do. I think my suggestion, if carried out, will be profitable to all of us both in this and in future existences. It will be profitable in this existence, because we may turn our knowledge to account if we re-enter the world, and in future existences the merit of having diffused knowledge will help us.”

“U Gandama, your words are valuable,” replied the others. “Do you begin, and we in turn will follow. Our robes will guarantee the truth of our assertions. Let us therefore retire to the library, where we shall find nobody at this hour.”

When they reached the library U Gandama drew a little packet from his waist-cloth and began: “Reverend sirs, this little packet of powder I obtained from a *saya* [doctor] in return for three years’ service. I am quite ignorant of the secret of its preparation. But this I do know, that by taking every morning for one month a

spoonful of honey in which a few grains of this powder are dissolved one is freed from the ninety-six diseases. One’s skin becomes lighter and one’s looks more prepossessing. Look at me! I am the son of a farm-labourer. My skin was very dark and my features, well—no *matukama* [a term used by monks when speaking of women] would deign to look at me. Since I took this powder my skin has become fair and clear, my looks have improved, and my health is perfect. I feel neither hunger nor thirst, and I can dispense with food and drink. This powder is *pa-da-bya*, or ash of quicksilver. As it is, it possesses certain virtues, and if I am lucky enough to meet with one who knows how to ‘put life into it,’ I shall become a *waizza*. According to my *saya*, who is, I think, about six hundred years old, I may expect to live at least two hundred years. I may also say that I made several conquests before I donned this robe.”

At the last remark the other monks smiled. They said the powder was most valuable, and called upon U Mayda, the next monk, to speak. U Mayda was a small and repulsive-looking man with a skin shrunken as if by extreme old age, though he was but twenty-five years old. Being a man of few words, he drew a dagger from his waist and held it in his right hand, so that a handkerchief which he held in his left, being blown by the wind against the dagger, was cut into two pieces. Then he stabbed himself, and

cut his limbs with all his might, but no blood came, and no scar was left. He asked U Gandama to take the heavy piece of wood which served to bar the window and to deal him a few heavy blows on his head. U Gandama did so, and with right goodwill, for he was greatly interested; but he failed to make any impression on U Mayda's head.

"*Aung Mai!*" (Oh, mother!) was all that the three could say as they stared in surprise.

"Well, reverend sirs," said U Mayda, "I have this sword-and-stick-proof charm, and also the secret of its preparation, which I will give to each of you. Once you have taken three doses you need fear no man; no, not even his Most Excellent Majesty, the 'Lord of Great Glory'¹ himself. But"—here he slowly shook his head—"the man who takes this charm will always be another's servant unless he dons the robe and follows in 'the Master's' footsteps."

"U Mayda," exclaimed the others, "we have heard of heroes like *Kyan-Yit-Tha* and *Dhamma zedi* and *Dhammabala*, who were sword-proof, but have never seen one with our own eyes till now."

U Thadu was the next to speak. He lifted up his *dugoke* or robe, which covers the upper part of the body, and unfastened his girdle. It was a piece of knitted cloth about a yard long and an inch and a half wide, with a ball about the

size of a walnut at one end round which to tie the other end. At first sight there was nothing peculiar about U Thadu's girdle-ball; but he showed them that it was hollow and could be unscrewed. Out of it he took a piece of bright metal, which he held up between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"Reverend sirs," he said, "this piece of metal is called *that-tet-khat-htone*, and is composed of the seven chief minerals. We monks cannot carry it on our persons without breaking that rule which says that the monk who carries this, sins, because it is dangerous to all reptiles. If any one is bitten by a snake he has but to apply this to the wound and the poison is extracted. If he suffers from hydrophobia, a small piece of this metal powdered with an aperient will cure him. In fact, every disease under the sun can be cured by it if mixed with the proper herbs. This I will share with you, and show you how to prepare it for yourselves. You will find it exceedingly useful if you re-enter the world and practise medicine."

"U Thadu," replied the others, "your charm is indeed a treasure, for while as laymen we acquire money by curing diseases, our future existences will also be assured by the merit we shall acquire by relieving the sufferings of our fellow-beings."

¹ *The Lord of Great Glory.* The Burmese address their king and speak of him as *Hpone-Daw-Gyi-Hpaya*, which means literally "Lord of Great Glory."

The monks now turned to the last of their number, a fair-skinned, flat-faced, and flat-nosed Shan from the hills. He was ugly to look at, but had an air of refinement and superiority, and one could not but notice the smallness of his hands and feet. He was the nephew of a *tswa-bwa* or prince, and had fled his native hills and donned the yellow robe to escape the wrath of his uncle. He took no Pali name when he was ordained, in which he departed from the custom of the Buddhists of Burma, but he was known simply as U Shan or the Reverend Shan. He removed the cheroot from his mouth, leaned back against the bars of the window with his hands clasped behind his head, and thus expressed himself:—

“A powder that frees you from disease and beautifies you; a composition of drugs that renders you proof against sharp-edged instruments; a compound that relieves you from all pains and diseases,—these are, indeed, objects of desire; but there is still something wanting without which life, health, and prosperity are mere burdens. I mean, reverend sirs, a good *piya-thaiddi* [love-charm]. A *waizza* of course is the happiest and the most powerful person in the world, for he can transport himself in an instant wherever he chooses, even to Mount *Myit-mho*, the centre of this world and the blissful abodes of the superior *nats* [spirits]; he may reward his friends and punish his enemies; he may live as long as he chooses till he has

the highest and greatest of pleasures—to see and worship our future Lord Arimadeya, the Buddha that is to be, and the last that will appear on this world. He may, before that blessed event, spend his days in religious meditation or lie in the arms of the *thu-young-ma*, those fairy-like maidens who, as you know, are fruits shaped like human beings which hang on the *thu young* tree in the remote fastnesses of the Himalayas, and which come to life through the power of *waizzas*. They have *rupa* [form] but not *tsait* [mind], and when they cease to exist, as they do after fifteen days of life, they have no future existence. They return to matter. To become a *waizza* is far more difficult than conquering a kingdom or an empire. U Gandama, however, stands a good chance, for he may live two hundred years, and if during that time he accumulates sufficient merit his expectations will be realised. But during the years that he waits with the hope of meeting a friendly *waizza*, life will become burdensome to him unless he possesses a good *piya-thaiddi* which will help to ward off all dangers and procure the fulfilment of his desires. He need fear no secret foe, for he will have none. He need not scorch his face over the molten lead to transmute it into the precious metal, for gold can be obtained for the mere asking. Maidens of high and low degree will give their hearts into his keeping even though he be decrepid, hideous, or diseased. Those who hate him will be sufficiently

punished by his ignoring them, for their hatred will be turned into love, and his every expression of contempt or dislike will cut deep into their souls. What does the couplet say? 'Tsait htoung yin ko kyay dai' ['when the mind cudgels the body, the body gives way'].

"Reverend sirs, I have this *piya thaiddi*, which is not yet perfect, but of its ultimate success I have the strongest proofs. If you will help me to ensure its efficacy, I will willingly share it with you, but the mode of its preparation must remain a secret in order to preserve its power."

He went to his box and returned with a ball of bee's-wax, which he requested his companions to melt in a saucer. When this was done a cabalistic square was visible in the wax. It was not upon the surface, which remained quite smooth, but seemed to be in the very centre of the wax.

"You see?" said U Shan. "It took me three years to bring that about, and it is the surest indication of its efficacy. Take any piece of that wax, melt it, and you will see the same cabalistic square proportionate in size to the melted surface. All that we have to do now is to mix it over a slow fire with other ingredients, which, if you desire, I will show you how to obtain from the grave of a newly buried virgin.

If you are not nervous, reverend sirs, pray come with me."

"We will," replied the others. "Why should we be afraid? *Aung Mai!* A man can die but once."

"Well, the thirteenth of the waxing of *Wa-goung* [August] is propitious. For an hour before midnight on that date the moon, Venus, and the asterism *Athawoonnee*, which govern love, will be on the meridian. The day is a Wednesday too, which is of course the most propitious day of that month. We shall require a tripod made of three figures—a lion, a dragon, and a *galone* [a mythological bird which lives on Mount *Myit-mho*]¹—an earthen pot, a piece of *thanat-kha*¹ bark, a stone slab, a ladle of plum-wood, and some fuel of the same wood. When our charm is completed even the *Thagya*² himself will look with favour on us. If the merits acquired in our previous existences permit, we may each acquire a kingdom by the choice of the people. If not, we can at least become the four chief ministers of the Lord of Great Glory."

"As for me," said U Gandama, "I shall be quite content with a princess for a wife and the keepership of the treasury."

"Being sword-proof," put in U Mayda, "I shall of course try for the post of War Minister."

Thus they talked of what they would do when the Shan's

¹ *Thanat-kha*, a kind of tree, the bark and root of which are used in making a fragrant paste for smearing the face and body, by rubbing the bark or root with water on a *kyouk-pyin* or stone slab.

² *Thagya*. The *Thagya* is the Buddhist Jove. His weapon is the thunderbolt, and his home in *Tavadaingtha*, or the abode of the good spirits, on the summit of Mount *Myit-mho*.

charm was completed and they had divided it among them.

Soon after the four had left the library the first vesper-bell sounded, and the knots of gossiping monks broke up to assemble for evening prayers.

The next few days and nights the four monks passed in prayer, fasting, and meditation, to acquire that merit which was essential to success, and thus prepared themselves for the appointed day.

On the evening of the thirteenth of the waxing of *Wagoung* they retired to rest directly after vespers. Everything was in readiness, and they waited for the German clock on the central pillar of the dormitory to strike ten. Before the tenth stroke was sounded they were already out of the building and groping their way in the direction of the burial-ground, which was about two miles distant. The night was very dark, but U Shan knew the way. The others followed shuddering: they felt their flesh creep at the prospect before them, but they went on, for they were ashamed to own to their fears. U Shan was silent, for he was dispirited: the charm, after all, might not succeed, and the labour of many years prove fruitless. Turning to his companions, he urged them to quicken their steps. They walked faster, talking very loud as they went, for it gave them courage to

hear their own voices in darkness so black that it appalled them. Every moment they expected some hairy and clammy hand to seize them, for a dead person often becomes a *thayai* or ghoul, and the unearthly being might well attack those who went to desecrate her grave. At last they reached the cemetery.

"It is in the eastern corner," said U Shan. "The grave we want is the one nearest a grove of plantain-trees, for I read the funeral service over her myself two days ago. Here it is."

They stopped in silence at the grave, whose outline they could just see, and U Shan continued in a very low voice—

"Now, U Gandama, draw a circle seven times round the grave and repeat the *Hetu Pyissayo* thirty-seven times. U Mayda will erect the tripod and light a fire at the head of the grave. U Thadu, you take the stone slab and prepare some *thanat-kha* paste while I dig up the grave."

A gust of wind shook the branches of a banyan-tree close by, and an over-ripe toddy-fruit fell off from a tall palm within a few feet of them. Great fear came over the monks. They turned in the direction of the noise and shouted, "Here, who's there? Take care, we are holy monks and are not afraid of you. If you annoy us we shall be obliged to thrash you with our girdles."¹

¹ *Monk's girdle.* A monk's girdle is supposed to act as a charm to drive away ghosts and spirits, or to detain them as prisoners when they possess any person by tying it round the person's neck.

They went on with their work, but heartily wished they had never come, for in the awful gloom of the burial-ground they thought the security of their dormitory preferable even to the possession of the charm which was to make them the chief Ministers of his Majesty of Burma. The fire was lighted and the earthen vessel with the ball of wax in it placed on the tripod. The *thanat-kha* paste too was prepared.

"Here you are, U Gandama!" cried U Shan. "Prop its back up while I straighten its legs, will you?" He had exhumed the body, divested it of the jacket, and seated it on the ground, its legs stretched out and its back against U Gandama. U Shan now took U Gandama's place, and holding the head of the corpse between his hands, repeated many formulas. U Gandama applied the *thanat-kha* paste to the cheeks and breasts of the corpse, while U Thadu fanned the smeared parts to dry them, and U Mayda with a knife scraped the resulting powder off the dead skin into a cup. Suddenly the corpse assumed a squatting posture, its arms outstretched and its elbows resting on its knees. The monks were so startled by its sudden movement that they dropped everything from their hands. The corpse stared at them with its glassy eyes. For the moment they were struck dumb with terror. U Shan, however, was the first to recover. He called to the others.

"See if there is any of that powder in the cup. Be quick. If there is, put it in the pot with the wax and stir it with the plum-wood ladle. If there is no powder there we shall have to smear its face again. I must bind the corpse with my girdle, in case it gets unmanageable."

The others hastened to follow his directions, while U Shan without any difficulty bound the corpse. He took up the pot, looked at the wax, and pronounced it to be perfect. Greatly pleased with the success of their enterprise, he left the corpse, and said he thought it would be best to divide the wax on their return to the monastery.

U Mayda and U Thadu assented eagerly, for they were anxious to get away from the open grave and the moving corpse. But U Gandama, less fearful or more grasping, could not wait so long. Unseen by U Shan, he put his hand into the pot and stuck it to the ball of his girdle. He had just done this, and U Shan was saying that, as it was past midnight, they had better return with all speed to the monastery, when suddenly the corpse freed itself from its bonds and stood before U Shan. Every second it grew larger, and it said in a hollow voice, "Reverend sir, give me back my *thanat-kha*. Refusal will make you mine for ever. In the spirit world you shall be my spouse, and your companions my slaves."

U Gandama fled for dear life, and in his hurry stumbled and fell many times. At each fall

he thought he heard the corpse just behind him. He could not speak. His heart was in his mouth, and his eyeballs were bursting from their sockets. At last with a mighty effort he regained speech and screamed repeatedly, in a voice shrill with fear, the prayer, "I seek refuge in Buddha, his law and the priesthood."

The corpse, now about eight feet high, caught U Shan and seized him by the arm, saying, "Give me back the contents of that pot which will make me your slave."

U Shan shrieked to the other two to pull the corpse away from him, and they in desperation, seeing the corpse could run the faster, stopped, unfastened their girdles, and entangling them round its legs, tripped it up. As soon as U Shan felt its grasp relaxing he jerked himself free, and ran with the pot in the direction of the monastery. His companions followed close upon his heels. Never in their lives had they run as they did that night through the jungles. They were half-way to the monastery when U Mayda, who was last, looked round, and seeing the corpse, now of huge size, just behind him with hands stretched out to seize him, screamed out, "*Aung Mai Lay!* [Oh, mother!] it is just here," and fainted. The others redoubled their speed, rushing through thickets and brambles, never heeding the thorns that tore their flesh and covered their bodies with blood.

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Early next morning, as the junior monks and novices were returning from the town with the food which they had received from the people, they came upon the body of U Shan not far from the gates of the monastery. This discovery was reported to the abbot, who sent a novice to summon U Shan's companions. The novice found U Gandama in bed in a state of delirium, and from the latter's incoherent statements he guessed where they had been during the night. When he had reported what he had heard, the abbot sent some monks to search for U Mayda and U Thadu, whose bodies were soon found about a mile off in the direction of the burial-ground.

A week later, when U Gandama had recovered and was able to attend the services, the abbot took him apart and lectured him on the sinfulness and the dread consequences of practising the black art. U Gandama listened in silence, and as he hung down his head and looked at the ball of his girdle he smiled to himself, for he could think of nothing but U Shan's words, "The person whose love you desire must be touched with the wax by you who desire that love."

The month of *Thadingyoot* was fast approaching, and with it the end of Lent. Still U Gandama had not tested the efficacy of the charm. At the new moon of *Thadingyoot* an elderly maid of honour from the palace came to announce to the abbot that the king,

queen, and Court would attend service on the day of the full moon, and that a grand dinner was ordered to be prepared for all the monks who chose to accept the offering. According to the custom of the yellow-robed disciples of Buddha, the abbot did not reply, but continued reading his palm-leaf manuscripts, and the maid of honour, having given her message and made obeisance, retired. On the stairs of the monastery as she was going out she met U Gandama, and moved aside to squat with clasped hands that the holy man might pass. U Gandama, recognising her as one of the maids of honour, stopped and said—

“Laywoman, are there in the royal palace of the Lord of Great Glory any princesses desirous of acquiring merit?”

“Yes, my lord, they are all desirous of accumulating merit for their future existences.”

“Well, laywoman,¹ this monk has been studying the Abhidhamma so diligently that the wrapper of the manuscript is much worn in many places, and he is afraid the palm-leaves themselves will be injured if the wrapper is not properly patched. Will the laywoman, then, if this monk hands her the wrapper, request some of the princesses to patch it up, whereby such princesses may acquire merit, and return the wrapper to him?”

“The monk’s laywoman will certainly do so,” replied the maid of honour.

U Gandama went and found the wrapper of his palm-leaf manuscript, and carefully applied the wax to those parts which required mending, so that the fingers of the princess who mended it might touch the wax. When he had done this he took it to the maid of honour, and enjoined her to take great care of it and to wrap it with her shawl. The maid of honour did as she was requested, rolled the wrapper carefully in the folds of her shawl, and went away. U Gandama waited anxiously to see the result of his experiment. The next day the same maid of honour returned with the wrapper, which she gave to U Gandama, saying, “The monk’s laywoman will be here again before vespers to take away other wrappers which require mending.”

On hearing this U Gandama’s countenance, which had begun to beam with pleasure, fell. The maid of honour made obeisance and went away, and U Gandama, muttering to himself that it was well U Shan was dead, for all the benefit he derived from the boasted *piyathaidi* was a week’s delirium, retired to the library to replace the wrapper round his manuscript. But when he unfolded the wrapper he found, to his delight, a letter addressed “to the monk who had sent the

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AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.

BY "LINESMAN."

THE picquets are out along two miles of shadowy, moonlit veldt, on guard over the small column which is sleeping uneasily in its bivouac half a mile behind them, on the watch for the strong commandoes hovering away out amongst the mysterious shadows. The men are very cold, very weary, and a little disconcerted and distrustful. For the column has had a bad time on its two days' march from Blankberg. To begin with, it has rained every day and all day: there is not a dry nor a clean rag of clothes in the whole force; boots, putties, coats, even rifles, are but so many lumps of clammy, dispiriting nastiness; socks and shirts are wet through, and the white flesh beneath them all blue and crinkled like corpse-flesh; helmets are soaked, and rest on the soaked hair like heavy towels; blankets are soaked, and there is no sleep, only fever and misery to be got from their dank folds. There is no comfort in life by day or night, and only less in the thought of death, which has been very nigh all the time in the mists and rainstorms. The Boers are "up" and angry in the district; one commando has dogged the march like a pack of wolves from its very start through the Blankberg outposts, clinging close to the rearguard in the fog, picking off a man here and a man there,

shooting slowly but incessantly, disturbing the very vanguard itself with the interminable click-clack at their backs, and with the constant calls for a halt necessitated by the unlimbering of the four field-guns at intervals to break the cloud when it became too thick and threatening behind.

And the vanguard has had its own business to attend to. Every rise ahead of its advanced party, and every hollow on their flanks, has spat fire at them through the ever-falling rain, and there was no means of knowing whether it came from a patrol or a position. Rode they downhill or uphill, and a hundred times a-day they did both, destruction was always possibly lying in wait for them on the dim crest-line in front, and never a glimpse of a Boer to put spirit and reality into the peril, only here and there on the sodden grass strings of fresh hoof-tracks leading away from them, and once an old saddle-bag, and once a British helmet, with its dead or vanished owner's regimental badge scrawled on its cover in violet indelible pencil. Not a single rise and hollow failed with its little hurry of rifle-fire at the British advanced-guard feeling its dangerous way through the gloom, sometimes a mere snap of musketry, as short and sudden and as nerve-shaking as the fall of a

as they saw each other they rushed together, and the erst-while monk, now transformed into a layman, by name Maung Hpo Cho or Grandfather Sweet, took the princess by the hand, and the happy couple disappeared in the great city.

That night, when the two were in the privacy of their apartment, Maung Hpo Cho thus addressed the princess:—

“The elder brother’s lotus-blossom must be well aware that her elder brother, having spent his life in different cloisters, is unfit for the battle of life, for he has not learnt any trade or acquired any profession. What shall he do to support his treasure?”

To this she replied, “Brother

must not distress himself about the future, for his sister has brought away with her jewels the sale of which will bring enough money to last them and theirs for generations. Some of these jewels are so valuable that the combined wealth of the white foreigners could not buy them. His sister has in her *htamein* [skirt] certain very precious rubies and diamonds from—— Come nearer. You never know who hears, and even walls may hear, and the white foreigners are very grasping.” She looked around nervously, fearing some one might be watching, and whispered very low, “The Regalia.”

J. A. MAUNG GYI.

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loaded tea-tray in the hall at home; sometimes a steady and ominous roll, commencing with a solitary shot or two, swelling quickly into a metallic ripple which jangled across perhaps a mile of front, and brought the leading scouts back at the gallop, reporting a thousand Boers ahead, and Troopers Brown and Jones either killed or wounded, they are not sure which, but anyhow stretched on the ground, one silent, the other making unpleasant noises, "like a stuck hog," as Trooper Robinson, who was a farmer's hand, and is a hyperbolist, described it to a shivering comrade away back at the cavalry main body.

And, short or prolonged, snarl or rumble, the column had always to halt at the Boer fire, for the general, poor man, was in charge of something more precious than troops and his own honour—namely, three hundred waggon-loads of provisions for some one else's troops a hundred miles away; and his orders were precise,—to get there, and to avoid becoming seriously engaged on the way. Somewhat of a contradiction in terms, mused the perplexed officer, as, fingering his chin with his sodden glove, he heard his rearguard firing ghostly volleys back in the mist, and saw a sweating, dripping cavalry subaltern floundering towards him with anxious face from the direction of the advanced-guard. Before the youth can reach him, a hasty pop! pop! pop! from a new direction—the extreme right flank—breaks upon his ear,

and the general, who knows his Boswell, and would secretly give a handsome portion of his income to be ensconced at this moment in an arm-chair in front of his ancestral fireplace with the garrulous Scot in his hand, thinks dismally of little Mrs Thrale and her "Three Warnings." There are Boers all round,—whether one commando, or three, or twenty, nobody knows and nobody cares: it is sufficient that they are there, and cursedly bold and importunate, and the weather is thick and the rain icy cold. "Halt!" "Time we did," mutters a perspiring transport rider, mopping his brow; "my last ten waggons have stuck until doomsday!" So they have, right amongst the retiring rearguard; and that harassed unit, falling back before a cloud of mounted Dutch sharpshooters, has to attempt a stand alongside them.

But the Boers grasp the situation in a moment, and galloping outwards pluckily under a sharp fire, dismount in a great half-circle, and envelop the waggons and their defenders in a tremendous converging fusilade. Three or four men are hit at once, and a dozen oxen, who plunge and bellow, ploughing the ground and their terrified comrades' sides with their long horns in agony, and the ten teams are in a moment ten hideous jumbles of fighting beasts, tangled harness, and shattering "dusselbooms." The officer commanding the rearguard has his orders too—"Retire!" The men get back somehow to the

main body under a hail of bullets, some riding, some running on foot, some walking slowly and desperately in pairs, with a wounded comrade dragging and floundering between them. Two do not attempt to obey the order at all: they are lying muddy and dreadful amongst the waggon-wheels, with struggling hoofs and splintering bars pounding them into the swampy veldt. The Boers cease firing and close upon their prize; doomsday has come already for those ten waggons.

The general hears of the little disaster with an inward sinking but with a calm exterior: he has read in some text-book or other that "a commanding officer should never allow his feelings to be evident to his subordinates," and he wishes fervently that he could remember other things that a commander should do which might be of use in the present juncture. He would not have remembered that if it had not been the answer to one of the questions in an examination he had once undergone, of which the other two had been—(1) how to cross a river in the face of two army corps; (2) to compare Cannæ and Armageddon as tactical operations. He had answered them all successfully; he was now a general, and was quietly saying "Never mind" after a gang of two hundred dirty guerillas had disorganised his plans as thoroughly as he himself had disorganised those of the two army corps on the zincographed river-bank. He calls up his

intelligence officer, who, being an Engineer, knows French and German and a little Russian, and, being a Staff College graduate, can write a snappy telegram with any one. "De Vere," he says, "who *are* these Boers? where do they all spring from? you had no information about them, had you?" "Well, sir, no, sir; but I think that they must be the result of a combination between Botha and De Wet, or possibly between Delarey and Opperman, moving down the line of the Pumperspruit—a native here says he has heard all these names mentioned during the last few days, also those of Malan, Fouché, Britz, Strydom, and Erasmus, so that, sir, it may be the forces of all or any of these. It is rather hard to say!" The general's face is patient. "Thank you, De Vere. There seem to be plenty of them, anyhow; move on now." And the column had moved on through the rain and filth to its first night's bivouac, where it had slept not a wink, listening to the little spurts of firing from the encircling outposts when gangs of Boers rode, or were supposed to have ridden, close up in the impenetrable darkness.

There had been a man killed on this night, whether by the enemy or his friends no one knew, for the firing had been spasmodic and hard to locate. And circumstances prevented the unfortunate from dying quietly: his wound was a horrible one, and the poor soul shrieked long and loudly to

the God above the murky sky to ease his agony for him, and struggled madly with the stretcher-bearers who came for him, because they added to it as they handled his writhing body. Then the stretcher-bearers, uncertain of the way back to the hospital lines in the darkness, and fearful of moving by mistake out beyond the sentry line, had stumbled with their load almost a complete circuit of the outposts before they caught sight of the red lamp which marked their quarters, so that every picquet had a good look by the light of a lantern at the horror on the brown canvas, and listened long to his howling as it swelled towards and past them, dying away in terrible notes as the dying man was carried onwards down the line into the blackness and rain.

Next day's march was worse still. The fine rain and mist had improved themselves into a steady pitiless downpour; equipment and clothes became leaden with the weight of the moisture, and very many of the men developed fever and ague as they marched, blue, with chattering teeth and tremulous silent lips. A number of draught-oxen had died in the night from exposure, too, and the heavy waggons moved perforce slower than ever through the quagmires, and would not have moved at all but for the help of dozens of tired soldiers, who strained and shoved at the muddy wheels. Scarce a mile an hour was made, even when the Boers drew off and left the

column in peace for a few moments, which did not happen often. They, the Boers, scored heavily on this second day against their almost inert enemy. They had been sniping around the line of march from the moment the force had broken bivouac, keeping the crawling men in a fever of disquiet and impotent anger, and the cavalry screen and flankers had had to fight almost every yard of the way, for the most part dismounted.

About noon the fog had come down so thick that a halt had been called, and, as usual in such cases, the supports to the encircling guards, the advanced, rear, right, and left flank guards began at once to move out to reinforce their comrades, to form, for the nonce, a strong picquet-line around the convoy. But no sooner had the column halted than the Boers, knowing our habits, determined on a *coup*. Quitting the rear, left, and front, they massed with incredible speed and certainty opposite the right. Then, after allowing a moment or two for the British supports to draw outward from the main body sufficiently for their purpose, they "went in" with their heads down, silently and at full speed, rolled up the outer cavalry flankers, the flank-guard itself, with scarcely a sound, and were amongst the supporting company, which was advancing in single rank, in a twinkling. A roar broke out, which burst through the fog to the motionless column as startlingly as a shell, and close on

charm was completed and they had divided it among them.

Soon after the four had left the library the first vesper-bell sounded, and the knots of gossiping monks broke up to assemble for evening prayers.

The next few days and nights the four monks passed in prayer, fasting, and meditation, to acquire that merit which was essential to success, and thus prepared themselves for the appointed day.

On the evening of the thirteenth of the waxing of *Wagong* they retired to rest directly after vespers. Everything was in readiness, and they waited for the German clock on the central pillar of the dormitory to strike ten. Before the tenth stroke was sounded they were already out of the building and groping their way in the direction of the burial-ground, which was about two miles distant. The night was very dark, but U Shan knew the way. The others followed shuddering: they felt their flesh creep at the prospect before them, but they went on, for they were ashamed to own to their fears. U Shan was silent, for he was dispirited: the charm, after all, might not succeed, and the labour of many years prove fruitless. Turning to his companions, he urged them to quicken their steps. They walked faster, talking very loud as they went, for it gave them courage to

hear their own voices in darkness so black that it appalled them. Every moment they expected some hairy and clammy hand to seize them, for a dead person often becomes a *thayai* or ghoul, and the unearthly being might well attack those who went to desecrate her grave. At last they reached the cemetery.

"It is in the eastern corner," said U Shan. "The grave we want is the one nearest a grove of plantain-trees, for I read the funeral service over her myself two days ago. Here it is."

They stopped in silence at the grave, whose outline they could just see, and U Shan continued in a very low voice—

"Now, U Gandama, draw a circle seven times round the grave and repeat the *Hetu Pyissayo* thirty-seven times. U Mayda will erect the tripod and light a fire at the head of the grave. U Thadu, you take the stone slab and prepare some *thanat-kha* paste while I dig up the grave."

A gust of wind shook the branches of a banyan-tree close by, and an over-ripe toddy-fruit fell off from a tall palm within a few feet of them. Great fear came over the monks. They turned in the direction of the noise and shouted, "Here, who's there? Take care, we are holy monks and are not afraid of you. If you annoy us we shall be obliged to thrash you with our girdles."¹

¹ *Monk's girdle.* A monk's girdle is supposed to act as a charm to drive away ghosts and spirits, or to detain them as prisoners when they possess any person by tying it round the person's neck.

details, marching with bowed backs and bent heads, which moved uneasily to right or left as a stray shot, or the echo of a shout, sounded towards them from either flank.

The fog disappeared, but a raw wind with a little sleet stole down to fill its place—a wind which cut like a knife through the soaked khaki, making the shivering bodies wince as if they had been struck. To north, east, and south hung a cloud so black on the horizon that the few scattered and deserted farmsteads visible in lonely corners of the veldt stood out like little square blocks of white marble against the wall of darkness behind them, infinitely solitary and melancholy. Every now and then a flash of pale lightning burst from the depths of the cloud-bank, and stood for an instant, a quivering apparition against the swell of its pitchy velvet bosom, to vanish as swiftly and quietly as it had come. One listened for the following thunder, but it rarely came; or if it did, it sighed in a mutter so low and miserable that one wished one had not heard it,—the very voice of all the old, unhappy, far-off things which have ever happened on the earth. To the west something glowered faintly in the sky, like the corona of a distant house on fire: it was the reflection of the invisible and declining sun; and against this things showed black instead of white, a dead tree at the corner of a field of dead mealies, and the handle of an old plough sticking up

with extraordinary prominence against the sullen glow. A dismal evening on the veldt indeed, and the column wending its way through the hush and gloom of the vast space seemed only to intensify its solitude. A little stir and rustle in the very midst of its moving ranks, and in the long lines of creaking waggons, but even there not overmuch, for the men were tired and dumb, and their feet made but a faint rhythmic squeelching on the waterlogged turf.

It is strange what deadly silence can fall upon even a large army, and stranger still how suddenly it can fall. Soldiers who took part in the great operations of the early days of the Transvaal war will remember how these weird pauses came like spells upon thirty thousand men, sometimes in the middle of a battle, when the roar of miles of musketry and the restless thudding of the guns, the shouting and the hurrying, were suddenly struck as dead and soundless as the great kopjes themselves for one strained unnatural moment or second, as if spirits were passing over the turmoil, and both contending armies stood still to hear them pass. Sometimes again on the march, silencing the many-tongued hubbub of thousands of moving, chattering men as if they had all been suddenly gagged at once, silencing in some mysterious way even the rattling, squeaking buckles, braces, and rifle-slings, and the long whips of the Kaffir drivers.

he thought he heard the corpse just behind him. He could not speak. His heart was in his mouth, and his eyeballs were bursting from their sockets. At last with a mighty effort he regained speech and screamed repeatedly, in a voice shrill with fear, the prayer, "I seek refuge in Buddha, his law and the priesthood."

The corpse, now about eight feet high, caught U Shan and seized him by the arm, saying, "Give me back the contents of that pot which will make me your slave."

U Shan shrieked to the other two to pull the corpse away from him, and they in desperation, seeing the corpse could run the faster, stopped, unfastened their girdles, and entangling them round its legs, tripped it up. As soon as U Shan felt its grasp relaxing he jerked himself free, and ran with the pot in the direction of the monastery. His companions followed close upon his heels. Never in their lives had they run as they did that night through the jungles. They were half-way to the monastery when U Mayda, who was last, looked round, and seeing the corpse, now of huge size, just behind him with hands stretched out to seize him, screamed out, "*Aung Mai Lay!* [Oh, mother!] it is just here," and fainted. The others redoubled their speed, rushing through thickets and brambles, never heeding the thorns that tore their flesh and covered their bodies with blood.

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Early next morning, as the junior monks and novices were returning from the town with the food which they had received from the people, they came upon the body of U Shan not far from the gates of the monastery. This discovery was reported to the abbot, who sent a novice to summon U Shan's companions. The novice found U Gandama in bed in a state of delirium, and from the latter's incoherent statements he guessed where they had been during the night. When he had reported what he had heard, the abbot sent some monks to search for U Mayda and U Thadu, whose bodies were soon found about a mile off in the direction of the burial-ground.

A week later, when U Gandama had recovered and was able to attend the services, the abbot took him apart and lectured him on the sinfulness and the dread consequences of practising the black art. U Gandama listened in silence, and as he hung down his head and looked at the ball of his girdle he smiled to himself, for he could think of nothing but U Shan's words, "The person whose love you desire must be touched with the wax by you who desire that love."

The month of *Thadingyoot* was fast approaching, and with it the end of Lent. Still U Gandama had not tested the efficacy of the charm. At the new moon of *Thadingyoot* an elderly maid of honour from the palace came to announce to the abbot that the king,

queen, and Court would attend service on the day of the full moon, and that a grand dinner was ordered to be prepared for all the monks who chose to accept the offering. According to the custom of the yellow-robed disciples of Buddha, the abbot did not reply, but continued reading his palm-leaf manuscripts, and the maid of honour, having given her message and made obeisance, retired. On the stairs of the monastery as she was going out she met U Gandama, and moved aside to squat with clasped hands that the holy man might pass. U Gandama, recognising her as one of the maids of honour, stopped and said—

“Laywoman, are there in the royal palace of the Lord of Great Glory any princesses desirous of acquiring merit?”

“Yes, my lord, they are all desirous of accumulating merit for their future existences.”

“Well, laywoman,¹ this monk has been studying the Abhidhamma so diligently that the wrapper of the manuscript is much worn in many places, and he is afraid the palm-leaves themselves will be injured if the wrapper is not properly patched. Will the laywoman, then, if this monk hands her the wrapper, request some of the princesses to patch it up, whereby such princesses may acquire merit, and return the wrapper to him?”

“The monk’s laywoman will certainly do so,” replied the maid of honour.

U Gandama went and found the wrapper of his palm-leaf manuscript, and carefully applied the wax to those parts which required mending, so that the fingers of the princess who mended it might touch the wax. When he had done this he took it to the maid of honour, and enjoined her to take great care of it and to wrap it with her shawl. The maid of honour did as she was requested, rolled the wrapper carefully in the folds of her shawl, and went away. U Gandama waited anxiously to see the result of his experiment. The next day the same maid of honour returned with the wrapper, which she gave to U Gandama, saying, “The monk’s laywoman will be here again before vespers to take away other wrappers which require mending.”

On hearing this U Gandama’s countenance, which had begun to beam with pleasure, fell. The maid of honour made obeisance and went away, and U Gandama, muttering to himself that it was well U Shan was dead, for all the benefit he derived from the boasted *piya-thaiddi* was a week’s delirium, retired to the library to replace the wrapper round his manuscript. But when he unfolded the wrapper he found, to his delight, a letter addressed “to the monk who had sent the

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wrapper to be patched." It was to the effect that the writer, though she had not seen him, was willing to be his slave for ever if he would enter the world again; that she longed to see him, and was eagerly awaiting a favourable reply. U Gandama blessed U Shan and called him his benefactor. He experienced the satisfaction of one whose arduous labours have been crowned with success, but not the happiness that a lover feels when his love is returned, for he had not seen the writer, nor did he know who she was.

In answer to the letter of the unknown princess he wrote, calling her his garland of flowers, and using many other endearing terms. Two days later the maid of honour who had unconsciously carried this clandestine correspondence between the princess and U Gandama was arrested on suspicion at the palace gate by one of the guards. In a tray which she carried on her head, covered over with a piece of coarse cloth, were found all the clothes required by a Burmese gentleman. Within the folds of the *pasoh* or waist-cloth was a note from the princess, appointing time and place for the meeting with her unknown lover that they might elope into British territory, and also an account of the provision she had made for their future comfort. The queen was quickly made acquainted with the matter, and she at once gave commands that U Gandama should leave the priesthood and be executed. As

Lent was not yet over, the abbot, who held a position somewhat similar to that of the Queen's Confessor in European countries, interceded with her majesty on U Gandama's behalf.

He pointed out that no harm had actually happened; that the parties had not even seen each other; and that her majesty would acquire very great merit if she exercised clemency within that sacred season. The queen at last consented to spare the monk's life, and U Gandama speedily fled into British territory, lest the queen might yet regret her promise to the abbot and change her mind. At Rangoon he continued to receive letters from his princess, and when, two years later, the Government of India declared war with Burma, U Gandama accompanied the British troops, and was at the palace gates when, their store of merit being exhausted, the King and Queen of Burma were taken prisoners.

He had not long to wait, for soon after the king and queen were captured the princesses and maids of honour, with all their valuables, fled out. The princess who loved him recognised him immediately, for so potent was the charm that she had dreamed of him until his likeness was imprinted on her mind. He too recognised her. Hundreds of miles apart they had thought of each other, and when they laid their heads on their pillows, their *laippyas* (literally butterfly: here it means spirit) had met and plighted their troth. As soon

as they saw each other they rushed together, and the erst-while monk, now transformed into a layman, by name Maung Hpo Cho or Grandfather Sweet, took the princess by the hand, and the happy couple disappeared in the great city.

That night, when the two were in the privacy of their apartment, Maung Hpo Cho thus addressed the princess:—

“The elder brother’s lotusblossom must be well aware that her elder brother, having spent his life in different cloisters, is unfit for the battle of life, for he has not learnt any trade or acquired any profession. What shall he do to support his treasure?”

To this she replied, “Brother

must not distress himself about the future, for his sister has brought away with her jewels the sale of which will bring enough money to last them and theirs for generations. Some of these jewels are so valuable that the combined wealth of the white foreigners could not buy them. His sister has in her *htamein* [skirt] certain very precious rubies and diamonds from—— Come nearer. You never know who hears, and even walls may hear, and the white foreigners are very grasping.” She looked around nervously, fearing some one might be watching, and whispered very low, “The Regalia.”

J. A. MAUNG GYL.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.

BY "LINESMAN."

THE picquets are out along two miles of shadowy, moonlit veldt, on guard over the small column which is sleeping uneasily in its bivouac half a mile behind them, on the watch for the strong commandoes hovering away out amongst the mysterious shadows. The men are very cold, very weary, and a little disconcerted and distrustful. For the column has had a bad time on its two days' march from Blankberg. To begin with, it has rained every day and all day: there is not a dry nor a clean rag of clothes in the whole force; boots, putties, coats, even rifles, are but so many lumps of clammy, dispiriting nastiness; socks and shirts are wet through, and the white flesh beneath them all blue and crinkled like corpse-flesh; helmets are soaked, and rest on the soaked hair like heavy towels; blankets are soaked, and there is no sleep, only fever and misery to be got from their dank folds. There is no comfort in life by day or night, and only less in the thought of death, which has been very nigh all the time in the mists and rainstorms. The Boers are "up" and angry in the district; one commando has dogged the march like a pack of wolves from its very start through the Blankberg outposts, clinging close to the rearguard in the fog, picking off a man here and a man there,

shooting slowly but incessantly, disturbing the very vanguard itself with the interminable click-clack at their backs, and with the constant calls for a halt necessitated by the unlimbering of the four field-guns at intervals to break the cloud when it became too thick and threatening behind.

And the vanguard has had its own business to attend to. Every rise ahead of its advanced party, and every hollow on their flanks, has spat fire at them through the ever-falling rain, and there was no means of knowing whether it came from a patrol or a position. Rode they downhill or uphill, and a hundred times a-day they did both, destruction was always possibly lying in wait for them on the dim crest-line in front, and never a glimpse of a Boer to put spirit and reality into the peril, only here and there on the sodden grass strings of fresh hoof- tracks leading away from them, and once an old saddle-bag, and once a British helmet, with its dead or vanished owner's regimental badge scrawled on its cover in violet indelible pencil. Not a single rise and hollow failed with its little hurry of rifle-fire at the British advanced-guard feeling its dangerous way through the gloom, sometimes a mere snap of musketry, as short and sudden and as nerve-shaking as the fall of a

loaded tea-tray in the hall at home; sometimes a steady and ominous roll, commencing with a solitary shot or two, swelling quickly into a metallic ripple which jangled across perhaps a mile of front, and brought the leading scouts back at the gallop, reporting a thousand Boers ahead, and Troopers Brown and Jones either killed or wounded, they are not sure which, but anyhow stretched on the ground, one silent, the other making unpleasant noises, "like a stuck hog," as Trooper Robinson, who was a farmer's hand, and is a hyperbolist, described it to a shivering comrade away back at the cavalry main body.

And, short or prolonged, snarl or rumble, the column had always to halt at the Boer fire, for the general, poor man, was in charge of something more precious than troops and his own honour — namely, three hundred waggon-loads of provisions for some one else's troops a hundred miles away; and his orders were precise,—to get there, and to avoid becoming seriously engaged on the way. Somewhat of a contradiction in terms, mused the perplexed officer, as, fingering his chin with his sodden glove, he heard his rearguard firing ghostly volleys back in the mist, and saw a sweating, dripping cavalry subaltern floundering towards him with anxious face from the direction of the advanced-guard. Before the youth can reach him, a hasty pop! pop! pop! from a new direction—the extreme right flank—breaks upon his ear,

and the general, who knows his Boswell, and would secretly give a handsome portion of his income to be ensconced at this moment in an arm-chair in front of his ancestral fireplace with the garrulous Scot in his hand, thinks dismally of little Mrs Thrale and her "Three Warnings." There are Boers all round,—whether one commando, or three, or twenty, nobody knows and nobody cares: it is sufficient that they are there, and cursedly bold and importunate, and the weather is thick and the rain icy cold. "Halt!" "Time we did," mutters a perspiring transport rider, mopping his brow; "my last ten waggons have stuck until doomsday!" So they have, right amongst the retiring rearguard; and that harassed unit, falling back before a cloud of mounted Dutch sharpshooters, has to attempt a stand alongside them.

But the Boers grasp the situation in a moment, and galloping outwards pluckily under a sharp fire, dismount in a great half-circle, and envelop the waggons and their defenders in a tremendous converging fusilade. Three or four men are hit at once, and a dozen oxen, who plunge and bellow, ploughing the ground and their terrified comrades' sides with their long horns in agony, and the ten teams are in a moment ten hideous jumbles of fighting beasts, tangled harness, and shattering "dusselbooms." The officer commanding the rearguard has his orders too—"Retire!" The men get back somehow to the

main body under a hail of bullets, some riding, some running on foot, some walking slowly and desperately in pairs, with a wounded comrade dragging and floundering between them. Two do not attempt to obey the order at all: they are lying muddy and dreadful amongst the waggon-wheels, with struggling hoofs and splintering bars pounding them into the swampy veldt. The Boers cease firing and close upon their prize; doomsday has come already for those ten waggons.

The general hears of the little disaster with an inward sinking but with a calm exterior: he has read in some text-book or other that "a commanding officer should never allow his feelings to be evident to his subordinates," and he wishes fervently that he could remember other things that a commander should do which might be of use in the present juncture. He would not have remembered that if it had not been the answer to one of the questions in an examination he had once undergone, of which the other two had been—(1) how to cross a river in the face of two army corps; (2) to compare Cannæ and Armageddon as tactical operations. He had answered them all successfully; he was now a general, and was quietly saying "Never mind" after a gang of two hundred dirty guerillas had disorganised his plans as thoroughly as he himself had disorganised those of the two army corps on the zincographed river-bank. He calls up his

intelligence officer, who, being an Engineer, knows French and German and a little Russian, and, being a Staff College graduate, can write a snappy telegram with any one. "De Vere," he says, "who *are* these Boers? where do they all spring from? you had no information about them, had you?" "Well, sir, no, sir; but I think that they must be the result of a combination between Botha and De Wet, or possibly between Delarey and Opperman, moving down the line of the Pumperspruit—a native here says he has heard all these names mentioned during the last few days, also those of Malan, Fouché, Britz, Strydom, and Erasmus, so that, sir, it may be the forces of all or any of these. It is rather hard to say!" The general's face is patient. "Thank you, De Vere. There seem to be plenty of them, anyhow; move on now." And the column had moved on through the rain and filth to its first night's bivouac, where it had slept not a wink, listening to the little spurts of firing from the encircling outposts when gangs of Boers rode, or were supposed to have ridden, close up in the impenetrable darkness.

There had been a man killed on this night, whether by the enemy or his friends no one knew, for the firing had been spasmodic and hard to locate. And circumstances prevented the unfortunate from dying quietly: his wound was a horrible one, and the poor soul shrieked long and loudly to

the God above the murky sky to ease his agony for him, and struggled madly with the stretcher-bearers who came for him, because they added to it as they handled his writhing body. Then the stretcher-bearers, uncertain of the way back to the hospital lines in the darkness, and fearful of moving by mistake out beyond the sentry line, had stumbled with their load almost a complete circuit of the outposts before they caught sight of the red lamp which marked their quarters, so that every picquet had a good look by the light of a lantern at the horror on the brown canvas, and listened long to his howling as it swelled towards and past them, dying away in terrible notes as the dying man was carried onwards down the line into the blackness and rain.

Next day's march was worse still. The fine rain and mist had improved themselves into a steady pitiless downpour; equipment and clothes became leaden with the weight of the moisture, and very many of the men developed fever and ague as they marched, blue, with chattering teeth and tremulous silent lips. A number of draught-oxen had died in the night from exposure, too, and the heavy waggon moved perforce slower than ever through the quagmires, and would not have moved at all but for the help of dozens of tired soldiers, who strained and shoved at the muddy wheels. Scarce a mile an hour was made, even when the Boers drew off and left the

column in peace for a few moments, which did not happen often. They, the Boers, scored heavily on this second day against their almost inert enemy. They had been sniping around the line of march from the moment the force had broken bivouac, keeping the crawling men in a fever of disquiet and impotent anger, and the cavalry screen and flankers had had to fight almost every yard of the way, for the most part dismounted.

About noon the fog had come down so thick that a halt had been called, and, as usual in such cases, the supports to the encircling guards, the advanced, rear, right, and left flank guards began at once to move out to reinforce their comrades, to form, for the nonce, a strong picquet-line around the convoy. But no sooner had the column halted than the Boers, knowing our habits, determined on a *coup*. Quitting the rear, left, and front, they massed with incredible speed and certainty opposite the right. Then, after allowing a moment or two for the British supports to draw outward from the main body sufficiently for their purpose, they "went in" with their heads down, silently and at full speed, rolled up the outer cavalry flankers, the flank-guard itself, with scarcely a sound, and were amongst the supporting company, which was advancing in single rank, in a twinkling. A roar broke out, which burst through the fog to the motionless column as startlingly as a shell, and close on

the roar the spit of rapid musketry, curiously deadened by the wet, heavy air. The surprised company was literally ridden over and scattered to the four winds; men were running about with bayonets fixed, utterly lost in the impenetrable mist, sometimes firing hurriedly when a rub-a-dub-dub of invisible hoofs close by proclaimed a galloping Boer, sometimes charging desperately at a dim form a few paces away, to find that it was that of a comrade similarly lost. Some grew altogether confused, and running in as they thought towards the waggons and safety, found themselves in the arms of a posse of dismounted Boers, who had gathered in rear of the onset for this very purpose, and there, with few words and sardonic smiles on the bearded lips of their captors, they were relieved of rifle, ammunition, boots, and other articles of clothing, were shown the direction of their column, and were then turned adrift, unarmed and half naked, to swell the confusion still raging on the right flank. But the Boers here had done enough; they too were in confusion; and the yell of their gigantic commander to "ride straight into the waggons!" was obeyed by none. They drew off one by one, with captured rifles and other gear, and when the fog lifted suddenly a few moments later, nothing was to be seen of them but a few little figures speeding over the distant swellings in the ocean of grass, far out of range of the disconsolate

shrapnel which screamed towards them, and burst in a little bubble of white wool against the leaden murk of the sky.

But the site of the late flank-guard presented an aspect so curious that few of the bewildered soldiers had eyes for anything else. Scarce half the two companies remained under arms, and of these not a third were lying with their heads towards the enemy. Here two British soldiers were prone upon the ground, facing each other a dozen paces apart with rifles at the ready; here another couple, menacing the column with their fire; there three or four squatting like a fairy ring, with nothing in the centre; and here and there, alas! a stiff-looking figure, apparently practising some uncomfortable gymnastic pose upon the ground, one on his back, his head and heels alone in contact with the turf, and both arms extended skywards, another face downwards, all four limbs stretched like those of St Andrew, a third like a bather floating in the sea, legs together, arms strongly pressed to the sides, and head flung back with open mouth—all very ugly and sodden-looking, and robbing of ridicule even the absurd half-dressed figures which wandered about beyond, miserable and ashamed. Not an inspiring picture, either in its landscape or its genre characteristics, and the men of the column, as they pulled themselves together and moved on, brooded to quite an unnecessary degree over its

details, marching with bowed backs and bent heads, which moved uneasily to right or left as a stray shot, or the echo of a shout, sounded towards them from either flank.

The fog disappeared, but a raw wind with a little sleet stole down to fill its place—a wind which cut like a knife through the soaked khaki, making the shivering bodies wince as if they had been struck. To north, east, and south hung a cloud so black on the horizon that the few scattered and deserted farmsteads visible in lonely corners of the veldt stood out like little square blocks of white marble against the wall of darkness behind them, infinitely solitary and melancholy. Every now and then a flash of pale lightning burst from the depths of the cloud-bank, and stood for an instant, a quivering apparition against the swell of its pitchy velvet bosom, to vanish as swiftly and quietly as it had come. One listened for the following thunder, but it rarely came; or if it did, it sighed in a mutter so low and miserable that one wished one had not heard it,—the very voice of all the old, unhappy, far-off things which have ever happened on the earth. To the west something glowered faintly in the sky, like the corona of a distant house on fire: it was the reflection of the invisible and declining sun; and against this things showed black instead of white, a dead tree at the corner of a field of dead mealies, and the handle of an old plough sticking up

with extraordinary prominence against the sullen glow. A dismal evening on the veldt indeed, and the column wending its way through the hush and gloom of the vast space seemed only to intensify its solitude. A little stir and rustle in the very midst of its moving ranks, and in the long lines of creaking waggons, but even there not overmuch, for the men were tired and dumb, and their feet made but a faint rhythmic squelching on the waterlogged turf.

It is strange what deadly silence can fall upon even a large army, and stranger still how suddenly it can fall. Soldiers who took part in the great operations of the early days of the Transvaal war will remember how these weird pauses came like spells upon thirty thousand men, sometimes in the middle of a battle, when the roar of miles of musketry and the restless thudding of the guns, the shouting and the hurrying, were suddenly struck as dead and soundless as the great kopjes themselves for one strained unnatural moment or second, as if spirits were passing over the turmoil, and both contending armies stood still to hear them pass. Sometimes again on the march, silencing the many-tongued hubbub of thousands of moving, chattering men as if they had all been suddenly gagged at once, silencing in some mysterious way even the rattling, squeaking buckles, braces, and rifle-slings, and the long whips of the Kaffir drivers.

It is a curious sight to see the uneasy, expectant stare on all the thousands of faces at such moments, men peering over each other's shoulders and sideways past the swinging arms of the soldier in front, then wonderingly into each other's faces. That breaks the charm, and the medley of voices, the rattle, and the roar swells out again, until the same invisible power calls the host to "attention" once more.

But the silence of our lonely little column on the veldt is not of this nature,—it comes from fatigue, discomfort, and depression, the echo of the miles of the tremendous quiet brooding outside the flankers, who ride slowly parallel with the line of march, gazing outwards into what looks to them like eternity, endless leagues of featureless sadness, with the black cloudbank on one side and the grim bloody glow on the other. And so they steal to their evening bivouac-ground, a meadow by a spruit, with a ruined farmhouse in the middle, from which convenient little walls run in various directions, forming a rough square, in which the convoy and the main body can lie protected, and beyond the spruit low bluffs capped with stonecrops, which will do admirably for the outposts. Steep and studded with mimosa on the hither-side, their ragged tops are flush with the level beyond, forming, in fact, the edge of a plateau which stretches away for hundreds of miles to the north-west,

with scarce another break save here and there a cup-shaped hollow, with a little farmhouse like a lump of sugar at the bottom, or a roll like the side of a sleeping sow, round and swollen to look at, with perhaps small shrubs sparsely scattered over it, which in the distance look remarkably like rough hairs or bristles. Half a mile to the right, a track from the farm below leads northerly across the spruit, mounting slantwise up the grassy plinth which foots the bluffs, then away over the veldt past their right extremity, where they die gradually down to its level in a series of rusty shelves and slabs, with tufts of thorn in their angles and hollows, the lairs and exercise-grounds of the fat rock-rabbits in fine weather, but now the playgrounds of innumerable little tinkling trickles of water, which jump and slide over the rocks, leaving them black and shining, and the thorn tufts like masses of wet hair. And along this line of bluffs the picquets are out, their left on a salient, bulging backwards towards and a mile west of camp, their right on the track above-mentioned one mile east, where a half company forms an observation post connecting the sections of the outposts along the bluffs with those which hold the less definite ground on the rear and flanks of the column. Not an ideal line of defence, for if the sentries on the rocks can look down into the massed waggons and the bivouac below them, so could the enemy, if by hook or by

crook he managed to substitute himself for the sentries, and the range is under 900 yards.

But the groups are close behind the sentries, six men and a sergeant in each, and behind them again the supports, three companies roosting uncomfortably at the bottom of the steep slope, in a little belt of white mist which rises from the spruit and hides them from their friends above. Their voices and the rustle of their evening arrangements, the roll-call and the rattle of piling arms before the distribution of rations, sound strangely to the men on the ridge-line, who, looking down, see nothing but the top of the mist, like a whitish level slab running along the base of the bluffs; and when the murmur within it dies away as the men of the supports lie down to slumber one by one, with low calls to friends nestling down close to them, and many muttered objurgations at the hardness of the rocks and the wetness of the ground between them, when silence falls, it seems to the groups and sentries up in the clear moonlit air above as if they were alone on the ridge. And very, very lonely it is. In the flat below around the farmhouse the bivouac has hummed and buzzed a little while, settling down for the night, with a few tiny specks and flashes of light as men lighted their pipes after their comfortless meal under the walls and waggons. The weather would have forbidden

fires even if the general had not, so the men ate their "bully" and the officers their clammy tinned salmon cold, upon cold and gritty biscuit, with icy cold water to wash it down. One does not sit long over such a dinner, and very soon the circles of diners broke up one by one, those who were not on duty at the walls creeping under the waggons for shelter, to fall asleep with the mumbling and warm sighs of the tethered oxen in their ears. Inside the walls lay an unbroken line of men, completely encircling the convoy: the cavalymen with their heads buried in the luxurious angle of their inverted saddles, with the flaps drawn as far over the face as possible, regardless of the pungent smell of hot horse which emanated from the dirty felt; the infantry crushing their sodden helmets into all sorts of shapes to serve as pillows, and mostly with woollen wraps and caps of marvellous make tied tightly around their weather-beaten visages. But a tear, not a laugh, springs up at the sight of those many-coloured woollen monstrosities: there were more tears than smiles in the making of them in moorland cots and little "hedgpublics"—ay, even in the great manor-houses, where the ladies worked thoughtfully day by day, knitting contrivances as warm as their own hearts for the men of Dick's regiment. What an illimitable sea of beauty and goodness washes round the bad and ugly little island of war! If war will

always produce things as fair as this one has, why, let it never disappear from the earth, a little evil that unending good may come.

Then the bivouac becomes absolutely silent: even the oxen cease to mumble, and their sighs are the sort of sound that silence is made of. The weary horses stand motionless and unhappy, like black rocks at their pegs, with bent heads and drooping flanks; and one would have to go very close to them to see that their great eyes were open, and that they were trembling with the cold over the uneaten corn lying like little heaps of nuggets in the moonlight under their noses. Poor horses! one somehow felt the misery of one of them as much as that of any man. A man can curse and shoot, and wins glory if he lives, and if he dies, goes "pompous to the grave," though, poor chap, there is a world of pity in his little pomp—the chaplain, and the dreadfully shaped bit of sacking, and the pinch of earth flung down into the silence after him. A world of pity! Nothing human, to my mind, is as sorrowful as a common soldier killed and buried in action. And of animals, a suffering horse or mule is sorrowful too, with their wincing bodies and their look of horror when a bullet strikes them, and their humble silence under the pain (I never heard a wounded animal cry out); or, again, when the march is long and the hills and drifts terrible, how they pull and strain, with staring eyes and breaking hearts:

it is lucky that the men whose duty it is to urge them on cannot become foolish at the sight of their agony, otherwise armies would get on as poorly as this story.

The moon rides high above the picquets on the ridge, but it does not pierce the belt of mist along the spruit; and the whole of the bivouac behind lies in a deep black shadow cast by the bluffs, all except the solitary gable of the ruined farm, which stands up in the cold glare, sparkling and flashing like a distant Argand lamp. But up on the ridge it is as light as day. One sentry can see the others a few hundred yards on either side of him, and the sergeant in charge of each group, as he gets up to superintend the reliefs, notices that the sergeants on either hand are doing the same. The officer—no sleep for him since his subaltern was killed—climbs up on a high boulder and surveys his whole company stretched out over his half-mile of front, the line of motionless sentries, and behind them the shapeless little clumps of yellow on the ground, which show where the groups are lying like "jugged" partridges upon the ground. He yawns and shivers: it is very cold, and he is "fed up," and the silence is appalling, so, to break it a little, he walks along the line of groups, and has a murmured word with each N.C.O. "All right, Jones?" "All right, sir; nothing moving!" "Fix bayonets if the moon gets hidden, and don't let any man sleep unless he has

a stone in front of him." "Very good, sir!"

Silence again, solid silence for two long hours; the whole world seems asleep, the veldt is like a vast silver shield in front and behind, down below the bluffs like a pall. The officer, who would paint well if he had time, looks heavily round, and beholds the subject for a great picture. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding!" he whispers. "What a title! Would that it were!" Suddenly—crack! whizz! from the dead silver level in front, a Mauser shot, and from pretty close quarters! Before the groups can grab their rifles, before the sentries can fling themselves to the ground, there is a loud rending crash all along the front, and the bullets from five hundred rifles lash the ground amongst the picquets, and scream overhead across the valley behind. A few men are hit at once in the ten seconds, before they can fall flat behind their stones. The officer drops gasping from his boulder, shot through the lung: he chokes with blood, and what he means to be a shout of "Form line!" is but a gurgling croak unheard in the babel. A perfect hurricane of fire is sweeping the bluffs: it is as if a tropical thunderstorm had suddenly burst over that silent ridge, hurling thousands of rattling hailstones on the rocks; and even in the bright moonlight the jets of flame from the Boer rifles dance and twinkle backwards and forwards close to the ground across a long

straggling line, like the ranks of gaslights above a theatre when the taper is put to them. P-r-r-r-t! that outburst was like the tearing of a strip of canvas. Crash! a volley like the falling of a thousand fire-irons. Pop, pop, pop, pop! a man hammering heavy nails into a sheet of tin, and the multitudinous bullets gave back the cadence in buzzing angry spits, as if red-hot pokers were being plunged in water.

The surprise is complete and the confusion great. The sentries have disappeared from the front, where they have stood statue-like so long in the moonlight: they are flat in the grass, perhaps dead. No time now for inquiries as to how the Boers got where they are without being seen by them—no time for anything but to pull oneself together as quickly as possible and hit back. But there is confusion: the fire is so terrible that the uneven line of extended groups can scarcely keep their eyes open to aim as they glance into that running flame ahead. But they fire, nevertheless, ragged volleys and random "independent," shifting uneasily and glancing about. "Where is the captain?" Alas! he is lying choking behind his rock, sorely hurt, and cursing when he finds himself too weak to crawl along and put his men to rights. "Damn!" he groans, "oh, damn! Colour-sergeant!" But no one hears: all his men are deaf and blind in the whirlwind, firing rapidly and wildly into the veldt, uneasy, out of

hand, and bewildered. "Where is the captain? where is the captain? They're closer, ain't they; no, they're retirin'; Lord! what's that?" The storm of fire ahead had redoubled as the answer jerked out from the British lines: it is now one continuous rolling roar; but high above it sings a loud clear voice, apparently from the very midst of the picquets, "G Company — retire! A Company — retire! Retir-r-r-e!" "Lord! what's that?" Indeed, one may well ask! Again it sounds, "Retir-r-r-e!" The picquets stir and wriggle: some get up, some are struck down with oaths of pain, some lie where they are, "What's that? what's that?" from every throat. Some of the sergeants, remembering their drill, repeat the command, "Retire." "No," yell others; "stay where you are, boys!" But "retire" is a difficult word to recall: it jumps down the line like a flame along a trail of gunpowder — no one knows from whom it came, but all hear it. "Retire, retire!" Crash! from the front, crash! crash! crash! terrible volleys rip through the air and smash upon the stones. And the picquets retire, just in time to spread confusion in the supports struggling up the steep from below. They behold a curious sight. The men of the picquets, utterly confused, are falling back one by one, three by three, ten by ten, not always by the shortest way, but running sideways, sometimes forward again. Some are shooting as hard as their magazines will

let them; some are fixing their bayonets and dropping on the knee, as one sees in the old pictures of infantry squares resisting cavalry, a posture purely natural to foot-men handling cold steel; some are crawling to cover; some are leaping over the stones; nearly all are shouting agitated questions, "Who said retire? Are we to retire?" "Yes; they're retiring on the left, they're retiring on the right. Where's the captain?" One man, apparently in a frenzy, lowers his bayonet, and charges *cheering* back towards the advancing supports. With men like that charging the right way Badajoz was won; for that man has the madness of fighting upon him, and would rush at the cannon's mouth. He is roughly collared by the officer heading a company of the supports. "Where are you going, you coward!" "Coward! coward!" The man leaps into the strange ranks, and facing round plunges upward again against the whistling bullets.

In one corner there is something like an ugly rush back from the front: a knot of men have become isolated, and have had enough. An officer jumps in front of the stampede, and waving his arms turns it, as one turns a runaway horse. "Back you go!" he thunders, and they swing round at once around the officer, determined not to lose sight of him, for with an officer about, fighting, even death, is all right, though a bewildering muddled affair without him. Here and there a man wanders

coolly about with leisurely movements; one or two like this have shouldered their rifles, and lounge apparently as unconcernedly as the sentry at the barrack-gate at home. But one could do nothing with such as these: if you were to shout "Coward!" in their very faces they would stare into yours with a look that no one has ever yet put on to canvas, nor ever will. They are not cowards,—they would laugh at death if their jaws were not so strangely set; but there is something wrong with them, and until it has passed one had best leave them alone. And so for a few moments the confusion seethes and sways on the edge of the bluffs and along their steep faces. The whole affair, from the first shot to the arrival of the supports, has not occupied ten minutes, though if one could have seen them all there were enough incidents in that time to have given material for a volume.

The supports shove their way through the press, absorbing most of the retiring men, and are soon crouching along the deserted outpost-line, sending rapid and orderly volleys, like great blows, at the hidden Boers. A few of the latter, carrying out bravely and singly what had evidently been the plan designed for all, had followed the retiring picquets as far as their late sangars, capturing on the way those of the prone sentries who had not been killed. Some of these gallant Dutchmen attempt to escape: they are shot at once,

leaping like stricken buck in the moonlight at the tremendous blow of the bullet. Others surrender, and a strained grin creeps over the pale faces of their late prisoners, the sentries, at this *volte face* of fortune. The firing is now tremendous; the volleys and the streams of independent fire bark and rattle at each other across the three or four hundred yards with deafening clamour. Suddenly, again, "B Company, retire! retir-r-e!" No, my friend, that won't do again; not a Briton stirs, and a regular roar of "Stand fast!" rolls down the firing-line. Again the clear-voiced Dutchman tries it, "Retire! retire!" A storm from the Lee-Metfords crashes out in reply, and the men whose cheeks are lying against the butts mutter, "Stand fast! stand fast!" to themselves as an antidote. For it is a terrible word that "retire," especially to men like our own, trained to obey mechanically loud-voiced commands. I warrant that if any civilian in London were to suddenly run into the centre of the square of Wellington Barracks when a battalion of Guards has just been set in motion by its commanding officer, and to shout "Halt!" at the top of his voice, nine-tenths of the men would do so, notwithstanding that they had seen the intruder and recognised that the unauthorised command had come from him.

But now the Boers are thinking of retiring themselves. The English volleys are terrible, and

are beginning to tell, whereas from the ragged shooting at first not one of the faithful had suffered. Jan gets a bullet through his brawny chest, and dies like a great bear, rumbling and rolling, and calling to God in his tremendous bass. Pieter Pienaar gets another; and old Lombard, such are the curious chances of battles, receives no less than five in his aged frame, and his snow-white beard blushes scarlet in an instant. They crouch flatter and flatter, lifting their hot rifles above their heads to fire, without looking up to align them. Then one by one they begin to fade; the crash and roar dwindles to a rattle, from a rattle to a scattered crack! crack! from that to a solitary shot or two, and then silence falls again on the shimmery silver veldt, for the British volleys die too, unwillingly, with faint barks

heard from far off as sections at opposite ends of the long line try just one more. And when the last has torn its way through the motionless air, two miles of men lie still in the deadly stillness for a while, thinking of many things, and looking on the ground. Down in the bivouac all is quiet: the waggons have inspanned and the guns limbered up long ago during the tumult, and they are all standing quietly in the shadows, with the drivers like black marble at the heads of the drowsing beasts. Not a sound ahead or behind or on either side: the living are as still as the dead, and hardly less pale under the moon. Then a lamp twinkles from a far-off picquet, an officer asks another for a match, a rifle falls with a clang, and the Intelligence officer begins to question the prisoners.

INDIVIDUALISM IN MODERN CRICKET.

THERE is in these modern days a type of cricket-player—we all know him, and we may add, "*noscitur a sociis*"—who having dropped out of the first flight—for he is too often, alas! "*abdomine tardus*"—now roughly divides the two-day or one-day matches, in which he still takes part, into two classes—i.e., matches in which "I've had a rare good knock," and "rotten games."

Meet such a man on a platform at the end of a day and ask him about his match.

"First-class, thanks, old chap. I got a hundred!"

"And did you win?"

"Win? Win the match, do you mean? Hang me if I know! I expect we did, though: we were going strong; but the fact of the matter is, that I had to catch a train at five o'clock, and didn't see the finish."

Meet him again a week later and ask him the same question.

"Don't talk to me about cricket; you never saw such a rotten game in your life. We hadn't a man on our side who could bowl a straight ball, or hold a catch either for the matter of that. I soon saw there wasn't a chance of my getting a decent knock, so I gave a Johnnie half-a-crown to scout for me, and came away."

Now what name are we to give to a man of this type? He certainly is not a cricketer, because he has lost all interest in cricket as a game in which the

success of a side, not of an individual, is the crucial test, and only regards a match as a possible means of enhancing his own personal enjoyment, and perhaps what he calls his reputation. Call him a selfish beast, then, suggests some one. He is that, certainly; but unfortunately selfish beasts cover so large a portion of the inhabited world that the labours of division and classification would be endless.

May we coin a phrase, then, and call him a cricket individualist?—a living specimen, that is, of that individualism which threatens to alter the whole spirit of the game.

On the golf-course, in the billiard-room, in the tennis-court, and we believe in the game of marbles, individualism is an inseparable accident of the successful player. For in all these a man, like the famous smith of Perth, has to play for his own hand. But since the days of Lambert, Budd, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and those other giants who lived in our land and drew crowds to watch single-wicket matches, individualism in cricket had been charitably supposed to have been thrust into the background. Latterly, however, owing partly to newspaper puffing, and partly, no doubt, to our natural weakness in the way of hero-worship, the performance of the individual cricketer has been brought into bold relief, and the success of a

side accounted a matter of comparatively minor importance. For ten men who run down to Brighton in the hope of seeing Sussex beat Surrey, you will find ninety who will candidly confess that they have made the journey for the express purpose of seeing Fry and Ranji have a knock, and that they do not care a red cent which side wins the match. It is fortunate perhaps that the mantle of Grace should have fallen upon the shoulders of two gentlemen whose style of play has in the past risen above all criticism, there being plenty of individuality about it, and yet no trace of selfish individualism. That the former of the twain should have made an unrivalled sequence of centuries is all the more praiseworthy, because he is not, or at any rate was not, in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet, and simply marking time until the tardy success which comes to him who waits is achieved. And on the principle that there are diseases which work out their own remedy, it is perhaps as well in the interests of cricket that his performance should be a matter of history of the past rather than a possibility of years to come. That, unless he be something higher than the angels, he will never be allowed to repeat it, we devoutly hope that the laws of the game may shortly make due provision; and we trust that those who aver that he has latterly shown a tendency to play a slower game than of old will be found to be lying prophets. But more of this

anon. To return to our point—is not the modern system of recording on the scoring-board the progress of each batsman's score a distinct encouragement to individualism? Doubtless it is interesting for the general public, of whom the great majority are, as we have said, wholly indifferent to the result of the match, to have a ready-made account of the popular hero's progress staring them in the face, but the result to the batting side may be disastrous. The figures on the scoring-board are studied by the batsmen with attention, while the hands of the clock are too often forgotten. It would be unfortunately impossible to eradicate the tendency to individualism by reverting to the primitive method of notching the runs made on a stick, and keeping no separate register of each batsman's runs,—impossible for the simple reason that there would be hundreds of amateur and professional reporters with their "correct reports of the players' scores." But we may venture to think that the old rough method of keeping the tally was based on the only correct principle. For the "notches" were really the common property of the side, while by the system at present in vogue a direct encouragement is given to the batsman to think of himself first and his side last, and to regulate his pace and adapt his methods accordingly.

"The scoring had hitherto been pretty brisk; but as A. neared his century the rate of progression materially slack-

ened, both batsmen, more especially A., exercising the utmost caution, and taking no liberties with the bowling. Every stroke was watched with feverish anxiety," &c., &c.

Put this by no means uncommon paragraph into plain English and what does it mean? Simply that A. for a period altered his methods, playing a different game, and wasting what may in the long-run have proved to be invaluable time, in order that his own name might figure in the list of century-makers.

Small blame perhaps to A., for he is human after all, and humanity rejoices to see its name placarded in big print, or at the head of a paragraph even in the sporting column of the 'Daily Telegraph.'

To turn for a few minutes to the records of inter-University matches, to young and old men from the country the most popular fixtures of the year. As a cricketer of no mean city north of the Tweed aptly remarked, to any one who wanted to learn how the game of cricket should *not* be played in glorious weather and on a perfect pitch, the University match of 1901 was a most useful object-lesson. With one or two notable exceptions, both sides seemed to set themselves serenely to work to give the spectators full value for their money in the matter of watching three full days' cricket, coupled with a minimum amount of anxiety as to the ultimate result of the match. It might even be said that had the two captains met together beforehand, and agreed upon

an amicable draw, such an auspicious result could hardly have been brought about more successfully than was the case. It is all very well for two Cup horses in a four-mile race to wait upon each other till "the distance." But the methods of the racecourse cannot be transferred to a contest when a "no finish" is a possible contingency; and—given fine weather and a perfect pitch—it is obviously impossible for two weak bowling sides to expect to bring a match to a definite conclusion on the third day, when the other two days have been practically wasted in playing the goose-game. That Cambridge should have got so near winning as they did, and then failed to win after all, was primarily due to the eccentricities of the rival captains, the light-blue leader postponing his declaration till it was too late to be of service, and Knox, with nothing in the bounds of possibility to gain by such a policy, demoralising his side in the final innings by altering the order of going in.

But it is our present purpose to try and cull from the history of these University matches some hints on the subject of what we will call unconscious individualism in modern cricket. There have, then, in the last few years been two famous pairs of brothers playing a prominent part in these matches—the Fosters for Oxford and the Wilsons for Cambridge.

As first-class cricketers from a general point of view no one would hesitate to rank the Foster brothers on a far higher

level than their Cambridge rivals: in the University matches, on the contrary, the advantage has apparently rested with the other pair. But taking the line simply and solely through the University matches, if the same question were to be put to a dozen good judges of the game, "Which would you rather have on your side at Lord's—a Foster or a Wilson?" the answer would probably be, "Foster to win the game and Wilson to save it." And this in the face of the fact that the last two matches in which the younger Foster took part resulted in drawn games after three full days' play. For was there not in either year a Wilson on the opposite side to bar the way to a finish? To one of the latter family, we believe, belongs the credit of having broken three separate records of University matches: he has obtained the highest aggregate of runs, the highest average, and has been more hours at the wicket than any other player.

The other *nobile par fratrum* claim two, or may we say three, records between them. For if R. E. enjoys the distinction of having made the highest score and the highest aggregate of runs in any one match, to the elder brother belongs the distinction of having treated with fearless contempt the bowling, which to other members of an unusually strong batting side offered insurmountable difficulties, and of having played one of the most brilliant innings on record under the most discouraging circumstances.

Put these records side by side, call in the help of the clock, and what is the result arrived at? That the Wilsons, if we are to take the batting average as a standard, are easily in front of the other pair; but that whereas on a perfect wicket an XI. made up of players of the Wilson type would under favourable conditions probably never lose a match in three days, they most assuredly could never win one. Per contra, an XI. who play the Foster game throughout might probably afford to allow themselves two full days for getting the opposing side out twice.

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

The line is familiar to every schoolboy. But time was no particular object with the astute old Roman, and it was the rapid scoring of Scipio after all that won the game. There are periods in a cricket-match when Fabian tactics argue admirable generalship; but a Fabian policy invoked in the opening stages, and persevered in during a long day's play, suggests a drawn game rather than a victory.

Most unfortunately, too, the bad example is more than ordinarily contagious. The side which, when a whole third of the allotted time for play has passed, finds itself confronted by a long score is naturally on the defensive, and not caring to run the risk of playing an exceptionally open game, is tempted to follow suit. Their line of argument is easy to

follow. "Our bowling has been found wanting, and probably these fellows can stay in again all to-morrow if they want to. Can we make in one day enough runs to win the match?" Where all are not Fosters or Jessops, the result is a second day of marking time.

But what has all this to do with individualism? Watch the reception in the pavilion of the century-maker in these matches and you shall see. All sins of omission and commission are condoned, the player has made a hundred in the match of the year, and the same unstinted applause is given to the hero of the day, whether he has taken two, or four, or even six hours to accomplish the feat. It is to individualism that the applause is given, and the question of real service to the side is left in the background.

Enough of the individualist: we have done with him—that is, so far as it is possible to dispense with his assistance. Yet he is rather like Crispinus, both on paper and in real life difficult to avoid, and he has a knack of cropping up again in odd places when you least expect him. If haply, however, we have accidentally trodden too hard upon his toes, this by way of apology. Life, so they tell us, is not *really* longer for married people than for single; it only seems longer. And in the same way let us be content to believe that the individualist is often not *really*

selfish—he only seems so. Nor is he primarily responsible for his own existence. For he is a natural product of ultra-civilisation, and it is his misfortune that he is rather overburdened by a sense of filial affection.

A writer on "Cricket Records" in a late number of 'Maga'¹ was at some pains to prove that, taking even the most successful batsmen of the day, the odds against making a century are eight or ten to one. It may be briefly remarked that the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo or any other gentleman would have lost a fortune if he had amused himself by laying those odds against either one or other of two batsmen we could name in the late year of grace. But the weakest point in the writer's remarks was that he entirely omitted to give us any information on the circumstances under which the centuries were made. It comes into our mind that in our schooldays we once heard an Irish parson divide lies into three distinct classes—officious, pernicious, and jocose. All three types were of course held to be objectionable to a major or minor degree. The classification, for all we know to the contrary, may be as old as the hills, but our own acquaintance with it was entirely due to the Irishman. Centuries made at cricket may be said to fall very readily into the same classes. They are one and all more or less objectionable from a cricket point of

¹ See 'Maga' for September 1901.

view, as arguing undue superiority of the bat over the ball. Some of them are, as things go, officious—we mean in the Irishman's sense of the word; of real benefit, that is, to the batsman's side, in the way of winning or perhaps saving a match. Jocose centuries might be those supererogatory scores which, while gratifying the batsman and perhaps amusing the spectators, have absolutely no effect, good, bad, or indifferent, on the final result of the match; such a century, for instance, as is here described:—

"A loud and continuous clapping now announced the fact that B. had completed his century; and there being no earthly chance of finishing the match, the stumps were drawn at five-thirty, in order to allow the visiting team to catch an earlier train."

Most pernicious to cricket, and most wearisome to watch, are the centuries which too often occupy the major part of the first day's play in a certain type of county match, when the two sides are mutually afraid of each other and settle down to play—not cricket as we understand the game, but a something which shall pass muster and ensure three full days' gate-money.

Time after time it cannot but have appeared to those of us who care at all about cricket that the daily press of the present era is largely responsible for the frequent occurrence of these "pernicious" centuries. Figures are, in cricket at all events, infinitely more misleading than facts, and the weekly publication of aver-

ages promotes the glorification of the individual, without taking into consideration the question whether his personal success has been to the advantage or disadvantage of his side. It is a great feat of physical endurance, and one that argues considerable skill, for B. to make, we will say two hundred runs in an innings or even in a match; but when at the end of the third day a weaker side manages to save its bacon by a draw, we are tempted to say that it might have been better for B.'s side if he had never been born, or had at any rate been run out in the first over.

Has such an idea, we wonder, ever occurred to any of those reporters who head their account of the match with "Magnificent Innings by B."?

Briefly, then, we are at loggerheads with every century, of any description whatsoever; but it is war to the knife with those particular centuries which are either works of supererogation or tend to bring about a one-sided draw.

There are, of course, kings of the game who will always continue to ride rough-shod over any set of rules framed to curb their run-getting propensities. Under far less favourable conditions for the batsman, and in a period when, as a rule, the bowler, aided by more natural wickets, fairly held his own or even had the upper hand, it was found impossible to stop W. G. Grace from getting several centuries in the course of a season. Similarly, we must be prepared to see some two or

three individuals upset the most careful calculations. But there are too many Richmonds in the field; and when it comes to a weekly average of eight or ten hundreds the whole season through, it is altogether too much of a good thing. And it is very cold comfort to be assured that the odds against the crack batsman of the day making a century are eight to one, when we find that as a matter of fact he tops the hundred twelve or thirteen times in the course of a season.

From our point of view, in every century made in first-class cricket we see a fresh nail driven into the coffin of our national summer game, the intention of which never surely was that the batsman should have things entirely his own way.

"It ought not to be necessary," says Prince Ranjitsinhji, apropos of l.b.w., "to remind all umpires that any case of doubt should be decided in favour of the batsman." Might he not have gone a step further and substituted "is" for "ought not to be"? It has always seemed to us that, except in very rustic cricket, when, as we know, the umpire is often the best man on the side, it is part of an umpire's creed that the batsman is to be the favoured party, and that in the matters of condition of ground and of light as well as of the l.b.w. rule his interests only are to be consulted. Surely this idea is a relic of what some may call the Barbaric, others the Golden

Age of the game—that period, at any rate, during which the ball, doing curious things on a primitive wicket, held the upper hand of the bat. Equalisation was required, and with the aid of this unwritten law that dominated and has continued to dominate the minds of umpires, the genius of the brothers Grace, and the improvement of grounds, equalisation, and something more than equalisation, came. It is hardly within the bounds of reason to imagine that we shall ever persuade the umpire that the time has arrived for him to give the bowler the benefit of the doubt, and it is probably rank heresy to hint at such a thing. It follows, then, that, until the l.b.w. rule is sensibly modified, the purpose of the prolongation of the bowling-crease will be easily defeated by a batsman of the over-cautious type by the simple process of shielding the wicket with his body as heretofore, and that the umpire will be—not unreasonably—fortified in his unhappy resolution to decide no doubtful cases in favour of the batsman. Nor again can we hope so to tamper with the beliefs of a groundsman as to persuade him that an occasional soft spot on a wicket is a benefit to society. But may we not say—to borrow a phrase from a novel lying on our table—that "the policy of making fish of one child and fowl of another is unfair and dangerous," or, in other words, that the pampering of the batsman at the ex-

pense of the bowler is prejudicial to the interests of cricket? Probably no argument and no citation of mammoth scores is required to convince the minds of those who follow the game that on what is spoken of as a "good wicket" the efforts of our best bowlers are comparatively futile, and that—except in the rare cases of an unaccountable panic—a moderately strong batting side can stop at the wickets for an unreasonably long time. Even the M.C.C. Committee, conservative to the backbone, seems to have recognised that change of some kind is necessary, but apparently lacks the courage to enforce any real alteration, and confines its attention to small efforts in the way of tinkering and recommending, rather than of boldly reforming. And the tinkering is done in a half-hearted and apologetic manner. For instance, the club as a body is invited to pronounce its opinions as to the alteration of the l.b.w. rule, and a tolerably large majority is in favour of the alteration. But whereas a majority of one in the House of Commons may suffice to alter the laws of the land, it appears that a two-thirds majority is required to alter the laws of cricket, and so we are left *in statu quo*. Later on, either in the way of healthy experiment or as a sop to Cerberus, a past Grand Master of the Lodge provides a match in the country wherein the rejected proposition is enforced, and the result is pro-

nounced unsatisfactory because the number of victims is insufficient.

To those who were privileged to watch the extremely tedious—though, as things go, perfectly sound—display given by two Yorkshire professionals in the Sussex match, or to those who saw Mr Noble's innings in the final test match two years ago, may have occurred the thought that even one man can do a tolerable amount of mischief, and that a ten-to-one chance of his being given out for "obstructing" is better than no chance at all.

For ourselves we shall always hold that these two particular matches were really typical instances of the degeneration of cricket. Nerve, patience, unselfishness—for all these qualities let us give full credit to the performers; but the revelation that a scientific batsman can—*pace* the clerk of the weather—remain at the wicket if necessary till the judgment-day, argues that some very essential modification of the laws of the game is necessary. Where it may be a work of some ingenuity to frame rules which shall prevent the W. G. of the time being from piling up a succession of long scores, it is perfectly simple to ensure that the runs should be made at a reasonable rate.

"As well one might hope to be merry at a funeral as at a game of cricket improved into its present condition."

These words, written many years ago, hold good to-day. Cricket as played with the

evident intention of bringing about the negative result is a miserable performance to watch. And yet we are told, and indeed cannot help seeing, that under certain circumstances an absolutely defensive game is the only proper game to play; and we fancy that the captain of the Yorkshire XI. considers that the draw in the Sussex match, and the drawn game against Surrey, were in their way quite as satisfactory as the brilliant victory at Leyton. That Yorkshire plays a good game, and in nine cases out of ten plays to win rather than to draw a match, no one wishes to deny, and their ability to block the game as well as to force the game has been amply demonstrated. But where most cricketers would either reluctantly or willingly concede the point that Yorkshire *did* play the right game under the circumstances, we do not believe that a single man would undertake the journey from London to Brighton if warned beforehand that he would have to witness a repetition of the performance.

Again, a tolerable amount of abuse was heaped upon the Lancashire captain's head when he allowed his side to continue their innings to the bitter end at the Oval late in the season, in preference to giving the Surrey men a supererogatory knock. Yet his action was perfectly defensible on all grounds. It was obviously impossible to bring the match to a definite conclusion, and when the game has been brought to such a

pass as to be only a case of one side or the other knocking the ball about for the benefit of the spectators, as well let Lancashire do the knocking as Surrey.

What we want to see is something done in the way of altering the rules, which shall prevent the game from periodically lapsing into a farce, and make a finish one way or the other as absolute a certainty as the vagaries of the clerk of the weather will permit. Any hopes that may have been temporarily raised by the comparatively rapid conclusion of the earlier matches played by Maclaren's team in Australia must have long since died in the hearts of those who have studied with attention the details of the third test match. From these we gather that the human "blockhouse" has not lost his cunning or the bowler developed a fresh power of destructiveness; but that our old friend Jupiter Pluvius, who had played pranks with the earlier wickets, had been muzzled for the occasion. We are perfectly safe in leaving cricket played in bad weather to its own devices, and to let those who enjoy either playing it or looking on enjoy themselves after their own fashion. But, leaving of course the gate-money out of the question, we cannot agree with the argument that it is inexpedient to create new difficulties for a batsman, merely because a mud-wicket already materially weakens his position. It surely is not a matter of much import-

ance whether a game played in absolute discomfort is finished in five hours or in twenty. But, on the other hand, no reasonable means should be neglected whereby a finish should be reduced to an absolute certainty in fine weather; and two sides should not enter the field on the third day of a match with the demoralising feeling that nothing short of a miracle can avert a draw.

Can we give the umpires power, then, to award the game, as we believe that an umpire is sometimes called upon to do in chess, to the side which possesses a manifest advantage? Alas! recent events have not been calculated to strengthen the position of any umpire who has the courage of his opinions. A popular bowler is no-balled by a man with a world-wide reputation for honesty and knowledge of the game, and the bowler at once poses as an aggrieved individual, and rushes into print to explain the technicalities of his bowling action, and, generally speaking, to make matters unpleasant for the offending umpire. That the latter's position was unassailable, and that if he had not no-balled the bowler he would have been violating the laws of the game, any one who reads those laws can see for himself. But, as a result of the controversy, we can easily imagine that no umpire in future will be found bold enough to express an opinion as to the fairness of a bowler's action, much less as to the

relative claims of success of two opposing sides.

It is a pity, by the way, that copies of the famous photograph of the bowler in the act of delivering the ball were not sent round to the secretaries of local clubs. We all know how simple is the process of looking natural under the ordeal of being photographed.

"Please to put on your natural expression," says the photographer, whereupon half mankind—that better half, may we say?—assumes an expression of simpering idiocy, and the other half scowls ferociously. For the circumstance that some of us, after all, when printed off, do look like respectable citizens, we are indebted to the final "touching up" of the photographer. We hope that the bowler's action was duly touched up and made to look amiable.

Shall we have, then, a specially appointed arbitrator of this one question, and let his decision be final? The one objection, almost fatal to this ideal, would be, that unless some time-test be applied, the natural decision would be that the side which has scored most runs for the fewest wickets has the advantage, and so on that principle the keep-up-your-wicket-at-any-price party would still be in the ascendant.

Therefore, if we are to benefit the game, a considerable allowance would have to be made for the rate of progression, and the matter reduced to a rather abstruse mathematical calculation. It remains, then, in the

first place to make due provision for the absolute completion of a match within three days, where the circumstances—or the weather—are favourable, and to leave the final decision in the arbitrator's hands only in cases when play is stopped by rain or fog.

And we see nothing that will meet the case but a strict time-limit, supported by rigorous enforcement of the existing but too commonly disregarded laws of punctuality. Has any cricketer in the whole course of his experience seen a match awarded to one side because the specified time between the innings or for an individual batsman's appearance at the wickets was exceeded by the other? We can imagine such a thing happening in a village match, and imagine also the free fight in consequence thereof. And yet no rule was made simply in order that it might be honoured in the breach only; for those who honour it in the observance may be counted on the fingers of one hand. There may arise some sixty possibilities for the interference of an umpire on this point in the course of a three-days' match: the probabilities are that there are at least thirty, most likely more, breaches of the rules, and yet the game goes on without any protest, and half an hour, perhaps an invaluable half hour, is wasted each day. Latterly another time-wasting innovation has crept in. Exhausted nature demands a tea interval, and away goes another ten minutes. And thirdly, the

bowler's arms require to be loosened, and we all know that the only way to properly loosen an arm is to bowl a fast yorker to the wicket-keeper or to some other fieldsman, who very naturally gets out of the way and allows the ball to meander to the boundary—that boundary for choice where there is no one handy to return it.

A hard-and-fast rule on these minor points of detail would lengthen the time for play in a three days' match by one, two, or in extreme cases three hours. But inasmuch as we have come to regard three hundred runs as a very moderate score for a whole side, and not a few of our heavy scorers—*vide* the averages—are batsmen of the slow or painstaking order, playing on the principle that the runs will come to him who waits long enough, there will still be a deficit. And as in busy England it is clearly impossible to manufacture an indefinite amount of hours in order to accommodate the batsmen, it only remains—for we stick to our point that the game must be finished—so to accommodate the duration of an innings to the time at our disposal, that under no possible circumstances shall a side be allowed to remain at the wickets for more than four to four and a half hours at a span.

In Australia, where the first-class matches of an ordinary season can be counted on the fingers, time is a matter of minor importance. But the attempt to graft Australian

methods on an English stock argues a want of originality.

But, says the conservative cricketer, you will change the whole idea of the game. If some of the dolorous exhibitions we have seen in the last few years convey a correct idea of cricket as it should be played, the sooner the idea is very materially altered the better.

You will be encouraging blind slogging, urges another objector. It does not require a very hurricane order of hitting to score on a perfect wicket at the rate of eighty runs an hour, and three hundred and sixty runs per innings ought to be a full and sufficient number to win any match. We do not, however, put any bar to prevent a side from making four or five hundred runs in the time if it has the ability to do so, and we shall always believe that a side which can go on scoring at the rate of a hundred runs an hour for four and a half hours will be playing a better class of cricket than Yorkshire played at Brighton.

One more word and we have concluded. That more and more alterations are necessary, and are even being called for by the cricket world, may be gathered from the fact that a second-class county has volunteered to pose as the "vile body" for the M.C.C. Committee to experimentalise upon. The pity of the thing is that a whole series of experimental matches cannot take place at Lord's, unless indeed the M.C.C.

in the interests of the game condescend from their high estate, and add some interest to those very high-class, but very dull, entertainments with which the season is commonly inaugurated, by trying a series of really drastic changes in their matches against the counties.

But lo!—now at the eleventh hour a gentleman to whom we have submitted these remarks, and whose knowledge of the game is admitted on all sides to be second to none, is inclined to think that much of the responsibility for slow scoring rests on the shoulders of the bowlers, who, adopting a despairing attitude, send down a series of overs intended for no other purpose than to keep the runs down. It has been truly said that the great merit—and the merits were many—of the late George Lohman's bowling was that he always went for the wicket, and allowed maiden overs and runs to take care of themselves. But, albeit in his day the wickets were good enough to satisfy most of us, poor George was never called upon to bowl upon the modern *artificial* wicket, and the practice—we quote from Captain Trevor's book—"of snatching the custody of cricket-fields from the hand of nature" had not come into fashion. While we cannot applaud the pluck of a bowler who is afraid of being punished, it is impossible not to feel some sympathy for a man who finds all his calculations upset by having to bowl upon a wicket

especially doctored for the batsman's benefit. It is a step in the right direction that the M.C.C. Committee has sent round a circular to the county secretaries recommending that in future the wickets should be prepared in the old-fashioned way—i.e., by rolling and watering pure and simple, to the exclusion of "the mixture"—and we trust that if in any case the recommendation is ignored, some penalty "which may be felt" will be exacted. And—for we really must be drastic while we are about it—let us consign the bowler who under the altered conditions elects to send down a series of maiden overs without getting a wicket, not perhaps to Botany Bay or even to Jericho, but at any

rate to Bramall Lane, and there condemn him to bowl, in a Sheffield fog, for the term of his natural existence to some of those batsmen who take their pastime in the form of scoring at a rate of three runs per hour. For both the one and the other type of player will be clearly out of place in our New Model Eleven.

Since these pages have been in type has come the welcome announcement that the champion county and M.C.C. are going to try conclusions at Lord's under the proposed variation of the l.b.w. rule.

All hail to the author of the proposal, whoever he may be!—

"*Macte novâ virtute, puer; sic itur ad astra!*"

IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACK-BLOCKS.

AUSTRALIA has attracted much attention from all quarters during the last few years, but to most people the vast interior is still a *terra incognita*; and even on the streets of Sydney or Melbourne the appearance of a copper-skinned back-blocker excites as much comment as might a being from another planet. The man from "out west" cares little for the opinion of the townsman, however; and if his carriage be not so graceful as that of those whom he so unceremoniously jostles on the pavements of Bourke Street or the "Block," he gets over the ground more quickly; and if his speech be ungrammatical, it is at least expressive, and only used when absolutely necessary.

The back-blocks, generally, are the western divisions of Queensland and New South Wales; and although in some parts of the former State the hardy squatter has established himself well out into the great desert, the country inside the "run" of his domain is probably unprospected, and outside entirely unexplored. In this almost boundless tract of country, where the bush merges into the silent desert, the back-blocker has his home, and, indifferent to the flight of time and the struggle and worries attending existence in the outside world, he leads a life of untrammelled independence.

Only occasionally does a

stranger come among these sons of freedom; and if he once sees "where the pelican builds its nest," or experiences the strange fascination of the desert camp-fire circle, he will not soon leave them. The new-comer may be fresh from the old homeland, an outcast from continental Europe, or a wanderer from the crowded cities on the Australian coastline; but in all cases he is welcomed, and soon he speaks in the same quaint dialect, forgets his past, and becomes a child of fortune.

"But how do you manage to exist? This place would not support a rabbit," I said to an assembly of those men one evening in Queensland. I had struck their camp while endeavouring with a companion to cycle from Spencer Gulf to the Gulf of Carpentaria; and our surprise may be imagined when, hundreds of miles from the nearest settlement, as we thought, their camp-fire suddenly appeared in front of us. There were about twelve men in the party, and, as it was just sundown, we naturally camped beside them, and, prompted by the somewhat elaborate preparations being made for supper, I had put my question.

"Oh, not too bad," a tall and gaunt Queenslander answered. "We keeps a team of our own always on the move with stores from the nearest township."

"But that must cost a lot of money so far out as this. How do you earn——?"

"We can always make tucker shootin' kangaroos and emus for their skins; an' if any man wants a cheque bad, for a spell or anything, he can always go shearing inside country. Of course we takes turns at opalling, if we strikes a good show; an' if thar's any new gold discoveries, we git there quick an' lively."

"But you can never make a fortune at work so uncertain?"

"Lor'! mate, but you is hard to please. Here, Charlie; you lend a hand here: this stranger's fresh, an' I is no good pitchin'——" Charlie stepped forward, and at once relieved his comrade of the burden of conversation. "You reckons we can't make no money?" he said. "Well, I reckons ye is wrong. How about old Tyson the millionaire? An' how about Gilgai Charlie sitting over there?—my handle is Vic Charlie, cos' I comes from Victoria—he made four thousan' clear outen his opal claim only last week; an' darn it all, mate! there's Shandy Bill, that little fellow on yer left, he made ten ounces yesterday jes' by dry-blowing in a pan——"

"Ten ounces! of copper?"

"No—of gold; an' Long Tom here shot one hundred and twenty-three kangaroos at ninepence each——"

"Did you say that your companion found gold?"

"I reckon I did, stranger, an' what's more, we has all dropped on to gold."

"What! There is no gold so far west as this."

"So we was told, mate. Them as is supposed to know, say there can be no gold west of the ranges; but you can allow that this push knows gold when they see it, an'—but show it to him, Shandy." Shandy instantly detached a leather pouch from his belt, and without a word put it into my hands.

"That is gold without doubt," I said, handing it back; "I know by the weight." Vic Charlie seemed surprised at my knowledge of the metal, but he said nothing.

"Does you know much about minerals?" inquired an elderly man who had been listening intently to the conversation.

"I have prospected in most countries," I answered, "and ought to know all that is worth knowing by this time, for the experience was about all I did get."

"Tucker!" sang out some one. "Git table-covers for the visitors, an' look lively." My own companion, while I was talking, had been engaged in similar fashion in the centre of another group, and I smiled to see how intensely interested were his listeners. *He* was not seeking information, I knew, but from the unconscious ejaculations which frequently arose from his audience, I guessed that he was imparting some; and his selections were invariably strange and wonderful. The cry of "tucker," however, created a diversion, and during the half-hour that followed, all apparently had but one object

in view, and being blessed with a healthy appetite, that same object was very pleasing to me. I was placed between a gentleman called Dead-broke Peter and one dubbed Silent Ted. I afterwards discovered that Peter had been a member of the New Zealand Parliament, but Long Tom introduced him simply as the best talker in camp. I suppose it was to balance matters that the thoughtful Tom placed Ted on my other side, for *he* never spoke.

"He is a first-class cook an' a most extrordinar' thinker, though," said Tom; and as Ted's corrugated but wonderfully expressive face beamed at the compliment, I saw that a tongue to him was quite unnecessary. The night was very dark, and as the fitful fire-flashes lit up the surrounding gloom and cast fantastic shadows of the squatting men on the sands behind them, the scene was indeed weird. Towards the end of the meal Dead-broke Peter began a conversation, at first very general in character, and which I easily sustained without interrupting my study of the men around; but before I realised that Peter was a man with a past, I found myself floundering in the subject of astronomy hopelessly beyond my depths.

"Yes," I said, endeavouring to collect my senses, "it is wonderful how the science has advanced, but I cannot understand how you have made the heavens a clock."

"Oh, that is a simple

matter," he replied. "Canopus sets behind Warrego plains at half-past nine at present; take that fact for your unit, and then the positions of the Cross will indicate plainly, even to minutes, the divisions of the night. But look at that poor snake crawling out of the hollow stump beside you; that means a cyclonic disturbance is approaching——"

"Great Scot! That's a black snake. Look out, boys!" I cried, springing to my feet. Ted, who had been drinking in every word spoken, quietly reached over, and catching the wriggling creature by the tail, skilfully swung it round his shoulder and brought its head forcibly against the log. The snake must have been killed instantly; but its long body quivered convulsively for a moment, and then with a sudden jerk shot backwards and coiled tightly round Ted's arm. To my surprise, none of his comrades troubled even to look at Ted during this performance: all, with the exception of Peter and himself, were absorbing the words of my very Scotch companion, who was relating with powerful dramatic effect some peculiar experiences of his in other parts of the world. But evidently Ted did not expect any attention, for without uttering a sound he arose, shook his encumbrance into the fire, and sat down again, with a look on his face that plainly said to us, "Go on! What have you stopped for?"

Peter politely directed my gaze to a nine-inch centipede

that was prospecting across my boots, and then launched into a discourse on theological matters, which in time led into the supernatural, and finally narrowed down to a discussion on the mysterious rites of the aborigines' Bora. "Little Bob, that tall man sitting next your companion, has had much experience among the natives of the north," Peter said, "and if you could only get him to talk he could tell some marvellous tales." I looked over to the other side of the fire, and saw that Little Bob was the individual who had asked the extent of my mineral knowledge. "I have heard some tall stories of their corroborrees, Ghingis, and Bunyips," I answered; "but no white man has ever seen anything that could not be easily explained."

"Think not? Perhaps you are right, but my experience leads me to think differently. There is a Bunyip's pool seventeen miles from here—in fact, we get our water from it; but there is not a man in this camp who would go near it at night for—well—for anything. And as for the corroborrees, there are men here who have actually gone through a series of them, and if you stay with us, or travel northwards, you will probably see some for yourself."

Peter's words interested me greatly, so, careful not to interrupt his flow of eloquence, I soon became as silent as the gentleman on my left, and was rewarded by hearing a most wonderful account of the dreaded Bunyip—that strange mysterious creature, half fish

and half fiend, the very sight of which, it is said, means death to the unfortunate beholder. I had often heard of this "dweller in the waters" from half-caste aborigines in New South Wales, and knew that it was supposed to live in the subterranean pools which abound throughout the Australian interior; but I never imagined that white men could be so firmly convinced of its existence as were my present companions.

"It's in the Brumbie's water-hole, you can bet your life," said a strangely deformed man, who had joined our group when the name was mentioned.

"How do you know? Have you seen it?" I inquired.

"No, an' doesn't want to; but Jack Ford did."

"And where is he?"

"Ask Sam Wilkins. He's the only glory prospector here."

"What has he to do with it?"

"Lor'! stranger, if he doesn't know where Jack went, no one here does. Jack was as fine a mate as iver I met; but whether he staked off a claim up aloft, or pegged out in the other place, I'm darned if I knows. He saw the Bunyip one full moon, an' croaked the next day."

I now noticed that all the men had gathered round our little group, and before I could further question the speaker, Long Tom broke in. "Is ye in a hurry to git up to the Gulf country?" he said.

"Not particularly," I answered.

"Yer mate tells us you is a great mineralogist?"

"Oh no,—not great; but I know a little of the science."

"Does ye know what that is?" Tom opened a sack as he spoke and took out a greenish mass of something.

"That is copper sulphide. Where did you get it?"

"Mate, if it's any good, there's hundreds and thousands o' tons o' it lyin' on top not mor'n fifty mile from here. But what is this?"

"Why! that is native silver; and that conglomeration in Ted's hand is an ironstone formation carrying gold——"

"Say, mate," interrupted Little Bob, "does ye know what this is?" He held in the palm of his hand a mixture resembling tea in appearance, but which after tasting I knew could not be that substance. "Ah! ye is bested, mate, an' I is glad," continued Bob. "I knows ye is honest now, an' don't skite when ye doesn't know."

"Thank you; but what is it?"

"Pidcherie, stranger. Money can't buy it. It comes from the Mullagine swamps; an' gold nor lead wouldn't make a black fellow part with it. Swallow that, an' you can dance in the fire an' not feel nothin'; cut yourself in little bits an' you'll think it fun. Only the niggers knows what it is, an' no white men barrin' us back boys has iver got any——"

"Time for that again, Little Bob," cried Long Tom. "The question just now is, Will the stranger jine us? Yous can git two shares an' we does all

the work," he added, turning to me.

"But, Mr—that is—Peter here knows more than I do. He——"

"Him!" snorted Tom. "Mate, he's the most onreasonable man in camp. When he starts talking, we can't stop him; an' when he is stopped, darn me if we can start him." I turned to see how my late entertainer took these words, but he was lying back on the sand—asleep. Finally, after much quaint reasoning, the men persuaded us to try our luck with them, at least for a time. "Yous can leave us when you like, if it doesn't pay," was Tom's summing up; but as he had just told me of a sand-patch in which tucker could be made by dry panning, and of a "darned ourious country across the Cooper" which was on fire with opal lying on the surface, I thought that the adventure was well worth any risk in that direction. We were still talking when the Southern Cross dipped behind the Grey Ranges; but before we stretched ourselves on the sand to rest it was decided that I and three others should set out in the morning to inspect the opal formations beyond the Cooper, and pending our report as to its value, the others would keep up the funds by kangaroo-shooting and dry-blowing for gold.

Next morning with the first faint streaks of dawn we were ready. Mac and I had our cycles, which we stripped of all their previous accoutrements, and Kangaroo George and Gilgai Charlie rode two of the finest horses in Queensland.

"Be good boys," cried Long Tom, as we prepared to move off after breakfast.

"There is a willy-willy coming soon, so watch where you camp," warned Dead-broke Peter; and without more ado we plunged into a clump of gidgyas, and in a few minutes burst out on the ironshot plain. Neither George nor Charlie was inclined to waste his wisdom on the desert air, and even Mac found it advisable to keep his mouth closed when the fine clouds of sand began to rise. For hours we headed due west, dining at noon, in the open, on a piece of damper and some cold mutton, washed down with an extremely sparing amount of muddy fluid from our water-bags, and then going on again. Before sundown we reached a dried-up creek, where, after scraping in the sand among the roots of a solitary lime-tree, we found sufficient liquid for the horses, which we then hobbled and went into camp, fully forty miles from our starting-point. The sun was now racing down on the western horizon, and the desert around seemed like a sea of gold. The day had been oppressively hot, and consequently we expected that night would be kept lively by the many pests. Nor were we mistaken. Just as our surroundings became blurred in the shadows of night, a dingo's dismal howl broke the strange stillness, and then the blood-curdling shrieks of some laughing-jackasses in the tree above irritated us almost beyond endurance. The mosquitoes next joined in, sinking their sawlike suckers deep

into our sun-blistered skin; and when the mournful "morepork" added its depressing note, the desert orchestra was completed.

"I reckon there's a storm comin'," remarked George, as he assisted a small death-adder into the fire.

"For onysake let it come, then," growled Mac. "A dinna see what ye've got to complain about. Da—darn it!!"

"Is ye bit, Scottie?" inquired Charlie. "Lor'! there's a centipede on yer neck. It feels like red-hot coal, doesn't it?" he added sympathetically.

"No," groaned Mac; "it's a rare cooling sensation; but here, feel for yersel'." He poised the creature on a twig as he spoke, and skilfully landed it on Charlie's back, and the yell that followed might have awakened a Bunyip, had there been such a monster within five miles.

"Shut up! darn ye, Charlie!" roared George, lifting a nicely browned damper from the ashes; "ye has set the black fellows' ghosts off again. Lor'! just listen to 'em."

"Hurry up with that damper, George," I interrupted—"that is, if there's no snakes in it."

"There's many things worse than snakes, boss," innocently replied George; "they is prime, if ye roast 'em an' has got any salt——"

"Haud yer tongue, man, or A'll mak' a corroborree o' ye," roared the hungry Mac, and I had to interfere hastily to prevent bloodshed.

The memory of that night's tortures still haunts me. The desert was alive with all sorts

of reptiles and insects, and from my companions, as they rolled sleeplessly in the sand, many short but heartfelt expressions arose which I dare not repeat. At sunrise we set out again, and all day travelled westward over country similar to that which we had already passed, camping at night on an "Ana" branch or back-water of the famous Cooper, and enduring another night of misery.

"I reckon we should be near the Ghingi's¹ opal now," said George as we resumed our journey on the third day; "but say, boss, what's wrong with the ole sun? or is it the willy-willy?" There certainly was reason for George's question, for the sun as it shot up over the edge of the plains seemed merely a dull red ball; but the gem-shot haze which danced between showed the cause, and I realised that a cloud formed of minute particles of sand was partly obscuring it from view.

"We'll get across the main river and look for shelter," I said, "for evidently this storm has been working up for some days." We crossed the "Ana" channel and proceeded slowly, for the ground was now broken up as if by volcanic agencies. I was anxious to see the Cooper, the great inland sea of the early pioneers, but to my astonishment no water was yet in evidence as far as the eye could reach; so, leading our steeds, we picked our way over the cleft and burnt ironstone.

"These is the Ghingi's holes," said Charlie, as we came to

some unusually large and deep chasms, "an' keep your eyes open, for there should be opal here."

"Whaur has that patent river got tae, A wunner," muttered Mac. "A never had muckle faith in Australian rivers, an' A doot the nearest water-hole in the way we're goin' is the Indian Ocean."

"Say, boss," suddenly said George, "how far is it to the war?"

"Oh, South Africa is about seven thousand miles from here. Are you thinking of going?"

"Well, some of the boys was talking that way; but none o' us knew the country, nor if the track was to sunrise or sun-down."

"Africa is west from here, George."

"Is there enuff water for horses on the trail?"

"Why, man! you cross the ocean."

"Well, I reckon old Joy here can cross anything; but it beats me to know how a fellow can carry tucker. I s'pose there is plenty stations on the road, though?" I looked at George in amazement, and Mac grinned with delight.

"Maybe they wouldn't want us, Kangaroo," put in Charlie; "but I reckon we can ride anything as has feet, an' shoot——"

"Lie down flat, mates!" shouted George; "here's the willy-willy."

I turned and saw a huge black wall gyrating wildly towards us. A roar like that

¹ Devil's.

of thunder filled the air, followed by a sound as of waves breaking upon a rocky beach. A fierce blast of back-drawn sand struck my face, and as I threw myself down, I felt as if drowning for a moment; then a hail of stones, scrub, and sand rushed over me, tearing my clothes to shreds, and penetrating my skin like shot, while a thick blackness blotted out everything around. I lay still, conscious that a deposit of sand was fast covering me; but I also felt that the suffocating tension was already becoming less severe, and next minute a current of moist cool air, delightfully soothing to my sand-blasted skin, swept over the desert, and I sat up. It was still dark; but the awful vortex had passed, and away to the west I could still hear the indescribable rumbling sound of the flying boulders among the Ghingi holes.

"Is we all here?" sounded Charlie's voice close beside me, and I felt relieved when I heard the muffled responses of my comrades, for I knew that if caught in the centre of such a storm as we had just escaped, nothing living could withstand it. I groped for my cycle, and moistened my throat with the damp sand that now filled the water-bag, noticing, as some of the contents spilled down my neck, that the temperature must have fallen considerably, for the accident caused me to shiver.

"Ye talk aboot gaun into the Australian interior," spoke Mac dolorously, as he in turn swallowed a mouthful,

"but A'm thinkin' that a lot o' Australia has gone into mine."

"Never mind, Mac," I replied, as we all crawled towards each other, "here comes the first rain we have had since leaving Adelaide, and if the horses are all right so are we."

"I reckon they is O.K.," said Charlie; "they knows more than most people, them horses." While he was speaking we cast off our scanty garments and revelled in the refreshing drops; but rain in the back-blocks is worth more than its weight in gold, and this shower only lasted about a minute, and passed on in the wake of the willy-willy. Shortly afterwards the darkness rolled away to the west like a huge receding screen, and near us we saw the two horses rolling on the ground with evident enjoyment. But I did not ask my companions how it was that our four-footed friends had escaped so lightly, for my attention was attracted by a scintillating streak of something on the edge of a small hole, and as my eyes became used to the now blinding glare of the sun, I saw that the whole surface of the desert was literally blazing with small points of colour.

"Lor'!" exclaimed my Australian comrades simultaneously, "we has struck the very place after all."

"Ay', mon," said Mac, wrathfully, "an' hoo' did ye no' ken that afore?"

"'Cos the opal was dead," replied George, "an' the rain has made it 'live again.'"

Mac looked suspiciously at

the speaker; but Charlie added that "dead" and "live" were terms used in speaking of dull opal that could be made to flash as if alive by the application of water. This explained why we had not seen the gems before, and without troubling to inquire where the Cooper had gone, or how—if Charlie and George were correct—we had got to the other side of it, we attacked the ironstone boulders with our small hand-picks.

"Every gibber's got an opal heart," remarked George, smashing a large boulder to fragments.

"Take care, then," I warned, "or you will break it too."

"Then how is we to do it, boss?" inquired Charlie, poisoning his pick in mid-air. "Does ye think it will come out if we whistle on it?"

I did not; nor to this day have I found how to get that opal out intact. We tried every method that could be devised, but without success, for each time we broke the outer casing the more brittle core was also shattered by the blow. Patiently and laboriously we chipped the ironstone, only to find that the gem was in powder form when we reached it. We then tried roasting the stones, carrying them to a small clump of stunted gidgyas for that purpose; but found then, that although the shell broke with less hammering, the "life" of the opal was destroyed by the heat, and a dull lump of glass-like substance was all our reward.

For two days we wandered among the Ghingi holes trying specimens continually, but with the same results, and at last I was convinced that further work under the circumstances was useless. The horses were now beginning to suffer for want of proper food, and I saw that the water question would also trouble us as soon as the pools formed by the willy-willy shower had evaporated. Cooper's creek as a flowing stream had ceased to exist. Probably its waters, or all that seven years' drought had left of them, had gone to feed that strange tide which ebbs and flows so mysteriously under the heart of the great Lone Land; but in its old channels we saw only dead and dying creatures of the desert, and the banks were simply a nursery for fever germs.

"I reckon we'll have to give it best," at length said Gilgai Charlie, and I could see no alternative.

"If sufficient rain came, we might be able to bring a team out," I said, "and cart a load of boulders back to Eromango. If we could not there get the ironstone dissolved with acid, we could at least send them to Brisbane and get them cut."

"That's all right, boss," spoke George; "but I reckon we might as well look for gold nuggets droppin' from the sky as enough water for a team." And I knew he was right.

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Australia to prospect the ruby formations there; but we found, when we reached the end of the broken ground, that our course lay through a belt of soft sand in which our wheels sank over the rims; and having neither sufficient water nor stores to risk walking for an unknown distance, we were forced to abandon the attempt. On the afternoon of the third day we started on the back track, and that night camped on the Ana pool. We made our old camp by the "soak" the next night, and at noon the day following struck the camps of those of our comrades who had gone dry-blowing.

"Well, mates, don't worry. It doesn't matter anyhow, for we'll git it some day, if we doesn't peg out," was the general comment when they had heard our story; and then the billy was boiled.

I was much surprised to see that gold was present in the sands of the desert; and even although the quantity was small, and only in patches widely apart, the fact afforded much food for thought. The process of dry-blowing adopted by the men was extremely simple, consisting of dropping the sand from one pan raised above the head to another resting on the ground, then reversing the positions of the pans and repeating the operation. In action, most of the sand and other light material was carried away or diverted by the wind; but the gold—if any—in accordance with the law of gravitation, dropped straight. When the bulk was

thus reduced until only the precious metal and the heavier ironstones were left, the contents were put aside, and another panful proceeded with in the same manner. Finally the collected matter was thrown on an improvised inclined plane that had bars of wood fastened across its surface. In rolling down, the ironstone pebbles cleared these ripples and fell to the ground; but the gold, being too heavy to do likewise, was caught in the angles, and afterwards carefully removed by the operator. The work was very slow and laborious, and often attended with very disappointing results. "But," said Dead-broke Peter, while explaining this to me, "we sometimes strike a patch that pays well."

"Can you explain why there is *any* gold here?" I asked. "There are no auriferous reefs which could shed it nearer than eight hundred miles, and, according to all geologists, the entire desert is the deposit of the ocean."

"That may be," Peter replied; "but I have conclusive proof that there is a gold-bearing reef not more than a quarter of a mile from where we stand. I have no doubt that the rocks carrying it once reared themselves above the surrounding sea; but that was—well—before our time; and now they are too deep for us to reach."

I suggested that if the men had some mechanical appliance which could treat the sand in large quantities, they might do well with the surface deposit. "Perhaps," Peter said indiffer-

ently; "but there would be too much worry attached." And seeing that Silent Ted had dinner ready, we changed the subject.

Long Tom and four of the men had gone out emu- and kangaroo-shooting, and were not expected back for a week, and knowing that neither Mac nor I could be of any special service to the men at dry-blowing, we at length resolved to proceed to the Gulf, as was our original intention.

Our companions were very sorry when we announced this; but I told them we had come out expressly to study the aborigines at home, and that when we had done so we might come back.

"You'll see them before you go far," said Shandy Bill.

"An' don't go foolin' near a corroboree, Scottie," warned Little Bob; "'cos if ye does thar will be a funeral, as sure as them currants in that damper there is only ants."

Dead-broke Peter was evidently qualifying for a Silent Ted reputation, for it was only when kicked repeatedly by that individual that he roused himself, and in effect said, "Remember, if you happen to get into trouble, that the various corroborees are only stages in the grand Bora; and that the signs used in their working have a wonderful resemblance to those of a certain society to which I see you belong." This information was startling, to say the least of it; but Peter had again fallen into his listless attitude, and could not be induced to say more: so, after re-

ceiving many messages, written and verbal, to despatch from the first settlement reached, we departed.

Eight days later we crossed the north Cooper (here called the Thomson river) at Jundah—it was in flood here (!)—and in another four days we reached Winton. From this unique township we made good time northwards through a well-watered country, which, although in the tropics, is blessed with a pleasant climate; and while running down the Flinders river had our first adventure with the natives. The Australian aboriginal is believed to be the lowest form of humanity extant; but there are many things in his philosophy of which the white man has not dreamt. He fights with nature for his very existence, his food being the crawling creatures of the earth and what he wrests from other animals; and even then he is haunted with an eternal dread of devouring demons, who—according to his belief—are for ever seeking his destruction. His Bora is his only safeguard against these Ghingis and Bunyips; and it is in matters pertaining to the observance of its various corroborees that he has achieved such triumphs over nature, and performs feats that, to the white man, are entirely inexplicable.

An ordinary corroboree is merely a meeting that may be summoned by the chief or elders of any tribe; but those relating to the Bora are a series of religious ceremonials culminating in a weird fire-test, which all

young warriors must undergo before attaining to the state of manhood. This fire-test, with various modifications, is also practised by the New Guineans and South Sea Islanders; but with the latter it now seems to have degenerated into a performance for the priests alone; and in the Fiji Isles a form of fire-walking is still observed, chiefly for the benefit of the sensation-loving tourist. Among the Australian aborigines, however, the working of the Bora is the chief object of their existence, and with them the tests are very real indeed. The fire-test is worked by a procession of aspiring natives marching round on a path which leads through the centre of many fires. A figure in the fanciful attire of some strange monster apparently controls the movements of the warriors by the motion of some object which he swings rapidly round his head, and which produces a humming sound not unlike that of a steam-siren. The performance is followed by a warlike display supposed to strike terror to the heart of the dreaded Bunyip, and if that creature could see the grotesquely garbed warriors as we saw them—hiding in the mulga scrub with our bicycles lying beside us—I have no doubt that it would speedily take itself off to some less dangerous-looking part of the globe.

It is supposed that no white men have ever witnessed the higher corroborrees; but that belief is erroneous, for during

our journey northwards we met several back-blockers on the wallaby¹ to the opal district who were quite familiar with the entire ceremony, and some, like little Bob, had even taken part in them, of course not willingly.

The aborigines are very scarce now, and happily, perhaps for us, most of our adventures with them tended more to be ludicrous than exciting, and in due course we arrived at Normanton, the chief town in the Gulf country. . . .

A month later we landed at Brisbane from the s.s. *Peregrine*, and in two days were completely tired out and disgusted with the artificialities of city life. The Queensland contingent of the Imperial Bushmen was to embark in the afternoon for South Africa, and we joined the cheering throng that lined Queen Street to see the men ride past. I have seen the Scots Greys in Edinburgh, but the men of "England's last hope" were not like them. Their smart dress hung loosely on their angular frames, and their tanned faces were in vivid contrast to those of the Brisbanites. They were all tall, and sat in their saddles in a style that certainly was not military, and their faces wore an absent-minded expression. I knew, however, that fever would have no effect on these men, that they could stand any hardship, that an earthquake could not un-

¹ On tramp.

horse them, and that every time those eyes with the far-away look glanced along the rifle-barrel something would drop somewhere. A shout from Mac interrupted my musings, and knowing that he always had some reason for what he did, I followed him through the densely packed crowd, and found him in the act of hauling a trooper from his horse. "It's Kangaroo George!" he yelled, "an' he's dreamin'!"

"Hallo, Scottie!" suddenly said the roused warrior; "did you see the nigs?"

"Hang the niggers!" roared Mac; "it's you A want tae ken aboot. Hoo——?"

"I see you have got on to the South African trail after all, George," I said, grasping his hand.

"Close up there, men!" roared the sergeant.

"Darn it! Dead - broke, doesn't ye see who is here?" remonstrated another familiar voice, and next instant I was shaking hands with Sergeant Dead - broke Peter—I never knew his other name. There was now a general confusion owing to the men having to lead their horses down to the wharf where the transport Maori King was waiting to receive them, and by adopting tactics not unknown nearer home, Mac and I got down with the troopers.

"An' has ye not a word for Shandy Bill?" suddenly spoke another voice at my side. "An' Sam Wilkins?" said a quiet-looking trooper. "An' me—Corporal Vic Charlie?" cried

the one who had remonstrated with his sergeant.

"Is the whole camp here?" I cried surprisedly, while Mac muttered strange words anent the results of shaving on a person's appearance.

"No; only five," answered Vic Charlie. "Gilgai and Little Bob came down too; but they were too old, an' they is goin' out west again to-night when they see us away."

"I say, boss," whispered George to me, "you knows the trail, doesn't ye?"

"Fairly well, George," I replied; "you see the Southern Cross all the way."

"Then can you give us a notion how far out our first camp is?"

"You don't camp at all. You travel night and day—that is, unless the propeller shaft or something else breaks."

"Lor'!" was all George's comment, but his face spoke volumes. . . .

We stayed with our old comrades until the last moment arrived; and then, in company with Gilgai Charlie and the giant Little Bob, who had joined us on the wharf, went and dined. These two worthies were, as they said, already "full up with the city," and when the western express left that night it had on board four men and four cycles booked through for Cunnamulla *en route* to the opal-fields. Twenty-eight hours afterwards we landed at the western terminus, and taking advantage of the full moon and the hard camel-pads leading farther west, we made sixty miles before morning.

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹PART IV.—THE CONQUEST—*continued.*CHAPTER XXII.—“THE SILLY ROACH”—*continued.*

BEFORE Mr Figg was finished asking me to go down with him to “The Silly Roach,” I had made up my mind to say Yes. It was not a becoming excursion, nor was the company very becoming for Mr Shirra of Tarvit Town; but under some kind of inward compulsion to go I cast these considerations aside. This fellow knew something—whatsoever it was; and, whatsoever it was, I would draw it from him. Money would draw it from him if nothing else could. I had guessed that already, and it gave me confidence. Besides, this would be to bring me to Rab. I had a feeling that when I joined the Rascal down there I should have overtaken him in the search: so physically real a thing to me had the pursuit of Charlotte become. As I say, all my doings that week are dream-things in my memory. But the purpose dictating them—the finding of Charlotte,—that remains actual enough!

We went down from Liverpool Street; leaving London by its backdoor, it seemed to me. By-and-by from the slop and dust-heaps of the city we drew off into a green and homely country, with low heights steeple-crested and trailed with red-roof clusters.

Beyond that, drowsy slovenly flats, and every here and there the lumpish river gazing unwinkingly at the sun. We passed the station for “The Silly Roach.” Mr Figg pointed out the inn in its cool poplar shade. His programme, he explained, was to come off at the next station, and to pick up Mr Cook and Joe Whippet on the walk back. Mr Figg in fact wished to converse. He had wares to sell me, I surmised, of a kind that he would prefer to spread out under the unechoing vault of heaven.

He began to display them, cautiously, as soon as we stepped on to the widely flung meadows, through which the pollards traced the path of the river. I know now that he had nothing save the Biatrucci business to barter, and that he was at a loss to gauge its worth to me. His oblique revelations of it left me at the same loss. He had said we were not coming here to fish, but, 'deed, fishing of a kind was our sport throughout the walk. As I listened to him, alert for all the threads of his devious rigmarole, I unconsciously stored some clues to Charlotte's relations with Richard which, later, guided me to the truth. At this moment, it was Charlotte,

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herself, I sought. From the first I felt almost certain that he could not bring me to her; yet it was terrible to leave the shadow of a doubt whether or not her secret was in the keeping of this man.

I was beginning to understand something of him—a little. His talk was coloured by an enormous egotism. It appeared he was a slighted inventor. He had a notion for the application of electricity to the detection of the identity of criminals—an improvement on the Bertillon system or that of Galton's thumb-marks. The criminal was to touch an electric bell, and hey, presto! he discovered himself forthwith! "No two men ever ring electric bells alike," Mr Figg said, wagging his head; and I could believe it. He eyed me darkly when I inquired if he had constructed his registering instrument, and had patented it. An old St Brise story flashed on me, how Watty Kiddie in Torrie Town, when his demonstration of the perpetual-motion cradle he had invented failed, offered to give an affidavit that it was all right in his head. "Never patent," was Mr Figg's wise-acre advice to me now. "Never trust officials. Take the word of one in the know." Ours, he said, was the country of official oppression of the clever poor man, who, in consequence, was sent in ship-loads to the free land of America. He quoted words to that effect by the hon. member who made Mr Figg the subject of a question in the House. And, mark you—corroboration!—the

Speaker had stopped him. I gathered that the occasion was when, having pestered Scotland Yard with Figg's Electric Detective beyond the bearing strain of its patience, the inventor was, as he himself expressed it, "thrown out," and for that discourtesy was awarded later farthing damages against the Chief Commissioner. In consequence, Mr Figg gave me to understand, vehemently, the police had a "down" on him. Guessing as I did the design underlying this reminiscence, I was astonished by the passion with which he told it. Black blood suffused his ordinarily wan face, save for a thin line under and round his nostrils. Nevertheless, he calmed to explain, in spite of official contumely, there was a fortune in his idea if only a little money were put up to give it a chance. Look at its wide application, almost universal—burglars, safes, tills . . . great leakages in tills, public-house tills especially, he had been told . . . and so on. For a good thing like that a lawyer could always raise money—a little syndicate—and perhaps it might be worth a certain person's while to take it up in return for information received. . . . And a commission, of course,—a large commission. . . .

He was still furtively discovering for me the hugeness of the commission when, in a little rough glade of pollards at a bend of the river, we came upon Rab and Joe Whippet. Rab was seated on his roach-box, eating something from a newspaper. Mr Figg put a

finger in my back at sight of him. "Strict confidence!" said he. A comparison glanced upon me between the fatuous immoral fool at my ear and the Rascal whom I had once again to encounter. What would Rab say when we met down here? Or, rather, what was I to say? All the way hither I had been shirking an answer to that thought, trusting to an inspiration at the moment. We had threaded our way round the trees, and were close upon him before he saw us. I could tell that my appearance there took him by surprise, but he remained, to employ a saying of his own, "as cool as a crab." "Eating my piece, Mr Dauvid," he grinned, with a full mouth like a St Brise schoolboy, and speaking as if it were fuller. He nodded casually to Figg. The nod I interpreted as intimating to myself his poor opinion of the instrument with which I was seeking to circumvent him.

Beyond that, however, he gave no indication of his feeling. Indeed he turned again to his fishing with a surprising enthusiasm, explaining to me the uses of paste and ground-bait, morsels of which he placed on hook and line, and becoming absorbed as the tip of the stiff pole hovered close over the float travelling down the swim. It was with difficulty that Joe, who had packed up on our arrival, persuaded him to leave off.

Yet, as we crossed the meadow to the inn, he was apparently consumed by a new interest. "I'll show you," he said, at-

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXIX.

taching himself to me,—“I'll show you a character in this ‘Silly Roach’ we are coming to—the landlady. Weight and age, an easy first . . . the nearest thing to Nance Pounce i' the Bowes that I've met in all my travels. You mind . . . but no, it was before your day. You'll not mind how Nance's shairp face used to appear round the door when orders were coming over slowly. ‘Were ye duntin’, lads?’ she would ask. As keen as a razor; and so is this ane, but on a more lavish scale. I had a great passage with her last Saturday.” It seemed to me that at this he quickened his step, in anticipation of another passage with her.

“The Silly Roach” fronted the road, to which it showed through its screen of poplars a wrinkled old-world face. Creepers patched the dull saffron walls, framing the latticed windows and crowning deep eaves. A backwater of the river, with a few pleasure-boats on it, crept through the gardens behind; these were velvet-turfed, and relics of formal hedge and terrace were visible among the indecorous tents and summer-houses of a London holiday resort. The twilight air was clamorous with the cries and laughter of lads and girls, their spirits bubbling over to horse-play, while serving-maids and waiters flew about among them.

Entering under a low-panelled door, we found ourselves in a long and wide bar; beyond it was the bar-parlour, in which I could see an enormous woman,

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seated, and with some cloth-work idle in her hand. She was directing, as we came in, the lighting up of the place, the plan and extent of which were perplexing, because bar and parlour were reflected, in unending vistas, in the mirrors hanging round.

From her chair in the middle of this web of interest, in which she sat like a huge and watchful spider, Mrs Righton caught sight of us.

"Come in here for your drap," she called out for her greeting. "Come in, if 'ee canst for the mess."

"I'm glad to see 'ee again," she said to Rab with a visibly brightening eye, as we trooped into her parlour. "And you, Joey. Introduce me."

"Mr Shirra is a gentleman from the North whom I've brought to see you, Mistress Righton," Rab said; "in London on business, and to see the sights. Mr Figg—ah! you ken him? My acquaintance wi' him is a short-lived pleasure, but long enough to fathom his worth."

I saw Mrs Righton's eye respond to his irony as promptly as Mr Figg's Detective was to respond to criminal touch. She was tied to her chair by weight of body and years—I judged her to be over eighty; but she looked, sitting there, a store of conserved energy. The cumbrous impression made by her figure was dispelled by the witch-like vivacity of her features,—the sparkling eyes, the shrewd and clever nose.

"How is the temper?" Rab

asked her. "Has your new batch of maids arrived to ruffle it?" This was some reference, I guessed, to Saturday's passage of wits between them.

"Better, better!" she cried. "I loaned your receipt . . . funny man! Lourd bless 'ee, maister, I'm glad to see ya. All time ya was here, t'other night, I was thinkin', 'Oo is it tha play-ways put me in memory of?' Then I remembers. It was Purchase, my first man. Lourd, a widow wumman, wi' three husban's under ground, had need o' a good memory, an' mine is short. I get mixed among 'em."

"It's not every one has the felicity to forget their wed partners," said Rab. "You should try a fourth—just to correct the confusion."

"Thee beest a widower, I'm thinkin'," said Mrs Righton, slyly.

"Lord, madam, yes,—but still wed to a memory."

There was a swerve in his speech, as I caught his eye. I could have struck him for it.

"But here's a choice o' pretty men," he says, pointing to us. "Pretty men, wi' their affections roaming. Marriage is a kittle thing. The thought of it a specially kittle thing—eh?" He looked to me again, but I would not acknowledge the gibe. I made-believe to be busy with the sandwiches I had ordered. It was a long time since I had lunched. Figg had gone into the bar for some food.

So they went on bantering. I followed them with my ear. My thoughts were wandering: Rab's callous speech had thrown

them back on Charlotte. There was an incessant movement in the mirrors, too, that was distracting. . . . "It wur over a wumman my brother Simon an' me caist out," Mrs Righ-ton's voice fell on my ear. Her speech was soft and humming, as if made for the open sunny air; except in the endless sharp interruptions to direct the business of the bar, from which her eye never strayed for long. "It's fifty years sin', though it dwant sim so long. All about a wumman—sims as it wes 'issterday. . . . To dap back,—as I wes sayin' I was barned and bred up a'most i' the fam'ly at Wear; and when I wes housemaid, Purchase wes butler, an' we scrope and scrope so as to git wed. . . . Hur wes serving Mrs Park as maid, an' Mr Park wes i' the House, an' so we cum up to Lunnon often. Simon wes a maister fly-rod maker there, an' 'ee cum to see me, an' falls i' love wi' the maid; an' all the time we knew hur wes meetin' the young Captin' an' tossin' hur head at Simon, an' wouldn't look at him, who I said wes a great fool to give so many chances that hur wouldn't take. The Captin an' hur, it sims, had been beknown to each other i' Scotland. . . . Well, Purchase an' me wes wed, and took public at Penn Mill; and wan day the Captin writes me a letter, wud I take in a young leddy—hur wes out av a situation—and wud be t' better av country air for a month or two. 'Tis a babby,' I ses to Purchase; 'mark my words.' 'You knows wummen's ways

better nor me,' ses he. "'Tis men's ways,' I ses."

My eye had wandered to a stucco piece that decorated the ceiling—a representation of the Five Senses—clouded with smoke, and in its allegory; and I puzzled myself resolving its parts, giving half an ear to the woman's story the while. It ran on: The girl arrived at Penn Hill, and it was the lady's maid, as she had imagined. One morning, not long after, a chaise drove rapidly over the bridge, and stood at the door, and the Captain descended. Mary Purchase, as she was then, was in the bar, and he flew ben to the girl. He was getting the packet at Weymouth: running off to France. The Jews were after him: his gambling had come to that. He kissed her a hurried good-bye. As he left he put money in Mary Purchase's hand. "You'll look after her—she's my wife." "She's my wife" or "as my wife," the Captain had said. Mrs Purchase was never sure which. "As good as married," Purchase interpreted. That might be as might be: she was a proud, flinty maid, and nothing was to be got out of her. The next they heard of the Captain was the rumour of his death, a fortnight after the babby, a maid, was born; and in a few days mother and child were away to the North. Simon came down a week later, and because his sister could not give him the address, he quarrelled with her, and she had never spoken to him after. . . . There was some story that the Captain's body had to be smuggled

home from the Jews; and she went North.

Mr Figg had returned in time for the end of the story. "Who was the Captain?" I heard him ask. The question framed itself as my own—my mind, like a child's, half unconsciously working out a problem.

"Ho!" cried Rab, getting to his feet; "it's too old a story for a paragraph, Figg."

I rose with him, my mind all of a flutter. I stood up, and there, in the glass, was Charlotte! I looked into her eyes. All around me, in a score of reflections, were Charlotte and myself. I looked into her eyes, and she looked into mine. We stood staring at each other, this story in our eyes.

"MacNab. Captain Hector MacNab," says Mrs Righton. "Christian Tullis was the maid's name."

At the words I blinked for a moment, and in that moment Charlotte was gone.

I stepped forward. My cry of "Charlotte!" was frozen in my throat.

"Ba 'ee seein' a ghost, maister?" cried Mrs Righton. "Ya ba es white es a sheet."

"The heat! the heat!" cried Rab. "Come out into the air. Moreover, what about our train?"

"I 'ear the whistle o't," says Joe Whippet, waking up. "Better run."

And in a loose string we all ran to the station.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE MEETING AT DAWN.

I ran to the station with the others in a mechanical step; quickening the pace when, on the bridge beyond the "Silly Roach," the whistle of the up-train reached our ears. Thought was whirring in my head. I was a tenter to my own thought, as to a machine set to a pattern which I only dimly discovered. The train was at a standstill as we stepped on the platform, and ran along looking for seats. Scarce conscious of my own artifice, I allowed the others to tumble into their carriages, and, undiscovered by them in the dusk, was left behind on the platform. Before the van-lights had focussed to a speck, I was back in the avenue which led to the inn.

The wonder of finding Char-

lotte had swallowed up the lesser wonder of finding her here. On reflection, her presence in the inn explained itself easily. She was one of the "extra hands" of whom I had heard Mrs Righton so garrulous to Rab. There was nothing so remarkable in Charlotte's being here—save the coincidence of our being here also. If it was a coincidence! Had Rab known where to find her? And had Rab any inkling of Mrs Righton's acquaintance long ago with Christian Tullis? And was her story true, in whole or in part? These were the questions churned in the revolutions of this flying machine in my head; and always there was audible, like the fixed and level hum of it,—Charlotte would

take flight. To return in the morning would be to find her gone. She would escape under protection of night. I could not have explained why she should do so: possibly something in Figg's talk threw me forward to a conclusion without realising the progressive steps. But I had no doubt of it: it was the one certainty evolved from the whirl of speculation in my run for the train; and it prompted me to this artifice of remaining behind to keep vigil at the "Silly Roach."

The night was sultry and dry. Not a breath of dew clouded the grassy seat among the trees in the hollow of the road from which I watched the movements at the Inn. The holiday parties had left; but there was still some traffic of villagers at the house, flickering its lights. Grey figures in twos and threes crossed the bridge, passed me, and entered. I recognised them on their return. At length the door was flung wide and a noisier congress of voices issued. The block of passers-by thickened for a space, and then tailed off. Stragglers passed, in deep discourse. There was a pause; then two men came slowly along the road and stepped on the bridge. At the parapet nearest me they halted. I could hear the monotonous waver of their voices, and even catch a word or two.—"Jaick's dead."—"Jaick at Cager's lock?"—"The same."—"Hum! He was over-excitable."—"Over-avaricious, I would say. . . ."

The lights were going out

in the "Silly Roach." One by one the bright shafts striking across the roadway among trees around were sheathed. Still the two men's voices reached me. There were sounds of doors being shut and barred. The clock in a distant hamlet hummed the quarter. Within the barred inn there was still movement and the clinking of glasses, and the two men on the bridge talked on: all sounds sharpened in the stillness that had fallen on the night. The minutes passed, and midnight sounded in the village tower. The voices on the bridge raised themselves to a farewell note, and were silent.

From all the chinks in the lower storeys of the inn the lights had disappeared. Two candles shone in two small windows under the eaves. . . . One shone long there. . . . I was alone.

Fortune had set me down in a world of which I knew nothing. To the left where the train had disappeared lay London. I fancied that I could see the faint glow in the sky far off over the city. All the rest was dark to me,—not a landmark or a road familiar. Even the sound of the clock in the village was strange. Somewhere in the dark inn over there was Charlotte!

I stepped out from under the trees, upon the road. Even there it was dark for midsummer. My memory leapt to Tarvit, where all through the June nights Day crouched, wakeful, on the northern horizon. And from that, with a thrill of associate perception,

I came back to Mrs Righton's story.

I strove to review, reasonably, in order, the fragments of the old Legend that had struggled to piece themselves in my mind as I listened to her recital: the Major, dying in the house in the Den, full of fearsome lights and sounds; Mirrin MacNab and Lizbeth Tullis at his bedside, sharing the secret of the night, and Robert Tullis desperately restraining the village from probing it; young MacNab's body, smuggled to the St Brise shore, and brought under cloak of night by the runners to the vault prepared for his father's; the foundling in the wicker shallop in aunt Janet's milk-house. . . . And here in this fishing-place was a vagrant tale, carrying back to the germ, the source of it all; and not of the Legend only, but of all this family history in which I was so strangely involved, with the cloud of Rab's hints and gibes, the cloud of his personality, enveloping it. . . . Why—why, Dave Cook was the heir to Nochtly, if that story was true! Up to this moment I had associated its possibilities with the elder Charlotte only—but now!

I paced the road in excitement. The MacNabs . . . aunt Charlotte . . . my Charlotte. I was working out the consequences to Charlotte, if the story were true. I was not conscious of the relief that was stealing into my mind at the thought of its truth; or of how it coloured my waiting for Charlotte. . . . Why,

even if it were only partly true: though that marriage were no more than a contingency, unresolvably doubtful. . . . Even if there never had been a marriage,—the bar sinister gilds with time. . . . I would probe that story to the bottom. . . .

I came back at length to my bank among the trees, worn out and drowsy. Fluid and inquisitive thought congealed into a kind of tough endurance. How long I sat there I do not know. It was a band of water-cress gatherers on their way to work who aroused me, and I leapt to my feet.

The day had not yet signalled its coming. Night was still over all. Nevertheless, the world, it seemed, hushed itself in an expectancy. There was a breath, a sigh, a restlessness. Then silence. By-and-by, I seemed to hear Day coming up the East. . . . It was like the muffled approach of an army. Across the sky, high up, were subtle flutterings; a trembling beat of light. . . . Like the sound of a mighty orchestra playing on muted strings, was its coming. I could have imagined that there was a tramp of feet to a dull ear; I could have imagined that there was the roar of a million youth somewhere just within the range of hearing. Silently, suddenly, imperceptible, the saffron shaft pierced the East. Up and up it came, while night stubbornly fought its approach. Inch by inch it came; and the fight was fierce, and only the groan and thick breathing of the

battle was audible. Till, when the battalions of night were rolled up and fled, it seemed as if the Day must give voice to a great shout. He was flinging his arms about, stretching his arms, his limbs, rushing victoriously—up! up! up! but always silently. Then the victor stood up in his glory. Golden bugles shook his triumph. The great expanse cleared, azure strewn, for him as his victorious car leapt into the Heavens!

Suddenly, in this awakened world, I heard the rub of a door, a gate clicked, and in a minute Charlotte appeared, issuing upon the avenue. With all the exaltation of that day-break in my veins, I stepped out to meet her. "Charlotte!" I cried. So certain had I been of her coming, so full of her had been my mind, that as I stepped out to greet her I felt like one keeping a tryst. It seemed to me that we were keeping a long-deferred tryst, and I looked for her arms to be held out to me. Instead, she hung in her walk when she saw me, until, when I was at her side—"O! The world's big enough for me to go my own gait!" she cried.

"Charlotte," I said; "it is not big enough for you to hide from me!"

"I did not hide from you!" she cried passionately.

"No, no, not me," I answered, assured, and flushed with the finding of her for whom I yearned; in my pity for her forlornness, forgetting her imperious heart, and mindful only of my own that was now

trumpeting its love for Rab's daughter. "But he—and all—are forgotten."

She asked, breathlessly, "Cannot you understand?"

It was an appeal, wrung from her, to some finer self of understanding which she still hoped, desperately, to find in me; and I was irresponsive to it. Yet I was filled with an overweening confidence of understanding.

"I know all," I said. "I know all. And I have come to seek you, and to find you. I have found you."

She misinterpreted the triumph of my words as exultant knowledge of her relations with Richard.

"I know you, David Shirra," she blazed on me. "I know you, spying on our affairs. I do not forget the woodyard. I do not forget . . ."

"Nay," she said, the flame of her anger going out, leaving a tenderness so new, so clamant of a new experience, that it wrung my heart with unenlightened pity for all that she had passed through.

"Forgive me, David. You have been kind and well-meaning."

"You are well-meaning, but you are not always kind," she went on, and it seemed to me that the sun of laughter was not quite out of her sky. Yet, "What do you here?" she overlouded instantly.

The wings of my assurance weakened for a moment.

"I thought you would want me," I said, on a dropping note.

"You might have known me better."

She stung me to recovery.

"I think I know you better than you know yourself."

"And you?" she said, swiftly, as if divining that, in understanding of myself, rather than of her, my ultimate failure lay; "... you ... you, yourself?"

"I wanted you."

Surprised by that declaration, which she might seem to have asked for, she bit her lip, and from the white indent the blood rolled up to her brows.

"I know myself," I said, eagerly, penetrating to the doubt in her heart, but stumbling on it like one who has lost his way. "I think always ... though you would always make me doubtful. ... But now at least I know. I am here because I love you, Charlotte."

She flushed a deeper confusion. Pride at bay snatches at any weapon.

"With my father?" she countered me. "And Joe Whippet," she laughed scornfully. "He too. ..."

"Oh!—Charlotte."

"And the other. ..."

"You mean," I said, vacantly, seeking to bring her speech into a focus worthy of her; the injustice of it stood up out of all proportion,—“You mean the fellow, Figg?”

She made a quick shrinking movement from me; the lids had fallen over strained eyes; I heard her sharply in-drawn breath. The naming of him even lightly was a blow.

I was confounded by her sensibility. Her mobile moods

left me helplessly behind. I could not keep in touch with them. If I could have come into some simpler correspondence with her; could have held her in my arms, eye to eye with her doubt!

I put my hand on her shoulder, compelling her to face me again. "You do me wrong, Charlotte. ... You do us all wrong. ..."

"No, no!" she flung off, fiercely reproachful.

"At least you do me wrong," I revised.

I said, fretfully, once more unable to follow closely the curve of her mood, "*I am not clever.*" But I added, "Yet ... yet ... *I found you!*"

It was a spark struck out by triumphant contact mentally with my old enemy, Rab, whom I had outdistanced at last by the finding of Charlotte here. But the next instant my mind passed back to herself. She, too, was clever, impatient of all crude fingering, matching, in the extraordinary sensibility of her nature, all his subtlety and cunning of wits. "I'm proud of handling the affairs of many folks," I said, with a feeling that this admission of Rab's estimate of me was some concession to her; "but folks themselves I still handle clumsily. Am I?"—as he said—"maybe I am so rude an instrument myself, that I cannot judge the fine stops of others. Yet you, I think, Charlotte, you are too apt to think offence. We have all been up for the Clephane Railway Bill, and, hearing the rumour of

your being in London, we looked for you."

"I looked for you," I changed, protestingly; "I have not been a minute in London, Charlotte, but I thought the next step might bring me to you, and I took it eagerly. I came down here with your father and the others—they were fishing. I should not have come, save for the occasion it gave me of speaking with the man who seemed to know the road to you better than I did. Finding you here was an accident only. At least it was to me. . . . Of course it was an accident. I saw you in that glass last night. I saw you when they didn't. I allowed them to go back to town, and I stayed behind. I have waited here all through the night for you, Charlotte."

"Here! By yourself!"

"You were here."

She gave me a swift look, and edged closer among the trees. I pressed after her, eagerly. Dayspring was in her eyes. The clouds still on her brows would clear.

She took refuge in a lighter note.

"Cousin David," she said, "why do you not go back to Fife and forget me?"

"Why do you not go back?"

"You can be happy there."

"For them who are made to be happy there," she added, with a sudden wistfulness, "how good and happy they might be."

"Oh, Charlotte, how happy we might be!"

She flushed again—I think with an astonished pleasure at that asking. She looked at me.

There was yielding in her eyes. I thought to blow that compliant spark into a flame, and I blew it out.

"Forget all this miserable business," I said, "now I have found you. I have loved you; I love you. . . . Charlotte, life is all before us—a new life. Forget the past, and all that has happened in it. . . . All the things folks may say," I cried. "As my wife, all tongues would be stilled. Come back with me. . . . What can they say?" Even in the moment of triumphing over the obstacles which had held it back, my resolution was seeking the encouragement with which Mrs. Righton's discovery had subtly heartened it. "You heard that story last night?" I said. "You see what it means—about Nochtly? For Dave—and for all of you, what it may mean. . . . Even your father. . . . Oh, I will probe it to the bottom. . . . Come back with me."

I looked into her face, to see the flame of love and acquiescence, and they were dead. "If I go back, it will be to my father," she said. "But I will not—I will not!" she added vehemently.

"What is it, Charlotte?" I cried. "Not to your father—to me. I love you."

"I almost believed it," she whispered on a quick breath, as to herself.

"I tell you."

"Telling, telling," she said.

"How can I prove it?" I demanded.

But she was not listening. "Nochtly," she was saying, scarce above her breath.

"Nochty. . . . What does it matter to her now!"

I followed her thought to her mother, but only on mundane wings to her mother's place in that story.

"Do you not see . . . ?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes—I see," she said. "And you will probe it to the bottom."

"I said you would be happy in Fife," she went on, her voice back at its proudest and coldest. "And so you would. The folk there are like you, and you are like them. They, like you, would be glad, doubtless, to welcome Nochty's sister among them. I am not Nochty's sister!" she cried passionately.

"You are Aunt Charlotte's daughter!" I answered, again urgent on the clearing up of this story.

"Oh!" she said, taken un-awares by her bitterness and scorn. "I do not think you have forgotten whose daughter I am."

And she was gone back to the inn.

I made no attempt to follow or arrest her. I was too humiliated and chagrined. She was unjust, cruel. After this night of waiting—this week of longing and waiting! Unjust. Say there was truth in her words, as something in me said: the small amount, no more, of truth in them was the measure of their injustice. Was it likely I should forget she was Rab's daughter? Was it possible? I had not forgotten, and I had asked her to be my wife. She taunted me with allowing the change of fortunes, which we seemed to have dis-

covered last night, to outweigh the obstacle the Rascal was. My resolve to find her had been taken long before that. Even when Mr Trail had surprised that denial from me, I had taken it. I had searched for her, and waited for her, out of the love I had to her. That story last night had heartened me. Was that not natural? Was it not only right? Yet she wished me to forget it and to forget Rab. I persuaded myself that that was what she wished. She asked too much! I had not yet attained to the understanding of how love asks all and gives all.

A market-train to town, the one Charlotte had intended travelling by, was running into the station as I left the avenue. I shrank, as yet, however, from the throng of life, and turned along by the river.

Disillusionment flooded the morning for the wounded spirit seeking seclusion on the meadow path. So that was the end of that! An opiate came with the reflection that my failure merged into the vanity of all earthly things; for so the humiliation I suffered in it was shared by all mankind. In the universal experience of disillusionment, work is the sovereign balsam. In Fife was a law-yring business, great and growing. Since any honest balsam was the requirement, there was no need to ignore the fact that the business was more likely to grow great because Charlotte in her injustice had refused me; but I did ignore it. The rejected of Love was going home to Tarvit, to seek forgetfulness in a fury of work!

Out of this cloud of flummery sentiment I emerged laughably. From the meadow on the opposite side of the river a horse, a raw-boned grey, had slipped into the water; and there it was, in the early light, a misty skeleton wading in the mud, its vertebræ hideously floating on the surface, and its head and neck straining foolishly to the bank. A boy on my path had set down his milk-pitchers, and was bombarding the brute with pebbles, heading it back from the central stream. It was just beyond effective range, but now and then a stone rattled on rump or ribs, and sent it to paw the steep bank helplessly. Something in the brute and its actions, the ugliness, the futility of them, stung me to a mad irritation; in which, solemnly, and without a word to the boy, I gave him shot for shot. Rivalry spurred the boy to fresh endeavour, in which I followed him with increasing zest; like him, eagerly searching in a widening circle for flint and pebble imbedded in the pathway, and actively loosening them with toe and heel. I had found an occupation to my hand, to take the place of that work which I had imagined myself falling to, furiously, for forgetfulness. Here I was, at any rate, hot, perspiring, arm shot out and coat-tails flying, lips parted before my panting breaths, in operation against this monstrous gaunt backbone that lay on the water, moving a slack head up and down like a nodding ass . . . like Figg! For all the world, it nodded its head like Figg! At that thought I desisted.

"That's no good!" I said to the boy, in lame exculpation.

"No," he said, with a grin. "You never hit it but once."

"Hem! Do you know the brute?"

"Righton's."

"Ah! At the 'Silly Roach.' I had better tell them."

And seizing on this excuse, I went back to the inn to see Charlotte.

I was better. Stoning this unhappy quadruped had exercised the blood in my body, and I felt another man. The events of the night and morning rose up in my mind afresh, but now set in a clear dry air, swept of all clouds. I would see Charlotte again, and bring her to reason. In my new mood, it seemed to me impossible that any one should resist reason. Then breakfast! I was horribly hungry; and to be hungry with the knowledge of meat is the perfection of the reasonable state. Huts! If only people would be reasonable, how sweetly would the tangle of life uncoil.

Passing trains, to and from town, carried my thoughts forward on to same curve to the Clephane Bill. The Clephane Bill was another case of a crooked place awaiting only the adoption of a reasonable course to be made straight. This afternoon there was to be a consultation on a scheme of compromise which I had suggested. . . .

In this mood, which brushed aside any misgiving that Charlotte might have escaped me meantime, I turned into the inn-yard. A sibilant hostler was yoking a roan into a go-

gig. In the misty light I could see another figure lending a hand in drawing tight the belly-band. I had not taken two steps within the yard when this figure rose clear of the beast, and I saw that it was none other than Rab Cuick. For a reasonable, hungry man, within sight of love and breakfast, here was a tangle to unwind sweetly.

What was the Rascal doing here? It was only too easy to guess: this story of the woman Righton. He would pump her as dry as a speldin. There suddenly flashed upon me a vision of Rab back in Fife with the information so gained; fastening like a leech on the Clephanes, and suck-sucking at them. I could picture James Clephane, the honest man, under that ordeal. And Richard Clephane. The possible effects of this discovery on the fortunes of Richard Clephane stood out clear as day for me—and I realised, for the first time fully, how I hated him! Probing this story became for me a scheme of revenge. Let Rab probe it, and do his worst.

This rascal here had now become for me a fresh object of fascination and revulsion. He had become a temptation, because of all that he might be able to do for me against Richard Clephane. Richard Clephane was my client, and Rab stood for dereliction of duty. He had become a temptation, which I personified as fastened to my mind with white sharp teeth. I caught myself making a disgusted movement of the arm, as if

shaking off a vermin thing. I resisted an inclination to slip away from him. I would remain to fight him. Any moment he might come face to face with Charlotte. I still felt the glow of triumph at having, as I thought, discovered Charlotte when he had failed, and it warmed me for this fresh contest with him. I would take him away with me, instead of avoiding him. Besides, he had seen me. We were too far apart for me to read signals of recognition in his face; but I was certain he had seen me. He was an unnatural kind of creature, who communicated with some by-ordinar sense in one. I clenched my fists in a firm resolution to give nothing away to this man—nothing of my own, nothing of my client's. I kept repeating Mr Trail's words, "Your duties to your client," as I stepped across the yard to him; like a man going into battle with a charm on his lips.

"Ah," he said.

"Well."

"A fine morning. A real June morning,—and that is the pick of them. Give me June for a month—the virgin Summer with all her bursting charma. I cannot rest in it—and you too, I see, are early across the door. I left all London slug-a-bed. But country habits stick to us even in the town."

"Town or country," said I, seeking to reflect his manner: I would be as cunning as he. "Town or country, it's always the early bird that catches the wor—"

"Not always," he broke in, with the old whistle out of his teeth, "not always. There's a kind of bird that steals awa' to hawk when its neighbours have gone home to roost."

"Is that so?" I said, pretending not to see his drift. "I never studied natural history."

"No," answered he with a laugh; "nor ever, I suppose, did the birds I allude to."

It was difficult; but in the hope of beguiling him from this place I dug my nails deeper in my palms and tholed him. The question was, How to get him away? He was an eel for subtlety among motives.

"You are not forgetting that we are due at Westminster soon after noon?" I asked him.

"In other words," he answered with a laugh—"in other words, wouldn't we better be stepping. Ah! Dauvid Shirra, you for a lawyer. Aye going, like Cortes, wi' beard on shoulder. Well, I own myself beaten. You've outflanked me, lad, stolen a march on me. Lord! It was a stroke of genius to send me back to London, and stay ahent wi' a clear field o' inquiry to yourself."

I thought I detected a note of soreness in his words, and was elated. I had the whip-hand of him this time! Evidently, as I had believed, he knew nothing of Charlotte's presence here, and considered I had manœuvred only to draw off for myself all that was in Mrs Righton's cask of recollection.

"Well," I cried, peremptorily; "are we going?"

"Well, *are* we going?" he answered—an open flout.

I was glad to meet it by telling him briefly about the horse stuck in the river farther down. "Wait," I said to him, and dived into one of the stables, as if in search of the hostler. Tearing a leaf from my notebook, I wrote three lines to Charlotte, begging her to await a letter from me. Stepping back into the yard, I met the man coming out of the coach-house, whip in hand, and buttoning his long blue jerry.

"One of your horses has strayed into the river down by," I told him, walking him away out of earshot of Rab.

"Um! Grey and rumpy? Bag o' bones?"

I nodded.

"Thought so. Meg. Flighty bitch."

"Turn-BULL! Turn-BULL!" Mrs Righton's voice sounded from somewhere in the front of the inn.

"Ditto," said Turnbull, jerking his thumb in its direction, and turning to go back to the gig.

I stopped him, to push the folded note and a coin into his hand. "You have a girl here called Charlotte. Give her this note."

"Have we?" he grinned. "She's in great demand."

"Turn-BULL!" sounded Mrs Righton's voice again; and Turnbull jumped into his seat, and drove round from the yard.

"Going awa' without any adieux?" says Rab, when I came up to him where he stood, and motioned him down the road.

I glanced at him sharply; but he was looking about on the fine morning, no *arrière pensée* on his face.

We walked to the station in silence. A train came up almost immediately.

"Jump in," I cried, as he held open a door.

"Na, na, laird," grinned he.

I laughed myself, wershly enough, as I got in.

"Honours even," he cried, making a pretence to shut the door, as the train moved off; but the next minute he was in beside me, with a broad laugh. It was a relief to have carried him off, at the expense of a gibe or two—even though I had had to leave Charlotte to do it. I rose involuntarily to look out of the window upon the "Silly Roach," where I was leaving Charlotte.

"And now, back to London," says Rab, with a pretence of a great sigh. "Back to business—to wark. Wark! That's the salve for the wounded heart." Here was the echo of my mood by the river, the rascal! "I never kent it fail; and in my time I've seen a good wheen bereaved folk, widowers and suchlike, terrible down wi' grief. Ane or twa took to drink; but most to wark, and picked up wonderful under it, and had a whole heart to offer in a twal'-month and a day. It's marvelous, the recuperative power o' the heart."

His mockery held a meaning that filled me with uneasiness. I sat in my corner with my

eyes closed, to conceal any exhibition of its effect on me. I was no longer confident of the whip-hand. Worn out with the night's vigil and the morning's disappointment I fell asleep, and slept to Liverpool Street. Rab woke me up.

"Twelve-thirty at my hotel, remember," I said to him on the pavement.

"You can depend on me. There's nothing now—nothing that'll not keep,—to take me into the country again."

I called a hansom, angrily. He mounted on the steps to close the wings on me.

"It's no use trying to deceive you, Dauvid," he said. "You might as soon try to deceive me. You know why I turned up at the 'Silly Roach' this morning?"

"You know best," I said, with lamentable failure of dignity.

"O! I know. But didn't you see my daughter Charlotte in the bar last night?"

I sank back in the hansom. I would not ask the question on my lips. But he read it in my eyes, and he laughed in them.

"Your *billet-doux* wouldn't be delivered."

I sat forward on the seat.

"No, no," he said; "I didn't see her. I daursay you had the weather-gage o' me there. Turnbull told me she only left this morning for London town. She and I maun ha' crossed."

"Westminster Palace Hotel!" I roared up at the cabby, and Rab leapt off the step.

(To be continued.)

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

V. A NEW CAST.

FOR the moment the Intelligence officer could ill disguise his astonishment. Here, standing in front of him, was the very girl who had taught him his first lesson in staff jurisprudence. The memory of the incidents at the farmhouse, her petulance with the Tiger, her tears for her lover, had been almost effaced by the vicissitudes of the last forty-eight hours. If he had ever thought of the girl at all, it had been in the same spirit as a mariner recalls a passing ship, whose shapely lines were barely distinguishable in the night. His surprise was such that he could only marvel that while, travel-stained and dishevelled, he had arrived at Britstown with an effort, she had already reached that goal, and, to judge from the studied neatness of her attire, had reached it with consummate ease. Her smile and attitude as she held out her hand to her visitor expressed satisfaction at the meeting—a satisfaction tempered with a determination to show a front which should declare a full measure of resistance. Taking advantage of his officer's surprise, the Tiger discreetly withdrew.

Intelligence Officer. "Miss Pretorius,—how did you get here?"

Miss Pretorius. "Quite simply. Partly on horseback, partly in a Cape cart."

I. O. (recovering somewhat) "Naturally; I did not anticipate that you had walked. But with what object?"

Miss P. (the corners of her pretty mouth sinking in defiance) "I might easily have walked, and arrived before a British column. As to my object in coming here, surely your Africander spy has informed you?"

I. O. "If you mean the Tiger, he has told me nothing!"

Miss P. "And may I also ask you a question,—What authority have you to ask me such a question? At the institution which prided itself in teaching me—an Africander girl—the manners and customs of the English, they were emphatic upon the impertinence of asking personal questions."

I. O. "I must apologise, Miss Pretorius. But the circumstances are hardly normal. We cannot get away from the fact that we are influenced against our better natures by an unfortunate state of war."

Miss P. (petulantly) "Oh, the war! That is just like you Englishmen—you paragons of manly virtue—you make the war a cloak for all your sins. It is such an upright war, therefore in its furtherance you can do no wrong—cannot even be unmannerly. It is this that has made you so beloved in the

Republics; but how does your attitude hold good with me? I am a loyal British subject, living at peace with all men in a British colony. What right, therefore, have you to catechise me as to my goings and my comings? I do not even live within the legitimate area of your so-called just war. I am only exposed to its rigours—that is, as far as the insolence of those who should be our defenders affects us women—because you English, in spite of your vaunted power and military magnitude, cannot defend us, your Africander dependants, from a few simple farmers. Where is your manhood, where the courtly bearing of the Englishman, of which I have heard so much—and seen so little?”

I. O. “Really, Miss Pretorius, if I may say so, I think that you exaggerate the case. Unfortunately we are at war. You claim consideration on the score of loyalty. Are you astonished that I should have mistaken your attitude towards us? Your two brothers only yesterday were in arms against us. One is wounded, the other a prisoner in our hands. Is it surprising that I regarded you as their accomplice in rebellion?”

Miss P. “I am surprised at nothing that an Englishman may do. But why should I be compromised because my brothers have taken up arms against you. Am I not of age to formulate an opinion of my own? or is it that you consider that we poor Africander girls have no intelligence, that our

opinions must of necessity be bound up in those of our men-folk, that we have no mind above the duties of the drudging *hausfrau*? No, sir; I am an Africander loyalist—more loyal by far than the renegade white who brought you here. And if you wish to know the reason of my presence at Britatown, I am not averse to telling you, provided you will not claim to have the information as a right.”

I. O. (*with a touch of penitence in his voice, which for a moment caused a smile to flicker round the corners of the girl's mouth*) “Of course, Miss Pretorius, I have no right. You will persist in misunderstanding me.”

Miss P. “It is a simple problem. I am loyal, as I have said; but I am a daughter and sister first, patriot later. In a fit of meaningless bravado, tempered perhaps by some compulsion from over the border, my old father and brothers had joined a rebel commando. You, with a naïveté which I had hardly expected in you, and for which I liked you, told me the objective of your column—information which meant everything to me, and perhaps to you, as you looked as if you would have liked to have bitten your tongue out after you had parted with it. I, with the honest intention of saving my father and brothers from you, rode out to them that night. I then knew nothing of Lotter's and Hertzog's men. If it had not been for the fighting, I should be now back again at Richmond Road.

As it is, my poor wounded father in the next room is sufficient reason for my presence here."

I. O. (who, English-like, was all sympathy at once) "Oh, it was your father then that you brought with you in the Cape cart. I hope that he is not badly wounded. May I see him?"

Miss P. "There would be no object in your seeing him, as he is at present asleep. No; he is not severely wounded. He is shot through the shoulder, —luckily it has missed his lung."

I. O. (with unaffected solicitude) "I am indeed sorry for you, Miss Pretorius; those last forty-eight hours have been full of trouble for you. But I doubt if you know the worst!"

Miss P. (suddenly paling, and losing for the moment her self-control) "The worst!—surely you have not burnt our farm? You are not burning farms in the Colony!"

I. O. "No, not your farm; but I am afraid your sweetheart has been badly hit!"

Miss P. (with evident relief and surprise) "My sweetheart!"

I. O. "Yes; the guide whom we took from your farm. He tried to escape, and was unfortunately shot."

Miss P. (laughing outright) "Oh, Stephanus! He is no sweetheart of mine. How could he be? He is only a bywoner!"

I. O. "But you told me that he was when I first suggested taking him with me!"

Miss P. "Did I? It was not the truth, then; it was

only an addition to the part I was then playing."

I. O. "How do I know that you are not still playing a part?"

Miss P. "If I am, then it is a very sad one. No; you may trust me now. I have played my part, and if anything that I could do for you would stop this dreadful war, I would gladly help you!"

I. O. "You can help me, if you will; but after what you have said about my want of manners, I am afraid to ask you a question."

Miss P. "I have forgiven you that; and now that you do not claim the right to question me, I do not mind answering you if I can!"

I. O. "How, if your object was to save your father, did it happen that Lotter was informed of our presence at Richmond Road?"

Miss P. "I expected that you would ask that. I did not tell him personally, nor would I have done so under any circumstances. But the fact that I arrived in great haste in the small hours of the morning had a peculiar meaning to the commando, and it was not necessary for me to open my mouth. I daresay to-night there will be one hundred Africander girls in the saddle in different parts of the Colony. When the urgency is great, a girl is more reliable than a Kaffir. It is our chief means of communication. There; is not that an admission worthy of a loyal Africander?"

I. O. (holding out his hand)

"Good - bye, Miss Pretorius ; but before I go, may I ask you another question ? Just one. Where was that institution where they tried to impress you with the pre-eminent virtues of an Englishman's manners ?"

Miss P. (as their hands rested clasped longer perhaps than the length of the acquaintance warranted) "Miss Macdonnell's Seminary for Young Ladies, Eastbourne, Sussex !"

It would have been difficult to analyse the Intelligence officer's feelings as he strode back along the Britstown main street to keep his appointment with his brigadier. He was at a loss to understand two things,—the anomalism of his second meeting with the Pretorius girl, and the latter's connection with the Tiger. He could not divest himself of a feeling of suspicion that all was not quite as it appeared. There is no walk in life which breeds distrust in one's fellows so rapidly as that of military Intelligence. And although the Intelligence officer had only formed an atom in this great structure of British incompetency in South Africa for two days, yet sufficient had been borne in upon him during this period to cause him uneasiness as to the sincerity of motive in those that moved round him. It is said that the only person that a race-horse trainer will trust is his wife, and that as long as he trusts her he remains an unsuccessful man. We cannot say what truth there may be in this ancient turf adage ;

but we do know that administrative work successfully performed in the Intelligence Department of an army in the field leads a man to place the lowest estimate upon the integrity of his fellows. The first lesson is of an inverse nature, and compels a man, however he may dislike the procedure, to believe those who move about him to be knaves, until he has had opportunity to test their honesty. Young in his knowledge of the people against whom he had been warring for eighteen months, the Intelligence officer was exceedingly puzzled at the strange anomaly presented by the Africander girl he had just left. He could not help feeling that this daughter of a nation which he had led himself, if not to despise, at least to depreciate, had fathomed him in two short interviews, while he had penetrated little beyond the surface of her feminine attractions and lively wit. He was puzzled at the outcome of his interview, even perhaps a little alarmed at the manner in which he had been treated—shocked at the erroneous estimate which he had formed of Dutch women after eighteen months in their midst. But this rebuff had served its purpose : it had sown in him the seeds of that appreciation of our enemy which will have to generally exist if we are ultimately to live in peace and concord, united as fellow-subjects, with the people of South Africa.

It was now already dark, and the Intelligence officer had

some little difficulty in finding the house in which General Bruce Hamilton had taken up his headquarters. The main street was still full of revellers, bursting with Colonial *bonhomie*, but strangely lacking in topographical information. In fact it seemed doubtful if the general's house would ever be found, and the weary Intelligence officer was rapidly losing his temper, when chance again came to his aid. A horseman came galloping down the street. A little man in civilian attire—all slouch-hat and gaiter. He seemed to be in a desperate hurry, as he was flogging his tired and mud-bespattered animal unmercifully with his *shambok*. It was a beaten horse; and just as it came level with the Intelligence officer, it stumbled, half recovered itself, and then fell heavily in a woeful heap. The Intelligence officer pulled the little civilian on to his feet, with a soft admonition about the riding of beaten horses. The civilian shook himself, and turned to his prostrate horse with a curse. But the poor beast had no intention of rising again. It had lain down to die.

"It can't be helped; the news I bring will be worth a horse or two anyhow. I must leave it, saddle and all, until I have seen Bruce Hamilton!"

"Do you know where to find him?" hazarded the Intelligence officer. "I am looking for his house now."

Civilian. "Well, I ought to; I've not run a store in this town for five years not to

know my way about. But who may you be?"

Intelligence Officer. "I'm staff officer to one of the columns which came in to-day. My general is with Bruce Hamilton now, and I've been trying to find his headquarters this last ten minutes."

Civ. "Come along with me. I must get there at once. I've just come in from Houwater. I was sent out by the commandant to follow up Brand, and I have located him and Hertzog. I tell you I have come in fast—never went faster in my life. Devilish nearly got out off. I tell you I bore a charmed life to-day. Well, here we are. I shall go straight in. Bruce Hamilton doesn't know me, but he soon will. The commandant knows me: he knows that when I come with news there is something worth hearing."

The little civilian bounced up the steps and dived into the lighted hall of the headquarter's villa, before orderly or sentry could stop him. A tall Yeoman stepped up to the Intelligence officer, and saluting with more dignity than alacrity said, "Beg your pardon, sir; but I am the general's orderly, and he told me to tell you that he would only be a few minutes here and that if you wouldn't mind waiting he would join you immediately."

Waiting for a general is a serious undertaking, and the Intelligence officer was tired. Moreover he did not know where the camp was, or when he would be expected to take over from the chief staff officer of the column. But on active service all these things work

out in their own time, so he just sat down on the white-washed steps of the verandah and lit a cigarette. The tall Yeoman orderly did likewise on the far side of the entrance. The Intelligence officer smoked in silence for some time, engaged in the occupation most welcomed by tired men on service—thinking of better times—until the nightmare of the column, the orders for the morrow, the supplies and the camp, broke in upon his reverie.

Intelligence Officer. "Do you know where the camp is?"

Orderly. "Yes, sir; it is about half a mile from here."

I. O. "You can find your way there in the dark?"

Ord. "Yes, sir; it is straight down the main street, and then the first to the left. It would be impossible to miss it."

I. O. "What do you belong to?"

Ord. "I don't quite know what I belong to now. I came out originally with the 218th Company; but they have gone back home."

I. O. "Then what are you doing out here now?"

Ord. "Well, you see, sir, I came to the general as orderly about four months ago, and I liked being with him so much that I did not rejoin the company. As a matter of fact, we were away down in Calvinia District; I don't quite see how I could have got back to them, even if the general would have let me go. I haven't seen the company since I was wounded at Wittebergen seven months ago. I joined the general from Deelfontein Hospital!"

I. O. "I hope that your billet has been kept open for you in England."

Ord. "I sincerely trust it has, sir; but I have missed a season's hunting. I don't intend to miss another if I can help it."

I. O. "The devil you don't. What do you do at home?"

Ord. "I hunt four days a-week in the winter, and in the——"

I. O. "I mean, what is your job?"

Ord. "I haven't much of a job, sir; I'm the junior partner in an engineering firm, and as we do some very big things in contracts, there isn't much left for me to do except amuse myself!"

I. O. "Then whatever made you come out in the ranks?"

Ord. "It suits me, sir. I am not fond of responsibility; besides, if every one who could afford it had taken a commission in our company, we should have been all officers, with no one to command!"

I. O. "I call it most sporting of you."

Ord. "No; not exactly sporting. It was no idea of sport that brought me out here. It was a sense of duty. Were you out here, sir, during the Black Week—the Colenso-Magersfontein period? You were. Then you have not realised, and you never can realise, what we in England went through during that period. I went down to my stables one morning, and my groom came up to me and asked if he might leave at once. In answer to my look of sur-

prise, he said, 'It's this way, sir: I feel that the time has come when we shall want every man who can ride and shoot to defend the country. I can do both, and the country is not going to be defeated because I can ride and shoot, and won't. I want to join the Yeomanry!' I let him go, and thought over his estimate of the situation all day. If the country's honour lay in my groom's hands, how much more must it lie in mine—I, the employer of labour? I made up my mind before dinner, told my wife before going to bed, and here I am, sir."

Nor was this an extraordinary case. There must have been in South Africa during the second phase of the war many hundreds of men—one might almost say thousands—actuated by the same spirit, impelled by the same feeling, as this rich contractor and his groom. Men who felt that the nation had desperate need of their services; men who voluntarily undertook the risks and perils of a soldier's life, not from a hope of preferment, nor from love of adventure or mercenary advancement, but from true patriotism—a sacrifice to meet the nation's call in the hour of her need. But that day soon passed. The tide turned, and clash of arms ceased upon our own frontiers and within our own dependencies, and the din of war sounded faintly from the heart of the enemy's country. Then true patriotism failed; the men who had gone forth with their country's acclamations returned as their

obligations expired. There were no patriots of the same class found to take their places. Yet the exigencies of the struggle required even more men than had been in the field when Lord Roberts made his extreme effort to retrieve the earlier misfortunes. Then it was that Lord Kitchener committed one of the few errors in judgment which have marked his conduct of the campaign. He—and he was not singular in this—believed that in December 1900 the edifice of the Boer resistance was crumbling to its foundations,—that it was like a mighty smoke-stack, already mined at its base, and but requiring fuel at the dummy supports to bring the whole structure in ruins to the ground. He called for the fuel. The cry went forth for men—men—men. Any men; only let there be a sufficient quantity. The war was over. Had not the highest officials said that it was over. The recruiting-sergeant went out into the highways and hedges to collect the fuel for Lord Kitchener's final operation. It mattered not the quality—it was only quantity. The war was over. The gates of the Gold Reef City would again be open. Then the mass of degraded manhood which had fled from Johannesburg at the first muttering of thunder in the war-cloud flocked from their hiding-places on the Cape Colony seaboard and fell upon the recruiting-sergeant's neck. Mean whites that they were, they came out of their burrows at the first gleam of sunshine.

Greek, Armenian, Russian, Scandinavian, Levantine, Pole, and Jew. Jail-bird, pick-pocket, thief, drunkard, and loafer, they presented themselves to the recruiting-sergeant, and in due course polluted the uniform which they were not fit to salute from a distance. The war was over; there would be no more fighting, only a quick march to Johannesburg, and disbandment within reach of the filthy lucre which they coveted. And so new corps were raised, with spirit-stirring titles, while old, honoured, and existing regiments were sullied beyond recognition by association with the refuse and sweepings from the least manly community in the universe. Such fuel could not even clear the dummy supports at the base of the Boer resistance. It refused to burn. It could never have burned under any circumstances. These men had no intention of fighting. Their appearance in the field gave new life to the enemy. New confidence, and free gifts of rifles, ammunition, clothes, and horses. Men could not be found to command them, for to place confidence in their powers meant professional disgrace. These men had not come to fight. They had enlisted only to reach Johannesburg, and they refused to fight. Surrender to them brought no qualm or disgrace. They possessed no faculty sensible to shame. Then the enemy hardened his heart. And who can blame him. He had ever been told that the supply of British fighting material was limited. He found these creatures in the

field against him. He stepped up to them, and without an effort disarmed them at will. Then he said, we have exhausted their supply of real fighting men. They are now forced to place this spurious article in the field. We will persevere just a little longer. If we persevere till disease shall further destroy their good men, we must win in the long-run. The error in judgment which allowed of the enlistment of these men has perhaps done more than anything else to prolong the war. If any doubts remain, let the curious call upon the Government for a return of arms and ammunition surrendered to and captured by the enemy between November 1900 and November 1901, and then, if the answer be justly given, judge of the necessity of arsenals for our enemy.

The brigadier had finished his interview with his superior, and the clink of glasses had shown that the general had not sent him off without a stirrup-cup. He came out upon the verandah, and called for his orderly.

Brigadier. "Hullo, Mr Intelligence; I thought you were lost. Come along here out into the road. I want to speak to you, but we must be careful not to be overheard; this place simply teems with rebels. (*They advanced into the Broadway, the orderly following at a respectful distance.*) Now, look here, we are to have a big fight tomorrow. You saw that funny little beggar in the hat. Well, he wasn't playing at robbers,

though you would never have known it. He was really bringing the good news to Ghent—killing horses all the way. He's a local Burnham, and passing good, according to the commandant. Well, he's located Brand, Pretorius, and our old friend Hedgehog¹ at Houwater, and we are going out to give battle. More, they believe that De Wet has doubled back towards Strydenburg, and is trying to link up with these Houwater gentry, as the latter have collected horses for him. Now, our bushranging robber reports that Brand has an outpost of thirty men at a farm on the Ongers River, twelve miles from here, covering the Houwater-Britstown Road. We are to take a surprise party out to-night and round them up. If we succeed, we will run a very good chance of bringing off quite 'a show' to-morrow. So we must get along now, and get out the invitations for the tea-party. The 'Robber' is to meet us here in two hours, and Bruce Hamilton has lent me fifteen of Rimington's Tigers, who are 'fizzers' for this sort of *shikar*."

It would be an artist, indeed, who could analyse and adequately describe the feelings of a man parading for his first night-attack. The magnitude or insignificance of the enterprise is immaterial. The feelings of the young soldiers from the New Cavalry Brigade as they paraded with the hard-bitten swashbucklers, Rimington's

Tigers, were identical with those of the army advancing across the desert to the assault at Tel-el-Kebir; of Wauchope's Highland Brigade blundering to disaster in the slush and bushes before Magersfontein; and Hunter Weston's handful of mounted sappers, who so boldly penetrated into the heart of the enemy's line to destroy the railway north of Bloemfontein. A night-attack must of necessity always be a delicate operation. Shrouded in the mystery of darkness, men know that their safety and the success of the enterprise is dependent upon the sagacity and coolness of one or, at the most, two men. They must be momentarily prepared to meet the unexpected. The smallest failure or miscarriage—the merest chance—may lead to irretrievable disaster. Men who can face death without flinching in the light of day often quail at the thought of it in the darkness. The mental tension is such that once men have been overwhelmed during a night-attack, in like case with the beaten ram of the arena, it must be weeks, even months, before they can be trusted to face a similar situation. No man who has ever taken part in night operations will forget his first sensations. The recurring misgivings bred of intense excitement. The misty hallucinations, outcome of abnormal tension. The awful stillness of the night. The muffled sounds of moving men, exaggerated by the painful silence of the surroundings.

¹ Hertzog.

You long—with a yearning which can only be felt, not described—that something may happen to break the overpowering monotony of this prelude to success or disaster. Some outlet to your pent-up feelings. If only some one would shout, or the enemy surprise you, or—thank God! relief has come,—it has begun to rain!

As the little column of adventurers from the New Cavalry Brigade trudged on in ghostly silence, great drops of icy rain began to fall—harbingers of a coming storm. A shudder of satisfaction passed through the ranks, from the “Robber” leading the forlornhope, with the Intelligence officer and the leader of the Tigers beside him, to little Meadows and his troop of the 20th Dragoons in rear. Then, preceded by a brief ten minutes of inky darkness, the storm broke. It does not rain in South Africa—water is voided from above in solid sheets. A wall of beating rain pours down, obliterating the landscape by day, intensifying the darkness by night. The column came to a halt; the horses, unable to face the downpour, in spite of bridle, bit, and spur, swing round their tails to meet it. And before a collar can be turned or a coat adjusted every man in the column is drenched to the skin. For ten minutes perhaps the deluge lasts, then fades away as rapidly as it came. And as one by one the misty features of veldt reappear, you can hear the passing rainstorm receding from you, still churning the

veldt surface into sticky pulp. The officers re-form the column, and the journey is continued. But though the respite has been short, it has been valuable; local inconvenience acts as a sedative to the nerves. Besides, there is less silence. The track that was parched and spongy has now become soft and slippery. Horses flounder and slide. Wet macintoshes swish against the animals’ flanks, and hoofs are raised with a rinsing, sucking sound. But there is man’s work afoot. As the rain-mists sufficiently clear, the “Robber” is able to take his bearings. The head of the column has now reached the foot of a long low-lying ridge. The end cannot be seen; but the “Robber” explains that the farm where the Boers should be lies in a small cup at the foot of the farther end of this ridge. The column has already reached the place where it will be advisable to leave the horses. If they are taken farther along, the Boer picket, which is probably stationed on the ridge, may be disturbed. Now, even if a horse should neigh, it would be mistaken for one of the many broodmares belonging to the farm. The march has been admirably timed; it still wants two hours to daybreak. It will take fully half this time to work along the ridge, overpower the picket if there is one, and surround the farm.

“Dismount—Number threes take over the horses.” The word is passed from man to man in whispers. There is some little noise. Exaggerated

by the situation, it sounds a babel. Can any enemy within a mile have failed to hear it? A rifle-butt hits against a stone. A horse, either pulled by the bit or terrified at some night-horror, backs and plunges, and disturbs the whole section. A smothered curse, as in the *melée* some man's foot is trampled. Surely such a noise would wake the dead! No; the men fall in at the foot of the hill. They are told to lie down and wait. The horror of that waiting! There is a sound on the side of the hill. A boulder has been shifted. The men clutch their rifles, the click of a pistol cocking is clearly audible. Then a form looms up. The "Robber" signals silence. The figure is approaching. It is only the Kaffir scout, who had been sent on in advance to locate, if possible, the picket. He comes up and hangs his head upon his hand. He has found the picket, and this is his way of demonstrating that the two Boers comprising it are asleep.

Harvey of Rimington's takes command. He issues his orders, first to his own men, then to the whole. They are simple: "Fix bayonets. I will take the Kaffir with me. When I hold up both my hands, the left section of fours will follow me. You know what to do; mind, not a shot is to be fired. The force will advance up the hill extended to two paces, and halt as soon as it reaches the summit. If we are discovered by more than the picket, Rimington's will rally on me, the 20th on their own officer. Re-

member, your line of retreat must be to the horses."

Then the advance began. Slowly the men toiled up. It seemed impossible to make the ascent in silence. Men must trip in darkness over rough ground—tripping men with rifles in their hands make what appears to be a fearful clatter. By hypothesis it would seem impossible to surprise even a sleeping picket. But you have only to be on picket duty once to realise how full the night is of deceptive noises. In reality the advance was made with praiseworthy silence. Just as the top was reached, the Kaffir plucked Harvey's arm. His veldt-bred eyes could see that which was still obscured from the white man. "Near, near!" he whispered in the captain's ear. Harvey raised both his hands above his head. Silently, but with the agility of cats, the four lean Colonials followed him. Six paces on, and under the shelter of a rock appear the forms of two men, asleep and rolled in their blankets. It is not necessary to describe what followed. A leap forward by four lithe figures with shortened arms, a sinuous flash of steel, a sickening thud and gurgle, one choking wail, and all was over, and two farmer-soldiers had paid the extreme penalty for the betrayal of the trust their comrades had placed in them!

Five minutes for breathing space. Then the little line was reformed diagonally along the table-top of the ridge. Half the game had been won. It

now remained to complete the coup. If the unexpected did not happen, there was no reason why the farmhouse should not be surrounded by daybreak. But in war it is the unexpected which does happen. Slowly the thirty men worked along the plateau towards the point of the ridge. Two-thirds had been traversed, when suddenly two figures appeared against the eastern sky.

"Reliefs for the picket—d—n!" muttered the Rimington captain, and as the truth flashed upon him came the challenge in Dutch—

"*Wie dar?*"

"Follow me, Rimington's!" and the nearest men joined their captain in a dash to reach the men. But it was too late. Up came the Mausers. Two wild shots, and the relief had turned and was rushing

down the hill towards the farm. If it had been day, all might have yet been saved by paco. But in night operations you cannot take these risks, especially when only one man in the force knows the exact position of the objective. Harvey rallied his men on the ridge, and even before he could place them in position, Mausers were popping from below, disclosing the kraals and outhouses of the farm.

"We must stop up here till daybreak. They will be gone before that. Well, there will be no surprise of Hertzog at Houwater to-day, all through a turn of rank bad luck!" and the Rimington captain commenced to fill his pipe, for his long abstinence from tobacco-smoke by reason of the night-march had been his particular grievance since the column had left Britstown.

(To be continued.)

NEW ISSUES.

ENGLISH LITERATURE THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES — GOLDSMITH AND LAMB: TWO RECENT DISCOVERIES—THE COMPATIBILITY OF WIT AND WISDOM—THE DIGNITY OF AUTHORSHIP—SIR WALTER BESANT *VERSUS* THACKERAY—MR WILLIAM BLACK—TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.

"THE English were superior to the French in one gift, that of humour, and in this they have only been equalled or approached by the Germans among great literary peoples." Fielding's immortal philosopher measured all things by the unalterable rule of right and the eternal fitness of things, and in remarking upon some recent English publications we feel that we are acting up to Mr Square's golden rule in giving precedence to the translation of a remarkable German work which attempts to review the whole of our literature from Chaucer to Tennyson.¹ We confess that this initial statement of Professor Engel took us by surprise, and led us to suspect the author of a subtle irony. But a perusal of the volume proved the error of our suspicion. What at first seemed a paradox we came to see was merely a fact; and as we are compelled to deny Professor Engel the possession of a critical faculty, we admit the more gladly that he has fully vindicated the claims of German humour.

Only occasionally does it happen to the nation as to the individual "to see ourselves as

others see us." The revelation can hardly ever be flattering: it must always be interesting. Professor Engel's work is supremely interesting, and in this particular may confidently be said to challenge comparison with any other work of fiction of the season. It is futile and childish to sulk if our reflection in a true mirror does violence to our self-esteem. But Professor Engel does not hold up the true mirror of criticism to our literature: his conclusions are the result of peering at his subject through glasses clouded with insufficiency of knowledge and distorted by obsolete prejudices. He has approached his task not with the urbanity of the critic, but truncheon in hand like a surly policeman. To those whom he dare not "arrest" — authors of good and honourable repute like Geoffrey Chaucer or William Shakespeare—he seldom fails to administer a caution "not to do it again"; he has his favourites, too, like all policemen, and when Byron and Moore are busily coining false metal, he is not to be found upon his beat; but let him meet the mildest and most inoffensive "Laker or Lakist,"

¹ A History of English Literature. By Professor Engel. Translated from the German. Revised by Hamley Bent, M.A. Methuen & Co. 1902.

and he rushes on him with Hyde-like fury and fells him with his baton.

As it is our wish to be quite fair to Professor Engel both as critic and humorist, we invite our readers' attention to some of the plums which almost choked us in his pudding. (We offer no apology for the homely metaphor, since it is a favourite one of the author's. Lyly's style is described as "a plum-cake without flour,"—a very happy description of this diverting 'History of English Literature,' if for "plum" we may read "chestnut.") On our very greatest writers, as we have hinted, Professor Engel is orthodoxly commonplace. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton receive on the whole respectful, if not illuminative, treatment; but it is the radical weakness of this book that where its criticism is just, it is also trivial. A history of literature cannot be judged by its decisions on authors who have for centuries been adjudged superior to any critical tribunal. Over certain authors, such as Byron and Moore, Professor Engel is enthusiastic to an extent which every English critic can make allowance for though he cannot share; but in general he is ill-tempered as well as blind, and his occasional deviations into sense are due only to a timid and reluctant obedience to unassailable literary formulæ.

Like Mr Mallock and a few others, Professor Engel takes the "Baconians" seriously, and brings heavy ordnance to bear on a rabble of unarmed fanatics. The task was unworthy of a

historian of English Literature, but we commend his classification of "Baconians" into "orthodox-minded lunatics, ignorant ignoramuses, unreasoning newsmongers, . . . forming altogether a many-voiced fools' chorus, where each leading fool extols his own pet crotchet." Unfortunately the professor extends his resentment to the victim of this fools' chorus, to one of the great glories of our Jacobean prose: "Of all the better known writers of the sixteenth century, even prose writers, Bacon is the most prosaic, the most insipid, and the most pedantic. . . . There is much that is clever in Bacon's Essays, but an incomparably greater number of commonplaces and platitudes is to be found." On Bunyan, too, we find an amazing deliverance: "The language is exceedingly insinuating and lacks vigour; as we read on, the style strikes us as unhealthy." The judgments on poetry surpass even this high standard of futility. Next to Shakespeare, we are told, Sir Walter Raleigh is the greatest lyricist of the Elizabethan era. Herrick, to whom some nine lines are assigned, "we may mention as an agreeable anacreontic poet." "Lycidas" cannot lay claim to permanent importance: "Milton is not one of those poets whose works are the inalienable possession of all civilised peoples; none of his poems, characters, or even of his verses, rivet the imagination and heart of countless readers outside the limits of his native land. . . . Byron's 'Cain' stands far above 'Para-

dise Lost.'” The Cavalier poets produced nothing remarkable: “The Davenants, Wallers, Lovelaces, Cowleys, Carews, and Sucklings have left whole volumes of lyrics, but hardly one of their volumes is worth considering.” The whole English comedy of manners is summarily dismissed as “coarse, vulgar, and bestially indecent,” though the author magnanimously admits later that Congreve had “a decided talent.”

For the Classical poets is reserved the fullest fury of the storm. Dryden is “a man of no character, a pliable time-server, and his non-dramatic poems are of no interest at the present day. The best thing that can be said of his plays is that they gave birth to one of the most brilliant satires in English literature—the ‘Rehearsal.’” In dealing earlier with Spenser, Professor Engel gave us a taste of his quality, or rather the quality of his taste, by his irrelevant sneer at the “virgin queen who, with her sixty years, was the essence of female ugliness.” When he approaches Alexander Pope, Professor Engel breaks all the unwritten laws of critical decency. With a coarse guffaw he gloats over the poor little secrets of Pope’s toilet, assuring us that without a knowledge of this twaddle we may not hope to understand our great master of poetical form. Not that there is much to understand in any case. “There is no wit in the ‘Rape of the Lock.’” Pope may “be left unread without

any qualms of conscience. He did not add a single line to the imperishable stock of poetry. . . . The Dwarf laid sacrilegious hands on yet another Giant, and transformed the bard of the people into a Homer for the use of the drawing-room.” It has no doubt often happened that dead lions have been mistreated in this way, but the performance is neither edifying nor amusing. Professor Engel’s chief characteristic as a critic is his inability to see beyond the leather and prunello of his subject; and he may be assured that it is only himself he makes ridiculous when he can see in Pope only “a padded man who wore the stays.” It has never been the practice of English philosophy to deride the genius of Immanuel Kant by reason of his physical stature.

We can only briefly catalogue a few more notable examples of this German higher criticism. By this time our readers will be prepared to hear with some measure of fortitude that Steele and Addison left no work in prose and verse to gain them lasting remembrance; that “when it is a question of third-rate poets, Johnson is just the man to understand them and to help others to do the same”; that “Gray has not written a single poem of which the mildest criticism can assert that it is real poetry.” Nineteenth-century writers, excepting of course Byron, Moore, and Carlyle, fare no better, and are crushed under the hammer of the mailed fist. Some of Scott’s

novels "will certainly long outlast the century in which they were produced," but "Willibald Alexis is his most important successor,—in fact, almost his rival." Readers of Lockhart and De Quincey will remember "Alexis" or Häring best as the impudent forger of 'Walladmor'— "a free translation from the English of Walter Scott." His share in drawing some measure of attention to this stupid hoax is one of the regrettable incidents in De Quincey's literary career, but he retrieved himself as a critic by speaking with no uncertain voice of the literary quality of the forgery. "Such rubbish," says De Quincey, "such almighty nonsense no eye has ever beheld. I shall think the better of the German author as well as myself so long as I live: of him for an unrivalled artist of sows' ears; and of myself for a very respectable manufacturer of silk purses."

Among the other "casualties" we note the bruised form of Keats, whose works "do not justify the opinion that he was already a great poet at the time of his death"—a heresy which 'Maga' gladly underlines by way of expiating one of the indiscretions of her youth. Coleridge's exquisite "Love" "drags along almost interminably and in a sleepy fashion through dozens of stanzas." Wordsworth at his best is only fit for a child's reading-book, and Professor Engel gravely asks if "we can imagine anything in worse taste than moralising on a purely human

feeling." After reading his book, we can conscientiously assure him that our imagination is equal to the effort. In the three lines allotted to him, Matthew Arnold pays the penalty of his appreciation of the "Lakists" by being dismissed as "a poet below mediocrity and a narrow-minded critic." Southey as a poet we are not prepared to break a lance over; but he was a great writer of prose, and his work and character equally entitle him to the respect of all men of letters. Professor Engel thinks differently, and expresses his opinion in a manner equally at variance with criticism and good taste: "For the really shameful way in which he denounced Byron and Shelley to the English people and to the authorities, he at anyrate suffered in *this world*—*he was out of his mind during his last years*." The italics are ours, and we leave them to our readers without justification or comment.

Coming down to more recent times, Professor Engel recognises that Tennyson has written very agreeably for young ladies, and he offers us hope that "one or two of his shorter poems will survive." For Hood there is more chance: "In order to understand what English humour is, let any one read Hood's 'Parental Ode to My Son'"—a dictum which goes to prove that the professor is less skilled in the theory than in the practice of humour. As regards fiction, "nearly every English novel brings in two important questions, 'Will he

marry her?' and, 'How many hundred or thousand pounds sterling has he or she per annum?'" Tested by this standard, Thackeray lacks "ideal elasticity," while 'The Last Days of Pompeii' is "the most successful of historical novels." With one of his frequent lapses into downright bad taste, Herr Engel assures us that Miss Austen's work "is tinged with that sour disposition with which we are acquainted in so many novels by unmarried middle-aged female novelists." By way of amends for this ungallantry, Professor Engel, in a history which finds no room to mention Malory, Butler, Walton, Cowley, Hazlitt, Lamb, Lockhart, Wilson, Borrow, Mrs Browning, Miss Rossetti, Mrs Oliphant, Blackmore, Pater, Meredith, devotes some attention to Mrs Henry Wood.

In a page allotted to current periodical literature, 'Maga' views her name with somewhat mixed feelings. She appears along with the 'Review of Reviews' and 'Fraser's' (the translators, with a happy afterthought, have appended a note that 'Fraser' is no longer current) among organs "partly entertaining, partly literary." We infer from this that literature and entertainment are mutually exclusive in Germany, and Professor Engel's work goes far to support this inference. We miss any mention of our old friend the 'Spectator,' and we fear there will be no jubilation round the Old Mahogany Tree at the comparison of our inimitable Mr Punch

with the jesters of the 'Kladderadatsch.'

We cannot take leave of Professor Engel without recording that his History is enriched by two contributions to constructive criticism. Defoe, whose name was really Foe, was educated in the same suburb of London as Edgar Allan Poe: "It is beyond a doubt that Edgar Poe was greatly indebted to Defoe." The other discovery is a more important one. Professor Engel has exhumed our greatest critic: "Blair was for England what Lessing was for Germany; English composition in accordance with the rules of art is founded upon his lectures." Even to Scotsmen, Blair requires a footnote, and 'Maga' is quite willing for once to endorse a judgment of Mr Edmund Gosse, that Blair's lectures may be compared to a bucket of warm water. It is, however, easy to discover the source of Professor Engel's strenuous advocacy of the gaseous Blair: "We need only read Blair's crushing condemnation of French tragedy to recognise a new and mighty power."

We offer no apology for having dealt at some length with an intrinsically worthless book. Had it been written by an Englishman, we should have passed it by in silence, but the foisting of a translation of this sort on the English public merits the severest criticism. The translators are anonymous, and their deviations from the rules of syntax can only be accounted for on the supposition that, on their author's

advice, they have founded their practice on the lectures of Blair. For the matter of the book we leave our extracts to speak for themselves. A difference of standpoint we were quite prepared for, but there is no glimmer of any underlying principle of criticism in Professor Engel's book. It consists of a mass of disconnected and uncritical comments, in the madness of which there is no method. A writer who can ignore both Lamb and Hazlitt should not have essayed a History of English Literature. To try to do so is only to confirm Professor Engel's own admission, "that no nonsense is complete till it has stepped into the world dressed up by the aid of German philosophy."

Lovers of Elia—and happily there are few but Professor Engel who would boldly say, like Sterne's foolish scullion, "So am not I"—recently had their expectations whetted by news of a "Lamb" discovery by Mr E. V. Lucas. An excellent facsimile of 'The King and Queen of Hearts' has now been issued, with an introduction by Mr Lucas, but the booklet does not call for jubilation. That Lamb is really the author of this doggerel for children, we think Mr Lucas successfully proves, and the fact has a certain bibliographical value, inasmuch as it establishes 'The King and Queen of Hearts' as Lamb's first attempt at writing children's books. Mr Lucas, with pardonable enthusiasm,

sees in it "a certain quaint character of its own." To our thinking the verses are execrably bad, and strangely unworthy of Lamb—and of Mulready's "elegant engravings" to which they are appended; and instead of thus giving, by separate publication, an importance to this trifle which is quite disproportionate, and does no honour to Elia, Mr Lucas would have done better to retain it for its proper place in the complete edition of Lamb which we understand he has in preparation. To prove that we are uttering no heresy, one verse may suffice:—

"How like a thievish Jack he looks!
I wish for my part all the cooks
Would come and baste him with a
ladle

As long as ever they were able,
To keep his fingers' ends from itching
After sweet things in the Queen's
kitchen."

There is little here of the "true spirit of simplicity" which Canning discovered in his witty analysis of the immortal epic of the 'Tarts.'

Some years ago, in reviewing in these pages Mrs Oliphant's 'Annals of a Publishing House,' we had occasion to remark on two notable omissions in her brilliant chronicle of 'Maga's' youth: "It is a delight to 'Maga' to be able to count among her poets not only 'Bridget Elia' but Charles Lamb himself—names both, to use his own beautiful phrase, 'which carry a perfume in the mention.'"¹ The recent appearance in a London sale-room of the manuscript of a

¹ "'Maga' and her Publishers," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' December 1897.

supposed unpublished sonnet by Mary Lamb served to remind us of the fact, apparently unknown to so many even of his editors, that Lamb not only received early and generous recognition from 'Maga's' young lions, but published numerous poems under the beard of Buchanan. We have to thank the vigilant Mr Lucas for his promptitude in pointing out that the alleged unpublished Sonnet to Emma Isola appeared in these pages above the signature of Mary Lamb in June 1829. We would, in return, remind him that the sonnet as published in 'Maga' contains some important improvements on the manuscript form.¹

Goldsmith, too, like Charles Lamb, wrote children's books in his day, but this is the least of the many things in common between these two great masters of humour and of style. The golden link that binds them together in our literature is the personal affection they have won wherever English books are read. Neither, it may be, attained the highest summits of "the difficult mountain-top," but no two men of letters have gained a more enviable immortality. Precisely for this reason no two writers are

more difficult of dispassionate critical approach, for regarding them criticism shares something of the blindness of love. And there is nothing mysterious in the peculiar attraction they wield. They win our sympathy by the very human foibles in their character, and they complete the conquest as they reveal in their beautiful and spotless page their illimitable store of humour and humanity. If Goldsmith's life lacks any equivalent for the supreme heroism that irradiates Lamb's, it was none the less but poetic justice that Posterity—on whom Goldsmith was always drawing bills—should gladly honour the draft, and pay to his memory the honour which he desired so much and obtained so little of "here below."² The account is still being paid with generous interest, and for readers innumerable, even in countries not speaking the language of Goldsmith and Lamb—

"His name, with but *that* other's,
shines above
All whom we honour not so much as
love."

In some admirable verses from which the above couplet is taken, Mr Bertram Dobell fitly and gracefully dedicates

¹ [The following list of the Lambes' contributions to 'Maga' may be of interest to our readers: "The Wife's Trial; or, The Intriguing Widow," Dec. 1828; "The Gipsy's Malison," Jan. 1829; "The Christening" and "For a Young Lady's Album," May 1829; "For the Album of Miss —, French Teacher at Mrs Gisborn's School, Enfield," June 1829; "To Emma Learning Latin and Desponding," by Mary Lamb, June 1829; "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," Jan. 1830.—Ed. B. M.]

² "Mr Posterity, Sir, Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds' worth of praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity that will then be very serviceable to him." From the Preface to 'Essays by Mr Goldsmith,' 1765.

the newest Goldsmith "discovery" to Dr Austin Dobson. We say fitly, since it is the just ambition of every writer on matters pertaining to eighteenth-century literature that the author of 'Beau Brocade' should stand godfather to the child of his invention or industry. We are glad that the interesting discovery of the first printed form of "The Traveller" should have fallen to Mr Dobell, whose knowledge and zeal are well known to all who take interest in the literature of the old Georgian days, and whose distinction it is to maintain unimpaired the highest traditions of eighteenth-century English bookselling.

It is no small thing to be admitted into Goldsmith's workshop and to see how the faultless couplets have been smoothed into shape. For the extraordinarily formless and chaotic state of "A Prospect of Society"—the name of Goldsmith's first proof of "The Traveller" and afterwards its sub-title—a curious but conclusive solution has already been found. Goldsmith, it seems, sent a portion of his poem to the printer in nine sheets of manuscript—let us charitably suppose unnumbered—and the printer set them up in inverse order! There can be no doubt that this was what happened, and that the poor poet got back his first "proof"—which Mr Dobell has found—in the form of "pie." Mr Dobell's natural surprise at the state of Goldsmith's first draft of his poem is therefore accounted for

by a typographical blunder that is possibly unique in its humour. Apart from this, Mr Dobell's discovery has real interest, for it goes to prove what few text-books admit, that Goldsmith's style was not achieved without labour. He was no more a gentleman who wrote with ease than an inspired idiot who stumbled into a beautiful style. His essays have long been there to prove as much. He recast them often, and few lessons in style could equal the comparing of the different versions of his essays. What originally is suspiciously Johnsonian in its utterance, Goldsmith deftly touches and retouches, until the period emerges shining with an indefinable grace. Mr Dobell's discovery adds new proof to this unassailable fact—that Goldsmith, though he did not make a boast of it, was a conscientious artist. His corrections on "The Traveller" are nearly all for the better, and it is well known to every student of the poem that every edition in his lifetime bore the mark of the most careful revision. No one will be better pleased than Mr Dobell to have found that the horrid doubts awakened by the state of the first draft of "The Traveller" are groundless. The villain of the play is the waggish printer who set up Goldsmith's manuscript upside down, and, like Lockhart's "Lord Peter," broke at once "the laws of God and man and metre."

That Goldsmith was not a favourite of fortune may be

admitted; but to depict him, as once was the fashion, as the poor drudge and victim of a gang of rascally booksellers and publishers, is an exploded tradition. Competent students of Goldsmith have long ago had to admit with regret that Oliver was Goldsmith's worst enemy. The "artistic temperament" is a soothing phrase which has been employed to cover some notable lapses from prudence and morality, but none but inferior authors or critics have ever condescended to take advantage of this amazing cant. It was the defect of Goldsmith's finest quality that made him generous before he was just, and that is no reason for launching wild impeachments against honest John Newbery. History no less than common-sense, and more especially the dignity of authorship, are against the opinion so dear to sentiment that the man of letters is necessarily "in wit a man, simplicity a child." We cannot honestly see any reason why because a man proves himself a great genius he should be assumed to be a great fool. Yet this assumption has been made by writers of some repute, and it underlies that part of his varied and strenuous life-work which Sir Walter Besant certainly regarded with most pride.

Sir Walter Besant's 'Autobiography' is a disappointing book. Every reader of it will make the fullest allowance for the fact that it did not receive its author's final revision; but this cannot be said to decrease its fidelity as a truthful reflec-

tion of its writer's opinions on his art. That Sir Walter Besant had the interests of authors and the dignity of the profession of literature very near at heart is unquestionable, yet we cannot believe that his efforts had the slightest effect in adding to the prestige of literature. For one who would have the hardihood to claim an accession of "dignity" for the fiction and journalism of to-day, we venture to affirm that there are ninety-nine who will regretfully admit that in the public view the cultivation of the Muses is in danger of sinking from a profession to a trade. It has happened before that good causes have been shipwrecked by the mistaken and misdirected zeal of well-meaning propagandists; and if, as we think, the "dignity of letters" is in a somewhat parlous condition, Sir Walter Besant cannot be acquitted of a large responsibility for this disaster by his acrimonious and illogical handling of the subject. He was himself surprised—but quite needlessly—by "a very unexpected and remarkable opposition from those who ought to be our own friends—certain authors and certain journalists."

Proceeding from the curious assumption that literary men are incapable of the business acumen of an average shopkeeper, Sir Walter Besant with more zeal than discretion appointed himself their guardian angel. Time that might have been devoted to the great literary project of his later years

he wasted unselfishly in listening to the fancied grievances of innumerable literary cranks and failures, and in teaching "the game they did not understand" to the bland and child-like victims of the publisher. Our own reading never led us to suspect that the novelists of the present day were handicapped by an excess of modesty and unworldliness. We have heard of some whose simplicity in business matters took the curious form of extortion; and a fairly wide acquaintance with that inimitable modern development of journalism in which biographical detail and modest advertisement are so happily blended—the illustrated interview—had induced in us the erroneous opinion that many of the "subjects," had they so willed it, might have attained high distinction in any of the lower branches of the legal profession. But, as Sir Walter Besant never wearied of repeating, the Artists of fiction have ever been misunderstood and unappreciated.

"Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was ever, so far as I know, offered a Peerage; neither King, Queen, nor Prince in any country throughout the whole world takes the least notice of them. . . . Novelists are not associated as are painters; they hold no annual exhibitions, dinners, or conversazzioni; they put no letters after their names; they have no President or Academy."

It is nearly twenty years since Sir Walter Besant, in his rôle of "boisterous martyr," gave voice to this lament, and authors can now proudly point to the removal of all of these grievances. Sir Walter himself had the coals of royal recogni-

tion heaped on his head; authors are now able to enlist in more than one co-operative society; their frequent dinners are the glory of the profession; and at last there is to be an Academy so catholic and unexclusive that literary mediocrity need debar no one from admission. And what meanwhile of the "dignity of letters"? Poor Thackeray and Dickens, who were "never offered a Peerage," and who were doubtless quite content to leave such honours as the fitting rewards of municipal activity, are to have a remarkable honour done them by an American publisher, aided by a number of English prose "artists." The memorial is to take the form of a "millionaire edition" of these novelists' works, and Dr Robertson Nicoll, who is one of the editors, assures us that the price will not be more than £2000 a set. We have no quarrel with the price: every book-lover will gladly admit that from all points of view the thing is dirt cheap. We are not able to give our readers any details as to the exterior adornment of this Anglo-Saxon tribute to Dickens and Thackeray, but again all book-lovers will agree that only one kind of leather can be thought of for the binding of this stupendous memorial. Nothing but an exaggerated contempt for the literary dictator of Chicago can have led the publishers to refrain from starting this promising series with a "billionaire edition" of Bacon. But we ought to be glad of the honour proposed for our peerless Thackeray. We fortunately know

what *he* thought of the dignity of authorship.

"Does society look down on a man because he is an author? . . . Is there to be a guard of honour provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? . . . To any literary man who says, 'It despises my profession,' I say with all my might—No, no, no. . . . A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was mistake, and not ill-will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison! dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon you?"

Between Sir William Besant and Mr William Black there was little in common. The former, with a sincere but misguided enthusiasm, devoted himself to the task of destroying a bogey of his own imagining—the endangered dignity of the novelist as an Artist. Mr Black, as we see him revealed in Sir Wemyss Reid's loyal and skilful memoir, was content with being an artist; and while he rightly and to his honour eschewed the ostentatious financial imprudence which is the surest sign of mediocrity both in morality and art, it is certain that his highly strung artistic temperament would have shrunk from the aggressive exaggeration of the commercial aspects of his calling. Like Scott and Stevenson, though

to a less extent, Mr Black, it seems to us, in writing of the Highlands, laboured under the disadvantage of being but a fervent admirer outside the pale. The searching analysis revealed in 'Gilian' or 'John Splendid' is possible only to one who knows the heart, not the fringe, of Celticism, and Mr Black's characters, however faultlessly attired in Highland costume, are never wholly successful impersonations. But if the finest *nuances* of racial character elude the perception of the most appreciative and observant outsider, Nature has no secrets to withhold from all who truly love her. The magic of the Highland hills and lochs has never had a truer interpreter than Mr William Black, and it will be his lasting monument that, following bravely in the footsteps of Scott, he has vividly brought home the glories of his country's scenery to innumerable eyes that can never but "in dreams behold the Hebrides."

On one point, the worthlessness of reviews of fiction, Mr Black and Sir Walter Besant agree with a heartiness that might well disconcert any further attempt at such criticism. As we observe, however, that they confine their disapproval wholly to *adverse* criticism, we feel at liberty to welcome the accession of a new writer of historical fiction whose achievement is little short of his undoubted and remarkable promise. 'Monsieur Martin'¹ is not the hero

¹ Monsieur Martin: A Romance of the Great Swedish War. By Wymond Carey. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1902.

of a conventional Anglo-French romance, in which sorely tried and misrepresented Monsieur at the three hundred and fiftieth page brings haughty Made-moiselle to her knees, and we are thankful to Mr Carey, among many other things, for reminding the writers of to-day that the venue of historical romance is commensurate with history. In choosing for his novel the most eventful period in the epic career of Charles XII., Mr Carey's instinct has done him sovereign service, and the romance that slumbers in the pages of Voltaire and Carlyle he has quickened into vigorous and splendid life.

If Hugo Martin, the English tutor of the Swedish Countess Polentsjerna, is subjected to a somewhat prolonged and arduous term of service before he wins the hand of his charming pupil, this is Mr Carey's only sacrifice to convention. His novel is chiefly remarkable for the number, variety, and distinctness of the characters, and he at once proves the sterling quality of his art by the equal care which he bestows on all. The plot turns on the scheming of Augustus the Strong (Carlyle's "gay, eupeptic Son of Belial") to form a combination with Peter the Great against the intrepid boy-king of Sweden; and its young mistress is the unwitting means of involving the old loyal house of Polentsjerna in a coil of treasonable intrigue from which it is happily rescued at length

by Monsieur Martin, no longer the dreamy student of Locke but a gallant man-at-arms. The court of the obscene Augustus at Dresden is described with remarkable reticence and power; and though Mr Carey's "cast" contains many "stars," there is certainly no more subtly drawn character than the merry, sinful Fräulein Käthen, who from a fleeting and wayward goodness of heart becomes the good fairy of the plot, only to be plucked back by an inevitable fate (and an unflinching art) into the maelstrom of vice. The temptation to make the heroic king himself the outstanding figure of the story must have been overwhelming, and in resisting it Mr Carey has sailed perilously near Charybdis. We cannot, however, but applaud his decision, and if Charles seldom crosses the stage, his appearances are sufficiently striking to affect the entire progress of the play. To have handled the subject with a greater familiarity and detail could only have resulted in failure, and Mr Carey's dramatic instinct has very properly led him to invest the hero with some of the mystery of the unknown. Historical fiction is not as a rule very closely allied to historical accuracy, and it is not the least merit of 'Monsieur Martin' that there is embedded in its absorbing narrative a rich mine of accurate historical research.

In 'The Way of Escape'¹ Dr Margaret Todd has found

¹ The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1902.

a subject more congenial to her special gift of narrative than any she has attempted since her memorable maiden effort, and it is a happy, if not a surprising, coincidence to find how easily Dr Todd has reverted to her earliest and most pleasing style of writing, which brought Dr Ralph Dudley so many imaginary rivals for the hand of Mona Maclean. If we examine any novelist's works in chronological order, we must surely detect a change of attitude towards the problems of life: the later books are generally sadder and wiser than the early ones, tragedy is always thrusting out comedy, and satire usurping the place of humour. In exemplifying this rule, 'The Way of Escape' sins against neither experience nor art. The story which it tells is the old and painful one of the woman with the scarlet letter, and it is her crowning merit that she tells it with a consummate delicacy unfortunately beyond the reach of some capable lady novelists of our day. 'The Way of Escape' necessarily invites comparison with Hawthorne's masterpiece, but the parallel does not extend far. Vera Carruthers lives in our own day, and her shame, which in a Puritan world found its punishment in an external badge, inflicts on its modern victim the equally severe penalty of finding a way of escape from the torment of a violated self-respect. "When lovely woman stoops to folly, and finds too late that men betray," there is but one way of escape,

and Dr Todd agrees with Dr Goldsmith.

In 'The Way of Escape' Dr Todd shows her old adroitness in swift and penetrating characterisation, and in excellent and sparkling dialogue. In some minor points she has still to learn. When she is most didactic, she sins—in the excellent company of George Eliot—in making her adult characters converse like conceited pupil-teachers; and the language of the children in 'The Way of Escape' convicts her, like Johnson, of making her "little fishes talk like whales." Miss Todd is never seen to more advantage than when she is satiric, and she has not a little of Mrs Oliphant's uncanny power of flicking the weak points of her countrymen's character with a very gentle but very galling touch. Among the best things in 'The Way of Escape' are the caustic descriptions of Professor Harrington, who, while enjoying his after-dinner wine and cigar, remembers suddenly, "Why, bless me, I am forgetting prayers. Just touch the bell, Giles. We will have the servants in here;" and Mrs Giles Willoughby, who kept a goodly store of "little books,"—"and when she goes out in a hurry, she says, 'Just run upstairs, will you, Jane?—two unconverteds and one backslider.'" Miss Todd has a keen eye for cant, and we could wish that in the future she would give further scope to her undoubted talent for humorous satire.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCOTTISH SCHOOLS.

"THE King has been pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the opportunities for physical training now available in the State-aided day-schools and other educational institutions of Scotland, and to suggest means by which such training may be made to conduce to the welfare of the pupils; and, further, how such opportunities may be increased by continuation classes and otherwise, so as to develop, in their practical application to the requirements of life, the faculties of those who have left the day-schools, and thus to contribute towards the sources of national strength."

It is difficult to overestimate the importance, not only to Scotland but to the Empire at large, of the work assigned to this Royal Commission; but if we are to obtain the fullest value from its deliberations, it must be supported by an adequate and enlightened public opinion, in formulating such a scheme for Scotland as may serve as the basis or model, for a system suited to the needs of the nation at large.

That the value of physical training is already generally recognised in Scotland, and that in this respect it is in advance of other parts of the kingdom, no doubt accounts for the fact of the appointment of this Commission; but it is of such vital importance

that the true aim and principles of such training should not be lost sight of, that we do not hesitate to lay before our readers certain points that must be taken into consideration in dealing with the subject, and especially to invite their attention to an article which appeared in 'Maga' for March 1899 on "Physical Education in Schools," setting forth very clearly "the means by which such training may be made to conduce to the welfare of the pupils."

The writer of that article says: "The mere exercise of boys in elementary drill and gymnastics, without the careful consideration of the physical condition and the special requirements of individuals, does not constitute physical education; nor yet, on the other hand, does an elaborate system of intricate drill and gymnastics, which has for its object the production of professional athletes or trained soldiers. Physical education is as extensive and varied in its character as the school life of the boy." And its true aim is "the training of boys under a system which concerns itself with the air they breathe, the food they eat, the lives they live, in order that they may begin the work of life with a large reserve fund of health and stamina."

In view of the truths here briefly set forth, it is a matter for congratulation that a medi-

cal expert has been included among the members of the Royal Commission, and we cannot doubt but that opportunity will be taken to obtain the advice and help of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians (Edin.) and of the Royal College of Surgeons (Edin.), for the members of these two important bodies should be able to suggest the character of the medical examination which pupils, both male and female, should be required to undergo, as well as the manner in which the system of training should be adapted to the needs and capabilities of the weaker and less developed, for on the principles of physiology, psychology, and of the hygiene of the human body any sound physical training must always depend.

And here it may be well to point out how important it is that due consideration should be given to that side of the question which affects girls. Although they are not expressly mentioned, we cannot suppose that it is not intended to include them in the benefits of any scheme that may be adopted. The marked improvement in health and physical development which has taken place among girls of the upper classes is generally, and no doubt rightly, attributed to the fashion of playing outdoor games, and learning drill, gymnastics, or fencing. No one who has any knowledge of the girls or young women of the working classes but will admit the urgent need for improving their health and bodily development, or can doubt that such improvement would

ultimately conduce to an increase of the national strength. Swedish drill has of course long formed an integral part of the elementary education of girls; and where military drill and gymnastics have been introduced into the schools for boys, girls have commonly been allowed to share them. But there is undoubtedly a danger that their special needs and weaknesses may be overlooked, and if they are to take part in exactly the same forms of physical training as boys, great care and watchfulness will be needed to avoid the danger of overstrain and consequent injury, which can only be safely guarded against by the teachers knowing not only the movement and system of the training, but also the principles of physiology and anatomy on which they are based.

This brings us to the very important point of the training of the teachers. Whether the physical training be given by the regular teaching staff of the school or by outside instructors, it is absolutely necessary that it should only be given by persons thoroughly trained for the purpose. In America this training is very generally provided for, notably by the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, which was established in 1889 with the object of supplying the best opportunities for men and women who desire to prepare themselves to conduct gymnasia, or to direct physical training, according to the most approved methods. The curriculum is so arranged that instruction in the theory

and the practice of gymnastics go hand in hand, and includes such subjects as biology, chemistry, anatomy, psychology, and pedagogy. The course extends over two years, and at the conclusion students who have fully satisfied all the requirements, and have given evidence that they are likely to maintain or carry forward successfully their professional work, receive diplomas. These diplomas, however, are given only to thoroughly trained students.

Although we have no college in this country which gives quite such a wide and scientific course of training as the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, the needs of would-be teachers of physical exercises have not been altogether overlooked. Very excellent work has been done by the Aberdeen Physical Training College, instituted in 1889 for the special purpose of training teachers both in the theory and practice of physical culture: during the first seven years of its existence over a thousand teachers passed through its classes, and its certificates are recognised by the Scottish Education Department. There are many other institutions, both in England and Scotland, which are capable of doing the same work; but there is not one in which the instruction given has the same scientific basis as the American College.

The system adopted at Aldershot for the training of military instructors has been very carefully worked out on scientific principles, and might very well be taken as a model for that

to be carried out in other places.

On whatever plan the training of instructors may, however, be arranged, the successful working of the system must largely depend on the character of the examination and inspection to which the pupils may be subjected. The Education Code provides for the cost of examination in all subjects taught in the schools, and qualified inspectors, either of gymnastics or military drill, might easily be found among officers of the Army or of the Volunteers, who could be specially selected for this duty by the colonel commanding the regimental district.

Perhaps the most interesting and important part of the work confided to the Royal Commission is that which deals with the question of continuing and developing the opportunities for physical training for those who have left the day-schools. The power of the State to make education, whether mental or physical, compulsory, ceases at the age of fourteen; but it is just at this age and on to eighteen that the necessity and advantage of physical training are most apparent, and it may be that the labours of the Commission may lead to some form of physical and even military training being made compulsory for all boys between fourteen and eighteen years of age, on some such system perhaps as that which has been sketched by a recent writer in the 'Times.' He quotes the words of Lord Balfour's letter to school boards in Scotland as

to the value of military drill,—“Not only does it tend to improve manual dexterity and to render more alert the faculties of observation, but it is also pre-eminently useful in developing those habits of comradeship, of responsibility, and of individual resource which are of supreme importance, not only to the nation as a whole, but to the individual pupil”; and he enforces them from his own experience as an employer of labour both in this country and on the Continent, having formed the deliberate opinion that military training, in the countries where it is practised, has not only a high physical and moral, but an appreciable and calculable financial, value, which varies in direct proportion to the thoroughness and strictness with which it is enforced. But there is no doubt that a great deal may be done voluntarily to improve the opportunities for physical training available for boys who have left school, and to encourage them to take advantage of these opportunities.

The Secretary of State for Scotland possesses a very favourable position for directing an inquiry into these subjects, and of securing the co-operation of the various bodies, other than educational ones, which have already exhibited an unusual interest in the practical working out of the problem set before the Royal Commission. The municipal authorities in most cities and towns throughout Scotland have long been supporters of the movement for improving the physique of the

population; at Aberdeen, Dundee, and other places they have supported the quasi-public gymnasias, where school-teachers and others obtain certificates of qualification in the teaching of physical drill, and the county councils, notably in Fife, have not been backward in giving similar encouragement. The athletic clubs throughout Scotland have done, and are doing, much to improve the physique of the Scottish youth; and, lastly, the Scottish Volunteer authorities have introduced a system by which all would-be Volunteer recruits must pass certain tests in physical fitness. All these different bodies have been working with the same end in view—namely, the physical development and training of the youth of the nation; and if the Royal Commission is able to inquire into the various schemes now in operation, and to suggest some method by which they may be co-ordinated and combined for the common good, the practical solution of the problem will not be far distant.

The vital importance to the nation at large of improving the physique of the population of such cities as Glasgow and Dundee cannot escape the notice of a statesman like Lord Balfour; but the question no doubt arises as to what is the proper authority to undertake the work, which, as regards youths between fourteen and eighteen, must be looked upon as a continuation of that done in the day-schools—and no doubt the recommendations of the Commission will deal with the

question as to whether it should be undertaken by the Education Department, or by county or municipal authorities, in the same way as technical education is now. But, in the absence of any compulsory system of training, the unification of system and increase of opportunities will fail to induce those who especially need this training to undergo it. This can only be arrived at by putting a premium on physical qualification in all selections for posts under Government or under municipal authorities, and by requiring a certain number of attendances either at evening classes for physical drill or at outdoor training.

The enormous success of the Boys' Brigade, especially in Scotland, is a convincing proof that both parents and boys themselves recognise the real moral as well as physical value of military drill and training. Though this association aims at producing God-fearing citizens rather than soldiers, its organisation is closely modelled on military lines, and it is really in close touch with the Volunteers through its officers, many of whom hold commissions in the Volunteer force. These facts seem to point to the possibility of some similar organisation, which should include all boys between fourteen and eighteen, and which should be closely allied to the local Volunteer battalions, so as to share with them the use of their training-grounds or drill-halls. These latter are a necessity in any scheme of general physical training, and the ex-

pense of providing them is one of the obstacles in the way of the introduction of such a system; but if an arrangement could be made for the use of the existing halls by boys at an hour when not required by the Volunteers, the expense would be greatly reduced. This association with the Volunteers would have the further advantage of familiarising the boys with the idea of joining our "citizen army," and it might be reasonably expected that a large proportion of them would do so on reaching a suitable age.

In this way the physical training of our population, at school, during youth, and in manhood, might be made to correspond to the threefold division of primary, secondary, and higher education, and military training take its place beside elementary and technical training as a recognised part of the national system of education.

We have endeavoured to indicate as far as possible the points to which it seems to us the Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scottish Schools will need to direct its attention; and to suggest the lines along which its inquiries may be most fruitfully prosecuted. It remains only to appeal to the patriotism of Scotsmen generally to ensure that the work of the Royal Commission may be of the utmost value to the nation.

The honourable pre-eminence in education for which Scotland has so long been noted, and the phenomenal success

presumably *eastward*] should extend their spheres of influence." To meet an objection raised by Lord Salisbury at a previous interview, M. Waddington explained that he did not mean "to imply that the present sphere of influence either of France or Great Britain actually extends up to the Mékong at the present moment, but as a prophylactic."

The matter came up again when Lord Rosebery had succeeded Lord Salisbury, and it fell to him to inform M. Waddington that it was not considered advisable to enter into such an agreement as had been proposed. M. Waddington was told at the same time that we had divested ourselves of the Trans-Mékong States, which we had inherited from Burma, by giving Chieng Kheng to Siam and Kiang Hung to China; and that it was contemplated to offer Siam the assistance of her Majesty's Government in settling with China the boundary between these States. This announcement caused M. Waddington to disclose his position. He remonstrated against the action of the British Government in concluding such an arrangement regarding territory on the left of the Mékong with Siam, after the discussion which had been opened and carried on with France. He protested energetically against the proposal to aid Siam in defining a boundary on the left bank of the Mékong as tending to impair French influence on that bank,—“although,” he added,

“we had declared expressly, and on various occasions, that no European Power except ourselves should, in our opinion, take any action there.” M. Waddington then urged the advantage of resuming negotiations regarding the spheres of influence, concluding with these words:—

“Ces négociations ne sauraient, pensons-nous, être interprétées comme impliquant un danger pour le Siam, car elles ont toujours eu à nos yeux et devront conserver pour base la nécessité d'assurer l'indépendance de cet état.”

On the 8th March 1893 M. Waddington brought the matter forward again. Lord Rosebery pointed out that “the Mékong appeared to run through Siam, and that it could hardly be said that one part of Siam was under British influence and another part under French.” M. Waddington rejoined “that his Government did not admit that any part of Siam lay on the left bank of the Mékong, but regarded the country lying on that side as belonging to Annam.” This was pretty plain speaking, but it should not have taken Lord Rosebery by surprise, if he had been thoroughly conversant with the case; more especially as just a month before, on February 7, Lord Dufferin had reported to him a statement made in the Chamber by the French Under-Secretary of State, that “the Government are still of the opinion expressed by their predecessors two years ago, that the left bank of the Mékong was the western limit of the

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY—THE INTEREST OF DICTIONARIES—THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER—RANDLE COTGRAVE'S BUNDLE OF WORDS—DR JOHNSON AND HIS PREJUDICES—THE CANTING TONGUE OR PEDLAR'S FRENCH—SLANG DICTIONARIES—THE HOUSE OF RICHELIEU—CECIL RHODES'S WILL.

AN ingenious scholar has recently printed, in accurate facsimile, the famous Dictionary, the making of which was the first purpose of Richelieu's Academy; and if it no longer appears a monument of erudition, it throws a vivid light upon the fantastic ambition of a practical statesman. Yet Richelieu's ambition was not merely fantastic: he who had controlled France saw no reason why she should not also control the French tongue; and being characteristically French, he preferred order to eccentricity. So that when he turned the coterie, which once met at the house of Valentin Conrart, into an Academy, it was authority, not dilettantism, that he sought. He did not discourage the free discussion of literature, and an adverse judgment passed upon the 'Cid' was among the early achievements of the Academy; but far more important in his eyes than discussion was the reduction of French speech and French taste to a rigid uniformity. With the courage of a tyrant, he determined that the language of France should be codified as though it were a body of law, and the prime duty of the French Academy, established under the Cardinal's patronage and in

the Parliament's despite, was to set up an inflexible standard of style. A dictionary, a grammar, and a system of rhetoric were to be composed, whose severity should enchain the spirit of France for all time. No word was to be admitted within the Dictionary which was not worthy to be used by an Academician. Though La Fontaine was one of the number, the finest pearls of his speech were not deemed pure enough to hang in the chaplet of the Forty, and as for Rabelais, he was a gross monster of the past; while as for Molière, he was a buffoon, whose existence could not be recognised by a court of taste. This method of compiling a dictionary was at once original and perverse. The book, which should be made up of all such words as great writers had deigned to use, aspired to guide and limit the choice of the masters. In other terms, it was a dictionary, not of French, but of the dialect which the Forty mistook for French. So it was composed by a method of rigorous exclusion. All words of doubtful propriety or of characteristic force were cut out with scrupulous care, as though the Forty feared lest good words might be contaminated by the

mere proximity of bad. Perhaps the pedants believed that in the night-time disreputable vocables got loose from the articles which held them, and ruined the sound and character of such august words as Bossuet might have sanctified by his eloquent pen. But the system was not merely unreasonable—it was also ineffectual. The writers of France continued to frame their own vocabularies, heedless of Academic severity, and if the *prosateurs* of the eighteenth century simplified their style, and avoided slang as they avoided the example of the past, it was not because they were terrified to accuracy by the Dictionary, which they knew not, but because they submitted to the universal and compelling influence of Voltaire. And if the efforts of the forty lexicographers availed nothing in the seventeenth century, how could they win a single adherent in these days of freer taste? France keeps a dim consciousness that somewhere on the Quays a respectable club of amateurs is producing a dictionary of the accepted speech. But if the latest edition of the dictionary were ever finished, it would be buried with the rest in provincial libraries, since no scholar would ever consult it if the masterpieces of Littré or Darmesteter were at his elbow. Such interest, then, as the recent facsimile possesses is antiquarian: it tells us, far more clearly than the literature of the age, how timid and circumscribed was the prevailing taste; at the same time, it

reminds us that dictionaries of all kinds have an enduring interest, and that while they pretend to convey only the dullest information, they enclose within their severe columns the strangest chapters of unconscious history.

It is a common opinion that dictionaries are dull. There was never a more absurd fallacy. Desultory they are in the strictest sense of the word: they compel their readers to jump from one subject to another with irrational speed; yet, for all their discontinuity, they are no less amusing than instructive. "A lexicographer," said Dr Johnson with humorous sincerity, "is a harmless drudge," whose fate it was "to be rather driven by the fear of evil than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise; to be disgraced by miscarriage or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward." Thus wrote Johnson in the full consciousness of a useful work worthily accomplished. Even though his two folios were fresh from the press, he still ranked himself among "those unhappy mortals whom mankind have considered not as the pupils but the slaves of science, the pioneers of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear abstractions from the path of Learning and Genius." 'Tis a hard judgment, which cannot be sustained, least of all against the great lexicographer, who pronounced it against himself and his kind.

We are not, if we may use Johnson's phrase, "so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of the earth, and that things are the sons of heaven." But no intelligent scholar can hunt after *words* without encountering *things* in his chase, and none can consult a great dictionary without learning far more than dry definitions and hasty illustrations can teach him. To ask that a lexicographer "should pierce deep into every science, to inquire the nature of every substance of which he inserts the name," is to counsel perfection. But, if Johnson's hopes were "the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer," no wise man ever made a dictionary without telling the world far more than he meant both of himself and of his learning. This, then, is the value of these books, which have been falsely styled *βιβλία διβιβλία*, books that are no books: at their best, they teach us lessons of history and biography which we might vainly seek elsewhere, and by their preferences or exclusions sketch a true, unconscious portrait of their compilers. That is to say, they may wear upon their pages features as distinct as the features of men; and though they are commonly said to be destitute of style, it is precisely by their style that we recognise and value them.

Of Randle Cotgrave, for instance, we know little save that in 1611 he published a 'Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues.' The dedica-

tion of his "bundle of words," as he modestly calls his book, suggests that he served Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley; while in the manuscripts preserved at Belvoir Castle we read, on the 31st August 1611: "Given to Mr Cotgrave, that presented his French dictionary to my lady, £3." From which we may argue that he was not unknown in the great world; but patronage was as common as the habit of ornate dedication, and the few facts which we have do not separate Cotgrave from his contemporaries. But when we turn to the book itself there is another tale to tell. On "the forehead of this verball creature," to use the author's own wise expression, are clearly written his taste and character. A verbal creature—that is what the dictionary is, a creature alive and alert with its creator's whims and fancies. Above all, he was a pious Christian: under "Alcoran" he says, "the word signifies a true Law, and is therefore most unfit for that most false one;" and, elsewhere, in recording a slang term, he reproves "the canting, blasphemous rogues of France" for its use. And after God and the true faith he most deeply revered nature, whose secrets he is resolute to pierce, and whose treasures he gathers with a patient hand. The plants of the hedgerow, the beasts of the field—he knows them all, and he is ever curious to collect the lore and superstition which they suggest. Indeed, we might compile from his pages a treatise upon the popular botany and herb-

medicine of his time. But while he wandered afield and knew the joy of the open air, he gathered living words as well as living plants. All the odd phrases that he heard in the huts of peasants or at the street corners of cities he put into his book, and he made such a collection of proverbs as may hardly be matched outside Don Quixote. "À rude asne rude asnier," he writes, "a curst wife needs a curbing husband;" or again, "après tout dueil boit on bien," which he interprets, "tippling succeedeth teene." Now he crystallises a popular belief in a phrase: "fille brunette est de nature gaye et nette," he says, "the nut-browne lasse for mirth and neatness doth surpass;" now he wraps in a proverb a wise admonition: "qui bien tire deux en a," which he interprets, "who pulls amaine does rend in twaine." And by his love of proverbs, Cotgrave proves himself the true child of an age when wisdom was summed up in a phrase, and when the people wisely governed its morals by a catchword. But proverbs have perished with fairy-tales before the encroachment of an insistent and uniform education, and our changing standard does but increase the debt we owe to Randle Cotgrave. For the rest, he was an honest lover of Rabelais and of true mirth. All the words which the Academic Dictionary was presently to exile find their place in the columns of Cotgrave, and they lose none of their force by his embellishment. Indeed he was, for us,

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXXXIX.

the real interpreter of Rabelais. When Sir Thomas Urquhart set himself to translate the incomparable Alcofribas, he prudently asked Cotgrave to resolve his doubts, and loyally followed the lexicographer even in his errors. Friar John of the Funnels, as is well known, got his English name because Randle Cotgrave misunderstood le Frère Jean des Entommeuses; and false as the rendering is, it is already sanctified by time and usage.

But Cotgrave's most fruitful ingenuity is expended in the amassing of synonyms. Like all the Elizabethans, he was copious and extravagant. He never used one word where he might use ten. When he set himself to define a word, he rejected the common method of explanation, and piled up equivalents. It is the fashion nowadays to declare that there are no such things as synonyms, and the fashion may be justified. But Cotgrave loved eloquence better than logic; he fiercely lusted after strange and picturesque words; and while his dictionary is a model of accuracy, it is also a treasure-house of coloured, yet obsolescent, speech. Wherever you turn, you will find the same ebullience. Here follows, for instance, what "fatrassé" suggests to him: "patched, botched, ill-favouredly set on, confusedly heaped, foolishly put together; also, trifling, vain, idle; made or consisting of trash." But especially he excelled in terms of abuse or reprobation. Had his writings been more gravely continuous in style, he would have equalled

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Nash, Greene, and the rest in invective. "Scélérat" is enough to prove that rough words came trippingly to his tongue: "A lewd villaine, wicked rogue, ungracious wretch, filthie fellow, naughtie packe"—such is his interpretation, which is well matched by the vigorous rendering of "bobancier": "an unthrift, rioting waster, superfluous spender, immoderate stroy-good, luxurious or excessive squanderer; also, a proud, saucie, boasting, or insolent asse." Thus we may sum up from his dictionary the talent and character of Cotgrave. Bookworm though he was, he was also one to whom the sounds and sights of nature were familiar; and though the country had cast its spell upon him, he knew also the life of the streets and the taverns. He listened to the cant of the coney-catchers with the same delight as to the lore and proverbs of the peasantry, and if circumstances bade him frequent the court, it was among the people of his native land that he found his most various and attractive experience. Withal he was irascible, fluent, and obstinate. He did not easily endure affront, and he was always ready to retort upon an assailant with picturesque eloquence. Nor is this sketch of his character an unwarranted fantasy. The evidence of the "verball creature" is simple and complete. Were the voice of history silent upon Florio, we might still discover Resolute John from his 'Worlde of Wordes.' The style of the book corroborates the evidence of facts, and though in the life

of Cotgrave facts are missing, we may look for him, too, in his dictionary with perfect confidence.

Dictionaries, then, may not only possess style; they are, at their best, pages of autobiography. Had Boswell never written, we might still draw a picture of the great lexicographer from his colossal dictionary. Even in outward semblance the book is its author's counterpart. It is as ponderous and as lumbering in size and shape as the original. As it would knock you down with a blow, so it speaks to you in a loud, insistent voice. Its long words are those which the author loved, and used to better purpose than any other of his generation. Logical as are the most of his definitions, even Johnson was now and again driven back upon synonyms. Worse still, he was compelled at times to change easier words into harder, as burial into sepulture or interment, dryness into siccicity or aridity. But, as he said quite truly, "the easiest word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy," and his love of Latin derivatives is familiar. Again, Johnson was a good hater; his animosity was at least as strong as his respect for science; and it is but natural that so fierce a controversialist should put even into the stern pages of a dictionary his fierce dialikes and rabid prejudices. Yet it is his frequent excursion into this domain of feeling which helps to shape the character of his masterpiece. It was with his eye upon Lord Chesterfield that

he defined a patron: "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence and is paid by flattery." Johnson had detected the insolence, but of the flattery he had paid but the first poor instalment, and, so far as the quarrel was public, the honours were his. His definition of "Excise" should please the hardy followers, if any survive, of Richard Cobden. "Excise," says he, "is a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid." And while he flayed his enemies, or bantered his Scottish friends (see *s.v.* "oats"), he did not spare himself. Not only did he define the lexicographer as "a harmless drudge," but he fell upon Grub Street with more than his usual contempt. "Grub Street," he wrote, "is the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street." What a human and humorous interest do these definitions impart to Johnson's solemn folios! Cotgrave reveals himself as a general lover of invective, but Johnson voids his particular spleen whenever his lexicon gives him a chance. But, for all this, the great man's dictionary is chiefly admirable because from beginning to end it is composed by a man of letters. Johnson was no etymologist, and in his day philology was uninvented. Language for him was something better than a collection of fortuitous roots and wanton sounds; it was the superb instrument of

literature. Just though his definitions may be, it is his faculty of illustration that gives the greatest value to his book. That no proper citation should escape him, he read and re-read the literature of his country, and he quotes the authorities for his native speech with unfailing happiness and propriety. For this reason his dictionary is never tedious. It may be read with as much pleasure as a collection of elegant extracts, and he who would fashion his style after the best models could not do better than study its columns. But in all respects the dictionary is vast—vast in intelligence, vast in industry. Its author achieved single-handed what the whole French Academy merely attempted. "And Johnson," wrote Garrick,

"well arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat Forty French, and will beat
forty more."

In brief, his dictionary is burly, strenuous, and insolent as himself, and after Boswell's Life, it remains, as we have said, its author's most vivid portrait.

When a lady complimented Dr Johnson on the absence from his dictionary of vulgar words, "I perceive, madam," he replied, "that you have been looking for them." But all lexicons are not so scrupulous, and those there are which contain no words that do not belong to what Captain Grose called "the Vulgar Tongue." These Cant (or Slang) Dictionaries have been compared to prisons, workhouses, and rope-walks, where you may find none else than tramps and footpads. The comparison is

suitable enough, and for those who are interested in the by-ways of life and letters there are few books more curious than *Slang Dictionaries*. Whence came this strange Canting Tongue, known by its professors as St Giles' Greek, Thieves' Latin, or Pedlars' French? From the Gipsies, we are told, alike by science and by tradition. But whenever it came, it was well established in England by the sixteenth century. Harrison in his 'Description of England' (1577) not only explains the origin of the language, but dates its birth. "In counterfeiting the Egyptians roges," says he of the Beggars, "they had devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, a speache compact thirty years since of English, and a great number of odde wordes of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his desartes, and a common end to all of that profession." Harrison's account cannot be accepted without revision. St Giles' Greek is not a speech compact of English and odd words. Its syntax is English, so long as it is spoken this side the Channel, but its vocabulary is all unspoiled by the written tongue. Nor can we believe that so useful an instrument of deceit as a secret language was devised by one man. Had it been, the inventor would have deserved a better fate

than to be hanged by the neck. A chair of philology should have been his, and he should have been left to pursue his valuable enterprise in peace. But a language, spoken, according to Harrison, by 10,000 people, had a natural growth, and came slowly to efflorescence. At any rate, by Shakespeare's time the lingo was firmly established, and its influence is conspicuous in the works of Ben Jonson and other dramatists. Its purpose is obvious enough: it was the best instrument wherewith to befog the ministers of justice. A criminal, who could speak with his comrades in a tongue unknown to the honest man, had a far better chance to escape the consequence of his misdeeds. But justice was not slow to learn the jargon of the criminal, and science followed in the train of justice with treatise and lexicon. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries books were composed in the flash tongue, while handbooks, falsely ascribed to Jonathan Wild, to Barrington, and other famous cracksmen, followed one another into the bags of the book-pedlars. And very curious they are, these little chap-books, ill-spelt and worse printed though they be, for they reveal the science of the highway, and illustrate the career of the bully-ruffians from the moment they go upon the pad, until they pay the last debt at the nubbing-cheat. Such a book is the 'Dictionary of the Canting Crew' (1690), by B. E. Gent, which the title-page informs us is "useful for all sorts of people (especially

Foreigners) to secure their money and preserve their lives; besides very diverting and entertaining, being wholly new." Its entertainment we readily admit, while we doubt its use, and we pity the reckless foreigner who was persuaded to consult it. How, for instance, would it have profited a plundered Frenchman to hear his assailant murmur to an accomplice, "we fork'd the rum cull's meggs to the tune of fifty"? Would it have warned a trusting German if he heard whispered behind him, "let's kimbaw the cull"? Of course not; and B. E., Gentleman though he was, boasted a little when he recommended his book to the notice of foreigners. But for us his book is as full of profit as of pleasure, and it solves many of the riddles which confront us in the literature of its age.

And then came Captain Grose, whose dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue well deserved to be called classical. It was suggested by the admirable 'Dictionnaire Comique' of P. J. Leroux, and it is in no sense unworthy its model. But even Captain Grose came before the world with an apology, and was forced to rebut in advance "the charge of immorality." As though *words*, "the daughters of earth," as Johnson calls them, were as guilty "as *things*, the sons of Heaven"! But dictionaries have always been attacked by the puritan, and have been foolishly saddled with all the crimes which their words connote. No charge could be more

foolish, since the language of the gutter and street-corner is worth all the elucidation that can be thrown upon it. In the free speech of the mob you see far more clearly than in the language of literature what metaphor can accomplish. Though the fairy-tale be dead, the fancy of the town-bred people expresses itself in strange words and curious nicknames. And Pedlars' French is alive to-day, and far richer than the lingo noted by Harrison in 1577. Cant, indeed, has grown into Slang, which is an agglomeration of a hundred technical dialects. Every variation from the recognised standard of speech may be termed Slang, and there is no class of the community which has not its own separate jargon. Now, a new word is invented—now, an old word is fitted with a new sense, and Slang is the proper study not merely of the philologist but of the historian. If, then, you would understand the manners or the speech of the people, you cannot neglect the dialect which it has made for itself and fitted to its own use and character. Nor is it easy to keep pace with the changing lingo. The best of Slang does not often get enchain'd in print. It is free of the street and the gin-palace, and then having served its turn it passes away and is forgotten. Or it would pass away and be forgotten, if the scholar did not save it from oblivion. And even the scholar's vigilance commonly fails us. Such transitory dialects as rhyming-slang or

PARTY POLITICS AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.

THE three great subjects by which, during the last six or eight months, public attention has been almost entirely absorbed are, the South African war; the state of political parties; and the measures prepared by Government for restoring the efficiency of Parliament, and improving the education of the people. Of these, the war has naturally attracted the largest share of general interest. But of the two others, the first bearing directly on the future of constitutional Government, the second on the development of the national character, we can hardly overrate the gravity. The daily arrival of more exciting news from abroad may have caused us to realise less vividly the magnitude of the questions by which we are confronted at home. But two great principles are now on their trial, and should one or both perish in the struggle, we might some day wake up to the discovery that possessions of priceless value had disappeared with them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the division between the two sections of the Liberal party is merely a lovers' quarrel, to be made up again with smiles and tears when the immediate cause of it is removed. That cause will never be removed. The cause of the Empire will always be with us. The danger from which we have escaped in Africa has roused the British

people to a consciousness of the obligations which Empire entails upon them; and the sentiments thus kindled in their breasts will never cease to animate them as often as questions arise, and often they must, affecting the integrity of our splendid Imperial inheritance. The party schism will not be closed when peace is concluded with the Boers; or, if skinned over for the moment, will always be liable to break out afresh. And we say this the more confidently because the quarrel neither begins nor ends with questions of peace or war. The root lies far deeper down than that. Under the pseudo-humanitarianism of the Radical party lies the smouldering jealousy of aristocratic institutions, and hatred of everything which adds to their influence or popularity. It is not very likely that either Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman or Sir William Harcourt shares in these prejudices; but they are obliged to play down to them. And though no doubt there may be many honourable exceptions among the Radical party, yet the bulk of them fully believe that all which is comprised under the comprehensive title of "militarism" is something like an aristocratic job, and that all wars, all military displays and military expenses, go to feed it and encourage it. With the present franchise the class of members who represent these

ideas are masters of the situation; and this source of dissension in the Liberal party must always exist—must always create a prejudice against all wars, all imperialism, and all enterprises or projects, however essential to the national welfare, which are supposed either directly or indirectly to serve the cause of aristocracy.

It becomes then a question of the highest interest whether this section of the Liberal party is to reclaim the heretics, to heal the breach, and to represent in future the regular parliamentary Opposition; or whether it is likely that Lord Rosebery will be able to form round himself the nucleus of a new Liberal party, which shall be strong enough in time to stand alone, throw the hostile Radicals into a harmless minority, and seize on the position of which Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and his followers are now in possession. These have vindicated their right to call themselves the leaders of the Liberal party at the present moment, and we are sorry to think that there is every chance of their retaining it. Appearances seem to be all against the other alternative. The Campbell-Bannerman connection have chosen their part, know their own mind, and are not afraid to say what they mean. They have proclaimed in plain terms their fidelity to little England and their sympathy with Home Rule. No man need ask them twice about their policy. It is clear and simple enough, such as was the policy of the party when Mr Gladstone cringed to the Boers and humbled him-

self before Parnell. It is the Campbell-Bannerman people who possess the Gladstonian tradition, and they will use it for all it is worth. They are the legitimate representatives of the true Church, and exercise that hold over a large class of minds which Popery exercises—which all positive, decisive, and down-right declarations always do exercise. The English people are specially open to this kind of appeal. It is not a mere catchword when they declare their preference for the frank and open foe. A very small minority of his Majesty's British subjects agree with the Campbell-Bannerman Liberals. But with these they "know where they are." To join the Rosebery connection is a leap in the dark.

The advantage which is thus gained by the one party over the other is substantial. All through the winter the Campbell-Bannerman party have been gaining ground and the Rosebery party losing it. Rumour says that some of its leading members are rather tired of their position; and the fact that both Sir Edward Grey and Mr Asquith joined in Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's vote of censure seems to favour the supposition. It is further reported that Lord Rosebery himself is the chief obstacle to a reconciliation, and that his followers chafe under his manifest aversion to it. Such reports, however, must be received with considerable caution. For such men as Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey can be no more willing to swallow all that they have said in favour of Imperialism than Sir W. Harcourt

and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman would be to swallow all they have said against it. Supposing any compromise possible, it could only be a short-lived one,—as we have already said, only skin-deep. But our own opinion is that the leadership of the party is likely to remain where it is, just as it remained with the Foxite Whigs after the rupture of the party brought about by the hand of Mr Burke. He too declared that he knew the separation to be final.

Fresh rumours spring up every day; and it is whispered that Lord Rosebery has been prevailed on to make another attempt to heal the breach; but even if it succeed for the moment, it will end, we may be pretty sure, as all the others have ended. A statesman may say what he likes about the party system—may point to its inconvenience, its anomalies, and the obstacles which it throws in the way of really good government. Nobody has insisted on these evils more emphatically than Lord Beaconsfield. But his motto, from a practical point of view, was *Spartam nactus es*. He found the system in existence. He could not change it. So he wisely resolved to make the best of it. The statesman who is not prepared to do this must stand aloof. If he wishes to mingle in the fray, to act a foremost part in the political arena, while the system remains in force, he must conform to its conditions. If he takes a hand, he must play the game. He cannot be allowed to revoke because in his private opinion the law which forbids

it is a bad one. What is wanted by the Liberals, and what the rules of the game demand, is some one to reconstruct a party capable of showing a united front to the Government in sufficient strength to make itself feared and respected. From what Lord Rosebery has said on various occasions he seems to wish to try his hand at governing without party. He will hardly succeed where Carteret and Chatham failed. But he may work a good deal of mischief in the meantime by doing what Chatham did, holding his followers at arm's length, publishing the most important statements, like the famous "complete separation" letter, without consulting them, and thus prolonging a state of anarchy only less injurious to the party in power than it is to their opponents.

Home Rule by itself is a bar to reunion just as strong as Imperialism. The Campbell-Bannerman set cannot afford to give it up, for it is the only thing which enables them to keep up the appearance of a regular party in the House of Commons. And more than that, it is the weapon with which they can strike home at their more immediate rivals. In whatever constituencies the Irish vote holds the balance, no Liberal Imperialist need show his face. This is especially true of Scotland, where in many constituencies the Irish can turn the scale. What occurred last September in North-East Lanarkshire is a case in point. The Ministerial candidate was returned over the head of the

Liberal Imperialist, Mr Harmsworth, as being the less obnoxious of the two. Converts or perverts—according to the way you look at it—are always more hated by those whom they leave than are the original professors of the faith to which they have seceded. Any real and immediate union between two parties divided from each other by contradictory principles would seem to be impossible without a contempt for political morality unequalled in our parliamentary annals since the days of the “Bloomsbury gang.”

The effect of the complete disintegration of the Liberal party is already beginning to be visible in the Ministerial ranks. When the presence of a united Opposition makes an alternative Government possible, discipline is necessarily maintained, for fear of giving a chance to the enemy. But in the absence of any such check there will always be temptations to parade independence or avenge disappointments. When this spirit is abroad, though it may not affect the stability of a Government, it may seriously impair its efficiency, and retard the progress of measures to which it is irrevocably pledged. In such a situation the weakness of the Opposition is their strength. Ministerial malcontents are not afraid of helping them to embarrass the Government, as long as they can damage its credit without endangering its existence.

The reception accorded to the New Rules of Procedure is a signal illustration of the

length to which party spirit can be carried, and the dishonesty of which it is capable when any tempting object is at stake. Nothing would more heartily delight the Opposition than to cause the failure of the Education Bill. But they know it is impossible to defeat it in open fight. It is only to be done by wasting the time of the House over other measures, and compelling the Government either to put it off till next session, or to recur to that very unpopular alternative, an autumn sitting. Mr Balfour's unfortunate illness played into their hands; and now it is understood that only one section of the new rules—namely, the first eleven—can be carried this year. Of these, however, the Opposition have so far made marvellously good use. They have delivered their chief attacks upon the third and fifth, concerning the sittings of the House and the Priority of Business. These have been contested with well-affected heat, and great show of zeal for the independence of the House and the rights of private members. But it was all as unreal as the declamation of an actor on the stage, or the rant of a schoolboy patriot over the death of Brutus. Speaker after speaker rose in his place and indignantly protested against the appropriation by Government of the time that belonged to private members. Private members, they said, would soon be disabled altogether from taking any part in parliamentary legislation. They were being robbed of their privileges by a

tyrannical Ministry, and why should they not rise as one man and make such an outrage impossible? Such tall talk was repeated over and over again, night after night, *ad nauseam*. Not that the orators believed for a moment in the reality of the alleged grievance. It was a sham throughout, and they knew it. A very brief calculation is sufficient to show that, by the operation of these two standing orders, they cannot possibly be deprived of any rights which they enjoyed before, and will probably find them rather extended than curtailed.

The impossibility of giving any more time to private members than they already possess is apparent the moment we become acquainted with the distribution of parliamentary work, which in an average session leaves little more than six weeks for Government business, exclusive of Supply and Estimates. Mr Balfour had worked out the calculation very carefully, and laid the results before Parliament on the 11th of April. They silence for good and all the complaint that Government is monopolising the time of the House. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was forced to admit this. The Opposition speakers on both sides of the House knew perfectly well that they were not being robbed. What are we to say, then, of all their mouthing and raving, their fuming and foaming, over their lost liberties? We say this: that it was a finely got up show, intended expressly to baffle a measure containing provisions for the support of denominational

schools. The rights of private members were only a stalking-horse; and seldom has any attempt been made to palm off a more contemptible imposture on the British public. The indignation speeches were delivered by men who knew all the time that they were complaining of a wrong which had no existence; and that they were attempting, under cover of a specious falsehood, to obstruct the teaching of religious truth.

The Education Bill itself, being the work of human hands, is not perfect. But it aims at carrying out what has long been advocated by educational reformers of every shade of opinion, and that is the establishment of a great system of primary and secondary education, the one leading up to the other, and placed under the control, both in town and country, of one local authority. If the primary schools are to be made stepping-stones to the secondary schools, so that "the upper edge of the one shall be adjusted to the lower edge of the other," they must clearly be under one management. There are many other arguments in favour of the "one authority" principle, but that by itself is sufficient. In the present bill, as far as secondary education is concerned, we get little more than the recognition of the principle. But that is all-important, and may serve as the starting-point for further legislation on some future occasion. The great fight in the present session will take place on the clauses affecting elementary education, and especially that part of it represented by voluntary or denominational

schools. The county and borough councils are obviously the best authorities to take, because not being elected *ad hoc*, they are comparatively free from religious party spirit, and can approach the duties intrusted to them with an open mind. A body expressly elected for the purpose of school control would, we know from experience, be filled with sectarian partisans, bent rather on the victory of their own opinions than on promoting the interests of education. We are all in favour, therefore, of the local authority selected.

Among the hostile critics of the bill are both bigots and pedants, some who are neither, and some who are both. But the main point of contention with all alike will be the 5th clause, which is intended to supersede the school board system. But even the opponents of school boards are divided in opinion as to the Government proposal. The bill makes the adoption of Part III. by the local authority optional. There is a daily growing body of opinion that it ought to be compulsory. What the Government will do is as yet uncertain. By leaving it to the local authorities to decide for themselves they spared the feelings of many old worshippers of Mr Forster's Act, and we believe that this consideration has had as much to do with the framing of the clause in question as any conviction of its superior practical advantages. That no aid out of the rates was to be given to denominational schools not under popular control had been

elevated to the dignity of a shibboleth. To extend to local bodies permission to grant such aid was bad enough. To compel them to grant it would be an act of glaring apostasy. To this feeling the Government, it seems, felt bound to defer, yet it is more than probable that the clause after all will have to be withdrawn. Prejudice and prepossession apart, there is a good deal to be said for it on practical grounds alone. But there is more to be said against it, bearing in mind always that one object of the Education Bill is to rescue the voluntary schools from the fate which was certainly impending over them should no help be forthcoming. School boards cannot make grants to voluntary schools, and it was necessary to find some plan by which schools at least as worthy of support as any others in the kingdom should not be left to perish.

In favour of the optional plan it is urged that the local authorities, if the management of voluntary schools is forced on them against their will, are not likely to deal very liberally with their *protégées*, whereas if they accept it of their own accord, the voluntary schools will be all the stronger, and the objection to rates in aid, when the authorities grant them spontaneously, will be much diminished. It is further argued that by leaving the question open we only have to face a very brief transition period—that all the county and borough councils will in time come into the arrangement, and that the school boards will gradually and noise-

lessly disappear. In support of this view, it is predicted that when the councils which have stood out see how much additional power and influence and dignity are acquired by those who have accepted the Government offer, they will be glad to follow their example; while school boards, on the other hand, shorn of much of their power by recent events, will not be so anxious as they might have been to fight for their lives. It is also quite true that in those counties and boroughs where the councils have not taken over these educational duties there will always be two parties, one in favour of accepting them and the other against it. These will generally be the denominationalists and the anti-denominationalists, and the struggle between them will necessarily give rise to perpetual sectarian agitation, every election being fought on exclusively religious grounds. The people, it is thought, will soon get tired of this, and gladly terminate the strife in the manner desired by the Government.

Now, that the above reasoning is partly sound and generally plausible we readily allow. But it will be seen at once that whether the method adopted by the bill shall turn out to the advantage of the voluntary schools or not is left very much to chance. The advocates of the bill in its present form hope that such and such results will follow, that such and such motives will prevail. But they can only hope. On the other hand, we have to take into account considerations which will certainly

operate, and consequences which, if they operate to any great extent, will certainly ensue. If it is left to each council to decide on the question of accepting these proposals or not, it is virtually left to their constituents, the ratepayers of the district. And what will these gentlemen be likely to say to it? The Roman Emperor fell when he became a terror to the cobblers. What will be the fate of a proposal which makes a further demand on the pockets of the farmers and tradesmen, in addition to the burdens by which they are half crushed already? That some councils, perhaps many, will decline, at first at all events, to take this new obligation on their shoulders it is only reasonable to expect; and in that case what is to become of the voluntary schools in that neighbourhood? If the school board can't give them rate aid, and the town or county council won't, where are they to look for help? It is very well to say that they have only to struggle on for a short time, through a very brief transition period. But can many of them do even this? or are we so sure that the period will be very brief?

It is certain that the voluntary schools, if left without further assistance, cannot hold out for more than another four or five years: while it is equally certain that the refusal of the local authority to accept the control of them cannot fail to strengthen the hands of the school board, and prolong the existence of a system whose

rapid disappearance is one of the main conditions on which the success of the experiment depends. "See!" the school boards will exclaim, "you cannot do without us, after all; your ratepayers are quite willing to leave the voluntary schools to their fate. This shows how much they care for them." To the argument that if the clause is made compulsory the councils are likely to be niggardly, the answer is that the local authorities will be obliged to do their duty, and that if they fail to provide what is necessary, the school managers have an appeal to the Education Department, who will see that the Act of Parliament is properly carried out.

The ratepayers of course must never be allowed to forget that economy is sometimes an expensive virtue. By refusing further aid to voluntary schools they may save their pockets for a moment, but what will they do in the end thereof? The voluntary schools in England are now more than double the number of the board schools, and while the board schools educate only two million and a half of children, the voluntary schools educate three millions. If these schools were allowed to die away, the school board system would step into the vacant space, with unlimited command over the rates, and an insatiable appetite for spending. The miserable ratepayer would then find out when it was too late that he had exchanged King Log for King Stork. The maintenance of voluntary schools under the management of local authorities will cost him a great deal

less than the board schools, on which large sums are now lavished by the managers for purposes of which many are unnecessary and some ridiculous. We have set before him the two alternatives between which he has to choose, without the slightest exaggeration, and he ought to be thankful to the Government if they make it compulsory on the local authority to take over the management of the schools. These three millions of children would have to be educated in some way, and the ratepayers in the case we are supposing need look for no voluntary subscriptions. But in face of the fact that people of this class, however alive to their immediate interests, are often blind to those which lie only a little way beyond them, it is, we think, rather to be wished that Government should adopt the view of the many educational authorities who condemn the permissive principle, and amend the clause by removing it.

The opposition to the bill, apart from details which may be more advantageously considered when the House is in Committee,—a stage which the Government hope to reach before Whitsuntide,—is founded on deference to one of those abstract principles such as are often great impediments to schemes of practical improvement. The Government, by the Act of 1870, elected to grant rate aid only to schools which gave no distinct religious teaching. The answer of the people of England to this decision is the establishment and maintenance of fourteen

thousand schools in which distinct religious doctrine is taught, while the boards created by the Government established only five thousand. Yet now we are to be told that the latter alone are entitled to aid from the rates, while the former, which clearly represent the prevailing public opinion of England, are to go without. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that Nonconformists in general should combine against a bill which must necessarily operate in favour of that communion from which they are seceders. It is much to be regretted that they are so. But we cannot help that. A great national necessity cannot be neglected in deference to sectarian scruples. It is impossible to controvert what Mr Balfour said in his speech on the 24th of March, of "the great part which the voluntary schools are inevitably destined to play in our system of national education. . . . The idea of the voluntary schools being swept away by an Act of Parliament, or by any other method, is absurd. The mere magnitude of the forces with which you have got to deal renders it impossible. The mere magnitude of the gap which would be created in the system of national education renders it impossible." In face of this iron fact we can only be sorry for such sincere Dissenters as feel themselves aggrieved by the legislation which it necessarily demands. There are some, we know, who take a wider and more generous view of this question,

and allow the equity of the claim which their co-religionists denounce. With the majority, however, the old sectarian and social jealousies are, we fear, still in the ascendant.

But if it was only to be expected that the sects upon the whole would unite against the Government bill, what was not to be expected was that members of the Opposition, men of high culture and high standing, and men interested in the progress of education for its own sake, should join in the pitiful outcry raised by the more violent Dissenters, and those ultra-Radicals whose hatred of all established institutions seems sometimes to include Christianity. When we see men of the intellectual calibre of Mr Bryce lending his name to the hysterical ravings of the Evangelical Free Church Council and other meetings of a like character, we confess to a deep feeling of disappointment. There are men on the Opposition benches from whom we had a right to expect better things. We had hoped from such men some little show of sympathy with those who for thirty years have been struggling with overwhelming difficulties; who have volunteered such heavy pecuniary sacrifices in support of a system of education to which the people of England are unmistakably attached; and have endured an amount of misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse, for which the friendly hand now held out to them by the Government is only a tardy compensation.

Government will have need

of all their firmness to meet the demands which are likely to be made upon it during the remainder of the session. They will stand to their guns, we may be sure, when the Education Bill is in Committee. But we most earnestly hope that they will make a point of passing it before the House rises for the recess. It was introduced and fully explained by Mr Balfour in a long speech more than six weeks ago. It will be again threshed out in the second reading, which will be taken in about a fortnight, and there will then be the Whitsuntide interval before the Committee work begins in earnest. Thus Parliament and the public will have had some ten weeks to scrutinise and digest its provisions before the House of Commons embarks on the discussion of amendments. It seems absurd to suppose that a bill, about which there is nothing further to explain, cannot be carried through Committee in two months. But it would be far wiser in the Government to sit on to the end of August than to meet again in October or November. To give way before the pertinacity of sheer obstruction would be such a mark of weakness as would only encourage the Opposition to fresh efforts when, like giants refreshed, they met again after the holidays. The battle of the voluntary schools must be fought and won before summer passes into autumn if the Government would not lose any of the

credit which they have gained by the introduction of the measure.

We say this on the supposition that they have no present intention of abandoning either the Licensing Bill or the Irish Land Bill. But whether they have or not, it cannot be too often or too earnestly impressed upon the Government that drunkenness is the crying social evil of our own day; that it saps the morality, self-respect, and physical strength of the population, as Lord Balfour's Committee in the course of their investigations will probably discover; and that the spread of education can no more put a stop to intemperance than to any other form of vicious indulgence. If it could, why are its effects not more visible in Scotland, where the working classes have long been better educated than the peasantry and artisans of England? Convictions for being drunk and incapable have been steadily increasing in Scotland during the last quarter of a century; and the alcoholic lunatics coming under Dr Clouston's charge, which in 1874 were fifteen and a half per cent of the whole number, were in the year 1900 twenty-four and a half.¹

On the Irish question in general we again have to express a hope that the Government will see the futility of what is called a "conciliatory" attitude. Experience has proved over and over again that it is thrown away upon Irish conspirators, and associations like

¹ See Report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum.

the Irish League. Conciliation, in their own language, only spells cowardice; and is taken to mean that the more pressure you put on the Government, and the more mischief you do, the more you will ultimately get. Why the Irish League are left to continue their operations with impunity, when every day only makes them more dangerous both to the authority of the law and the prosperity of the country, we have yet to learn.

But if the backbone of the Government is likely to be severely tried by the defence of voluntary schools and the struggle with Irish sedition, it will be strained quite as heavily by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget. The corn duty Resolution has been carried by a majority of eighty-six. But we have not heard the last of it yet. The calculations which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach set before us last year have proved perfectly correct, and his foresight is no less remarkable than the common-sense and moral courage which he displays in his financial arrangements for the present year. It has long been manifest that

the limits of direct taxation were being rapidly approached, and that it would be absolutely necessary ere long to extricate ourselves from the narrow groove in which Mr Gladstone and the Radicals had fixed us, and place our financial system on a wider and sounder basis. That time has now arrived, as the Conservative party always predicted that it would. But to expect that the old-fashioned bigots of free trade would acknowledge the truth, or that Liberal partisans would fail to take advantage of such a capital handle as the duty on corn supplies, could never for a moment have occurred to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Side by side, therefore, on the Treasury Bench, he and Mr Balfour will have to meet and repel the plausible cry, which is already launched, against the revival of "Church Rates and Protection." If Ministers have confidence in themselves, the country will place confidence in them. Let them only drop the word "conciliation" out of their vocabulary. It will disarm nobody; nor in any quarter of the House will it earn either gratitude or respect.

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MONTENEGRIN SKETCHES.

I. AN EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE day had been long and tiring. Our ponies hang their heads wearily as we climb a zigzag track through a gloomy beech-forest, and we anathematise our neighbours, the Albanians, whose unruly habits compel us to carry rifle, revolver, and bandoliers in a peaceable country.

The trees are thinning now, and with a sigh of relief we emerge on a great plateau which ends in the mighty Kom, the loftiest peak in Montenegro. Its jagged ridge, like the fangs of wolves, casts fantastic shadows across the deep ravine, and to our right the sun is sinking into a bed of cloud, angry and threatening. The sky above has that wonderful transparent radiance which only comes at eventide, and the lowering clouds are sharply sil-

houetted with a border of bright gold. All round our high table-land a confusion of mountains reminds us of a storm-tossed ocean. This lofty snow-clad range on our left that towers wall-like into the sky, tinged here and there with patches of crimson sunlight, is Albania's barrier. Only a deep densely wooded ravine separates us from that cruel and murderous people.

That is why the shepherds who are driving flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle to the corrals amongst the cluster of wooden huts carry for the most part rifles. Magazine rifles replace the pastoral staff in Eastern Montenegro. The tinkling of cow-bells is wafted pleasantly across the evening stillness, broken by the shrill whistle of the shepherds. From

the huts curl little columns of blue smoke, and we can almost smell the stewing lamb which we have ordered for our supper by a forerunner. And there he is, waving his arm to show us our quarters for the night.

At a rudely constructed hut of rough and uneven planks we draw rein. It is the typical summer abode of the Montenegrin, who then turns shepherd, and whither he migrates with his family and flocks for the hottest months.

"May God protect ye!" says our host, a giant of 6 feet 6 inches, a splendid specimen of manhood in his prime: lean, lithe, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, clad in close-fitting white serge, bordered in curious patterns with black braid; on his head the universal little black-and-red Montenegrin cap, and at his waist, girdled by a many-coloured sash, sticks the inevitable 18-inch-long revolver.

"May thy luck be good, O Vasso!" we answer, for such was his name, while willing hands hold our stirrup-leathers and take our rifles as we swing off our sturdy little ponies.

Stooping, for the door of the hut is not high, we enter into the dense atmosphere. A fire is burning on the hard earthen floor, over which hangs a sooty caldron by a hook and chain from the roof. A comely woman is stirring its contents, but she ceases her work and comes forward with a deep curtsy to kiss our hands.

"Art thou well, Gospodja?" we ask.

"God has given me good health, thanks be to God!"

The stinging smoke drives us outside into the keen mountain air, for there is no chimney. It forces an exit through the cracks or crevices of the roof and sides of the hut, of which there are many, as we shall realise if a cold wind is blowing to-night.

As we stroll along the narrow path trodden through the long luxuriant grass we meet a pretty maiden. She is clad in a short skirt and bodice, and on her forehead is perched a coquetish little cap, tied under her chin by a gay scarf; she is carrying a pail of creamy milk. As we approach she draws to one side and faces to the front with downcast eyes and humble mien. We think we see a roguish twinkle in those dark eyes, but we may not greet her. It is not etiquette to notice such inferior beings as girls.

We are barked at by fierce sheep-dogs, luckily securely chained, and saluted by muscular giants, while the children crowd to smoke-reeking doorways to gaze in undisguised wonder at us strange beings. They, at least, have never seen European clothes, neither indeed have many of the men, who ill conceal their curiosity at our appearance. The Montenegrin, however lowly be his standing, is innately courteous and well bred, to an extent that would shame many a so-called civilised nation.

Later on, after supper, when we unbend round the fire, they will beg leave to handle our clothes, and will ask many questions.

Cap in hand, a boy trots after us. With uncertain voice he tells us that it is an honour to him to bear us the message that our meal is ready and awaiting our pleasure.

We retrace our steps quickly. We have eaten nothing to-day but two eggs at Andrijevice when the morning was still grey, and our mid-day meal was a capful of delicious wild strawberries gathered by our attentive escort.

We half sit, half lie on a pile of rushes over which sheepskins have been spread, and enjoy a feast of stewed lamb and onions, washed down with draughts of still warm milk. It is a long time before our smarting and watering eyes become accustomed to the penetrating smoke; but it passes, and we recline, contented and happy, at peace with the whole world.

"Stefan, the *raki*," and good Stefan beams as he produces an enormous bottle of native distilled spirits. He has cheerfully carried that extra weight during our long march to-day. We fill our tin mugs to the brim, sip the contents, and pass them to Vasso and his brother.

"Health and long life!" they say to us in turn, and in a gulp the fiery spirit disappears as if it had been water.

Now other men troop in, some standing rifles in the corner, and, gravely saluting us, they squat in a ring round the fire. Coffee is brewed—an honour which we can never escape—and a tobacco-tin is handed to us. We give ours in exchange. Cigarettes are deftly rolled, and one shepherd next us rakes with

his fingers a glowing ember from the fire. Handling it as if cold and dead, he lights his cigarette and passes it to us.

We light our cigarettes from his and give it back to him, and we all touch our caps. A light must ever be acknowledged by a half-military salute. The bottle is soon half empty, and we lean back lazily contemplating the firelit scene. What a subject for a painter!

The flickering flames, glinting fitfully here and there on steel revolver-barrel, throw out the massive figures of the squatting mountaineers in strong relief, and intensify the gloom beyond. All harsh lines are softened harmoniously, and the rugged but pleasant features of the men, whose serious eyes seldom leave our faces, seem more brown than ever in the ruddy glow.

We talk of many things. We answer questions so childish in their simplicity that we are hard put to explain: they ask us of other lands, of *our* home where weapons are never carried except by soldiers, of houses larger even and more splendid than the Prince's modest palace in Cetinje. Mirko, that grizzled veteran in the farther corner, smoking a grimy tchiboque, a habit he has acquired from fighting the Turks when he was but a youth, never tires of telling how he once saw the Crown Prince's palace just after completion. We dare not tell them all the truth, for then they would gaze at us in pained incredulity.

We suggest a song, and a youth with clear-cut classical

features rises obediently at his father's command and goes out into the night. Then a wild weird chant of battle with the Mussulman rings out in the stilly darkness. Through the open door we can see the stars shining brightly in a cloudless heaven. The wailing notes of the war-song re-echo from the mountains, cows low, and an occasional bark proclaims that the dogs are keenly alert for prowling wolf or marauding Albanian alike. The song ceases abruptly, and a crackle of pistol-shots in the distance signifies that other listeners have heard

and appreciated the warlike sentiments.

Sleep weighs down our eyelids. One by one the men leave us with a deep-toned melodious commendation to God's keeping, and we are left alone with our host and his family. We draw our coats and sheepskins o'er us, for the night will be bitterly cold, and to the carefully modulated tones of the men we drowse.

The unweaned calf in the corner moans plaintively, and then we hear no more, and sink into the blessed dreamless sleep of fatigue.

II. A BORDER TOWN.

It is midday as our little cavalcade clatters through the main and only street of the mountain village of Andrijevice. To-day its importance as capital of Montenegro's most northeasterly and exposed province is enhanced by the fact that its border is threatened by Albanians.

The great chieftain and persecutor of the Christians, Mullah Zekka, is only four hours away with 20,000 men, eager to be led against their hereditary foes. And the Montenegrins are only too willing to give them every satisfaction in their power.

The street is full of armed men; officers, only distinguishable by swords and the insignia of rank on the rim of their caps, hurry to and fro. One or two batteries of small wicked-looking mountain-guns are drawn up in the open market-place.

All is bustle and hurry, while an animation pervades the scene such as is to be witnessed at an annual school treat in far-away peaceful England. War is indeed a recreation to the Montenegrins, and now, after twenty years of formal peace, they can scarcely believe their luck.

We dismount at the inn: it is lucky that we telegraphed to the Governor, else we might have slept in the open that night. Our host, combining the duties of hotel-keeper and baker, superintends the transference of our slender baggage into our bed-, dining-, and common reception-room combined.

His pretty and refined-looking wife kisses our hands as we enter the room and asks for our orders as to food. There is no choice except as to the mode of preparing the lamb.

Then we stroll through the town, acknowledging salutes

right and left. Five high Turkish officers and a ragged-looking escort pass us, threading their way in single file through the jostling humanity. At the house of Voivoda Lakió they halt and dismount. An angry crowd forms a ring round the house and awaits the reappearance of the Turks.

The order of events is sadly reversed nowadays. Twenty years ago it would have been a delegation of Albanians who would have come to confer with the Montenegrins as to the best means of defying the Turk. To-day Turkish regulars are scheming with the Montenegrin generals to prevent an Albanian invasion.

At Mokra 10,000 Turkish soldiers are under arms, ready to attack Mullah Zekka the moment he violates Montenegrin territory. And this troubles the worthy chieftain, who, if it were not for this unexpected difficulty, would now be burning and ravaging in the valley of the Lim.

A grizzled veteran, whose breast is covered with a row of dingy medals, curses the Turk in an impressive and comprehensive manner. Had he known the legend of the "Walrus and the Carpenter" he would quote the words of the outraged moon. It was *not* right of the Turk "to come and spoil the fun."

We pluck his sleeve gently, and he turns on us quickly.

"May God protect thee, Mirko! Dost thou remember us?"

Both his hands fly out and he kisses us. Does he remem-

ber us? Of course he does. That night on the slopes outside the little town of Kolasin, had we not feasted on a lamb roasted whole, and drunk *raki*, not wisely but enthusiastically? Ah! and at midnight, when the parting toast was drunk standing, with revolvers in hand. What a racket we made as each man emptied his glass and his revolver, to the intense indignation of the local doctor, who was battling with the convivial natives of his district and preaching the blessings of total abstinence to an unappreciative audience. As we trooped back to the market-place, had we not found a hundred armed men assembled, under the impression that the Albanians were raiding the farms? What a wiggling the Governor gave us next morning, his eyes twinkling with amusement the while!

Of course Mirko remembered us, and he proclaimed our prowess with loud voice to his hoary comrades. At the khān opposite we seat ourselves, and blush at his praise of us as he, divining the object of our visit, tells how the Englishmen love fighting for fighting's sake.

The medals on his breast show that in '58 he fought the Turks; again in '62, when they had penetrated as far as Rijeka, and their outposts stretched to within rifle-shot of Cetinje. Those were evil days for Montenegro; but again in the campaign of '76-'78 the sons of the Black Mountain carried all before them, for ever shattering the dreams of the Turk and vindicating their independence

to the world. That medal of pure gold is the Montenegrin Victoria Cross. We touch it and ask—

"How many heads hast thou brought home, O Mirko?"

He shakes his head. That he will never tell, he says; he is a *junak* (hero) but no boaster. The number was enough, he adds proudly.

"And wilt thou fight again? Art thou not too old?"

We ask this purposely, and smile as he springs to his feet.

"I am only sixty-two," he answers, and taking his rifle by the muzzle he holds it at arm's-length. "Am I weak? May the good God let me die in battle, for I have four sons to take my place if I fall. My one desire is to die when the rifles speak around me, and with the smell of powder and of blood in my nostrils. If we fight now, I will send with ye such men as will lose their heads before they forsake ye. Ye shall see how they fight, and it will be good. But I fear it will be peace," he adds, as the Turks emerge and ride away.

We leave him and his comrades piously and fervently praying to the God of battles, and seek the governor.

As we sit in his room a few minutes later, awaiting the ceremonial coffee, we hear the truth. There will be no fighting, says the Voivoda, the Turks will stop it. Even in

his official tones we can detect a tinge of disappointment.

"We are ready," he adds; "but nowadays war is too serious to be lightly undertaken."

And so it came to pass. A week later the troops had vanished and Andrijeвица resumed its peaceful aspect. But it will not be for long, and then we hope to journey thither again, perhaps with better luck. It will indeed be a battle of giants, fought under past and gone conditions, when the rifle-fire is only the necessary prelude. It is the hand-jar and yataghan that decide the day after rifles are thrown away in that headlong rush, and the battlefield becomes a shambles.

Then will the aged Mullah Zekka look down from Paradise and cheer on his trusty clansmen, for he met his death in Ipek a few months afterwards at the hands of a rival chieftain. Revolver in hand, he died as befitted the most powerful chieftain of his day, and perhaps since the time of the great Scanderbeg. At a word from him 30,000 clansmen assembled to resist the Sultan or attack the Christians, whoever they might be.

Turks and Montenegrins may well congratulate themselves on his timely removal, though the world has yet to witness the revenge which will surely be taken by his fierce adherents.

III. AT CETINJE, IN A CAFÉ.

I raise my fingers towards my cap as I enter the low and dingy coffee-house. The greeting is returned by all present, and finding a vacant chair in a corner by the window I seat myself. No one comes to me for an order; I can sit there quite quietly, for there is not even a moral compulsion to drink anything. If I desire a coffee, a glass of unpleasant wine, or a tot of *raki*, I must loudly state my wish to the young man behind the counter.

The assembly is worth studying. At a table in the far corner sit a group of officers in red-and-black braided waist-coats, over which they wear a short red jacket hussar fashion, with the sleeves hanging empty from their shoulders. One of them I recognise as an adjutant of the Crown Prince, formerly a cavalry officer in the Servian army. There are many such in the service of Montenegro, driven across the border by political discontent. Beside him sits a young giant, only twenty-eight, yet general commanding the artillery. Five years ago his father, whose fame is sung to-day by every strolling *guslar* or troubadour, was shot in a blood-feud in broad daylight before the very café where we are now seated.

As a hero he had lived, and as a hero he died; for as he lay in his death-agony he drew his revolver, and with his last breath he fired and killed his assailant fifty yards away.

Near them sit three men in

European clothes, but with the Montenegrin cap upon their heads. Two of them are professors at the Gymnasium, the other a teacher of the common school. He is a fine handsome young fellow, his dark complexion suggesting other blood than Montenegrin. He is dressed entirely in black; even the crown of his cap is of the same sombre hue instead of red. His expressive eyes are sad but determined. It is the face of a man with a purpose, and to whom life has no pleasant prospects. He may well look serious, for on him rests the task of avenging his two brothers and an uncle, who all fell in the vendetta only a few months ago in his home in the valley of Zeta,—shot down without a word of warning in their very houses by an avenging band of Albanians. I remember how the story was told me one evening in pleasant Podgorica, which is only an hour distant from that bloody scene.

And now the last male survivor is sitting in the same coffee-house with me, teaching children the blessings of education and civilisation by day, with the grim spectre of Vendetta ever at his elbow. Some day he must don the national garb and, rifle in hand, go forth to the home of his enemies, to kill or die in the attempt to vindicate his family honour.

Strange thoughts of this wonderful people cross my brain as I dreamily sip my coffee,

and I can see a man creeping from boulder to boulder in a wild land towards some fields where men, clad in white serge and round whose shaven heads are wound great cloths, are peacefully tilling small oases in the rock-strewn wilderness. He lies behind a stone, cautiously thrusting his rifle before him, and takes long and careful aim. A sharp crack, a little puff of blue smoke, and with a scream one of the husbandmen springs high in the air, tumbling in an inert mass in a furrow. The others seize their rifles, which lie close at hand, with ear-piercing yells, scattering like rabbits. Again the rifle speaks, and another falls, but answering shouts from the village proclaim that help is coming. The avenger must fly, and fly quickly, if he will save his life. I see him running, bending almost double; but he has been seen, and bullets star the rocks around him. Suddenly he stumbles, recovers himself for a few yards, and then with a deep-drawn sigh he falls forward motionless on his face.

I look at the young school-teacher and shiver.

Four German tourists come in noisily. I saw them arrive an hour ago from Cattaro. I heard them order their carriage to be ready again in three hours.

"Quite enough time to look round the place," said one. "It is a dismal hole, but one must look round to say we've been here."

Now they choose picture post-

cards and sit down to enrich the Montenegrin post by a few shillings, telling their relations and friends that they have been to Cetinje and don't think much of it.

"Rather a change after the Kaiser Café," says a young man with an aggressive moustache and hard voice, his wonderful green civilian costume proclaiming him to be a Prussian lieutenant.

"Yes," says another, with a contemptuous glance at the barren room. "How absurd to see every man armed when the country is so tranquil!"

"Now that Montenegro is at peace, it were well to spend money on better clothes rather than on senseless pistols carried only for show," remarked a bearded man who looked like a professor. "The poverty and ragged attire of my neighbours is appalling, yet each has an expensive revolver."

I looked at the table next to these intelligent students of human nature. It was occupied by half-a-dozen weather-beaten men, each well over fifty, clad in ragged attire. On their breasts were rows of dingy medals, whose tawdriness again excited the contempt of the Prussian officer.

Yet those medals represented fierce-fought actions against overwhelming forces of disciplined and fanatical foes, stretching over a period of half a century—battles where each warrior was accounted as nought if he did not display at least half-a-dozen heads as evidence of his prowess when

they bivouacked at night on the corpse-strewn battlefield.

Any of those poverty-stricken warriors I should be proud to call a friend, knowing if I did so that wherever I should meet them, and under any circumstances, I could reckon them to share with me their last crust, and in danger they would first yield their lives before harm came to me.

The Germans leave, and I watch them on the street standing for a few minutes in bright sunlight. Though by no means small men, they look puny and insignificant beside those herculean figures which stride with measured tread, taking their after-dinner constitutional. With trailing shawl swinging gracefully from their broad shoulders, picturesque raiment of blue, white, and gold, hand on revolver-butt, and fearless look, they make the sons of civilisation and big cities seem contemptible beside them.

I am glad when the tourists remove their disturbing presence from that harmonious picture.

An aged man enters the café :

he is greeted with marked respect, especially by the ragged veterans at whose table he seats himself.

"May God protect ye!" says the old man, grasping each by the hand and kissing them twice on the lips. On his cap he carries the insignia of Voivoda, the highest rank after the Prince. These same men he has led to battle in past days, for he is chief of the piper clan, and the hero of many a deed of reckless bravery. In Montenegrin warfare the chief leads his men to the assault, and on his recklessness hangs often the issue. He sighs deeply, and I know the reason. Yesterday evening I saw a telegram put in his hands telling him that his only son lay mortally wounded in his mountain home. A bullet of the vendetta had treacherously laid his first-born low. As he read it, the man whose contempt of danger is sung by every *guslar* sat down and wept.

As I pay and go I hear the old chieftain thanking God that there may be hope for his son's life.

IV. "PLAYFULNESS."

We have left Scutari, the capital of Albania, behind, and the good ship *Danitza* is ploughing her way through the placid waters of the lake towards the Montenegrin shores at the upper end.

It is a perfect day—a little hot, perhaps, in the sun, but

the motion of the boat creates a cooling breeze. On our left rises the mighty *Rumija*, whose jagged peaks divide us from the *Adria*, and gentle slopes, green and pleasant to the eye, descend by easy gradients to the island-fringed coast along which we are skirting. To the

right stretches a broad expanse of sparkling water, and beyond lie the snow-clad Albanian Alps, here and there wreathed with a milky-white cloud towering into the otherwise cloudless sky.

The little steamer—which is very cosmopolitan in itself, for a metal plate proclaims that it was built in England, is owned by a Scottish firm, flies the Montenegrin flag, and is captained by an Austrian—has a full complement of third-class passengers. They are very noisy too, which is irritating, for I feel sleepy, and would like to doze in the shade of the awning. There is something very soothing about the swish of water on a hot day; but to-day I can hear nothing but the loud and excited conversation of the Albanians abaft the engines. They are a wild-looking lot, all armed, and of the Christian faith, as the attention they pay to enormous bottles of strong drink proclaims. One of them starts a weird war-chant, and the rest join in a stormy chorus.

"It is too early," I murmur to myself. "If it were ten o'clock at night instead of ten in the morning, I might excuse a little conviviality; but in broad daylight it is sacrilege."

An hour passes; and I must have dozed, for the steward taps me gently on the shoulder. He informs me in shocking Italian that the mid-day meal is ready.

The Albanians have got much worse, I notice, as I execute an acrobatic feat necessary on entering the tiny cabin. I bump

my head, which causes me to swear; bump into the table, which makes me repeat what I said before; and then I bow to the other occupants at the table. There are two besides the captain, who is an old friend: one is the consul of a great Power much interested in the Albanian question, and the other a brown-habited Franciscan monk.

The consul is a small grey-haired and bearded man of insignificant stature, and his restless fingers proclaim him to be of an excitable temperament: probably the noisy Albanians have got on his nerves. The Franciscan contrasts oddly with him in all respects—big, placid, and young. His moustache looks out of place; but I know all Roman Catholic priests grow moustaches in these regions where a beardless man excites derision. He is as talkative, too, as the other is silent, and we speedily enter into conversation. In broad Syrian dialect he tells me of the excitement in Scutari, and how a few days ago the spiritual shepherd of a fierce clan, inhabiting part of those wild mountains to our right, arrived in Scutari a fugitive from his flock. We discuss the probable revenge which another clan will take for the burning of one of their churches by Turkish soldiery. He remarks on the unnatural calm displayed by the Albanian Christians in Scutari at the present moment.

"It bodes ill for the Mahometans," he says. "I never

trust the mountaineers when they are so quiet after an outrage."

A wild burst of yelling almost drowns his deep-toned voice.

"Your children exhibit no such unnatural calm here, father," I remark. "They are a few degrees worse than a crowd returning from a race-meeting in England — and more I cannot say."

The consul moves restlessly on his chair.

"They are all drunk," explains the captain, "and are excited about that church."

"That is obvious," I answer. "It is lucky we aren't Turks."

The monk comments on the abnormal state of affairs in the whole of Northern Albania, which I corroborate, contributing to his ghastly stories of murders and mutilations a few gleaned from other sources.

The consul does not agree with us. "It is like this every spring," he says coldly. "You newspaper-men magnify the troubles into important affairs of international importance."

"I should like to see the reports you send to your Government," I retort. "That the Porte always seeks to minimise a big massacre into a merely local affection we all know."

A shot rings out above us—the consul nearly jumps from his chair—then another and another.

"I thought that would come soon. In fact I wonder they haven't begun shooting before," I remark.

"I protest against this!" exclaims the consul excitedly to the captain, who is lighting a cigarette. "It must not be allowed on this steamer!"

"It is nothing," answers the captain, quietly puffing rings of smoke and watching them vanish through the skylight. "The noise eases their feelings."

"I call on you as captain of the boat to stop the firing!" continued the consul angrily, as another volley rings out; "otherwise I shall report you. There is a rule forbidding it," and he points to a printed list of regulations.

The captain sighs, finishes his glass, and calls to the steward to bring him his revolver. Then he climbs up the hatchway to the deck. I follow him, and listen admiringly as he sharply orders the revelers to cease, in a torrent of Turkish, Albanian, and Serb oaths. The monk retires hastily to the cabin again, as he too hears the captain's comprehensive blasphemy.

"Who shall give us orders to stop?" shouts a truculent ruffian, brandishing a huge revolver.

"And who shall make us?" adds another cut-throat with bloodshot eyes, pushing through the group and firing deliberately over the captain's head.

I notice the under lip of the captain tremble, and his face changes expression. It means he is really angry.

"I will," he says simply. "It is against the orders, and you will stop."

Hoarse laughter accompanies

him as he turns to go down the companion, and for ten minutes there is no firing. Then a tornado of shots breaks out again, and the captain flies up on deck, revolver in hand. He is too quick for me, but I hear him from below.

"I will shoot the next man who fires, and take the steamer back to Scutari. There I will hand the whole lot over to the authorities — those that are alive," he adds significantly.

I dare not breathe. Such consummate effrontery from the captain, one man against a score of reckless dare-devils who care nothing for human life, all inflamed with drink, petrifies me. The impudence of this laughable threat was stupendous.

As I emerge on deck, I see them replace their smoking revolvers in their belts and go off laughing.

I congratulate the captain. He is trembling violently.

"It is all that — consul. Why shouldn't they shoot if it amuses them?" he says. "Steward!" he roars; "bring me up a bottle of wine on deck and two glasses."

He continues cursing till we cast anchor at Plavnica, and an unwieldy barge puts out of the Marshes and removes our lively passengers. They salute us respectfully as they go.

"Fancy making a row with a lot of boisterous children like them!" remarks the captain. "Bah!" he says, and spits expressively towards the cabin.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

VI. A POOR SCENT.

"THERE will be no surprise of Hertzog at Houwater to-day."

The Rimington captain had summed up the results consequent upon the night-attack with considerable accuracy, and as his party, in obedience to orders, worked down the banks of the Ongers river covering the right of the combined advance upon Houwater, there was abundance of evidence to show that Hertzog and Company had little intention of becoming enmeshed by the ponderous strategy set in motion against them. Nor was the weather favourable. The storm which had preceded the night-attack was one of those lowly pitched thunder-clouds, which, caught in a craterlike valley enclosed by kopjes, revolved in a circle until it had spent itself. It took some hours of morning sun before it was finally dissolved. Consequently when the advance-guard of the force which was formed by the New Cavalry Brigade topped the great sloping glacis, inclining for all the world like an under-feature of the Sussex Downs, into the stagnant morass which is Houwater's most prominent feature, the last Boers were disappearing into the labyrinth of Minie Kloof beyond. But there was just sufficient excitement to take the cold and stiffness,

bred of a miserable march, out of the bones of the men. The pom-pom unlimbered above the drift, and spent, at an impossible range, a belt of its tiny bombs. A spare dozen of Rimingtons, who had pushed farther forward than the rest, lightened their bandoliers by a few cartridges, and then, unmolested, the miniature British army marched into possession of its *point d'appui*.

You who have only seen the British soldier at his worst, that is, when he is buttoned into a tunic little removed in design from a strait-waistcoat, or when the freedom of the man has been subordinated to the lick-and-spittle polish of the dummy,—you who glory in tin-casing for your Horse Guards, and would hoot the Guardsman bold enough to affect a woollen muffler,—would have opened your eyes with amazement if you could have sat on the slopes of the Houwater drift with the staff of the New Cavalry Brigade and watched the arrival of the co-operating columns to their common camping-ground. First came two squadrons of Scarlet Lancers, forming the nucleus of somebody's mobile column. No one would have accused them of being Lancers if they had met them suddenly on the veldt. Helmets they had none. How much time

and money and thought has been spent over the service headgear for our men! We have seen it adapted for this climate; altered to suit that; a peak here, a bandage there. But Thomas is the best judge of the helmet in which he prefers to campaign, and you may rest assured that he will choose the most comfortable, if not the most suitable. The Scarlet Lancers had been separated from their helmets for many months. In fact, the manner in which the gay cavalry man rides himself of his legitimate headgear and provides himself with a substitute rather smacks of the supernatural: for instance, our own 20th Dragoon Guards had not been in the country more than six days, yet there was barely a helmet to be seen amongst them. Substitutes had been found somewhere. The more worn and disreputable the substitute the happier the owner, despite the fact that all his past glories centred round a shining helmet or jaunty lancer cap, irresistible in plume and polish. But it was a great spectacle to see the survival of the fittest squadrons of the Scarlet Lancers filing past. There are half a dozen Cavalry Regiments against whom no one could throw a stone—the 16th and 9th Lancers are of these. But it would be invidious to particularise too much.

"Who the h—ll are these fellows?—are they tame Boers?"

chirped a subaltern from the 20th, who for the day was galloper to the brigadier.

A bearded ruffian, whose only costume was a flannel shirt and a pair of seedy check trousers, but whose eye was as keen as a hawk's, and whose shining "matchlock" had seventeen notches¹ along its stock, caught the subaltern's query.

"Yuss," came the answer, "we are tame Boers, the very tamest. My pal 'ere is President Kroojer, this 'ere's Botter, and hi am De—e—Wet!"

Cheery fellows; after fifteen months of war there was little about self-preservation that you could have taught them. Lean, sinewy, and bearded kind—they represented the English fighting man at his best. And well might the inexperienced have asked if they were Boers. Lance and pennon were gone. Barely a tunic or regimental button remained to the two squadrons. Their collective headgear would have disgraced a Kaffir location, and their boots were mostly the raw-hide imitations of the country. But they were men. Rags and dirt could not conceal that fact. Theirs was not the dirt of sloth and sluggard. The essentials were bright and clean. There was not a man of the 150 attempting to represent two service squadrons who had not at some period balanced his life against his proficiency with the rifle, and who had not realised that on service his firelock was the soldier's best and

¹ A gruesome record of successful shooting.

staunchest friend. Nor were the officers easy to distinguish from the men. A shade cleaner, perhaps; but they, too, were rough-bearded men, hard bitten by long exposure and responsibility. How different from the exquisites of popular fancy! Gone the beauties of effeminate adornment. Gone the studied insolence of puppyhood—that arrogance of bearing traditional with the British officer in times of peace. These were the men who had been eyes and ears to French's magnificent cavalry, who had ridden unflinchingly to the relief of Kimberley, who had more than held their own against fearsome odds at Diamond Hill. Did you hear that boy give an order? It was a man who spoke, and a man of resolution and understanding, yet judged by a standard in years he should still be a Sandhurst cadet.

The regulars are followed by a squadron of Yeomanry,—the old original yeomanry, and, 'pon one's honour! it is hard to distinguish them from the Lancers. They, too, have been a year in the country. It takes all that to make any mounted regiment, however educated your material. You may make the man in less, but not the officers, and, all told, the officers are the essential in any regiment. Here has been another of our mistakes; we have sent back our Volunteers just when they really became efficient. These very men were under orders for home. Knowing what we know of the capabilities of young and green troops in mounted war, we

may say with confidence that the authorities were ill advised when they failed to enforce the clause "until the end of the war," which was part of these men's undertaking. It has been the same all through, the exigencies of the service have been sacrificed to satisfy garrulous impatience on the part of home-abiding politicians.

The New Cavalry Brigade had been freshly provided with transport. Half was very excellent mule-transport; the balance was composed of heavy trek-waggon, with lumbering ox-teams. Futile expedient. The disadvantages of the one outweighed the advantages of the other. It is only a matter of weeks since a public outcry was raised—by ignorant critics it is true—because Paris's convoy was overwhelmed in detail, that officer having done what every other successful column commander has done, allowed his ox-waggon to march on ahead of his more mobile transport, in order not to delay the progress of the column. What chance of success lies with the officer content to passively hug ox-waggon instead of pressing on against his mobile foe? None: yet half the column commanders have been content to parade the country as escort to drays packed with merchandise. When a man has been found enterprising enough to leave his ox-transport under escort, and to form a striking arm with such part of his force as is mobile, you turn and rend him if the dead-weight which has cramped and cur-

tailed his action falls into disaster. Thus, in your ignorance, you call for the professional martyrdom of the only men who have served] you honestly and well. Why don't you strike at the system, which, when it equips these columns, sends the commanders forth with the millstone of ox-transport round their necks? Do you imagine that an officer, possessed of the same dash which in the past has built up the traditions of our mounted arm, selects to move with heavy transport from choice? With him it can only be a Hobson's choice. He must take what he can get or nothing. And having secured what chance will give him, he must make the most of it or fail. If he takes risks and succeeds, his luck will have been abnormal. If, taking the risks, he fails once, he will, in all probability, be sacrificed to the yapping of the curs who voice the taxpayer, or to the vanity of some less competent senior. These sweaters give no second chances. If he steers the middle way, and is sufficiently plausible in the tale he tells, he may carry on to the end of the war, or the leave season; perhaps even, if he is sufficiently cautious, he may worm his way into an honours list. For it is the good, not the bad, that the modern system breaks.

It is one thing for the mounted men of a column to come into camp, another for the transport.

Houwater presented an ideal place for the bivouac, with its running water, its solitary building—half farm, half store—at the drift, and its complement of oat-straw. But the *vlei*¹ from which the place takes its name was the very deuce for wheeled transport. All is fair in "love and war." This being a creed very staunchly adhered to by the private soldier when campaigning, the mess-servants of the Cavalry Brigade saw fit in the early morning to steal a span² of mules which had strayed from the protection of their rightful owners. Now the Brigade state *fourgon* with a span of four mules was a big enterprise, and if treated gently might have ministered to the comfort of the staff for many months. But no; the brigadier's servant and the mess-waiter, who was a high-spirited and intelligent dragoon, sought to vary the *ennui* of the march, and to assert their superiority over the Kaffirs in the matter of stage-driving, by taking the *fourgon* and its half-broken team full gallop down the incline terminating in Houwater *vlei*. A playful and high-spirited expedient, which ruined the brigadier's spring vehicle for ever and a day, and denied the staff many home comforts for that and some consecutive nights. . . .

The soldier, officer or man, who finds himself without a bivouac in the middle of a camp, experiences for the moment much the same sen-

¹ Dutch, swamp.

² Team.

sations as a "broke" man in the streets of London. Of the two, the officer has the worse time. A man will be able to approach some one or other of the company cooks with the certainty of a rough welcome. If he is wise he will arrive armed with some stray piece of driftwood to add to the stock of fuel. Thus will success be assured, for Thomas of all men is the most unselfish. In the first instance, if he be a staff officer, he has probably too much to get done in a short space of time to think about his creature comforts. Then, if the ordinary channels have failed, he has probably too much diffidence to propose himself upon the hospitality of his fellow-comrades. In this manner is the simile of the "broke" man in midst of London's wealth most applicable. Brigadiers, of course, do not starve; they would not, even if they possessed no *bandobust*¹ of their own. Some squadron mess claimed the chief of the Cavalry Brigade for the evening, and, probably, fed him well. But the juniors of his staff were without home, and it was long past dark before the Intelligence officer could think of food. His first duties were orders for the morrow. The officer in supreme command had been weak enough to have been accompanied by a cable-cart. Lord Wolseley may cavil at correspondents and call them the curse of modern armies; but we are

constrained to think that if a tired staff-officer were consulted he would save the cream of condemnatory epithets for the cable-cart, which makes his night horrible with useless telegrams. The nightmare of that midnight message, with its probable four pages of closely written ciphers! Those fine popinjays in starched kerseys and pink frills, who live in luxury at railway centres, think that it adds to their dignity if they convert their most trivial messages into cipher. Little do they consider the poor tired being whom they rob of his hard-earned rest to open out that cipher. It pleases them. They have nothing to do in the evenings. The codeing of a message to them is of the nature of an after-dinner game of backgammon. But to the aching head that has to decode it in the small hours of the morning by the fitful light of a grease-wallowing dip it is no game, no pastime. The cable-cart may have its uses; but many a score of worn-out staff-officers must have blessed the grass fire which has destroyed the ground-wire in their rear, and thus given them a few hours of unbroken rest.

After orders and the minutiae of brigade duties came intelligence. The only building at Houwater Drift is a ramshackle half-way house—a familiar landmark of the veldt. This *winkel* was managed by a half-bred

¹ Hindustani, arrangement.

right stretches a broad expanse of sparkling water, and beyond lie the snow-clad Albanian Alps, here and there wreathed with a milky-white cloud towering into the otherwise cloudless sky.

The little steamer—which is very cosmopolitan in itself, for a metal plate proclaims that it was built in England, is owned by a Scottish firm, flies the Montenegrin flag, and is captained by an Austrian—has a full complement of third-class passengers. They are very noisy too, which is irritating, for I feel sleepy, and would like to doze in the shade of the awning. There is something very soothing about the swish of water on a hot day; but to-day I can hear nothing but the loud and excited conversation of the Albanians abaft the engines. They are a wild-looking lot, all armed, and of the Christian faith, as the attention they pay to enormous bottles of strong drink proclaims. One of them starts a weird war-chant, and the rest join in a stormy chorus.

"It is too early," I murmur to myself. "If it were ten o'clock at night instead of ten in the morning, I might excuse a little conviviality; but in broad daylight it is sacrilege."

An hour passes; and I must have dozed, for the steward taps me gently on the shoulder. He informs me in shocking Italian that the mid-day meal is ready.

The Albanians have got much worse, I notice, as I execute an acrobatic feat necessary on entering the tiny cabin. I bump

my head, which causes me to swear; bump into the table, which makes me repeat what I said before; and then I bow to the other occupants at the table. There are two besides the captain, who is an old friend: one is the consul of a great Power much interested in the Albanian question, and the other a brown-habited Franciscan monk.

The consul is a small grey-haired and bearded man of insignificant stature, and his restless fingers proclaim him to be of an excitable temperament: probably the noisy Albanians have got on his nerves. The Franciscan contrasts oddly with him in all respects—big, placid, and young. His moustache looks out of place; but I know all Roman Catholic priests grow moustaches in these regions where a beardless man excites derision. He is as talkative, too, as the other is silent, and we speedily enter into conversation. In broad Syrian dialect he tells me of the excitement in Scutari, and how a few days ago the spiritual shepherd of a fierce clan, inhabiting part of those wild mountains to our right, arrived in Scutari a fugitive from his flock. We discuss the probable revenge which another clan will take for the burning of one of their churches by Turkish soldiery. He remarks on the unnatural calm displayed by the Albanian Christians in Scutari at the present moment.

"It bodes ill for the Mahometans," he says. "I never

trust the mountaineers when they are so quiet after an outrage."

A wild burst of yelling almost drowns his deep-toned voice.

"Your children exhibit no such unnatural calm here, father," I remark. "They are a few degrees worse than a crowd returning from a race-meeting in England — and more I cannot say."

The consul moves restlessly on his chair.

"They are all drunk," explains the captain, "and are excited about that church."

"That is obvious," I answer. "It is lucky we aren't Turks."

The monk comments on the abnormal state of affairs in the whole of Northern Albania, which I corroborate, contributing to his ghastly stories of murders and mutilations a few gleaned from other sources.

The consul does not agree with us. "It is like this every spring," he says coldly. "You newspaper-men magnify the troubles into important affairs of international importance."

"I should like to see the reports *you* send to your Government," I retort. "That the Porte always seeks to minimise a big massacre into a merely local affection we all know."

A shot rings out above us—the consul nearly jumps from his chair—then another and another.

"I thought that would come soon. In fact I wonder they haven't begun shooting before," I remark.

"I protest against this!" exclaims the consul excitedly to the captain, who is lighting a cigarette. "It must not be allowed on this steamer!"

"It is nothing," answers the captain, quietly puffing rings of smoke and watching them vanish through the skylight. "The noise eases their feelings."

"I call on you as captain of the boat to stop the firing!" continued the consul angrily, as another volley rings out; "otherwise I shall report you. There is a rule forbidding it," and he points to a printed list of regulations.

The captain sighs, finishes his glass, and calls to the steward to bring him his revolver. Then he climbs up the hatchway to the deck. I follow him, and listen admiringly as he sharply orders the revelers to cease, in a torrent of Turkish, Albanian, and Serb oaths. The monk retires hastily to the cabin again, as he too hears the captain's comprehensive blasphemy.

"Who shall give us orders to stop?" shouts a truculent ruffian, brandishing a huge revolver.

"And who shall make us?" adds another cut-throat with bloodshot eyes, pushing through the group and firing deliberately over the captain's head.

I notice the under lip of the captain tremble, and his face changes expression. It means he is really angry.

"I will," he says simply. "It is against the orders, and you will stop."

Hoarse laughter accompanies

him as he turns to go down the companion, and for ten minutes there is no firing. Then a tornado of shots breaks out again, and the captain flies up on deck, revolver in hand. He is too quick for me, but I hear him from below.

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I dare not breathe. Such consummate effrontery from the captain, one man against a score of reckless dare-devils who care nothing for human life, all inflamed with drink, petrifies me. The impudence of this laughable threat was stupendous.

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He continues cursing till we cast anchor at Plavnica, and an unwieldy barge puts out of the Marshes and removes our lively passengers. They salute us respectfully as they go.

"Fancy making a row with a lot of boisterous children like them!" remarks the captain. "Bah!" he says, and spits expressively towards the cabin.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

VI. A POOR SCENT.

"THERE will be no surprise of Hertzog at Houwater to-day."

The Rimington captain had summed up the results consequent upon the night-attack with considerable accuracy, and as his party, in obedience to orders, worked down the banks of the Ongers river covering the right of the combined advance upon Houwater, there was abundance of evidence to show that Hertzog and Company had little intention of becoming enmeshed by the ponderous strategy set in motion against them. Nor was the weather favourable. The storm which had preceded the night-attack was one of those lowly pitched thunder-clouds, which, caught in a craterlike valley enclosed by kopjes, revolved in a circle until it had spent itself. It took some hours of morning sun before it was finally dissolved. Consequently when the advance-guard of the force which was formed by the New Cavalry Brigade topped the great sloping glacis, inclining for all the world like an under-feature of the Sussex Downs, into the stagnant morass which is Houwater's most prominent feature, the last Boers were disappearing into the labyrinth of Minie Kloof beyond. But there was just sufficient excitement to take the cold and stiffness,

bred of a miserable march, out of the bones of the men. The pom-pom unlimbered above the drift, and spent, at an impossible range, a belt of its tiny bombs. A spare dozen of Rimingtons, who had pushed farther forward than the rest, lightened their bandoliers by a few cartridges, and then, unmolested, the miniature British army marched into possession of its *point d'appui*.

You who have only seen the British soldier at his worst, that is, when he is buttoned into a tunic little removed in design from a strait-waistcoat, or when the freedom of the man has been subordinated to the lick-and-spittle polish of the dummy,—you who glory in tin-casing for your Horse Guards, and would hoot the Guardsman bold enough to affect a woollen muffler,—would have opened your eyes with amazement if you could have sat on the slopes of the Houwater drift with the staff of the New Cavalry Brigade and watched the arrival of the co-operating columns to their common camping-ground. First came two squadrons of Scarlet Lancers, forming the nucleus of somebody's mobile column. No one would have accused them of being Lancers if they had met them suddenly on the veldt. Helmets they had none. How much time

him as he turns to go down the companion, and for ten minutes there is no firing. Then a tornado of shots breaks out again, and the captain flies up on deck, revolver in hand. He is too quick for me, but I hear him from below.

"I will shoot the next man who fires, and take the steamer back to Scutari. There I will hand the whole lot over to the authorities — those that are alive," he adds significantly.

I dare not breathe. Such consummate effrontery from the captain, one man against a score of reckless dare-devils who care nothing for human life, all inflamed with drink, petrifies me. The impudence of this laughable threat was stupendous.

As I emerge on deck, I see them replace their smoking revolvers in their belts and go off laughing.

I congratulate the captain. He is trembling violently.

"It is all that — consul. Why shouldn't they shoot if it amuses them?" he says.

"Steward!" he roars; "bring me up a bottle of wine on deck and two glasses."

He continues cursing till we cast anchor at Plavnica, and an unwieldy barge puts out of the Marshes and removes our lively passengers. They salute us respectfully as they go.

"Fancy making a row with a lot of boisterous children like them!" remarks the captain. "Bah!" he says, and spits expressively towards the cabin.

ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

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and money and thought has been spent over the service headgear for our men! We have seen it adapted for this climate; altered to suit that; a peak here, a bandage there. But Thomas is the best judge of the helmet in which he prefers to campaign, and you may rest assured that he will choose the most comfortable, if not the most suitable. The Scarlet Lancers had been separated from their helmets for many months. In fact, the manner in which the gay cavalry man rids himself of his legitimate headgear and provides himself with a substitute rather smacks of the supernatural: for instance, our own 20th Dragoon Guards had not been in the country more than six days, yet there was barely a helmet to be seen amongst them. Substitutes had been found somewhere. The more worn and disreputable the substitute the happier the owner, despite the fact that all his past glories centred round a shining helmet or jaunty lancer cap, irresistible in plume and polish. But it was a great spectacle to see the survival of the fittest squadrons of the Scarlet Lancers filing past. There are half a dozen Cavalry Regiments against whom no one could throw a stone—the 16th and 9th Lancers are of these. But it would be invidious to particularise too much.

"Who the h—ll are these fellows?—are they tame Boers?"

chirped a subaltern from the 20th, who for the day was galloper to the brigadier.

A bearded ruffian, whose only costume was a flannel shirt and a pair of seedy check trousers, but whose eye was as keen as a hawk's, and whose shining "matchlock" had seventeen notches¹ along its stock, caught the subaltern's query.

"Yuss," came the answer, "we are tame Boers, the very tamest. My pal 'ere is President Kroojer, this 'ere's Botter, and hi am De—e—Wet!"

Cheery fellows; after fifteen months of war there was little about self-preservation that you could have taught them. Lean, sinewy, and bearded kind—they represented the English fighting man at his best. And well might the inexperienced have asked if they were Boers. Lance and pennon were gone. Barely a tunic or regimental button remained to the two squadrons. Their collective headgear would have disgraced a Kaffir location, and their boots were mostly the raw-hide imitations of the country. But they were men. Rags and dirt could not conceal that fact. Theirs was not the dirt of sloth and sluggard. The essentials were bright and clean. There was not a man of the 150 attempting to represent two service squadrons who had not at some period balanced his life against his proficiency with the rifle, and who had not realised that on service his firelock was the soldier's best and

¹ A gruesome record of successful shooting.

staunchest friend. Nor were the officers easy to distinguish from the men. A shade cleaner, perhaps; but they, too, were rough-bearded men, hard bitten by long exposure and responsibility. How different from the exquisites of popular fancy! Gone the beauties of effeminate adornment. Gone the studied insolence of puppyhood—that arrogance of bearing traditional with the British officer in times of peace. These were the men who had been eyes and ears to French's magnificent cavalry, who had ridden unflinchingly to the relief of Kimberley, who had more than held their own against fearsome odds at Diamond Hill. Did you hear that boy give an order? It was a man who spoke, and a man of resolution and understanding, yet judged by a standard in years he should still be a Sandhurst cadet.

The regulars are followed by a squadron of Yeomanry,—the old original yeomanry, and, 'pon one's honour! it is hard to distinguish them from the Lancers. They, too, have been a year in the country. It takes all that to make any mounted regiment, however educated your material. You may make the man in less, but not the officers, and, all told, the officers are the essential in any regiment. Here has been another of our mistakes; we have sent back our Volunteers just when they really became efficient. These very men were under orders for home. Knowing what we know of the capabilities of young and green troops in mounted war, we

may say with confidence that the authorities were ill advised when they failed to enforce the clause "until the end of the war," which was part of these men's undertaking. It has been the same all through, the exigencies of the service have been sacrificed to satisfy garrulous impatience on the part of home-abiding politicians.

The New Cavalry Brigade had been freshly provided with transport. Half was very excellent mule-transport; the balance was composed of heavy trek-waggon, with lumbering ox-teams. Futile expedient. The disadvantages of the one outweighed the advantages of the other. It is only a matter of weeks since a public outcry was raised—by ignorant critics it is true—because Paris's convoy was overwhelmed in detail, that officer having done what every other successful column commander has done, allowed his ox-waggon to march on ahead of his more mobile transport, in order not to delay the progress of the column. What chance of success lies with the officer content to passively hug ox-waggon instead of pressing on against his mobile foe? None: yet half the column commanders have been content to parade the country as escort to drays packed with merchandise. When a man has been found enterprising enough to leave his ox-transport under escort, and to form a striking arm with such part of his force as is mobile, you turn and rend him if the dead-weight which has cramped and cur-

tailed his action falls into disaster. Thus, in your ignorance, you call for the professional martyrdom of the only men who have served] you honestly and well. Why don't you strike at the system, which, when it equips these columns, sends the commanders forth with the millstone of ox-transport round their necks? Do you imagine that an officer, possessed of the same dash which in the past has built up the traditions of our mounted arm, selects to move with heavy transport from choice? With him it can only be a Hobson's choice. He must take what he can get or nothing. And having secured what chance will give him, he must make the most of it or fail. If he takes risks and succeeds, his luck will have been abnormal. If, taking the risks, he fails once, he will, in all probability, be sacrificed to the yapping of the curs who voice the taxpayer, or to the vanity of some less competent senior. These sweaters give no second chances. If he steers the middle way, and is sufficiently plausible in the tale he tells, he may carry on to the end of the war, or the leave season; perhaps even, if he is sufficiently cautious, he may worm his way into an honours list. For it is the good, not the bad, that the modern system breaks.

It is one thing for the mounted men of a column to come into camp, another for the transport.

Houwater presented an ideal place for the bivouac, with its running water, its solitary building—half farm, half store—at the drift, and its complement of oat-straw. But the *vlei*¹ from which the place takes its name was the very deuce for wheeled transport. All is fair in "love and war." This being a creed very staunchly adhered to by the private soldier when campaigning, the mess-servants of the Cavalry Brigade saw fit in the early morning to steal a span² of mules which had strayed from the protection of their rightful owners. Now the Brigade state *fourgon* with a span of four mules was a big enterprise, and if treated gently might have ministered to the comfort of the staff for many months. But no; the brigadier's servant and the mess-waiter, who was a high-spirited and intelligent dragoon, sought to vary the *ennui* of the march, and to assert their superiority over the Kaffirs in the matter of stage-driving, by taking the *fourgon* and its half-broken team full gallop down the incline terminating in Houwater *vlei*. A playful and high-spirited expedient, which ruined the brigadier's spring vehicle for ever and a day, and denied the staff many home comforts for that and some consecutive nights. . . .

The soldier, officer or man, who finds himself without a bivouac in the middle of a camp, experiences for the moment much the same sen-

¹ Dutch, swamp.

² Team.

sations as a "broke" man in the streets of London. Of the two, the officer has the worse time. A man will be able to approach some one or other of the company cooks with the certainty of a rough welcome. If he is wise he will arrive armed with some stray piece of driftwood to add to the stock of fuel. Thus will success be assured, for Thomas of all men is the most unselfish. In the first instance, if he be a staff officer, he has probably too much to get done in a short space of time to think about his creature comforts. Then, if the ordinary channels have failed, he has probably too much diffidence to propose himself upon the hospitality of his fellow-comrades. In this manner is the simile of the "broke" man in midst of London's wealth most applicable. Brigadiers, of course, do not starve; they would not, even if they possessed no *bandobust*¹ of their own. Some squadron mess claimed the chief of the Cavalry Brigade for the evening, and, probably, fed him well. But the juniors of his staff were without home, and it was long past dark before the Intelligence officer could think of food. His first duties were orders for the morrow. The officer in supreme command had been weak enough to have been accompanied by a cable-cart. Lord Wolseley may cavil at correspondents and call them the curse of modern armies; but we are

constrained to think that if a tired staff-officer were consulted he would save the cream of condemnatory epithets for the cable-cart, which makes his night horrible with useless telegrams. The nightmare of that midnight message, with its probable four pages of closely written ciphers! Those fine popinjays in starched kerseys and pink frills, who live in luxury at railway centres, think that it adds to their dignity if they convert their most trivial messages into cipher. Little do they consider the poor tired being whom they rob of his hard-earned rest to open out that cipher. It pleases them. They have nothing to do in the evenings. The codeing of a message to them is of the nature of an after-dinner game of backgammon. But to the aching head that has to decode it in the small hours of the morning by the fitful light of a grease-wallowing dip it is no game, no pastime. The cable-cart may have its uses; but many a score of worn-out staff-officers must have blessed the grass fire which has destroyed the ground-wire in their rear, and thus given them a few hours of unbroken rest.

After orders and the minutiae of brigade duties came intelligence. The only building at Houwater Drift is a ramshackle half-way house—a familiar landmark of the veldt. This *winkel* was managed by a half-bred

¹ Hindustani, arrangement.

German; the farm inadequately protected from the elements half-a-dozen greasy Dutch *fraus* of various ages and a single decrepit black boy. Here indeed was a fund of information,—such being the channels through which the British Intelligence usually is worked. The Divisional Intelligence first took them in hand. Then White's, then William's, and lastly our own ranged them before the witness-table. It would have taken a veritable K.C. to have sorted the truth from the aggregate of falsehood which had been arrived at by the time it was our turn. The Intelligence officer had taken possession of the show-rooms of the *winkel* to serve him as an office. This Shoolbred of the veldt was but a sordid shelter—walls and counter of mud; floor, sun-dried cow-dung and sand. Ranged upon the shelves was a strange medley of merchandise. All edibles had been removed by the Boers; there only remained what we believe the trade terms hard and soft goods. A pile of stinking sheepskins, a few rolls of questionable longcloth, two packets of candles, some sheep-shears, gin-traps, and a keg of tar. As the Intelligence officer wearily set about his business of cross-examination, he was interrupted by the entrance of the Supply officer. This youth, as has previously been shown, was possessed of ready resource,—so much so that he annexed the two sole remaining packets

of candles before unburdening his mind.

Supply Officer (dropping the candles into the deep recess of the pockets of his "coat-warm-British").¹ "Are you aware, old boy, that we don't get any grub to-night?"

Intelligence Officer (wearily). "And why?"

S. O. "The reason is quite simple. Those mess-servants have driven the mess-cart into the *vlei*, and in the *vlei* it will remain all night."

I. O. "I can't help that. I always said that the general's man was a fool. He is not only a fool, but a silly fool!"

S. O. "Now, look here. You may think that you're a useful feller and doing a lot of good. But let me tell you that you are going over the same ground that better men than you have already passed (*pointing to the winkel-monger*). I have seen, at least, a round dozen of Intelligence officers examining that man. Well, what the deuce is he worth to you after that, either as a framer of fact or flinger of fiction? Try and be useful. We have got to feed to-night. Now, we can't go round to the messes and cadge for food. Nor shall we see our mess-cart. (*The Intelligence officer nodded assent.*) Then why do you detain our only chance? Here, Mr Squarehead (*taking the winkel-monger by the ear*), come and provide food. I have got two fowls and some potatoes, and you and the *fraus* between you

¹ Official designation of the field-service regulation overcoat.

have got to make a mess of pottage, and be right quick about it, or you will never see another sun rise."

There were protestations of inability on the part of the forced labourers. But the Supply officer soon overcame all these, and in an hour the staff of the New Cavalry Brigade were able to curl up for the night on the high-scented floor of the *winkel* after a full meal. . . .

An orderly from the general almost cannoned into the brigadier as he stood shaving by the light of a candle. There was a brusque rejoinder, and the man handed in a note. The brigadier read the slip of paper handed to him while he stropped his razor. The orderly who had brought the message stood stiffly to attention until the brigadier finished his apology for a toilet. Having washed and struggled into his tunic, the officer commanding the Cavalry Brigade was in a position to give his undivided attention to his correspondence. He strode over to the four packing-cases, which in their disguise as tables represented the brigade mess, and called for his Intelligence and acting staff officer. That officer's toilet took even less time than that of his chief, for he just rolled out from between two blankets, and appeared ready made, as it were, for the day's wear and tear.

Brigadier. "Here, you lazy scoundrel, read that" (*and he*

passed the slip of paper over to his subordinate).

I. O. "These are orders, sir."

B. "It was not necessary to send for you to discover that. But how does it affect the orders you issued last night?"

I. O. "It cancels them. Instead of taking us north-east, it will take us due west toward the Prieska Road as soon as we strike Beer Vlei."

B. "It looks as if Mr Brass Hat over there is going to wet-nurse me. My orders are to co-operate with him—not to follow him about like a dog at heel. I'm not sent here to be at the beck and call of every column commander a day senior to myself. I am here to catch Bojers¹—not to tramp about roads in the rear of other people. This is not co-operation; it is aiding and abetting 'refusal' tactics. Now look here, Mr Intelligence; just let us examine our information, and if we are right and Brass Hat is wrong, I'll just send him back a note which will keep him halted all day wiring to Pretoria for permission to cast me into irons. Now, what is his information?"

I. O. (reads) "Information arrived late last night that Pretorius and Brand have taken the road to Prieska. This is confirmed by the scouts who went out last night. The enemy retired over Minie Kloof and halted at a farm on the far side of the pass."

B. "Therefore the officer commanding the New Cavalry

¹ Jocular rendering of "Burghers."

Brigade, having covered the whole force over Minie Kloof, will halt and allow the brave general to pass through his brigade, and then follow him along a Karoo road into Prieska. So these are this sportsman's ideas on the co-operation of columns. They are about equal with his conception of the military methods most adapted for catching the present edition of 'Brother.' What is our private information ? "

I. O. "That Brand, Hertzog, and Pretorius with four hundred men left this yesterday afternoon, — the former with the intention of making for Prieska ; the two latter, with the bulk of the force, to fulfil an order from De Wet to concentrate with him upon Strydenburg."

B. "I forget how you came by this information ? "

I. O. "From the German storekeeper here, sir. He's a good sort of fellow, and the Supply officer has taken him on as a conductor. The man was present in the store when the messenger arrived with the communication from De Wet."

B. "'M, yes. But may not he have been told to tip us this yarn on purpose? Have you any other information confirming this theory ? "

I. O. "Yes, sir, in two places. One of the old dames in the farm here dropped a remark which the Tiger pounced upon at once. Her spring-cart had been sent by Hertzog into Strydenburg to get ammunition, as the orders were then for Brand to attack Britstown, and

they expected to use up the available supply in so doing. The ammunition would have arrived with De Wet. That is circumstantial evidence ; but last night about 2 P.M. I got the following from the cable-cart. It is from our friend the De Wet expert, dated last night from Orange River Station (*takes out paper and reads*) : 'Despatches captured ordering concentration of all available commandoes at Strydenburg to meet De Wet on the evening of the 26th' — that is to-morrow night, sir."

B. "Will old Stick-in-the-mud have got that, too ? "

I. O. "I presume so, sir ! "

B. "Then this is a clear case of 'bilk' on his part. I will go over and see him. I will be at Strydenburg, as I intended, by midday to-morrow, if I have to mutiny in doing so. My orders of last night stand until I come back."

The brigadier was back in ten minutes, by which time the crude mutton chops, fried in bacon fat, which formed the daily staple of the staff breakfast, were laid upon the packing-case. The brigadier sat down on his biscuit-tin and took a deep draught of tea. He then seemed sufficiently fortified to give expression to his feelings.

B. "Well, of all the electro-plated figure-heads with which I have come in contact in a long and varied military career, that man is the most unmentionable. He is eloquent in his estimation of you, Mr Intelligence. I told him that I could not agree with him upon any

trust the mountaineers when they are so quiet after an outrage."

A wild burst of yelling almost drowns his deep-toned voice.

"Your children exhibit no such unnatural calm here, father," I remark. "They are a few degrees worse than a crowd returning from a race-meeting in England — and more I cannot say."

The consul moves restlessly on his chair.

"They are all drunk," explains the captain, "and are excited about that church."

"That is obvious," I answer. "It is lucky we aren't Turks."

The monk comments on the abnormal state of affairs in the whole of Northern Albania, which I corroborate, contributing to his ghastly stories of murders and mutilations a few gleaned from other sources.

The consul does not agree with us. "It is like this every spring," he says coldly. "You newspaper-men magnify the troubles into important affairs of international importance."

"I should like to see the reports *you* send to your Government," I retort. "That the Porte always seeks to minimise a big massacre into a merely local affection we all know."

A shot rings out above us—the consul nearly jumps from his chair—then another and another.

"I thought that would come soon. In fact I wonder they haven't begun shooting before," I remark.

"I protest against this!" exclaims the consul excitedly to the captain, who is lighting a cigarette. "It must not be allowed on this steamer!"

"It is nothing," answers the captain, quietly puffing rings of smoke and watching them vanish through the skylight. "The noise eases their feelings."

"I call on you as captain of the boat to stop the firing!" continued the consul angrily, as another volley rings out; "otherwise I shall report you. There is a rule forbidding it," and he points to a printed list of regulations.

The captain sighs, finishes his glass, and calls to the steward to bring him his revolver. Then he climbs up the hatchway to the deck. I follow him, and listen admiringly as he sharply orders the revelers to cease, in a torrent of Turkish, Albanian, and Serb oaths. The monk retires hastily to the cabin again, as he too hears the captain's comprehensive blasphemy.

"Who shall give us orders to stop?" shouts a truculent ruffian, brandishing a huge revolver.

"And who shall make us?" adds another cut-throat with bloodshot eyes, pushing through the group and firing deliberately over the captain's head.

I notice the under lip of the captain tremble, and his face changes expression. It means he is really angry.

"I will," he says simply. "It is against the orders, and you will stop."

Hoarse laughter accompanies

the Archbishop of Babylon" being announced by the servants on every landing. Next came the Duchess del Drago, daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain by her second marriage: she was dazzling in diamonds; which diamonds, some people were ill-natured enough to say, belonged of right to the Spanish crown-jewels. Following this brilliant apparition came a bevy of barefooted friars, in their brown robes, with the cord of St Francis knotted round the waist. All the religious orders were represented on those occasions. Besides the Franciscans there were Dominicans, Benedictines, and many others, each in their distinctive dress. The whole College of Cardinals (those, at least, who were living in Rome) were obliged to go, in fullest gala dress, a blaze of scarlet. All the ambassadors, in diplomatic uniform, and covered with orders, were to be seen. The old Duke de Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador, had so many orders that there was scarcely room for all, even on his broad chest. He had everything that anybody could possibly have, beginning with the Golden Fleece; every distinction for military prowess, for literary fame, and for civil merit. All the ambassadresses, all the Roman princesses went, in their most gorgeous array, and their historic jewels. Princess Corsini's diamond tiara was so high that it quite dwarfed her, she being a little thin woman. It really seemed to be a third of her height; but though, of course, of immense value, I did not

admire it. It was more like a cut-steel fender than anything else. She wore also her celebrated pearls, the string of which broke one evening when I was standing beside her: the pearls flew in every direction, but I think they were all rescued. They were the largest I have ever seen, some being nearly as big as hazel-nuts; but they were not all quite perfect in shape, nor was the colour so pure as in some of smaller size. Besides, in Rome one does not perhaps appreciate pearls as they deserve: they can be, and are, so exquisitely imitated.

The evening after the great reception there was always a smaller one of invited guests. On two occasions we had the good fortune to be asked. I don't think they were so interesting as the others; the cardinals were only in half-gala, the princesses wore their second-best diamonds, the religious orders were in much smaller number. At the invited reception we got refreshments; but the ices did not make up for the want of the cardinals' scarlet cloaks. However, everybody liked to be asked to the second reception, chiefly because their friends were for the most part left out.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary for State, was the most prominent figure in Rome at that time. He went much into society, and had great charm of manner: he always said pleasant, flattering things, and it did not greatly matter whether they were sincere or not.

long expensive journey in order to spend a few weeks or days in Rome. About a fortnight's quick travelling was necessary between England and Italy: six days in a vetturino carriage from Florence to Rome; three days, or three and a half, from Rome to Naples. Of course it was shorter to take the diligence and travel night and day; but there was almost a certainty of being stopped by brigands. Also, one could come by sea; even then it was a whole day's journey in a carriage from Civita Vecchia, and there were more brigands on that road than on any other. Therefore, when people came, they stayed; frequently two winters in Rome, spring in Florence, autumn in Naples, summer in the cool Tuscan valleys. Professional people and business men could not undertake so long an absence; consequently the mere fact of being in Rome was a kind of passport to people's good opinion, as proving that one had nothing to do. It was supposed that you had education, some knowledge of foreign languages and literature, and the classics; and, above all, that you had a more or less clear idea of what you had come to see. I do not think one could have been asked then, as I more recently was by a lady in the railway-train, "What is the Apollo Belvedere?"

The cardinals were constantly met in society, and to be seen also walking outside the gates, with a heavy carriage and fat horses lumbering after. The Pope even occasionally came to

the Pincian at the fashionable hour; and then the band stopped playing the Drinking-Song from the "Traviata," and all went down on their knees. Among the most curious features of Roman life were the cardinals' receptions. When a new cardinal was made, on the evening of the day when his hat was sent him, he held a splendid reception in one of the great old Roman palaces, where some Roman princess received for him. No invitations were issued; all who presented themselves were admitted. There were one or two rules, and I do not remember that they were ever infringed. It was not wished that professional people, medical men and the like, practising in Rome, should go. Artists, also, both painters and sculptors, were not expected. This last regulation seems illiberal, as excluding many men well worth knowing. In practice, however, it was not so, for everybody whatsoever who, as the phrase is, had a "decoration," was welcomed; and as all the great painters and sculptors had something of the kind, it ended in their being received with distinction. Gibson, as well as most of the great French artists, had the Legion of Honour; Benzoni and Tenerani the Order of Pius, and so on.

Those receptions were very curious, from the strange mixture of people and costumes. The first time I went to one a magnificent ecclesiastic went upstairs before us, "Monsignor

the Archbishop of Babylon" being announced by the servants on every landing. Next came the Duchess del Drago, daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain by her second marriage: she was dazzling in diamonds; which diamonds, some people were ill-natured enough to say, belonged of right to the Spanish crown-jewels. Following this brilliant apparition came a bevy of barefooted friars, in their brown robes, with the cord of St Francis knotted round the waist. All the religious orders were represented on those occasions. Besides the Franciscans there were Dominicans, Benedictines, and many others, each in their distinctive dress. The whole College of Cardinals (those, at least, who were living in Rome) were obliged to go, in fullest gala dress, a blaze of scarlet. All the ambassadors, in diplomatic uniform, and covered with orders, were to be seen. The old Duke de Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador, had so many orders that there was scarcely room for all, even on his broad chest. He had everything that anybody could possibly have, beginning with the Golden Fleece; every distinction for military prowess, for literary fame, and for civil merit. All the ambassadresses, all the Roman princesses went, in their most gorgeous array, and their historic jewels. Princess Corsini's diamond tiara was so high that it quite dwarfed her, she being a little thin woman. It really seemed to be a third of her height; but though, of course, of immense value, I did not

admire it. It was more like a cut-steel fender than anything else. She wore also her celebrated pearls, the string of which broke one evening when I was standing beside her: the pearls flew in every direction, but I think they were all rescued. They were the largest I have ever seen, some being nearly as big as hazel-nuts; but they were not all quite perfect in shape, nor was the colour so pure as in some of smaller size. Besides, in Rome one does not perhaps appreciate pearls as they deserve: they can be, and are, so exquisitely imitated.

The evening after the great reception there was always a smaller one of invited guests. On two occasions we had the good fortune to be asked. I don't think they were so interesting as the others; the cardinals were only in half-gala, the princesses wore their second-best diamonds, the religious orders were in much smaller number. At the invited reception we got refreshments; but the ices did not make up for the want of the cardinals' scarlet cloaks. However, everybody liked to be asked to the second reception, chiefly because their friends were for the most part left out.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary for State, was the most prominent figure in Rome at that time. He went much into society, and had great charm of manner: he always said pleasant, flattering things, and it did not greatly matter whether they were sincere or not.

He had a very remarkable collection of jewels; fine specimens of every known gem, and also of intaglios, cameos, &c.; and a series of pieces of every kind of marble, ancient and modern. We were invited to his apartment in the Vatican to see all this, and we went, expecting to find a sort of museum, with a functionary to show it. But no! we were received in the cardinal's drawing-room by the cardinal himself. In his pocket he kept the key of those valuable possessions, and probably he did wisely. The jewels were in boxes, and arranged on little rods. These rods were furnished with small nippers, each holding a separate stone. On touching a spring, the rods turned, the nippers sprang up like the keys of a flute, and the gem was seen transparent. There were diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, opals, amethysts, all splendid specimens; and, most beautiful of all, that rarest of stones, the jacinth, besides all kinds of what may be termed second-class jewels—turquoise, aquamarine, topaz, both pink and yellow, cairngorms. These last were differently arranged, being of larger size. Then there were engraved gems of all kinds, intaglios, cameos, both stone and shell: it was indeed a wonderful collection. The marbles, too, were very interesting. The cardinal said he regretted having chosen so large a size for his squares of marble, as otherwise he could have picked up many small bits of rare kinds. He talked most agreeably, telling us,

among other things, how in his earlier days he sometimes went barefooted, in the depth of winter, dressed in the penitent's garb (which, as is well known, covers the whole face and form), and begged, "just for curiosity, and to know how it felt," and that it was not at all disagreeable! He took the precaution, however, to have always hot water ready to plunge his feet into on his return. In old days it was quite a common thing for people, even of high rank, to go out as penitents. As to the cold, he said it was in a great measure a matter of habit. He frequently went out to see his mother at Sonnino, a village off the Frosinone road. He had been there lately, one very cold snowy day, and met a little boy who had neither shoes nor stockings. The cardinal asked him if he did not feel the cold in his bare feet. "No," said the boy; "is your face cold?"

The cardinal was certainly a very good son. He never neglected his mother, going often to see her, and always speaking of her with respect and affection, though she was but a peasant woman, and, report said, the widow of a brigand. Indeed it was said that all the male inhabitants of Sonnino were brigands, more or less.

One of our party, Mr C., unfortunately took it into his head to catechise the Cardinal Secretary of State on his political views—to interview him, in short. There was a rebellion of some kind going

on in Poland against Russia, and, to everybody's consternation, Mr C. asked Antonelli what he thought of it. "Of course," said the cardinal, "one must always sympathise to a certain extent with those of one's own religion; but revolution is always revolution!" This was said with a darkening brow, and such a fiery gleam in his eye, that I hastily interposed with some perfectly inane question about one of the gems. His Eminence looked much relieved.

When we rose to take leave the cardinal shook hands—indeed squeezed our hands emphatically, and begged that we would never forget him. It was so unlikely we should, he being one of the most important personages in European politics at that moment.

Going downstairs our friend Mr C. said to me reproachfully, "I wish you had not changed the conversation just then. I was going to ask him what he thought of the state of affairs in Ireland." I did not repent of my interruption.

Though much liked in society, Antonelli was hated by the populace. He had a black cat, which used to sit on his shoulder when he was writing despatches and other documents. The common people said this cat was a familiar spirit—an emissary of the devil, if not indeed the devil himself—whispering evil things into the cardinal's ear. But of this I can form no opinion, not having seen the pussy in question.

In the College of Cardinals

the most remarkable at that time, next to Cardinal Antonelli, was Cardinal d'Andrea. Nothing could be more opposed than the two men. Antonelli, representing the old system, strong in repression, with a very clear idea of his own plans, and a very decided determination to carry them out. D'Andrea, with the high and noble aim of blending all that was good in the old ways with all that was best in modern ideas of progress. He died at a comparatively early age: I do not think he was much over fifty, and that is young for a cardinal—especially for one who aspires to the Papacy. And had he lived he would probably have been Pope; he was the Liberal candidate. His political view was to make Italy a confederation. The north, with Lombardy, Venice, Tuscany, to be under the King of Sardinia; the Pope to reign over all his old dominions; the King of Naples over Naples and Sicily. Those three were to be united in a close federation, with, I suppose, the Pope as umpire, in case of difficulties arising. And difficulties were pretty sure to arise,—between Victor Emmanuel and the King of Naples, for instance. It was a grand idea, and, could it have been worked, would have changed the whole future of Italy, and perhaps of some other countries. At least it would have prevented the bitter hatred which now exists in many quarters against the priests, and too often against all religion whatever. But it was not to be: the jealousy

of Pio Nono was fiercely roused, and Cardinal d'Andrea was obliged to leave Rome and go to Naples, on pretext of his native air being good for his health. The reverse was the result: he died of consumption little more than a year after. The Vatican rejoiced, but the Roman people grieved. There certainly was no love lost between the cardinal and the Pope. The former said one day, when speaking of Pio Nono, "The Holy Father is as vain as a woman. He would burn me if he could."

The cardinal's religious opinions were moderate. He was no fanatic, and would never have been a persecutor. He often spoke of Protestantism, and asked many questions about it. Frequently he said, "That I approve." Once he said, speaking of the Virgin Mary, "You put her too low; but we put her as much too high."

He was a man of varied culture, and an enthusiastic Dante student. On one occasion he invited us to meet a learned friend of his, Padre Borgogni, who had translated the book of Isaiah into "terza rima," the same metre as the 'Divina Commedia,' and certainly as poetry it was magnificent.

Another and very different personality was Gibson the sculptor, whom we knew well. The kindest-hearted of men, he was totally without worldliness, and absolutely without envy and malice. In fact he could scarcely have been envious, he was so undoubtedly the king

of the artist world. Still, it is not every man who, having attained greatness, is uniformly kind and helpful to those who are struggling up. His influence in Rome was always for good. After his death everything was changed: all the artists instantly went by the ears—so much so that one was afraid to go to a studio lest one should hear something against somebody next door, whereas Gibson never would allow evil-speaking. His quaint humour, too, was delightful. Of course he was very much petted by our Royal Family, and he gave a most amusing account of his visit to Osborne. When he was invited to go there, the (then) Prince of Wales asked him to arrange to go at the time he, the Prince, would be there. So it was settled. "Well," said he, in telling me the story, "I did not know if I was to stay all night, or even to dinner; so I made up my bag in this way. A coat, waistcoat, shirt; but I did not take second trousers. When I arrived I found I was to dine with the equerries, and stay the night. Next day at eleven I was to have an audience of her Majesty." In the morning, when he was dressing, comes a message from the Prince asking him to come down to the garden. Of course he hurried in finishing his toilet. "I did not wish to keep the Prince waiting, and I was just putting on my trousers as fast as I could when a terrible rent came at the back," said he, looking

expressively over his shoulder. Alas! he had no other trousers. What was to be done? He rang the bell and asked if there was anybody in the house who could mend them. After considerable delay somebody was found. In the meantime another message comes up, "The Prince of Wales is waiting in the garden." Presently another message, "The Princess of Wales is waiting"! Driven to desperation, Gibson said to the messenger, "Just you tell his Royal Highness exactly what has happened."

Naturally, when Gibson came down to the garden, he found the royal party struggling with imperfectly suppressed merriment. In fact the Princess of Wales never attempted to suppress it; nor did she recover her gravity all through the visit. Princess Helena was of the party, and Gibson told her that the last time he had seen her she was playing with a very large wax doll, a present from King Louis Philippe. "I have it still," said the Princess. Then she gathered a beautiful rose and gave it to him. Unfortunately the head broke off, whereupon he put it in his pocket. Presently the Princess of Wales gave him a rose. "You've lost the one I gave you," said Princess Helena. "No, ma'am, I have not; it is safe in my pocket."

But now it was almost eleven o'clock, and Gibson rose to go. "Oh! don't go yet; stay a little longer," said the Prince.

"No, I will not; I can't keep her Majesty waiting for any person," answered Gibson.

He was ushered into the Queen's presence, and he described the interview thus: "By Jove! I forgot, and spoke first!" But the Queen was most gracious. She asked him how old he was when he came to Rome, and he told her. Presently, as if quite unconnected with the previous question, she asked him how many years he had been in Rome. He replied, "If I were to tell you that, ma'am, you would know my age, and that I tell to no lady." And then the Queen laughed.

I think he was about seventy-six when he died. He was only a few days ill. On going down to his studio to inquire for him, it was strangely silent and desolate. How one missed his bright welcome! Sad and lonely stood the wondrous statues around, the gods of Greece, for the most part; only one sacred subject was there, our Lord calling the little children to come to him.

He was buried on a bright January day in our lovely Protestant cemetery, where the birds were singing, and the violets blooming, as if in spring. All the foreigners in Rome were there, in deep mourning. The French troops were out, for he had the cross of the Legion of Honour. They marched with muffled drums, firing into the grave as they passed.

I do not think any one was ever so universally mourned. But it is sad to think that his beautiful works have never had a suitable place made for them in England. How much better the Danes treated Thorwaldsen!

Among the pleasantest recol-

lections of Rome are the days spent at Palazzo Caetani, listening to the old Duke di Sermoneta's brilliant talk. The head of the great baronial House of Caetani, Don Michelangelo, as he was generally called, was one of the most learned and gifted men I have ever known. He was the greatest Dante scholar of the age. He was said to know the whole 'Divina Commedia' by heart: if you gave him one word, he would go on from that to the end of the canto. When we first knew him he had not yet become blind, but the sight of one eye was weak. He always read with the book or manuscript held close to his face; and he tried his sight far too much, especially by reading at night. As was the case in all Roman palaces, there was no gas, and electric light was as yet unheard of. I always thought the supply of lamps and candles insufficient in those great dim rooms. The Italians have an idea that much light is bad for the eyes, so they live in semi-darkness: this perhaps accounts for the great prevalence of blindness in Italy. The duke loved to pore over manuscripts, and the more crabbed and illegible they were, the more he seemed to enjoy it. Drawing was also a great pleasure to him; it was he who drew all those exquisite Etruscan designs carried out in gold-work by Castellani. Even after the duke became quite blind he could still draw the designs.

In fact, but for the duke, Castellani could never have done anything, for he had no

money, and a large sum was required to provide all the very pure gold necessary for the work. The duke lent it to him, and thus enabled him to produce those lovely specimens of the goldsmith's art, afterwards so famous. Castellani himself was quite a character. He had a supreme contempt for everything modern; and modern times, according to his views, reached very far back. Once, having come from one of the Paris Exhibitions, we told him we had seen some earrings that had belonged to Pharaoh's daughter who adopted Moses. "But Moses was quite a modern man," objected he. We asked if he considered that age of the Egyptian monarchy modern. "But—*most* modern"! he answered.

In earlier days, when the duke still had his eyesight, he drew plans of Dante's worlds—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; as well as many little illustrations explanatory of some obscure passages. One of the most ingenious showed how the shining spirits forming the letter M, in the 18th canto of the "Paradiso," with slight change, took the shape of a *fleur-de-lis*, and then of an eagle.

It is to be regretted that he never published a large or important work; but he wrote many slight articles, little pamphlets, some concerning Dante, and others about old Latin days; conversations in the Tusculan wood, &c. He used to read Virgil aloud sometimes,—not as at Oxford and Cambridge, but with the

soft Roman pronunciation. It was certainly very beautiful, and exceedingly easy to understand. He did not hesitate to call our English pronunciation barbarous. "Did the Romans not know better than anybody else how their language should be spoken?" said he. And indeed there seemed some truth in that.

About once a-week, in Palazzo Caetani, there were Dante afternoons. After Don Michelangelo became blind, somebody else read; often Marchese Francesco Vitelleschi, who had a beautiful voice, and read extremely well,—pausing with great tact, whenever he thought there was anything to be explained: and those explanations were very delightful and instructive.

The duke was not at all in favour of the temporal power of the Pope. He used to say, "My ancestors owned every bit of ground between the gates of Rome and the gates of Naples before the Pope had a foot of temporal power." That was quite true; his ancestors levied blackmail on everybody who passed that way. Although he was a Liberal in politics, and most simple and unassuming in manner, he was by no means democratic in opinions; and very proud he was of being a Campagna baron; much more so than of being the premier duke in Rome. That last he considered a trivial, commonplace thing, scarcely worth mentioning.

In his house I once heard a discussion as to the relative ranks of the Roman nobility:

the first, and much the first, were the Campagna barons, who had ruled despotically in the neighbourhood of Rome ever since the breaking up of the Empire. Don Michelangelo himself was born with the right of life and death on his property; but as all that came to an end when he was three years old, he naturally had never exercised it. The only surviving really baronial families are the Caetani, the Colonna, the Orsini; at that time also the Santa Croce, now extinct in the male line. It is to be feared that those families did not always use their quite irresponsible power in the gentlest manner; for the word *baron* at the present day signifies also a tyrant.

Next to the barons, the feudal fiefs of the holy Roman Empire seemed to be the most considered. All were agreed that the papal nobility, generally having its source in nepotism, was the lowest of all.

It was the Duke di Sermoneta who went to invite Victor Emmanuel to Rome; but I don't think he was quite satisfied after he had got him. Like many other people, he expected too much: he thought everything would be faultless, which is never the case in this world; he expected everybody to be contented, which has certainly never yet been the case in Italy. He supposed that everybody was as purely and disinterestedly patriotic as he was himself; and he saw the evil of the great multitude of hangers-on, always clamouring for a place with little to do. The great ambi-

tion of a young Italian is to be an employee, and work half the day. They do not object to begin pretty early in the morning; but they must have their afternoons free, to wear pale kid gloves, and saunter on the Pincian, listening to the band. They say, "Only slaves work after three o'clock." They are, however, content with very little pay. In the great palace of the Ministry of Finance I have been told there is room for a thousand of those clerks; that, I think, must be an exaggeration, but there are certainly too many. The Duke di Sermoneta, instead of the Ministry of Finance, always called it "the Mausoleum of the Finances." And a mausoleum it was, of human beings as well as of finance; in the erection of it, the work, as is usual in Italy, was let out to contractors, the cheapest contract being accepted. Unseasoned wood was used for the scaffoldings, consequently scarcely a day passed without something breaking and workmen being killed or injured.

At last the duke said, "Between the infamy of the Court and the stupidity of the Vatican I really don't know which to choose."

Though a good man and a good Catholic, he had no great admiration for the monastic orders. Nuns especially did not appeal to his sympathies. He said, "Every insect, generally speaking, lives in water or in air; nuns, however, are insects who can live without water and without air. I know it, for my sister is a nun." Also, like most

other born Roman Catholics, he extremely objected to converts, usually speaking of them as "those lunatics."

Another Roman house in those days was Palazzo Santa Croce. It stands at the corner of the Via in Publicolis, recalling the tradition that the Santa Croces were descended from Valerius Publicola, "the good house that loved the people well." It was a strange old palace—said to be haunted, and it looked very like it. There was the bust of a Cardinal Santa Croce at the top of the stairs, and one of the young Santa Croce girls told me that at night he got off his pedestal and walked about the house, "because he was a very wicked man." However, there has never been a Pope of that family, on which account, according to the Duke di Sermoneta, they deserved particular consideration, and were always waited for, however late they might be!

There were some good pictures in the palace, especially Guido's Europa. The archives of the family were interesting; they dated from the time of the Empress Helena, when one of the family went with her to the Holy Land and brought back the piece of the true cross, now venerated in the Basilica of S. Croce in Gerusalemme. But I think they were prouder of their legendary descent from Valerius Publicola. The eldest daughter of the house was singularly like the portrait of Beatrice Cenci; I remarked it to her, and she told me that Beatrice Cenci's mother was a Santa Croce.

Liszt very often came in the evening to Palazzo Santa Croce, and used to go to the piano and play for hours. Sometimes, however, he announced that he could not play. He said he had little talent for music, but he could play whist. And what whist it was! Never have I seen anything so queer. Nobody seemed to have the most rudimentary idea of returning their partner's lead, usually preferring to return their adversary's. Under-trumping was frequent, and revokes not unknown. There were no markers; everybody had a bit of paper and a pencil, and jotted down the progress of the game. The "canonico," a priest who came nearly every evening, was the only person who had the faintest notion of how the game should be played. This, however, was a doubtful advantage, as it caused him to lose his temper violently; and totally forgetting his manners, he spoke to everybody, including the Prince, in the second person plural instead of the polite third person. Liszt meanwhile sat serenely, with his long hair falling back and a sweet smile on his face, as if wrapt in Elysium. Once, in passing through the room, I asked, "What are trumps?" Liszt put his hand on his heart and said, "Les cœurs regnent toujours!"

Frequently, however, he went to the piano. One evening he volunteered to play a duet with Donna Louisa, the eldest daughter, who was to play on the harmonium. She objected that she had only begun to

learn that instrument, that she knew but one tune, and even of it only the first part, which she could play with the right hand only. "That will do quite well; let us begin," said Liszt. They accordingly began, and he improvised the most exquisite variations on the simple little theme. Presently he got completely absorbed in the music, and Donna Louisa stopped. Very soon, however, he perceived this, and broke off abruptly with, "Well, why don't we go on?" and she had to begin again. Another time he was asked to play "Characters." A name of some mutual friend, or somebody known in society, was mentioned, and he improvised something suitable to each person. There were delicate, faint melodies; deep, thrilling chords; merry, rippling trills; and then a wild crash of hurrying notes. At last a name was given which seemed to rouse much merriment. He then turned his back to the piano and played with his fists.

At this time Gregorovius was much in Rome, — often at Palazzo Caetani, and also in German houses. He did not go much among the English, not speaking the language at all. In fact, he was really at home only in German, and, in a lesser degree, in Italian. On being asked if he spoke French, he replied, "Badly and unwillingly." At Casa Caetani this did not matter, for every language was spoken there. Don Michelangelo's gifted daughter, Countess Lovatelli, spoke six

fluently. One of the peculiarities of

Gregorovius was that he would not go anywhere where he was asked, though he willingly came when not invited. On one occasion I really wished him to come, on account of friends who were very desirous of meeting him. A few evenings before I met him at a German house, and when I was going away I said to him, "Some friends are coming to spend Wednesday evening with us; but I don't ask you to come, I don't want you: in fact, I had rather you stayed away." He came, and made himself most agreeable.

Perhaps the poems of Gregorovius are not as well known as his prose. He did not write a great deal of poetry, but what he wrote was very beautiful—his poem of "Icarus" in particular, suggested by a bas-relief in the Villa Albani. Some of his verses, little miniature poems of four lines, are exquisite—especially one to the almond-tree. He had a peculiar love for almond-blossom, and when he was about to leave Rome he mourned, almost tearfully, that he had to go before the trees were in flower. Whereupon a young Roman, somewhat lacking in sentiment, said in much surprise, "How can it possibly matter to him or to anybody else whether the almonds are in blossom or not?"

There was a very pleasant German society at that time. One very brilliant house was that of Baron Platner, son of the Platner who wrote the "Rombeschreibung" along with Bunsen. All the most noted

German authors and artists went there. There was also the German Artist Club, which gave merry parties. The club still exists; but, like many other things in Rome, it has become too large and too ambitious, thereby losing its homelike simplicity. In those days it used to give amateur theatricals, which were often exceedingly amusing. One little comedy was "The Niece and the Nightingale," wherein much confusion was caused by the old uncle thinking a man who had come to buy the nightingale wished to marry the niece. There was no splendour; little lighting up, for electric light did not yet exist; no costly refreshments, only a bun and a glass of lemonade or weak punch. But there was much kindly hospitality.

In my first years in Rome archæology, among the English at least, was not much cultivated. There was always a German or, as it was then called, a Prussian Archæological Institute, and also, of course, an Italian Academy with the same scope. But Germans and Italians were far too busy quarrelling to have much leisure for study. The Forum was still untouched. Instead of showing its present appearance of a town recently ruined by an earthquake, it was then a field with a few trees and some rough grass, where occasionally some cattle were to be seen browsing. Just about that time they began to uncover part of the Basilica Giulia. The Arch of Septimius Severus was promi-

nent and the Arch of Titus; also the Column of Phocas, its name already ascertained, its base being no longer buried. Other ruins were named in a very haphazard manner. The columns now definitely ascertained to belong to the Temple of Castor and Pollux, were then termed remains of the Temple of Minerva Chalcidica; while almost anything was ascribed to Jupiter Stator,—failing him, to Jupiter Tonans. The house of the Vestals, Juturna's Fount, and the house of the Pontifex Maximus, were undreamt of.

Then came the English archæologist, Mr Parker. Immediately the Germans and Italians left off disputing among themselves, and unanimously swooped upon Mr Parker. It must be confessed that his methods of argument were not the mildest imaginable. He constantly told his opponents that they had not a shadow of proof of what they asserted. This naturally was not soothing, and the fighting grew fast and furious. The Italians were not quite so angry as the Germans. Indeed De Rossi was then, as ever, uniformly kind and encouraging to everybody; but his work lay mostly underground in the Catacombs. At length even the Germans acknowledged Mr Parker's services to archæology, especially in determining the site of the Porta Capena, and also in tracing the course of the ruined aqueducts. It must be remembered that at the time in question there was but one

aqueduct bringing drinkable water to Rome; the others lay in ruins, and it was not till several years after this that Pio Nono caused the Marcian Aqueduct to be repaired. Now the English, German, and Italian archæologists get on perfectly well together.

In those old days the Palace of the Cæsars, then called the Farnese Gardens, was still undisturbed: it was a tangle of wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, inhabited by a good many snakes. Besides the danger from snakes, there was always the risk of tumbling into apparently fathomless holes, concealed by the brambles and briers. Of course there were no parapets, no warning placards; it was all as wild and pathless as the Campagna, and if one chose to wander about, it was nobody's business to prevent one being killed. Now and then one came upon a fragment of masonry, seemingly unaccountable in such a wilderness; and occasionally one found oneself standing on concrete instead of upon earth. It was wonderfully picturesque, and the view of the Coliseum magnificent; but the Hall of Domitian, the Palace of Caligula, the house of Augustus, were all buried deep down.

There was a great sensation when it was announced that the Farnese Gardens were to be excavated; and many a pleasant day we spent there, accompanied by the ever-kind and courteous Signor Rosa. His enthusiasm was delightful to behold. One day he arrived at the German Institute

staggering under the weight of a huge lead water-pipe on which he had discovered the name of Livia, thereby determining the topography beyond all doubt.

The Coliseum, like most other things in Rome, was far more beautiful then than now. It was a mass of foliage; good-sized trees, a wealth of wall-flowers, violets everywhere, golden broom, and many rare and curious plants. It was supposed that the trees were pushing out the stones, and an order was given that they were to be rooted up. Possibly the larger trees did mischief; but I think the violets, and even the wallflowers, must have been harmless. Unfortunately, however, the order being given, it happened that Signor Rosa was obliged to go to Florence; and when he came back he was aghast. There was the building, scraped, peeled, utterly naked; and, curiously enough, it seemed reduced to half its normal size. The worst of it was that several plants, peculiar to the Coliseum, were lost for ever.

Another of the sorrowful changes in Rome is the destruction of its many lovely villas. First and foremost the exquisite Villa Ludovisi, with its glorious cypress avenues. It was indeed sad to see the palms and cypresses carted away in order to build the uninteresting new quarter, strongly resembling South Kensington. The villa ought to have been bought by the Government, if its noble owner persisted in selling it. Surely there is something repulsive in

the idea of the owner, while professing strong attachment to the Vatican and the old order of things, yet condescending to trade with the newcomers, in hopes of making money. It is some small consolation to know that owner, buyers, builders, were all more or less ruined by the speculation.

Many other beautiful villas have been swallowed up in brick and mortar: the Strozzi, Negrone, Wolkonski, the Villa Campana, where the talented sculptor, Mr Warrington Wood, had his studio for several years; now its charming gardens are all pulled to pieces, and what remains of the house is a low restaurant.

Villa Muti-Savorelli is also sadly altered. Having been a typical old Roman villa, picturesque, quaint, with its tangled garden, its thickets of roses, where two beautiful white goats wandered at will, browsing on the rose-leaves, it is now thoroughly spoilt and vulgarised by its present wealthy owners. It might be the Lees at Folkestone or a Parade at Southsea. An immense deal of money has been spent upon it, with the above-mentioned melancholy result. I believe it is now called Villa Aurelia. The only thing that cannot be spoilt is the view, extending over the whole of Rome, away, away to the Sabine Mountains, the peak of Mons Lucritilia, the snows of the Leonessa. In very clear weather even the Gran Sasso d' Italia is visible.

This villa originally belonged to the Muti-Savorelli family,

who owned a beautiful villa at Frascati, where Cardinal York died; and also the palace in the Piazza Santa Apostoli, so long inhabited by Prince Charles Edward. In his lifetime it was high treason for any British subject to enter that palace. The Muti-Savorelli are now extinct, and I do not know who succeeded to the property; all was sold.

Vittoria Savorelli was the heroine of Edmond About's novel of 'Tolla.' One of the Dorias, brother of the then prince, fell in love with her and wished to marry her. As the Villa Savorelli is almost at the entrance of the Villa Doria, the young people naturally saw each other often. But the Doria family would not hear of the marriage. And, in truth, though one's sympathies had always gone with Tolla in reading the novel, yet on becoming acquainted with the family, one could not but feel the absolute impossibility of the alliance, in spite of the Mutis' boasted descent from Mutius Scævola.

Poor Tolla died of consumption, quite young. She was an only daughter, but had three brothers, all of whom we knew, as well as the old mother, a worthy elderly lady, who possibly might have proved a trying mother-in-law to a Doria. The brothers were, first, the Marchesé; then the Monsignore, a dignified ecclesiastic, who looked very well in a Roman drawing-room, but in the country paid small attention to appearance. That class of Italians thought it quite absurd to dress even tidily in

the country, and anything clean was out of the question.

The youngest brother, the Toto of About's story, was the most interesting. He had been a Garibaldian, and lost some of his fingers in the fighting. Before that, he had studied sculpture under Thorwaldsen, and told us much about his way of life and manner of working. It seems Thorwaldsen had no servant. An old woman came in every morning for an hour or two. She came very early, bringing him a loaf and a jug of milk; this was his breakfast, and he took nothing more till sunset. Then he left his work and dined at a restaurant, generally going to the Artist's Café afterwards. He dined well, and drank an ample supply of wine—so much that, in spite of his strong northern head, when he went home the room sometimes span round with him. Young Savorelli, a temperate Italian, remonstrated with him about this. Thorwaldsen grunted and said, "H'm! perhaps you consider me a beast!" "Yes," answered Savorelli, "a beast in this, but in nothing else."

Pleasant evenings were often spent in the Palazzo Spada, then inhabited by an Englishwoman who had lived so long in Italy as to be quite Roman. Her political opinions were known to be Liberal, so the Papal Government looked upon her with suspicion. When we went up the dimly lighted stair, and through the great half-dark hall, past the statue of Pompey, two papal gendarmes were to be seen, posted there to

watch who went out and in. After all, there were no conspirators in the case; the time was passed in the very innocent occupation of reading Goldoni's plays, everybody taking part. People were quite accustomed at that time to the gendarmes appearing at festal gatherings. There was a law which probably, and very properly, still exists, forbidding dancing except on a first floor. This, as Roman houses are constructed, was certainly prudent, as there might have been considerable risk of bringing down the whole building. But young people sometimes tried to infringe it, and then the solemn gendarmes made their appearance and stayed all evening. Nobody was surprised or in the least annoyed.

Ah! well, with all the absurdities and inconveniences of those days, one would like to go back to them,—to drive, dusty and tired, into Rome, by the road leading from the Milvian Bridge. No gaswork then; no foundries; no mean, dirty shops: only beautiful villas, with the roses hanging over the walls. The favourite way of going to St Peter's then, some half-century ago, was to cross the Tiber by the ferry, and walk through the fields of Cincinnatus, between the hawthorn-hedges. Now it is all a hideous suburb of badly built houses, already falling to pieces. But they will not even make good ruins. Alas! there is no such thing as going back. No river runs back to its source.

C. H. R.

JOB CHARNOCK.

THE life of Job Charnock, the founder of the capital of British India, a man of sound judgment, boundless enterprise, and an adamant constancy of purpose, is a story which ought to be of ever-enduring interest to all Englishmen. It reveals the springs of an empire whose progress and growth is a wondrous fact in the history of the world, and it enables us to understand the sort of men who planted settlements and built forts which became the seats of great governments. Their toils, their sufferings, and their conflicts prepared the way for the dominion of their race in India, and the introduction of peace and prosperity into a vast continent.

It is not in the City of Palaces, with its broad streets and spacious squares, not in Bombay, with its huge docks and vast public works, but in the old burial-grounds upon the beached verge of the salt flood, overgrown with tall rank grass and studded with tombs, there comes home to us the romance and tragedy of empire. The inmates of these mouldering brick graves were English merchants who lived and died at their work, Englishwomen who were transported by the attraction of love, and children who could not bloom in that malarious air. The story of these pioneers—a marvellous tale of suffering and vicissitude, of

heroism and endurance—lies buried in the archives of the Government of India and of the India Office. The first attempt to rescue it from oblivion was made by John Bruce in his 'Annals of the Hon'ble East India Company from their Establishment by the Charter of Elizabeth, 1600, to the Union of the London and English East India Companies, 1707.' It is a work of great industry, of extensive information, and of much accuracy; but it is in three huge tomes, too much for the ordinary reader. The first five chapters of Mill's 'History of British India' are mainly founded on Bruce, and they deal in the most cursory manner with the history of the early European settlements. The history of the foundation of our power in Bengal is told in a few lines, and the name of Job Charnock is not mentioned. Stewart, the learned historian of Bengal, owes much of his information to the elaborate work of Bruce, but he has supplemented it with some valuable original materials. The first substantial increase to the material gathered by Bruce is due to the wide and protracted research of Sir Henry Yule in the records of the India Office and British Museum. To Bruce and Yule we owe almost all the information we at present possess of the early history of the Company's trade

and settlement in Bengal (or "the Bay," as it was commonly styled in the seventeenth century), and of the career and character of Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta. Sir Henry Yule bestowed upon his task years of labour and the ripe scholarship of a long life; but his work was fragmentary, and, with the characteristic modesty of a great scholar, he admitted that he had "not been able to scatter all the obscurity nor to substitute authoritative statements for the doubtful ones." Since the publication of 'The Diary of William Hedges,' illustrated and illumined by Yule, fresh material has come to light which scatters in some measure the obscurity surrounding the career of Charnock, and dispels the mythological version of the Charnock legend. From Bruce and Yule, and some new materials drawn from the archives of India, we propose to give a consecutive sketch of the career of Job Charnock, —to draw a true portrait of the man whose character was peculiarly English.

The power of the Dutch in the Spice Islands and their unceasing enmity led the English to turn their attention to the Indian trade, and to the establishment of factories on the western or Malabar coast and on the east or Coromandel coast. On the east coast they settled first at Musulipatam, at the mouth of the river Kistna, then the principal port of this part of India, in 1611, and on the western side

of India at Surat in the following year. The factors at Musulipatam learnt "that all kinds of provisions for subsisting the Company's factories on the Coromandel coast could be purchased in Bengal, and an indefinite quantity of fine white cloth." On the 22nd of March 1633, Master Norris, the agent there, resolved to send two merchants into Bengala for the settling of a factory, and six Europeans besides who were then at Musulipatam were to accompany the merchants and carry a present from the agent to the Nabob or king of that country. On the 1st of April they set sail, "and in much various weather, with many difficulties and dangers (which to relate here would be tedious and impertinent to my intended discourse); the twenty-first of April being then Easter-day, we were at anchor in a bay before a town at Harssapoore; it is a town of good strength, with whom our merchants hold commerce with correspondence." At Harhssapoor, on the Orissa coast, the party hired a house for a factory, and whilst some of them remained to build, Mr Cartwright, one of the merchants, "travelled towards Ballazary" (Balasore), at the mouth of the Hughley estuary, and a small agency was established there. From Balasore the Company's servants made their way round the Gangetic delta, and so up its south-western channel to Hughley, "the principal port of the province, lying about one hundred miles from the

sea, on the river to which it gives its name."

Seven - and - twenty years rolled on, and the Company, besides having a small establishment at Hughley, had crept up the river and founded a trading station at Kasimbazar, near Murshedabad, the modern capital of Bengal, containing about 200,000 inhabitants, and farther north at Patna, where two great rivers meet the Ganges, famous for its raw silk, saltpetre, and opium. In 1658 Job Charnock, of whose early career we know but little, was appointed first member of Council at Kasimbazar, with a salary of £20. In 1664 he became chief at Patna. Eleven years later Job Charnock was offered by the Government of Fort St George the office of fifth in the Council of Madras, but he is "noe wayes yet satisfied," and "being almost confident that his Hon^{ble} Employers will not suffer him to be thus neglected and unregarded after his 20 years' service in theire employment, but afford him his right station." His hon. employers, thinking that Job Charnock had done them "good and faithfull service, and it being his right," appointed him (3rd January 1679) "to be Chief of Cassumbazar and 2 of Council in the Bay, and consequently to succeed in the Chiefship at the Bay according to our Rules." But Job Charnock could not leave Patna until he had started the saltpetre cargoes, a material much wanted at the time in England, owing to the Civil War, and Masters, governor

and agent at Madras, deprived him of the appointment. The Court greatly resented this treatment "of our old and good servant, Mr Job Charnock, who had the right indisputably of succession (as you call it), beside our express order to be chief of Cassumbazar. A person that hath served us faithfully above 20 years, and hath never, as we understand, been a prowler for himselfe, beyond what was just and modest: Who therefore, We are resolved, shall not live unrewarded by us." But they twice in succession appointed other men to be chief of the Bay. It was not till August 1685, on the death of the chief agent at Hughley, Job Charnock succeeded him, but the factory at Kasimbazar was boycotted because he had stoutly fought against the exactions and extortions of the native officials, and it was closely watched by soldiers to prevent his leaving. He, however, managed to slip through the cordon, and reached Hughley in April 1686.

The East India Court had now come to the conclusion that if their trade in Bengal was to prosper, they must shake off the exactions of the Nabob and his officials. To do this they must increase and discipline their troops, and have a fortified settlement. On the 27th January 1685 they wrote to our President and Council at Fort St George:—

"You must not forgett to send to Bengall some of y^e bookes of military discipline & Martiall Law, now in use in his Majty^s Army, & to give

them strict orders for keeping all our land officers and soldiers constantly to live & Lodge in Hutts or Barracks wthin our Fort, according to y^e usage of y^e modern Garrisons in Europe, and that they may know how the more decently & conveniently to contrive them, we have induced all our Comand^{rs} and Lieutenants bound for Bengall before there going to sea to take a view of that regular Fortification of his Maj^{ty}, y^e Block House at Gravesend."

In a letter written on the 21st December 1683 the Court state that some

"of our Captains tell us there is noe way to mend our condition but by seizing and fortifying one of these pleasant Islands in the Ganges about the Braces;" but "some others have propounded to us the seizure upon a Toune called Chittagong in the easternmost mouth of the River Ganges, upon or near the coast of Rackan [Arakan]."

The Court at the time did not encourage the latter project, but it seems never to have left their mind; and two years later, having obtained the permission of James II., they determined to send an expedition to capture Chittagong, a port of considerable importance in the sixteenth century, which was known familiarly to the Portuguese as Porto Grande. Chittagong had belonged to the Moghul Emperor, and the Court wrote,—

"But you must always understand that th^o we prepared for and resolve to enter into a warr wth y^e Mogull (being necessitated thereunto) our ultimate end is peace, for as we have never done it, soe our natures are averse to bloodshed & Rapine, w^{ch} usually attend the most just warrs, but we have noe remedy left, but either to desert our Trade, or we must draw that Sword his Maj^{ty} hath

Intrusted us wth to vindicate the Rights & Hono^r of the English Nation in India."

The fleet sent to "enter into a warr wth y^e Mogull," and "to vindicate the Rights & Hono^r of the English Nation," was the most formidable armament ever despatched to India,—the Beaufort, with seventy guns and three hundred seamen, commanded by John Nicholson; the Nathaniel, with fifty guns and a hundred and fifty seamen, commanded by John Mason; and the Rochester, with sixty-five guns; three "Frygatts so contrived for the Sea that they may as well goe about the Cape as the best ships we have," armed with twelve guns and manned with twenty seamen. They carried six companies of English soldiers, recruited for the purpose, with subaltern officers, but without Captains, for the Court write,—

"We have appointed noe Capt of our sixe Comp^a of Soldiers, because we resolve to keepe to our ancient well-grounded custome of keeping always our Soldiers under y^e Command of our Chiefe and Councill, & therefore we doe appoint, y^t our Agent for the time being be always Lieut^{nt} Genn^l & Command^r in Chiefe of all our Forces by Sea or Land in or near y^e provinces of Bengall & Oriza, and in all Seas, Harbours, Creeks, and places near unto those provinces or either of them, & that he be Collonell & Capt of y^e first Company of English Soldiers in Bengall, that y^e 2^d of our Councill be always Lieut^{nt} Collonell & Capt of our 2^d Comp^a of Foote Soldiers, y^t the 3^d of our Councill be Major of our Regiment & Capt of o^r 3^d Comp^a, & that all the rest of our Councill, according to there station in Councill, be respectively Capt of the succeeding Comp^a of Foote Soldiers."

Royal commissions were granted by his Majesty to Captain Nicholson and the other commanders,—Nicholson was appointed admiral, and Mason vice-admiral. The fleet was to be joined by the Company's other vessels in Bengal, and orders were to be sent to Madras to despatch to the Bay all the vessels they could spare. Enclosed in the instructions to the agent was a letter to the Nabob demanding £620,000 damages "for this great Fleet and Force" for loss "sustained by his beseidging our Factories and obstructing our trade"; "yett," they add "we are not only soe desirous but fond of peace" that if he would agree "to leave us y^e Inheritance of Chettegam and y^e small Territories thereunto belonging," they "were willing to relinquish all our forementioned demands and resettle in his Country in our old Factorys & upon our old privileges." If on the arrival of Nicholson the Nabob had not agreed to these hard terms, they were to proceed "wth all yo^r forces to Chyttegum both by Sea and land and take y^e Towne." But if "y^e said Towne or Fort was peaceable delivered," they were to give the inhabitants "faire Quart", and not to kill any of them or to take anything from them, but to suffer them to remaine in their owne houses."

"You are to allow y^e Natives y^e liberty of their severall Religions as these Subjects to y^e Comp^a have at Fort St George. Above all things we would have you very carefull that noe Violence or Injury be offered to women, children, or any innocent people, that doe not hastily oppose

you, & particularly that you suffer noe prejudice to be done to Churches, Pagodas, or other public places where God is worshipped or said to be worshipped."

From the day on which it sailed the fleet was pursued by misfortune. The winds were unpropitious, and detained them. When they set out to sea a storm dispersed them. A vessel was lost, and two of the largest ships, having a very considerable number of the troops on board, could not make the passage. It was not till October 1686 that the Rochester and her frigate anchored at the mouth of the Hughley. They had a hundred and eight men on board, who were sent up the rivers in small vessels to the English factory. The Beaufort and her frigate with two hundred men arrived soon afterwards. The arrival of these ships with troops roused the fear and anger of the Nabob. On the 24th of November 1686 Job Charnock and his Council wrote to Surat, "The arrivall of our Forces (tho Small) soe alarumed the country" that the Viceroy "ordered doune for the guard of this towne two or three hundred horses & three or four thousand foot." The local governor now "became very insolent in denying us all manner of necessaries for trade and forbidding us Victualls in the Buzar to prevent our Souldiers resorting thither." On the 28th of October three soldiers went out to purchase "Victualls in the morning" and news reached the factory "that two Englishmen were sett upon

by the Governors Peons [guards], desperately cut and wounded, and lying dying in the Highway." Charnock immediately sent Captain Leshlie with a company of soldiers "to bring in their bodies dead or alive but to offer violence to no man except they were assaulted." They were attacked on their way by a body of the Nabob's horse and foot, whom they repulsed, killing and wounding seven. The inhabitants took alarm, and set fire to the house near the English quarters, and the old factory was burnt. "At the same time they began to display their great gunns from a battery consisting of Eleven Gunns that they had lately raised to command our Shippes in the Hole." Charnock immediately summoned reinforcements from Chandernagore "three miles from towne," and sent a detachment under Captain Richardson to attack the battery. They had to retire with the loss of many wounded,—

"Whereupon Capt. Arthburnnot [Arburthnot] went out with a fresh recruite, made an assault upon the battery, took it and maintained it while they spiked and dismounted all the gunns, carried the battle on beyond the Governor's House, burning and driveing all before them, upon which, it was reported, the Governor himselfe fledd in disguise by Water—leaveing the towne in this desolated condition."

Thus for the first time it was proved in Bengal that numerical superiority was of no avail against the courage and discipline of English troops. "The skirmish we have had with the

Government," writes Charnock, "mightily startles them, & has made them mightily afraid of us. The Nabob knows not what to thinke of it." The Nabob showed what he thought by directing all the English factories in Bengal to be seized, the factors to be made prisoners, and a large body of troops to be despatched to Hughley. Charnock's garrison did "not number 400 fighting men," and the shallows in the river prevented large ships from coming up to his protection. The Court had given repeated instructions that a spot nearer the sea and more defensible should be found for their establishment, and Charnock now determined to comply with their wishes. On the 31st of December 1686 he wrote to Sir John Child, General, and Council at Surat: "On the 20th instant we all withdrew & left Hugly, bringing off all the Rt. Hon^{ble}. Company's Concerns, and our own. Our coming off was very Peaceable, and no less Honourable, having (as formerly advised) continued the Cessation of arms on both sides hitherto, for the conveniency of getting of the Rt. Hon^{ble}. Company's Estate." Charnock's letter was addressed from Chuttanuttea. The site of future empire was occupied by three hamlets, the chief of which was Chuttanuttea (literally Satanati Hát, Cotton Thread Mart); the other two were Kalikata (= Calcutta) and Govindpur, where the present Fort William stands. It was situated on the east bank of a reach of the river, about seventy miles

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from the sea, and accessible at high tide to heavily armed ships. Charnock proceeded to erect some huts as temporary residences, and began to negotiate with the Viceroy's agent for permission to build a factory; but the Viceroy did not forget the skirmish at Hughley, and sent an army to destroy the rising settlement. "The country all up in armes round us," wrote Charnock, "and without any hope of peace or ffurther treaties about it, Warr broke forth;" and the English having burnt down "the King's salt houses" and captured his "ffort at Tanna" on the right bank of the river below Satanati, sailed seventy miles farther down the river to Hijili, a low, flat island separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. They placed their

"small shipping at severall stations round the Island to hinder the Enimies landing, in the most probable places, and also began to raise breastworks & to Digg trenches round our main Forte, which was but ffalcely so Tearmed, it being but a small weake house and a thinn wall about it, with 2 or 3 points, not nigh so strong as our ffactory at Hughley, and Scituated among a Grove of Trees and a thick Towne of mudd houses about 500 [yards] distant from the Water Side where was raised a battery of Gunns. The upper Fort had Gunns also mounted where they Could doe Service."

The Viceroy's army of 12,000 men followed Charnock and his small band, and at once erected batteries where the channel was narrowest,

"thereby so Annoying our Shipping that they placed every Shot, &

our men, Souldiers, Sailors, and others ffell doune every day sick of the Generall Distemper of the Island, Feavour and Ague, which was by this time Epidemicall, so that wee had buried almost 200 men of all sorts and Scarce 100 men remained to keepe the Fort and those very weake."

On May 28, 1687, the besiegers landed "700 Horsemen and 200 Gunmen," and capturing a battery, marched "with their fforces & our ffeld-peeces to the maine Forte in the Towne." They arrived as soon as "our Intelligences," and surprised Lieut. Richard Frances, his wife, and child, who were sick in a house in the town. "Himm they cutt in Peeeces, his wife & child they Carried away Prisoners." The enemy seized the outer trenches, and all that night a fierce fight raged, but "the Mogull's Courage, as their Nature is, going out of them with their Bang [opium]; Next morning were soon ffazed [harassed] out from thence." The condition of the garrison was most desperate "by reason of sickness and death, not having but one officer, of 6 Lieuts. and 8 Ensigns, to command under his Worshipp at that time in the Fort, and of 26 Sergeants and Corporalls, not above 4 alive and all to do duty." The Admiral's ship sprung another "desperate Greate Leake," and "not one of the others was half manned." If Charnock surrendered the fort the Company's ships expected from home would be lost. He held out the next day, "notwithstanding they Landed a greate many more men upon us and battered us with their field-

pieces, and besiedged us $\frac{3}{4}$ round." A flat-roofed masonry house on which Job Charnock had planted two guns and a guard prevented a complete investment. It stood half-way to the water-side, and by holding it, and a battery of two guns at the landing-place, the garrison kept that passage to their shipping open, and were able to procure ammunition and provision.

All that day and the next night the firing continued on both sides. Heavy rain fell during the night, "which with constant duty much disabled our men." A great many had to be sent aboard, and the small shipping that kept guard round the island were ordered into the river to be ready to receive the scanty remnant. One of them, the *Revenge*, grounded upon a sandbank by the way, and the vessel was deserted by her crew and possessed by the enemy. But in face of all trials and misfortunes Job Charnock and his gallant band held out. Four days drove on, the garrison "growing very thinn, not having above 100 fighting men in it and the 2 Batteryes." On the 1st of June the sentinels on the ramparts saw the sails of a ship from Europe coming up the Hughley, and the garrison received a recruit of seventy men, "who cheerefully sallied out the Next Day, and beate the Enemy ffrom their Gunns, burning their houses & returned with the Loss of a Manne."

On the 3rd of June Job Charnock resorted to a bold and clever stratagem. He

dropped all the sailors out of the Fort by one and two at a time to the under battery at the water-side—"when being all drawne up in arms, marched up to the Fort with Drums beating and Trumpetts Sounding and the men huzaing as two daies before." The garrison lost about 16 men, the enemy "a very greate number." Thinking that Charnock was supplied with constant recruits from the shipping, the enemy "grew Dull upon it," and "on the next day in the morning, being the 6th day, held forth a flagg of Truce in order to a Treaty." After three days' negotiations a treaty was signed. On the 11th day Job Charnock having given the Mogul commander "full possession," went forth "with our Ammunition and Artillery, drums beating and Collours flying." So ended the siege of Hijili. It lasted only a few days, but it displayed all the patience, courage, and stubbornness of resolution of our race. In "that direful place" many died, and great numbers fell afterwards victims to the disease they contracted there. "Wee have buried," wrote Job Charnock, "the Last Yeare from the Shipps and the millitary nigh 500 men, amongst which are 14 of the R^t Hono^{ble} Company's Servants and 6 women. Of 6 Lieutenants only 2 Left, and those miraculously recovered—8 Ensigns fell, 10 Sergeants and about as many Corporalls, with 250 Sentinells and as many Seamen; and Very few or Scarce any that Escaped a fitt of Sickness upon

that infected Island." So our Indian Empire was built.

And now, peace having been established, Charnock spread his sails, and once more held his course up the Hughley. He dare not return to Chuttanuttea, so he cast anchor at Ulabarea, sixteen miles below it. He obtained permission to remain there, and began making docks for careening his ships; but after remaining there three months he found it not suited to the inland trade, and returned to Chuttanuttea about November 1687. Here he and his factors lived for about a year. On the 27th of June 1688 Charnock wrote to the Governor of Fort St George and the city of Madras,—

"Wee are in great hopes of obtaining Chutanuttee to settle in with three or four other adjacent townes which doubtless may be in some years so improved as to be very profitable to the Right Hon^{ble} Comp^s & possibly may be gradually improved to a considerable strength; for when once we came to be settled thoroughly, the country people will flock to us to live under our Government, the nature of which they are well acquainted with, and see a vast disparity between the lenity of ours and the tyranny of their own, of the which we have a pregnant instance in their present flocking to us such abundance as they dayly do. Wee have been as carefull in providing such lodgings and conveniences for the R^t Hon^{ble} Comp^s's servants as our emergencies would permit; but it could not be expected that they should be extraordinary, when we ware continually camping and dis-camping. They have such allowances as are necessary for the building themselves thatched houses for the present, till such time as we shall hear our R^t Hon^{ble} Masters' pleasure concerning buildings must be demolished, so that we retrench our

expenses as much as possible, tho' to the suffering some present inconveniences."

Orme, the most careful of Indian historians, states that "the Nabob of Bengal paid no regard to the treaty made at Ingelee [Hijili], but gave up the English trade to the rapine of his officers, and at the same time demanded a very large sum, as a recompense for the damage which his country had sustained by the late hostilities. Charnock being neither in a condition to oppose him by arms nor to appease him with money, sent two members of the Council to Dacca, to try if he might be softened by submissions." Charnock, in his letter of 27th June, however, states that the new Nabob had arrived, and was seated "at his residency at Dacca," and on his way he sent an order to the agent to send up an Englishman, "upon which we sent up Mr Charles Eyre and Mr Roger Braddyll." The Nabob, he adds, "was very civill to them, and had referred the matter to the Governor of Hugly, but he looks very high, expecting an extraordinary present for the Nabob. We shall in a few dayes see more plainly how matters are like to goe." Three days later Job Charnock wrote, "We doubt not but Your Hon^{ble}, &c., will be much effected with our condition. God knows how matters will go." The Nabob's representative pressed the two members of Council hard that they should give an answer to three demands—first, that for making war

upon the King's country they should pay a fine of two lakhs; secondly, that they should restore all things taken during the war; thirdly, "that we live futuramente in the King's like merchants and subjects."

"The two former we answered with a petition for redress of grievances, and respite 20 m^{ts} until we could have an answer from Madras unto their demands. Unto the last we answered that untill our own security obliged us to defend ourselves we had lived peaceably, and patiently passed by many oppressions. We could live accordingly to the contract that should be concluded. But we came into the country upon conditions, and not simply to submit unto their laws and customea."

While the negotiations were being conducted at Dacca there arrived (September 1688) the Defence 64-gun ship, commanded by Captain Heath, accompanied by a small frigate having on board one hundred and sixty soldiers. Heath had positive orders "that in case our Servants in the Bay have not already fortified themselves in some considerable place," they were "to prepare to come on board our ships in three days time," and he was to proceed with them against Chittagong. Heath had an extraordinary commission, which superseded Charnock in his chief command of the forces in the Bay. Charnock objected to leaving his rising settlement, and he knew that the attack on Chittagong was a vain adventure; but the old sailor exercised his authority, and ordered all the Company's servants to embark on board the fleet, and on the 8th of November he proceeded down

the river to Balasore. After sacking and burning that town he set sail for Chittagong. But Heath found the works stronger than he expected, and 10,000 men ready to defend. After a month of fruitless negotiations with the native governor, he abandoned the enterprise, and on the 17th of February he set sail for Fort St George, "giving orders for every ship to make the best of her way."

At Madras Job Charnock remained fifteen months. In January 1690 Aurangzeb, the Great Moghul, finding how important the commerce of the Company was to the wealth and prosperity of his empire, and that the Company's cruisers prevented pilgrims from going to Mecca, authorised his representative to make peace with Sir John Child, the Governor of Bombay and Director-General of the Company's settlements. On the 18th of February the President of Fort St George wrote to the Court, "For confidence whereof [i.e., of peace] we are resolving to send doune Agent Charnock to Bengall to the Bay upon the Princess when she arrives, . . . which we are the more encouraged to by the kind invitation of the now worthy good Nabob Ebrahim Cawne." On the arrival of the Princess, Charnock with his Council and factors, accompanied by an officer and thirty soldiers, went on board, and on Sunday the 24th of August, at noon, she anchored off Chuttanuttea. From the deck of a giant steamer as she anchors off Calcutta a noble prospect now meets the eye,

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which is the delight of visitors from all quarters of the globe. Vessels of all sizes and descriptions gliding over its waters animate the vast river with varied life. Stately ships lie at anchor by the bank, and their lofty spars tower up black into the air. In the far distance, beyond a wide green plain, rises into sight tower and dome and spire of the City of Palaces. Charnock saw from his small vessel a different scene. A stretch of rising ground along the river, with mat-covered lodges strewn around; beyond it all a vast, green, malarious swamp, girded like a mighty hedge by a dense jungle. Job Charnock found the place in a deplorable condition, "nothing being left for our present accommodation, and the rain falling day and night. We are forced to betake ourselves to boats, which, considering the season of the year, is unhealthy." On Thursday, the 28th August, at a consultation,—

"Present.—The Rt Worshipful Agent Charnock, Mr Francis Ellis, Mr Jere. Peachie. In consideration that all the former buildings here are destroyed, it is resolved that such places be built as necessity requires and as cheap as possible—viz., 1, A warehouse; 2, A dining-room; 3, The Secretary's Office to be repaired; 4, A room to sort cloth in; 5, A cook-room with its conveniences; 6, An apartment for the Company's servants; 7, The Agents and Mr Peachie's house to be repaired, which were part standing, and a house to be built for Mr Ellis, the latter being totally demolished; 8, The guard-house. These being done with mud walls and thatched till we can get ground whereon to build a factory."

The mud huts rose, the

swamp around was reclaimed, the jungle was cleared away, but many succumbed to the cruel fever. The growth of the infant settlement was slow, and accompanied by much suffering. Nine months after its birth the President at Fort St George wrote that "they were in a wild, unsettled condition at Chuttinuttee, neither fortified houses nor goedowns, only tents, hutts, and boats, with a strange charge of near 100 soldiers, guardships, &c." The Nawab of Bengal would "neither permit building or Factory, nor merchants to settle or trade with them." But Job Charnock, the Madras President complains, "continues contrary to all reason or consent of the Government." It is by "divine madness," contrary to all reason or consent of Government, that empires are made. Charnock's far sight saw that it needed only courage and perseverance to make the enterprise a success. But the whole weight of the task fell on the sturdy old man, who had served thirty years in India, and the burden proved too heavy. He fell into deep dejection, and during his last years his stubborn will was no longer a law to his followers. His race of glory run and race of shame, on the 10th of January 1693 Job Charnock was with them that rest. He had lived a strenuous life, and it was enough for him that he had fulfilled his work. He knew not that he had accomplished a great result. It is the lot of the pioneer to plough and to sow, and for others to reap. Job Charnock was no

mere money-making trader, no wild daring speculator, but an old English merchant, with the high character, calm judgment, and cool courage of his order. He felt responsible for the merchandise and credit of his Honble. Masters. He was, they said, "always a faithful man to the Company." He also had the far sight of the world-merchant, and having found the best place for transportation, he with a persistent hardihood planted a settlement there which became a hive of industry and the capital of an empire.

They buried him in an enclosure where many of his fever-stricken comrades lay. In the next century the old burying-ground became the Churchyard of St John's, for many years the Cathedral of Bengal, and a massive old mausoleum, octagonal in form, with a double dome, erected by his son-in-law, Sir Charles Eyre, the first President of Bengal, marks the spot where lies the body of Job Charnock, or Channock, as Hamilton calls him. Captain Hamilton, "who left England before King William came into it as king," in his 'New Account of the East Indies,' relates the story how the founder of Calcutta rescued his wife from a funeral pyre. He writes:—

"The country being overspread with paganism, the custom of wives burning with their deceased husbands is also practised here. Before the Moghul's war Mr Charnock went one time with his ordinary guard of soldiers to see a young widow at that tragical catastrophe; but he was so smitten with the widow's beauty that

he sent his guards to take her by force from her executioners and conduct her to his own lodgings. They lived lovingly many years, and had several children. At length she died after he had settled in Calcutta; but instead of converting her to Christianity she made him a Proselyte to Paganism, and the only part of Christianity that was remarkable in him was burying her decently, and he built a Tomb over her, where all his Life after her Death he kept the anniversary Day of her Death by sacrificing a Cock on her Tomb after the Pagan manner. This was and is the common Report, and I have been credibly informed both by Christians and Pagans who lived at Calcutta under his Agency that the story was really Matter of Fact."

As Sir Henry Yule points out, it is not likely that a European at Patna or elsewhere in India could have ventured in those days to abduct a *Sati* from the pyre. As to the Hindu lady having made him a proselyte to paganism, this is rendered improbable by the discovery made by Mrs Penny (the author of a short history of Fort St George) in the baptismal register book of St Mary's Church, Madras: "August 19th, 1689. Charnock, Mary, Elizabeth, and Katherine, daughters of Job Charnock, baptised by J. Evans. Francis Ellis, Godfather; Ann Seaton and Margery Heathfield, Godmothers." J. Evans, the chaplain, was with Charnock at Hughley, and was one of the party carried away by Heath and landed at Madras. He was "Marchant-Parson," and, returning to England with his wealth, was preferred to the see of Bangor, and translated thence to Armagh. Mrs Seaton was the wife of Captain Francis

Seaton, who commanded the garrison.

To his three daughters, as we gather from his will, Job Charnock left the small fortune which he had made after thirty-eight years' service.

"*Date, 9th Janu. 1692.*—Will of Job Charnock at present Agent for Affairs of the Right Honble English East India Company in Bengall.

"To my beloved friend Daniel Sheldon Esquire £70 as a Legacy to buy him a Ring. To the Honble. Nath. Higginson to buy him a Ring 500 Rup^s. To Mr John Beard to buy a Ring 400 Rup^s. To Mr John Hill to buy a Ring 200 Rup^s. To Mr Francis Ellis to buy a Ring 150 Rup^s. The Honble. Nath. Higginson, President of Madrass and Mr John Beard of Council in Bengall to be Overseers of this my Will. To the poor of the parish of Cree Church, London, £50. To Budlydasse 100 Rup^s. and the meanest sort of my son's Cloathes [*sic*] lately deceased. All my whole estate in India and elsewhere to be equally given and distributed to my three daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, and Katherine, with this reservation that as in addition to my daughter Mary's porcon there shall be payed her out of my daughters Elizth. and Katherine's two-thirds £600 sterl. I desire my overseers that my three daughters be sent with a convenient handsome Equipage for England and recogmended to the care of my well-beloved friend Daniell Sheliton Esquire in London, and that their Estates be invested in goods proper for Europe.

"I acquit Mr Charles Pate from his debt to me of fifty Pagodas lent him at the fort. I will and ordain

the honble. Daniell Shelden and my eldest daughter Mary Charnock to be executors.

"Witnd. Jonathan White—Francis Houghton—John Hill 12 June 1695, Comm^{rs}. to Robert Dorrell, Attorney deputed by Mary Charnock (now at Bengall in the East Indies) the natural and lawfull daughter and one of the Executors named in the Will of Job Charnock late of Bengall afs^d. dec to adm^r. during the absence and to the use of said Mary Charnock—Daniel Sheldon the other Exor. having renounced."

The tone of tenderness and considerate affection which runs through the testament places the obdurate old pioneer's character in a new light. We shall not stop to canvass the charge of cruelty brought against him by Hamilton, an interloper who hated the Company's servants for checking his illicit trade, and slandered them; nor the stories told by his ungenerous successor of his last years, when his vigour and faculties had declined. He had, no doubt, the faults born of unrestricted power and isolated stations of command. But his career attests that Job Charnock was a valiant and true servant, who for the good of his country set at nought all risks and sufferings. By working in the same spirit, his countrymen have won for England a vast and a stable dominion.

"SHARKS."

"WOUF," said Appu Hamy, "that black *couravie* is calling again! There must be death or misfortune about the bungalow." He addressed this speech to the bungalow *podiyān* (small boy), who was lying on a disused camp-bed in the corner of the dark kitchen, idly smoking one of his master's cigarettes. Appu Hamy got up and gazed at the crow, the messenger of ill-luck croaking in a straggly eucalyptus, whom his "Sh-sh! pallian yacko" (Get out, you devil!) did not seem to frighten in the least. He returned to the kitchen, and "Mutton-head," the *podiyān*, remarked, "The swallows built in the verandah this year," which Cingalese consider to be equally unlucky. "Until I knocked the nest down," replied Appu Hamy; "and the *doray* [master] was very *corum* [angry]—he threatened to kill me! But there is bad luck, for I met a black cow when going to fetch the beef-box to-day." "*Fetchin*" the beef-box is a most important function in the ordinary routine of a planter's bungalow, where, as it may be surmised, Appu Hamy and Mutton-head were respectively "head-servant" and "bungalow *podiyān*."

In out-of-the-way districts in Ceylon, such as they lived in, the planter practically gets all his supplies from the "butcher" in the nearest village, who really is a "general storekeeper." Everything can

be got there, from an umbrella to crockery, from curry stuff to prime roast-beef, with one exception; for the butcher being Mohammedan, the planter has to kill his own pork, and get his bacon from Colombo. Tuesdays and Fridays every week are generally killing-days, and the night before Appu Hamy would go to his master and say, "What getting, to-morrow beef-day, sar?" And Appu Hamy's master would tell him to "go to the devil!" and get anything he liked, and he wondered how often he had told him not to worry him; and so Appu Hamy would discreetly retire, looking very serious until he got outside the door, when he would smile to himself very cynically, and, proceeding to the storeroom, he would go through the usual process, which took place twice a week, which was this. He carefully opened the meat-safe, and extracting everything from it in the way of potatoes, onions, matches, curry-stuffs, eggs, &c., he took them up to the kitchen. There he leisurely began to wrap them up in a cloth, and handing them to Mutton-head, he said, "Sāp-e-kee konda po!" which being interpreted means, "Take to the shop." Mutton-head winked,—he was a knowing young Tamil,—and taking up the bundle proceeded to return them to the butcher, from whom he was wont to receive their value to the ex-

tent of about "25 cents in the rupee." The articles were of course duly sold back to his master again on the next day. Appu Hamy would sometimes receive a scolding from the butcher when he had not been very economical, and little came back, so he would make up for it by ordering an extra large beef-book, on the contents of which he received a commission which was worked on a sliding-scale. Thus was the delicate machinery of the beef-book worked.

That morning at the beef-shop there had been a great deal of gossip and grumbling, and lively discussion as to the future; for it was rumoured that the *dorays* in all districts were going out to the war against the Burghers in South Africa, who were relatives of the half-caste Dutch in the island. For of course the island of Ceylon belonged to the Dutch until 1799, and they have left their mark in the form of half-castes, who are called Burghers, and who in a few ways resemble their relatives in South Africa, especially in craftiness. The great difference is that they are as weak and cowardly as the Boers are strong and brave, no doubt due to mixture of effeminate Eastern blood; and although they may have a certain amount of sympathy for their Dutch brethren, they are too languid to even think of expressing it, though probably the best of them are loyal to the core. They are a fast-decreasing race, who are being gradually absorbed into a

growing native population. The butchers were deeply concerned in the corps which Ceylon was about to send out, and questioned all the Appus very closely; for some of the *dorays* owed them much money, and even in some cases the Appus were in their debt. "Surely they will not stop long if it is 'Burghers' they go to fight," said the head-butcher, Jacob Saibo. "Bah! my people in Central India would kill them in a very short time. But then the *dorays* are degenerating since I started here in the days of *kōpee* [coffee]. Their word is no longer their bond. They run away and pay not poor Jacob Saibo," the old scoundrel being worth about 50,000 rupees hard cash at the Coast (India). To tell the truth, there have been cases of this description; but Jacob Saibo was grossly exaggerating. For uprightness, honesty, and general British good-heartedness, the average Ceylon planter is very hard to beat.

"Yes," sighed the *chettie*, who held bills at 25 per cent in his coffers; "these were good days! *Dorays* all owning their own *totums* [estates] then! Now too much 'company.' Look there," and he pointed up the valley. "Company, company, company! These are bad times! All managers, no real *dorays*. No money getting." And the *chettie* sighed wearily, for he had lots of bills, but they were rarely ever met, and no wonder, considering the interest which he charged, and the ludicrous way in which

salaries have been cut down in Ceylon owing to competition for berths. It was always, "Oh, *chettie*, I must have another three months."

"No, *doray*, I cannot give," the *chettie* would say.

"All right, I go elsewhere for my rice," and then the *chettie* would give in; for the supplying of the coolies with rice was much more valuable to him than the money lent to the *doray*, as he could fleece the coolies easier than their master. Besides, Jacob Saibo was always ready to nip in, and the *chettie* had never once got back a rice account that Jacob Saibo had taken from him; the Mohammedan was far too wily for that. It was these two men who "ran" the "bazaar," and although outwardly friendly, they were bitter enemies.

Appu Hamy had been deeply questioned by both that morning as to his master's plans.

"Was he too going to the war?"

Appu Hamy did not know.

"Had he read his master's letters?"

"Yes!" replied the faithful servant.

"Was there nothing in them?" they asked eagerly.

"Nothing," replied Appu Hamy, innocently.

"Keep a sharp look-out," said the butcher.

The *chettie* winked at him, and as Appu Hamy was going home he entered the *chettie's* "boutique" (shop) and received a 5-rupee note from him, which meant that, in the event of news, the *chettie* was to possess

it first, though of course, if his master paid higher, neither of them would receive any.

Appu Hamy was in luck that day, and the ill-omen of the "cawing" crow amazed him excessively. The bird persisted in making its mournful croaking until the servant, unable to stand it longer, seized a watchman's gun which he kept in the corner of the kitchen as a protection against thieves, and taking steady aim, soon brought down the bird of ill-omen.

As he did so there came a shout from the bungalow, "Boy! boy!" and Appu Hamy scuttled into the verandah as fast as he could go. His master was sitting in a long chair in the verandah with a telegram in his hand. He was a powerful-looking young fellow, of a thoroughly British type, broad, fair, and tanned by the sun, and his loose limbs were chucked into an untidy old flannel suit—a thorough specimen of a happy-go-lucky planter.

"Boy," he said, "I want to speak to you." It may be mentioned that by this time Mutton-head, the *podiyen*, so called from his seeming stupidity, was listening behind the door. "What's all that noise?" he asked.

Appu Hamy explained, and then the *doray* spoke again.

"Boy," he said, "you know that we are fighting the Boers away in Africa."

"Yes, sar," replied Appu Hamy.

"I am going to fight too," said his master.

"Very sorry, sar," replied

Appu Hamy. "Master get killed! What I do?"

His master frowned. "Oh, that is all right. I'll get you a place. But look here, boy!"

"Yes, sar?" expectantly.

"Well, you know I owe the butcher a good deal, and the *chettie*, and, to tell the truth, I can't pay them, so we will have to get off quietly—see?"

"Yes, sar! I know! *Chettie* good man, I think—master can pay any time—but butcher—very bad!"

"Well," replied the *doray*, pausing, "what are we to do with Mutton-head?"

"I look after that. Master give Mutton-head one month's pay. I look after him. He shall never know that master going!" Mutton-head, however, was standing in the dining-room, alternately putting his finger in the jam and licking it, the meanwhile sucking in how events stood.

"Then, boy, you come with me," said his master, "and I will get you a place with a friend of mine—a globe-trotter—who has just come out."

Appu Hamy's eyes gleamed when he heard it was a globe-trotter. "You settle with Mutton-head and I'll settle with you. We must go to-night—quietly! You understand? Not a word," and Appu Hamy bowed with the usual Cingalese politeness. "Stop," said the *doray*. "We had better take Mutton-head with us, otherwise there might be suspicions!" Appu Hamy bowed obsequiously, and then inquired "What about the estate?"

"Oh, a new *doray* will be here in half an hour," answered his master, waving the telegram.

"That is good," said Appu Hamy. "I will tell Mutton-head that he has come to stop here, and then there will be no suspicion. What time master starting?"

"Nine o'clock. See about everything. Box, coolies, &c. I shall only need one. I will leave all my things here at present."

"But then *chettie* will take," pleaded Appu Hamy.

"Never mind," said the *doray*; "go and do as I say."

And Appu Hamy retired to the kitchen, where he found Mutton-head calmly seated, grinning from ear to ear.

"So it is bad luck," said Mutton-head.

"You young devil! you have been listening," said Appu Hamy. "But look here, Mutton-head. It is all right. I am going to Colombo—you heard, eh?"

"Yes," replied Mutton-head, "I heard."

"Well," said Appu Hamy, "I am going to be servant to a d——d fool passenger, a friend of the *doray's*. You come to Colombo too. I have a very good plan. You keep quiet. Don't tell *chettie*. Don't tell any one." Mutton-head nodded.

"I will not tell," he said; "I will come too. Good place Colombo. Lots of arrack, and Jaffna cheroots are very cheap."

"Well, you not come with us—you come alone."

"All right," said Mutton-head, winking knowingly.

And it was this way that the *doray* managed to get off quietly and enlist in the Planters' Corps, which was going out to the front. Once into the Queen's uniform he was safe, as the *chettie* and the butcher will tell you tearfully, if you care to go and ask at the Pandurella Bazaar. Not that the *doray* has really much to do with the story, for his friend the Hon. Byrne-Paget has far more; and though at first Appu Hamy thought that, when he shot the crow, he had turned away his ill-luck, perhaps afterwards he found out that the dead omen was fulfilled in the long-run.

A day or two afterwards Appu Hamy was introduced to his new master at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo. He was a little man, with not enough physique to justify his existence as a fighter, so he was seeing a bit of the world, as he thought.

"Ah, Appu Hamy," he said, when he had read the *doray's* letter, "so you are to be my servant; ah, you had better come and be introduced to my wardrobe."

"Very well, sar," replied Appu Hamy, who was gaily bedecked in a silk cloth of a many-coloured tartan, and immaculate jacket, which he had raised on tick on the strength of having been engaged by the "*Seemi rajah*" (lord from England).

Mutton-head was not very far off.

They went up to the Hon.

Byrne's bedroom, and Appu Hamy was introduced to his new charge. How his eyes glistened as he looked at the valuables which he hoped shortly would be his—at any rate some of them. Silk handkerchiefs, fine linen, gold studs, jewelled pins, new holland silk jackets, mother-of-pearl buttons, moonstone buttons, silk socks, and numerous trinkets. What pickings! He slowly went through the wardrobe, carefully noting all its contents.

Then he went down to the verandah, where the Hon. Byrne-Paget was languidly lounging.

"Well, boy," he said, daintily sipping his whisky.

"I have seen master's clothes, and made list. Can master's honour give me small advance?"

"Yes, boy; how much?" wearily.

"One month's wages, sar. Then as to wages, sar?"

"Your master said I was to give you twenty rupees. Will that do?"

"Oh, sar, master got such nice clothes, and there is so much trouble, I never seeing gentleman with clothes like this before. Can your honour not give twenty-five?"

"All right," said the Hon., fanning himself and handing him twenty-five rupees; "only do not worry me." The heat was doing that sufficiently.

Then Appu Hamy went out, and met Mutton-head.

"Well?" asked the youngster, who was swaggering about, also gaily dressed, smoking a thick Jaffna cigar.

"Very good," replied Appu Hamy. "Lots of things getting. Such things, too!" and he proceeded to relate the details of the Hon. Byrne's wardrobe, till Mutton-head's eyes sparkled.

"Does he not want a dressing-boy?" asked the youngster. A dressing-boy is the individual who performs "valet" in the East, a most necessary person in a hot and damp climate like Colombo.

"No," replied Appu Hamy, "I do that. But you come to the hotel to-morrow. I shall have a parcel for you."

"Who for?" asked Mutton-head.

"Come this way and you will see," said Appu Hamy, and he led the way to a back-street, or rather slum, off the main street of the Pettah, which is the native town of Colombo.

They entered a mysterious dark-looking *boutique*, where they were received by an ill-looking old Mohammedan, who nodded to Appu Hamy and winked at Mutton-head. Appu Hamy winked back, as a signal that it was all right, and they seated themselves.

"This the *podiyam*," said Appu Hamy.

"Umph," said the old man, and he squeezed up his eyes, gazing curiously at the lad. "Is he clever?"

"Very," replied Appu Hamy. "He has good characters from the *doray*. He will do what I tell him."

"Umph," said the old man again, and fetched out a bottle of arrack and some betel-leaves

and *chunam*, and the three settled down to alternately drink and chew, discussing their plan of campaign. It was this. Appu Hamy was to steal, not outright, but gradually he was to pilfer valuables. Mutton-head was to take Appu Hamy's dinner to the hotel every day, receive the goods from him, and bring them to the old man, who was nothing more nor less than a receiver of stolen property, and who would dispose of them to hard-up Burgher (half-caste) clerks and suchlike people who were not over-particular as to where their finery came from as long as it was cheap.

So Mutton-head started his daily visits with Appu Hamy's curry-and-rice, and of course at first Appu Hamy was scrupulously careful—nothing disappeared. He would engage the Honourable in respectfully couched conversation until he found out all his plans, which he managed very successfully.

"He will be here a long time," he said to Mutton-head. "Oh! but he is such a fool! Not like a *doray*. This man may be a rajah, but he knows nothing."

And the Hon. Byrne remarked to an acquaintance one day, "I have such a jewel of a boy! Never miss anything, and he looks after my togs beautifully."

"Really," said the other. "I have a perfect brute, always missing things—studs, handkerchiefs, and I lost a real gold pin the other day."

And the Hon. Byrne told this unto Appu Hamy, who smiled blandly, saying, "But

there are such big d—d scoundrels in Colombo!" Then after a pause he asked, "Is that gentleman a friend of your honour's?"

"No," replied the Hon., "but his people know some of my people or something."

"I can get him a choice servant, whose honesty is like my own," replied Appu Hamy. "It is true he is young," he went on, "but he has great experience," which was quite true.

It was Mutton-head he referred to, who was duly installed, and then the fun became fast and furious. Little by little things disappeared, and the old Mohammedan in the Pettah rubbed his hands grinningly over the booty which was brought in to him. Shirts of silk, and under-garments, handkerchiefs, and socks of the best, studs and buttons, and cumberbunds, all of the finest material, little by little they found their way into the dingy shop in the Pettah.

One day Appu Hamy came to the Hon., saying, "Master, speak to hotel manager. The *dhoby* [washerman] here very bad man," and he held out a vulgar-looking handkerchief, and pair of coarse socks, which he had bought in the Pettah, and Mutton-head had washed in the lake. Spreading them out, he said, "Master never having socks like that, or handkerchief. This happening two or three times, but I not liking to trouble your honour before."

The Hon. was angry. "I'll

take a case against the man," he said. "What cheek! what infernal cheek!"

"Ah, that is the worst of it," said the wily oily servant. "Master will not know that the law here is Roman Dutch, and very slow. It is a law in favour of the criminal too. For it would take a long time and much trouble for your honour to take a case against this man. You might have to stop six months in the island."

"God forbid!" said the Hon., pacified by fright at such an idea. And so the pilfering still continued, until the Hon. announced his intention of going to Bombay.

"Would Appu Hamy go with him?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the wily one. "Should he pack his honour's box?"

He got instructions to do so, and proceeded to pack, reserving various tit-bits for himself, and he and the Hon. went on board together. Mutton-head was left behind with the other, and to look after the sharing of the spoil, but not for long.

There was no doubt but that Appu Hamy went on board and took his master's luggage down; but after that no one on board ever saw him again, and when the Hon. Byrne-Paget, feeling very sea-sick, told the steward to fetch his "boy," that individual hunted the whole ship in vain. At first they thought that he must have fallen overboard and been devoured by the sharks; but after the Hon. had noted the contents of his boxes, the mystery was completely solved, and they con-

cluded that Appu Hamy had made a life-fortune out of his late master's kit. And so the Hon. Byrne-Paget departed, sorrowing and raging at the dupe he had been of the wily Cingalee, whom he was too lazy to return and prosecute, but bought a new outfit at Bombay instead.

So Appu Hamy's luck continued for a time, for he and Mutton-head lived on the other passenger, and amassed a considerable amount of pelf off him. But they overdid themselves, for they tried to rob him of his box and were found out. Their way of working was ingenious — but unsuccessful. Appu Hamy put it into the guard's van on the train, and Mutton-head pulled it out of the other door, which was open, so slack was the guard; but some one else unfortunately noticed it, and at last they were run to earth, and captured red-handed. Mutton-head, to save himself,

turned Queen's evidence, and so the whole thing came out, and led to no end of trouble, for even the Government clerks were implicated, for buying obviously stolen silk vests in a low *boutique* in the Pettah. So Appu Hamy spent a fairly lengthy portion of time boarded and lodged at her Majesty's expense. The law was not all for the criminal this time: perhaps it was a pity he did not take warning from the crow instead of shooting it. Of course the *doray* is still fighting in South Africa, quite innocent to this day what a couple of "sharks" he harboured beneath his roof and palmed off on his friends; but then that is often one of the peculiarities of the East. Let us hope that he was not included in those that came under the influence of the black crow's croaking; for the *chettie* and the butcher at any rate wish to see him again.

THE SCOTTISH ARTILLERY.

ONLY a short time ago the Royal Regiment of Artillery was divided into three branches, the Horse, the Field, and the Garrison Artillery, so that an artillery officer is described no longer as belonging to the R.A., but to the R.H.A., R.F.A., or R.G.A. Few people probably are aware that a threefold division of the artillery of Great Britain existed nearly two centuries before this recent change was introduced; a division, however, founded not like that on difference of function, but purely on a racial, or perhaps it would be more correct to say a geographical, basis. Both Scotland and Ireland at one time had their separate military establishments; but it did not necessarily follow that regiments on those establishments were composed exclusively of men of Scottish or Irish nationality respectively. For instance, a Scottish regiment, the 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot, now known as the Royal Scots, was borne for several years at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after its return home from Flanders, on the Irish establishment.

The Royal Irish Artillery seem to have been recruited principally in Ireland, though officered partly at least by Englishmen, and the fighting qualities of the race no doubt stood them in as good stead then as now. The R.I.A. gave a good account of themselves

during the Irish rebellion, not only in dispersing their rebel countrymen, but in defeating the French troops landed in Ireland to assist them. Nevertheless, two years later it was decided that there was no longer any object in maintaining a separate artillery corps for Ireland, and accordingly just a hundred years ago the Royal Irish Artillery ceased to exist. In March 1801 some of the companies were reduced, and the remainder were formed into a battalion and incorporated with the British Artillery.

It is, however, with the Scottish Artillery that the present article proposes chiefly to deal, and with its first, who was also its last, commander. The principal interest of its brief history consists in the light it throws upon the original formation and organisation of artillery in this country, and the illustrations it affords of the difficulties with which artillery officers had to contend in early days before the existence of any standing army in England.

It is difficult to ascertain with any certainty at what date precisely the company was first formed; but though there were certainly one or two officers permanently employed as engineers in Scotland previously, it seems probable that the formation of a standing company of artillery was not seriously undertaken in that kingdom until

the year 1681, when John Slezer, lieutenant to the artillery, was sent by Charles II. to Holland to enlist "fireworkers" and gunners. The science of artillery was then in its infancy, at least in Great Britain; and the early artillery and engineer officers were almost without exception commissioned from amongst soldiers of fortune who had gained their experience in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, or in the service of Louis XIV. of France, or of the States of Holland. Occasionally an English cadet was sent to the Continent to pick up some knowledge of gunnery, or engineering, in one of the wars which were then almost continuous in some part of Europe, and so to qualify for a commission in the scientific corps at home; but the large majority of the artillery officers of the period bear names which point unmistakably to their foreign extraction.

Just as the two first commandants of the English Artillery were foreigners, so also was the first (and only) commandant of the Scottish establishment, Captain John Slezer, whose name is familiar to Scottish antiquarians as the author of a famous topographical work entitled '*Theatrum Scotiæ*,' and whose history is inextricably bound up with that of the Scottish Artillery. This remarkable man, according to a statement given in old family papers in the possession of his descendants, came "of a noble family of Silesia," and the circumstances of his arrival in Scotland and first appointment

under Charles II. are thus related by himself in a paper dated 1695:—

"Being upon my travels in the year 1669, I came also to Scotland, where I met with great civilities, and especially from the late Earls of Argile and Kincardine, to whom I had the honour to become particularly known." [He was therefore evidently no mere adventurer, but a man of some standing in his own country, who had come to Scotland with good introductions.] "I had their Lordships' favour to that degree that they proposed I should be employed here; but no occasion then offering, I left the Kingdom. . . . Three years thereafter I had letters from them, most kindly inviting me to embrace a post in the army they had procured for me, with assurance of further preferment, in such a manner, that I could not but very readily quit the service I was in, and embrace the offers they honoured me with."

What the post in the army was which he was invited to embrace may be seen from the Records of the Privy Seal, wherein it is notified that "John Schlezer, German," was appointed to be chief engineer on the 23rd December 1671; so that his commission appears to have been antedated some few months. An English Royal Warrant issued a few years later, containing regulations for the government of the Office of Ordnance, lays down with considerable minuteness of detail the duties of the various officers of the artillery train; and as this in all probability was no more than the official sanction or definition of a condition of things already existing, the functions there assigned to the "Principall Engenier" may fairly be taken as representing the duties performed by

the Scottish chief engineer of 1671. Amongst other things he was required "to keep perfect draughts of every the fortifications, forts, and fortresses of our Kingdom, their situation, figure, and profile; . . . to visit all the fortifications in our Kingdom; . . . to make his report in writing of the condition he finds them in."¹ Another of his duties was "to endeavour to provide for our service good and able Engineers, Conductors, and Work - Bases, and not to recommend any to the employ of an Engineer but such as are sufficiently qualified to be so, which that it may be known he is to examine the skill the person that sues to be employed hath in the Mathematicks, and particularly in Fortifications, in what campaigns he hath served, at what sieges he hath been." The chief engineer therefore, in addition to his ordinary survey and inspection duties, was recruiting officer for his own department.

On the 4th July 1677 there is another entry in the Records of the Privy Seal of the appointment of John Slezer to be "Lieutenant to the Artillery," which office he continued to hold together with that of chief engineer. What the artillery consisted of does not appear: probably of a few pieces of ancient ordnance, each under charge of a gunner or two, distributed among the principal fortresses of Scotland—Edin-

burgh Castle, Stirling, Dumbarton or Dumbritton Castle, the Bass Rock, and one or two more. The earliest record of anything approaching a regular permanent corps, stationed all in one place, is contained in an establishment list of 1684; but Slezer's appointment as lieutenant to the artillery seven years previously proves that at least there must have been the nucleus of an artillery train before that date. Possibly his commission was the first step taken towards the formation of one. Indeed this is suggested by a statement in one of his letters of 1688, that "by the First Instructions of the Artillerie I hadde verrie neare the same power giuen mie (the ranck in the Army excepted) as the Master of the Ordnance hath at present." When this letter was written the master of the ordnance was a lieutenant-general; in fact, the passage is contained in an official letter addressed "For His Excellence—Lieutenant-Generall Douglas—Maister-Generall of His Mat^y. Ordnance in Scotland—these." It would be an entire misapprehension to imagine that the appointment of lieutenant to the artillery bore any relation to that of a modern subaltern of artillery. The lieutenant to the artillery ranked second only to the general of the ordnance, and in 1688 Slezer, whilst holding this appointment in the field, is

¹ This no doubt explains the origin of the publication of Slezer's '*Theatrum Scotiae*,' which is simply a collection of views, or "prospects" as they are called in the book, accompanied by short descriptions of the principal castles and fortresses of Scotland and the adjoining towns as they appeared in the seventeenth century.

described as commanding officer of the artillery.¹

It would seem probable that by virtue of his appointment in 1677 as lieutenant of the artillery Slezer was intrusted with the task of putting whatever artillery already existed upon a more satisfactory footing, and in fact of organising the train. Considering the absolute dearth of both material and *personnel* in the country, as well as the poverty-stricken condition of the Scottish Exchequer, his task was wellnigh impossible. At last, doubtless after months of labour and agitation, and vain efforts to make bricks without straw, the Government was induced to vote a meagre sum for the pay of a regular artillery establishment, and in March 1681 Slezer was directed to go to Holland in order to enlist men and order guns. The proposed establishment certainly did not err on the side of extravagance. It was to consist of six guns, a master-gunner and fireworker, and twelve other "attenders," whose united pay amounted to no more than 18s. a-day. The guns were to be paid for by the sale of sundry obsolete pieces of ordnance, which were to be sent over to Holland to be sold as old brass. The original document containing Slezer's orders, signed by

Lieut.-General the Hon. John Drummond, afterwards known as the Earl of Melfort, Secretary of State to James I., who was the master-general of the ordnance of Scotland at the time, is now amongst the MSS. at Blair Drummond. The paper is indorsed, "Instructions for John Sledzer, Liet. of Artillery," and headed inside "Instructions for John Schlezer, Lieutenant of the Artillerie."

The fifty days allotted from the date of the Instructions for the completion of all his duties in Holland proved all too short, chiefly on account of the utterly inadequate terms he was authorised to offer. Men were not to be had at the niggardly rates of pay laid down in the Instructions. The weeks lengthened into months, whilst the luckless recruiting officer "walloped op and down" through Holland and Flanders in the vain endeavour to drive Scottish bargains with fireworkers and gunners of various nationalities, who very naturally were not to be induced to accept service under the Scottish king on salaries less than their market value. Eventually, after some five months of this futile haggling, Slezer was given practically a free hand, and the men required were promptly obtained with little difficulty.²

¹ The establishment of an army raised by Charles I. in 1639 for an expedition to Scotland throws some light upon the organisation of the three arms of the period. It comprised four regiments of foot, each 1500 strong, twelve troops of "100 horse the piece," and a train of artillery, numbering, all told, about 250 men of all ranks. The list of the train is headed by the general of the ordnance, pay £4 per diem, and next come "Lieutenants, pay £1 per diem."

² A dozen of Slezer's letters from Holland, in addition to one he wrote from Whitehall before starting, are extant. In these he relates, with considerable detail and no little humour, his adventures on his recruiting expeditions (or

The original order for two 12 - pounders and four 3 - pounders appears to have been altered. General Drummond sends directions for the four 3 - pounders to be reduced to two, and in the last but one of Slezer's letters he makes mention of 6 - and 3 - pounders. In all probability, therefore, the armament of the new Scottish Artillery company was to consist of two guns apiece of all three sizes. In addition to these a couple of old mortars of different sizes were sent over from Scotland to be "maide op" to date and improved, which Slezer considered evidently a waste of money.

The contracts for the six guns with which the new artillery company was to be armed having been concluded, and the work of casting set on foot, Slezer proceeded to carry out the other part of his duties—namely, the engagement of trained and skilled gunners "for the attendance of the traine." His orders were to look out for one master-gunner and fireworker at 3s. a-day, two "as near the same pitch of skill" at 2s., four "well qualified in the art of gunnerie and all things therunto belonging" at 1s. 6d., and six under gunners at 10d. a-day. The proposed establishment, therefore, was to consist of a master-gunner and twelve men, of various attain-

ments and at different scales of pay, and the total cost of their united salaries was not to exceed the modest amount of 18s. a-day. In after-years, when it had become regularly organised, the establishment of this miniature company never exceeded twenty-five individuals of all ranks, although their pay amounted to more than double the daily 18s. on which the Scottish Government hoped to raise their original train. But it is not to be imagined that these insignificant numbers represented the entire *personnel* of the train as it would take the field, or, as it would now be described, on war strength. The early establishments only provided for duties in times of peace. In the detailed Instructions issued in 1690 by William III. for the better ordering of the Scottish Artillery Company, it is expressly laid down that "when the artillery takes the field, a necessary number of wrights, smiths, saddlers, coopers, and waggoners, not on the establishment, may be employed during the expedition and then dismissed." Moreover, the "gunner" of the period must not be regarded as bearing any nearer relation to the gentleman in blue of the present day than the lieutenant of artillery then bore to the modern artillery subaltern. It formed no part of his duties in the field

"progresses," as he calls them), from Rotterdam as his headquarters into various parts of Holland, "thruye the Spanisch territories" in Flanders, and to many of the frontier garrisons spread about the French conquests (from the Spanish) in Flanders. The letters contain also much curious information regarding the Dutch gun-foundries (in which it does not appear that any great skill had been attained), and also the famous foundry of Louis XIV. at Douai, which he visited as well.

to drive, transport, or place his guns in position. This was the work of civil labourers, artificers, pioneers, matrosses, and the like, and his part was merely to lay and fire his guns in action; whilst in peace-time he was responsible for the supervision of guns, ammunition, and ordnance stores in general. In fact, he provided the more skilful labour only, required higher technical training, and commanded considerably greater pay than the common soldier. The three gunners, for instance, of the garrison of Edinburgh Castle, in an establishment list of 1684, are paid 1s. 6d. apiece, whilst the pay of the 108 "centinells" was only 6d. This was a penny more than was drawn by a "souldier" of the Royal Regiment of Foot, now the Royal Scots; and it is perhaps worthy of remark, as bearing on the question of officers' pay, that a captain of foot then drew 8s. a-day.¹ So that, whereas the pay of a private soldier, now 1s. 3d., has been raised to exactly treble the sum allowed when a standing army was first formed, a regimental captain with his 11s. 7d. a-day has had his pay increased in the same time by a trifle under a half of the original amount.

The first official record of the Scottish Artillery is contained in a parchment document of 1686, signed by Charles II., preserved

amongst the State Papers of Scotland in the General Register House at Edinburgh, which gives the "Establishment for the pay of His Majesty's standing forces in his ancient Kingdome of Scotland according to 28 dayes in each month and 12 months in the year." The forces numbered, all told, close on 3000 of all ranks, and consisted of a troop of guards (horse) with 4 officers, a quartermaster, 4 corporals, a "chyrurgeon and mate," at 5s. for the pair of them, 4 "trumpetts," 1 kettle-drummer, 1 clerk and 99 "souldiers," at 2s. 6d. apiece, who no doubt were all gentlemen; a regiment of foot-guards, comprising ten companies of threescore and ten "souldiers" each, and a "granader" company; the Earle of Marr's regiment of foot, of the same strength; a regiment of horse, five troops of 50 "horsmen" each; and a regiment of dragoones (infantry), six companies of 50 "souldiers," and the garrisons of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and the island of the Basse, which contained respectively 108, 38, 24, and 24 "centinella." The pay of a foot-guardsman was 6d., and of the "souldier" of the Earl of Mar's Regiment (now the 1st Regiment of the Line, the Royal Scots) only 5d. But a "horsman" drew 1s. 8d. a-day, and a "dragoon" 1s. 2d.

¹ Considering the cost of living at the time, this was very comfortable pay—when it could be got. General Mackay, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland in 1689, was accustomed to dine at taverns, where he "was served with great variety, and paid only two shillings and sixpence Scots—i.e., twopence halfpenny—for his ordinary." The British subaltern would doubtless rejoice if modern mess-bills could be conducted on this scale.

The "centinell" of the garrisons was paid at the same rate as the foot-guards, with the exception of the men on the Basse Rock fortress, who for unknown reasons drew a daily pay of 8d. At the bottom of the list come the artillery, whose numbers and pay are as follows:—

The Train of Artillery.

Conductor and engineer	00	03	00
Master fireworker	00	03	00
Two Master Gunners and fireworkers, each 2s. 6d.	00	05	00
1 Master Gunner and Quarter Master	00	02	06
Battery Master	00	00	06
1 Corporall	00	01	03
1 Corporall	00	01	00
15 Under Gunners at 8d. Inde	00	10	00
Carpenter and his man	00	02	06
Commissary and Store Keeper	00	02	00

01	12	09
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Which severall allowances doe in 12 months ¹ extend to the sume of	550	04	00
The Master of the Ordnance his pay or yearly fee is	150	00	00

In all	700	04	00
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Lieutenant to the Artillery his pay is	00	05	00
And as Engineer 120 lb. sterline yearly Inde	00	07	01½
Muster Master Generall his pay is	00	07	00
Adjutant Generall his pay is	00	08	00

The above is an exact and literal copy of the original. It is curious that the pay of the master of the ordnance should be included in the total allowed for the train of artillery, and amount to no more than £150 a-year; whilst the lieutenant to the artillery comes under a separate heading, and draws £54 more pay a-year than his immediate superior, when his 5s. a-day, which at 336 days in the year amounts to £84, as lieutenant to the artillery is added to the £120 a-year which he drew as engineer. A comparison, however, with the "Scottish

Establishment list of 1702" suggests the possible explanation that the lieutenant to the artillery in his capacity as chief engineer was, like the muster master and adjutant-general, included under the heading of general officers rather than in the train of artillery, and that the master of the ordnance, whom we know to have held the rank of lieutenant-general, was also a pluralist who drew pay in two different capacities.

Lieutenant-General Drummond held the office of master of the ordnance, and John Slezer united in his person the

¹ I.e., at 28 days in the month, or 336 days per annum.

double offices of lieutenant to the artillery and chief engineer of Scotland. The letters we have referred to supply the probable names of the various chief officials of the artillery train, on the supposition that the men recruited for that purpose in 1681 still retained in 1684 the appointments allotted to them originally. In that case the conductor and engineer, at 3s. a-day, would be the "discreet and onderstanding bodie," the Maestricht lieutenant of mineurs, a Walloon "black as a jepsie"; the master fireworker at 3s. a-day, the "verrie prettie yong man" from the Douai Royal Foundry, the German Sibald Kop; the two master-gunners and fireworkers would be the French inventor of new mortars, Antoine Lermine, and the "fire worcker called Birsbin," who was "a verrie good gunner besids"; whilst the "verrie active bodie," the former "adjoutant" of the artillery at Maestricht, Rockille or Rin-killje, was master-gunner and quartermaster, and that "lustie bleade" Bloom, the stalwart and "mustadged" commander of cannoniers at Breda, no doubt occupied the post of battery master. The two "corporalls," at 1s. 3d. and 1s. respectively, and "15 under gunners at 8d.," would in all probability be "rational bleads of our ain" enlisted at home in Scotland, trained by the foreign experts aforesaid, and native talent most likely supplied the carpenter and commissary who completed the tale of the corps. It has

already been pointed out that these somewhat insignificant numbers represent only the peace establishment of the train, and that whenever it had occasion to take the field a variety of drivers, waggoners, smiths, pioneers, and other folk were employed so long as the expedition lasted, and then dismissed.

If history is chiefly the record of calamities, and happiness in a nation consists largely in a lack of history, yet very far from happy is the regiment that has no history, and passes its years in the monotonous routine of the duties of peacetimes. It is highly improbable that the Scottish Artillery company suffered from this cause, especially during the troubled days of the reign of the last of the Stuarts, and to the want of a historian rather than of a history is due the fact that there is so little to record of the corps. From a chance mention, however, in one of Slezer's letters of "Argyl's raid" it is evident that the Scottish Artillery was employed with the troops despatched to suppress the rising that followed the abortive descent upon the west coast of Scotland undertaken by the Earl of Argyll in the first year of James II.'s reign, in the cause of the Protestant party, with the aid of a force raised in Holland. The same source supplies the information that the train was included in the 3000 troops summoned south from Scotland in the last year of his reign by James II., in the futile hope of resisting another expedition from Hol-

land, led by William of Orange, which met with a success very different from that of Argyll's expedition three years previously.

It would be interesting to have fuller details of the part played by the artillery train in the Revolution. Almost all that is known on the subject is contained in a letter of Slezer's, addressed "For His Excellence, Lieutenant-General Douglas—Maister Generall of His Mats. Ordnance in Scotland," and dated "Edenburgh the 20th November 1688." General James Douglas had succeeded General Drummond in the appointment of master of the ordnance, and at the time this letter was written appears to have been in England. In all probability he never received the letter at all, which was intercepted by the "rebels" at York on its way to him. The letter is one of a bundle of Scottish letters of 1688, now in the possession of the Duke of Leeds, labelled as "Taken at York." York declared for the Prince of Orange, and overpowered the small royal garrison quartered there on November 19. The presumption, therefore, is that this was one of various letters from leaders of the Jacobite party seized at York on their way to the south from Scotland. One of the most remarkable points about it is the entire ignorance displayed by the writer of the critical, or rather hopeless, condition of the fortunes of James II. and the Loyalist party. He is concerned only with sundry details relating to the organisa-

tion of the train, and though he does refer incidentally to a risky situation in which he had recently found himself at Carlisle, chiefly for want of transport, there is little to indicate any real appreciation of the desperate state of James's affairs beyond a line or two at the end of the letter, in which he says, "I shall now conclude with the hartie prayers to God to prosper the Kinghs Arms, to preserue his M^{ty} person, and to latte us heare good nues from your Excellence."

It does not appear that the artillery train was ever engaged against the "rebels," nor how far south they came before they were sent back again to Edinburgh. They arrived there in the second week in November, for this letter of the 20th November begins with the remark that "this daye Seneght [se'en-night, week] I gaiue your Excellence an account of my ar-ryual hier with the Train of Artillerie." On their way back up to the north they "mette with a stop in ower march for the want of horses at Aylisson bank," where "wie ware delayed with the noyse of being attackt by the waye, and the Councel was so persuaded of it that I receaued strickt orders to sette fyre reither to all the Ammonition, in case of necessity, then let it falle in the Rebels hands." The "noyse of being attackt" proved a false alarm, but the delay that it caused impressed upon Slezer the great need of an increase in the artillery establishment. This and the importance of settling the vexed question of the army

rank and precedence of artillery officers form the principal subjects of the letter of November 4, which altogether throws considerable light upon the "organisation," or rather absence of organisation, of the artillery arm of the period. It appears to have been customary, when the train took the field, to attach a party of infantry to it temporarily to act as escort as well as to guard the guns in camp. "In Argyl's reade [raid] I hadde a Sergeant and tuentie men added," but on this latter occasion the escort seems to have been composed of a party of militiamen, who gave a good deal of trouble. Accordingly Slezer proposes to enlist additional men to form part of the regular establishment.

"I laye at Aylysson banck," he writes, "fue or six dayes only, with 40 or 45 men besyds a fue of ower owne, and for tuelf dayes together all my men ware upon duty night and daye, wich would not haue lasted if it hadde continued longer. And theifor their is an absolute necessity in my humble opinion their be somme men added to the Artillerie Companie, if it was but six fils of fusiliers with a Lieutenant, a Serdgeant, and Drommer. I haue not men enough to place Centries in the night tyme upon my Canon, and I maye happen to be in a hopefulle condition to trust the garde of them onder cloude of night to Militia bodie."

So he requests permission to enlist for this purpose "yong lustie fellows fitte for ower purposse, and such as willingly will taik on with us. . . . If I gette no addition I will be a tormented creature with the Militia."

In one of his letters Slezer speaks of his "redde coate," which points to the train having

been clothed in a red uniform. Here he gives his opinion that "ower men's clothes are to fine for a cannon wich sticks in a myre," and proposes a more sober kit for the new levies. He asks for "an order to the Lords of the Thesaurie to engadge to the Manefacterie for their clothingh, wich in my humble opinion is fittest to be stone graye cloth lined with reade, black hats, black crauats strings, read britches and graye stockings." As, after the troublous times of the Revolution had passed over, Slezer was reinstated by William III. in command of the Scottish Artillery, it is very possible that the dress here proposed became the regular uniform of the corps.

The question of their status and comparative rank in the army continued to vex the souls of artillery officers for many years after Slezer's day. Here it appears in a very acute form—artillery officers seem hardly to be recognised as holding combatant rank at all, seeing that a subaltern in charge of the escort to the artillery claimed to "give the word" to the commanding officer of the train. Even the precedence of the artillery officers amongst one another was not clearly defined. Mention is made in this same letter of the appointment as "Commissarie in the Artillerie" of "one Serdjeant Reay in Buchan's Regiment, who learnt somme litle kinde of Fyreworcks in the Tower of Londen." The establishment of 1684 had provided for a "commissary and storekeeper" at 2s. a-day for the pair of

them, but the appointment appears not to have been filled till 1685, and then only temporarily. For speaking of the commissary Slezzer writes: "In Argyl's Expedition I was the occasion of the rying of this place. We hadde then a considerable Train, and the Commissarie and his Clerck were only employed to kiep an exact account of the Artillerie horses. Wheneuer that was ouer their was no more usse for him." Now that the place had again been filled up, Slezzer asks the master of the ordnance to send instructions "so cleare that we maye but knowe what the nature of his command is, . . . if the charge of the Ammunition be the caire of this Commissarie," or what his duties are to be. Then as to precedence. "Wie shall also expect to heare wether it be his Mats. pleasure that hie command the Gentlemen of the Cannon and the Master Fyre worokers, and euerie bodie will giue obedience accordingly." His Majesty, however, even if the question had ever been referred to him, had far more pressing concerns to occupy his attention at the time than the rank of "Serdgent Reay."

It is instructive to find a commanding officer of artillery in 1688 urging upon the master of the ordnance the immediate necessity of obtaining a decision upon a point which continued to exercise the minds of artillery officers for years afterwards, and was not settled until a Royal Warrant determined their army rank in the middle of the following century. Slezzer raises a

variety of extremely pertinent questions, which show so clearly the absolute need, in time of war, of definite instructions being issued on the subject that it is amazing they remained so long unanswered.

"One thing more I haue to trouble your Excellence with, and that is what station I haue in the Fields. I doe not pretend to be extravagant in my pretensions. . . . By the first Instructions of the Artillerie I hadde verrie neare the same power giuen mie as the Master of the Ordnance hath at present, wich certainly could not be understood to be a Subaltern's [sub-ordinate's] command. I will maik no compleants now, but I haue certainly mette with things by officers wich commanded the Garde of the Artillerie, where they could not haue answered for. The giving of the word [*i.e., taking command on parade*], I lookt upon it as a thing not worthie to raise debates about, as long as it was not determinat and as long as I hadde but any sheddowe [shadow of reason] to submitte to it. But sence I finde that euen Lieuts. of the Artillerie garde will pretend toe it, I only begge that it may be decyded—If an officer commanding the Garde of the Artillerie can be ansuerable to leaue mie with a detachment according to his fancie without my consent. If hie hath any of command ouer mie, my men or my horses, as long as he is ordered to garde the Artillerie. If hie is not to place Centries and kiep garde according to my directions. And who shall giue the words—and what ways I am to carrie towards Militia officers, not considering their qualitie but their rank in the Militia."

William III. dealt to some extent with these points when he reappointed Slezzer, but the latter, though he held commissions under five different English sovereigns, from Charles II. to George I., never lived to see them finally and satisfactorily determined.

Not long after the return of the train to Edinburgh in November 1688, the startling news reached that city of James II.'s flight and the practically universal acceptance in England of the Prince of Orange's authority. The condition of Edinburgh for the four or five following months can only be described as chaotic. By March the necessity for some parting of the ways became imperative, and the arrival in the middle of that month of Major-General Mackay, charged by the Prince to take command of the standing forces in Scotland in his interest, helped in some degree to restore order, if not harmony. Mackay's position was a delicate one, as the Prince had not yet been formally recognised by the Scottish Parliament as King of Scotland. The Parliament appointed a "Committee for securing the peace," who gave in their report on March 18, recommending, first, the "levieing of the Earle of Levine's regiment," and, secondly, stating, "It is also ther opinion that the Canoniers and artillerie men be drawn together under the command of Mr Sledzer, and receive the Estates pay immediately, and to continow and be maintained thereat, as they were formerly, he giving his oath of fidelitie to the Estates." "Which report," the Scottish Acts of Parliament proceed to relate, "being heard and considered by the Estates, they approved the first article thereof, anent the levieing of the Earl of Levine's regiment, and also the second article anent the artillerie men. And

Doe appoynt and nominat Mr Sledzer to command y^m as formerly, He giving his oath of fidelitie to the meeting."

No time was lost in the execution of the first of the two measures ordered for the "secureing of the peace." The Earl of Leven was already on the spot with his officers, composed of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen who had been obliged to take refuge in Holland during James II.'s reign, and with a full complement of arms and accoutrements. Recruiting was begun on the following day, March 19, and in the incredibly short space of four hours the whole regiment was enlisted to its intended establishment of 800 men, probably from among the men of the trained bands of the City of Edinburgh. Originally named the Earl of Leven's or the Edinburgh Regiment, it subsequently earned a great reputation as the 25th Foot, which it has enhanced under its present title of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The first duty of the newly raised regiment was to take immediate possession of the Parliament House, and guard it till all danger to the Estates from the partisans of James II. was at an end.

The second of the defensive measures ordered by Parliament did not proceed with anything like such exemplary smoothness and despatch, owing to the flat refusal of the commander of the artillery to have anything to do with the Estates and their "appoyntments." Sledzer had been granted his first commis-

sion in Scotland by Charles II., and had received many favours from that monarch and from James II., both before and after the latter's succession to the throne. He was therefore not prepared at a moment's notice to renounce nearly twenty years' allegiance to the line of his lawful sovereign, at the bidding of a Parliament with which he had little sympathy. Moreover, the cause of the Stuarts, hopeless as it was by this time in England, was by no means yet irrevocably lost in Scotland. The garrison of Edinburgh Castle remained true to the king, and was held for him by the Duke of Gordon for many weeks after this date. Three days before, the Duke had been summoned by the Estates to surrender the castle, and on his refusal had been publicly proclaimed a "traytor and rebel," terms that he might have applied with equal, if not greater, justice to the members of the Estates. Slezer's loyalty cost him dear, and but for the wise and great-hearted tolerance of the Prince of Orange might well have proved his ruin. In the records of Parliament we read that "Mr Sledzer being called and haveing refused to give his oath of fidelitie to the meeting, warrand was given to secure him, until he find caution not to return to the castle." Accordingly he was arrested and thrown into the Canongate Tolbooth, none too pleasant a spot to be imprisoned in, if contemporary accounts are to be believed. The amazing lack of any of the most elementary sanitary arrangements, or even

of the commonest decencies of modern civilisation, that prevailed in Edinburgh at this period had richly earned for it the unsavoury reputation of being the most fetid capital in Europe. If such was the condition of the city in general, it can be readily imagined that life in the confined precincts of a common jail must to an officer and a gentleman have been wellnigh intolerable.

The condition attached to the Act in which the Estates "doe appoynt and nominat Mr Sledzer to draw together and command as formerly the Canoniers and artillerie men"—viz., that he should "give his oath of fidelitie to the meeting"—very likely indicates some doubt on their part whether he was to be regarded as friend or foe, as well perhaps as a determination that in the latter case his services should at any rate not be left at the disposal of the "traytors and rebels" who were holding the castle. As they were about to lay a regular siege to the castle to compel a surrender which could not be obtained by less violent means, it was a matter of considerable importance to have on their side the chief engineer of Scotland, who not only was one of the few men in the country who had any experience of the methods of conducting a siege, but had also an intimate professional knowledge of Edinburgh Castle, its weak points, the stores and ammunition it contained, and its capacities in general for making a long defence. Their chagrin, therefore, must have been proportionately great when

they discovered that Sleszer entirely declined to place his experience at their command. Nor did their resentment cease even after the death of Dundee, in the very hour of his victory over General Mackay at Killiecrankie, had given the deathblow to the hopes of the Stuart party. They had indeed released Sleszer from the Tolbooth nearly two months earlier, on June 3; but in September of the same year Mackay, the Scottish commander-in-chief, took the trouble to write officially to urge that "Sletcher" should not be "imployed any more in this Kingdom, having absolutely denied to serve his Majesty at my arryvall from England, when ther was most need for him."

There certainly was need of some more skilful hand and head to direct the siege than General Mackay had at his disposal. Operations began in a half-hearted way at first. The Edinburgh 'Courant,' then recently started on its long career, announces on March 25, 1689, that "the Guards that block up the Castle and the Garrison in it fire often one at the other with Small-shot, but little harm is as yet done, few on both sides wounded, none killed." But they soon began to warm to their work. On March 30 several are recorded as killed and wounded, and vigorous fighting continued, with occasional pauses for parleys which came to nothing, all through April and on into May. On the 18th April "Lt. - General Mackay's men, and the Castle, fire fiercely one at the other. This day more

Cannon, Mortar pieces, bombs &c., are arriv'd from London, so that speedily there will be smart work betwixt them." Nevertheless so stoutly did the beleaguered garrison defend themselves that the siege had continued for close on three months, causing the loss of half the defenders as well as severe damage to the castle and the houses inside it, before the Duke of Gordon was compelled, chiefly by the exhaustion of his supplies, to surrender upon discretion on June 13.

Nearly all this time Sleszer was imprisoned in the Tolbooth. How the rest of his artillery company were faring does not appear, or whether they were fighting with or against the Duke of Gordon. Being all foreigners not long imported into Scotland, they were unlikely to have any strong bias towards either of the contending parties, or to have been actuated by any other motives than those of self-interest. An order of the Estates, issued on April 8, directing that "the artillerymen and gunners receive two months' pay," suggests that the rank and file of the company had cast in their lot with the winning side. Possibly the offer of two months' pay was thrown out as an inducement to gain the men, already dismayed and bewildered by the loss of their commanding officer, wholly over to the side of the Estates. From the letter of General Mackay already mentioned it would appear that the attacking artillery during the siege were under the management of a deserter from the castle gar-

rison, "one Mr Forbes, Master Gunner of the Castle of Edinburgh, who . . . hath been of great use for the reduction of the Castle by his continuall and indeffatigable pains: upon which account I gave him a provisionall order to exercise the charge of Lieutenant of the Artyllerie, ther being none so fit for it, Sletcher having absolutely refused to serve his Majestie, and Durea, though useful as an Ingeneur, not understanding the Artyllerie so well as this man."

On June 13 the castle surrendered, any hope of a successful defence having been lost some time previously. Ten days before, Slezer had been released from prison on the somewhat peculiar plea that urgent private affairs required his presence in England. He represented to the Privy Council that "for some weeks he had been a close prisoner in the Canongate Tolbooth by their order, till now his private affairs urgently requiring his presence in England, he was obliged to crave his liberation, which, conceiving that he knew himself to be of a disposition peaceable and regular, he thought they might well grant." He had petitioned Parliament for his release a month earlier, for on May 1 the Acts relate, "Petition of Mr Sletcher, Ingeneur,

for his Liberation read and continued, but thereafter remitted to Major-General Mackay." Mackay evidently had not been disposed to show any mercy; but the Privy Council proved more considerate, and not only granted his release from the Tolbooth, but furnished him with a pass to go southward.

Three months in the Tolbooth had cooled Slezer's enthusiasm for the Stuarts, and impressed him with the policy of frankly throwing in his lot with William III. The private affairs that so urgently required his presence in England were no doubt the importance of hastening to London to ingratiate himself with the new king, and employ any interest he had at Court to regain his appointment as commander of the Scottish Artillery. Accordingly he proceeded to travel south without delay.¹ London was crowded with former adherents of the late king, especially from Scotland, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to protest their loyalty to William. Amongst them Slezer was fortunate to find his old chief, the late master of James II.'s ordnance in Scotland, General Douglas, who must have already made his peace and been accepted at Court. He furnished Slezer

¹ He made several journeys to London on various occasions, but never mentions how long they took him. The post at this time was carried from the English to the Scottish capital, a distance of 400 miles, on horseback at the rate of 100 miles a-day. English parliamentary proceedings of Saturday could be read in the Edinburgh 'Courant' on the morning of the following Thursday. Ordinary passengers must have travelled at considerably less speed. Thirty years later the journey by coach occupied seven days in the summer months; though in 1715 the Duke of Argyll, posting down to Scotland in "utmost haste," accomplished it in six.

with the following letter of introduction to the king:—

"May it pleas your Majestie,
 "The bearer, John Sletscher, high Germain, did immediatly command under me when I was Master off Ordinance in Scotland, he was principall Ingenieur, and is both very well inclyned for your Majesties service, and very capable as any in the Three Kingdoms: he will give your Majestie particular and exact accounts off things necessary for the traine off artillerie in that cuntry, and in what order it is into at present. This I judged my dutie to inform your Majestie, since I am, May it pleas your Majestie, Your Majesties most faithfull submissive servant and subject,

"J.A. DOUGLASS.

"LONDON, 24 July 1689."

The writer of a short life of Slezer in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' speaks of his *renewing* his acquaintance with the king on the occasion of this visit to the Court. It is of course possible that Slezer had made the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange when he went on his recruiting expedition to Holland eight years previously, though there is no positive mention of the fact in any of the numerous letters he wrote home on that occasion. He is certainly not likely to have been known to him before that, for when Slezer first came to Scotland in 1669 William was only eighteen years of age, and throughout his minority had lived in great seclusion, the fortunes of the House of Orange having been at a very low ebb ever since the death of his father in 1651. Moreover, the terms of General Drummond's letter undoubtedly imply that Slezer was being

introduced to William as a complete stranger. It seems probable, therefore, that he owed his new commission as commander of the artillery not so much to any previous acquaintance with the king as to the strong recommendations of General Douglas and perhaps other friends. The commander-in-chief in Scotland, as has been seen, was still so incensed at Slezer's refusal to serve under him at the siege of Edinburgh Castle that he had written to the Minister, Lord Melville, urging his being dismissed the service altogether. In fact, he had actually filled up his post by giving it provisionally to another man, named Forbes, for whose permanent appointment he urged Lord Melville to obtain the king's sanction. "I earnestly desire that your Lordship would be pleased to speak to his Majestie, that he may reward his [*Forbes*] services with the place of Lieutenant of his Artylerie in Scotland." But in nothing did William III. display his statesmanship more prominently than in his readiness to believe that the men who had been most loyal to his predecessor and father-in-law would be most likely to render faithful service to himself. In spite, therefore, of General Mackay's representations, Slezer was reinstated in command of the Scottish Artillery, under the title of "Captain of the Artillery Company and Surveyor of the Magazine in Scotland." His commission was signed by the king at Kensington on the 11th January 1690,

THE ROSSBODENTHAL AVALANCHE.

AVALANCHES are among the most familiar of Alpine phenomena. There is hardly a spot in the mountains where their voices are not heard, and in some places they are to be seen daily, falling "during business hours" every few minutes. Such avalanches are nearly all due to the same cause—the giving way of a portion of a glacier, and its fall over the edge of a cliff. They occur most often in the afternoon, or immediately after sunset. In the afternoon, the overhanging ice falls by its own weight, when the sun has melted the attachments which kept it in position; in the evening it falls when the freezing of the water in the crevices of the glacier behind thrusts it forward ever so little and destroys its equilibrium. A few hundred tons of glacier ice, tumbling down a few hundred feet, make a fine roar, and occasionally, when a broad cornice gives way, the effect is really beautiful, like Niagara, but whiter and on a larger scale.

But, as a rule, such avalanches are not impressive to the eye. Byron, who was a lover of the mountains, and, as "Manfred" shows, sufficiently impressionable, watched them falling from the Jungfrau into the Trümletenthal, and in his diary thus notes the occurrence: "Climbed the Wengen mountain; left the horse, took off my coat, and climbed to the summit. Heard the avalanches

falling every five minutes nearly." Of course he must have seen the puffs of ice-dust that they raised on the hillside opposite, only two miles away, but he did not think the sight worth mentioning. These summer avalanches, however, bear hardly any resemblance to the monstrous falls of snow and ice and rocks which occur in winter and spring, when the conditions are different. In winter, the prolonged snowstorms pile up the snow on the upper shelves and slopes of the mountains to a prodigious height, and this high snow is, at all seasons, extraordinarily hard and gravelly—a truth of which Leonardo da Vinci seems to have had an inkling when he wrote that no snow, only "hail," falls in the highest Alps. Anyhow it forms a very loosely compacted mass, and when at length it topples over by its own weight, it makes one of the *Staub-lawinen*, or dust avalanches, the spray of which is often five or six thousand feet in height.

These are the avalanches proper to winter, and their "pitches" being known, they are not greatly feared. The dreaded avalanches are those of the spring, when the surface of the piled-up snow becomes melted by the sun; and the water, soaking through, welds it into a compact mass. When at length this slips, the thing goes leaping down, like a cannon-ball, the size of the Bank of

England, taking unexpected directions from its impact on cliff and moraine, and often dealing death and destruction to spots that, for centuries, have been deemed secure. Indeed the course of these avalanches, locally known as *Grundlawinen*, is often so eccentric as to suggest that it has been largely determined by the electricity generated in their descent. An avalanche of this kind but rarely lays itself out in a convenient place for the world to study; but such a one fell last spring from the Fletschhorn, and, quite incidentally, buried the Simplon road under forty feet of *débris*. It is still lying there, some way down on the southern side of the Pass, though the Italian frontier is still six miles away. It is quite 1500 feet below the highest point of the road, which, just north of the Hospice, reaches an elevation of 6595 feet. The spot is familiar to thousands, being little more than half a mile off the village of Simplon (or Simpeln in the vernacular), the principal stopping-place of the Federal diligence.

Three valleys hereabouts run westward from the Pass into the mountains. The most southerly is the long and beautiful Zwischbergenthal, frequented chiefly by smugglers. Next comes the Laquinthal, where the few remaining chamois of the district await extermination. The most northerly is the Rossbodenthal. It curves upwards under the snowy Fletschhorn, opening out like a fan, the larger half of the fan being filled by the lofty

Rossboden glacier, the smaller northern half by the Griesseren glacier. Of all the ways between Simplon and the Saas valley, the Rossboden Pass is the shortest and most frequented. Up the valley the path went, at first almost entirely through wood, then over the excellent pasture of the Rossboden Alp, and by a sheep-track gained a little basin of ice shut in by rocks seamed with gullies, giving access to the watershed. The middle reaches of the Simplon are stern and bare, a character which they owe to the local wind, which is so bitter that even the hardiest cereal (doubtless for lack of insect pollen-carriers) fails to seed. "Kein Schwarzbrod hier," say pityingly the peasants from neighbouring valleys, accustomed to see good crops of rye ripening a thousand feet higher. It possessed, however, one bit of smiling landscape, and that was where the Rossbodenthal joined the main valley. On the right, the traveller descending the Pass came on a breadth of green meadows, curving round at the base of a wood, up which you looked across to the Fletschhorn snows. Beyond there was more wood raised high above the road and veiling the grisliness of the moraine. On the left were more meadows, dotted with spinneys of larch, with a trout-stream, which turned sharply, close against a steep wooded slope, and was lost to view. But this smiling prospect will gladden the sight of the traveller no more.

Shortly before seven in the morning of the 19th of March

in last year, an avalanche fell from a spur of the Fletschhorn, the great glittering snow peak that towers over the Simplon. It started in the direction of the village, struck a lower knob of the range, locally called the Rossbodenhorn, carrying off a vast mass of rock, cannoned against the Alp opposite, turned almost at right angles, swept down the Rossbodenthal, covered every inch of its floor with grey rock, obliterated the wooded knolls and the meadows at its mouth, crossed the highway, spread over the meadows beyond, covered in the stream, and finally brought up amongst the trees of the steep wood on the eastern side of the main Simplon valley. The ruin wrought by the mass of flying ice and rock when it struck such objects as trees and chalets can easily be imagined; but the wounds inflicted by the wind it raised have left scars that are still more impressive. The trees on the higher north side of the valley were not touched by the *débris*—they were all sawn off some twenty inches from the ground by the wind. After crossing the road its speed was evidently diminishing, and there the damage was done by the actual impact of the blocks of ice.

And nobody heard it fall! That is really a unique circumstance in the history of avalanches. Half a mile farther down the road is the large village of Simplon, and the people were awake, but nobody heard a sound. The local explanation is that there were two metres of fresh snow on the

ground; but when one considers the displacement of matter and the height through which it fell, this explanation is hardly satisfactory. Its starting-point was some ten thousand five hundred feet above sea-level; where it came to rest is between five and six thousand. Roughly speaking, it is a thousand yards long and two hundred and fifty wide. Where it crossed the road the depth before the summer's melting was forty feet: it is now twenty-five. Four metres, or thirteen feet, is a minimum estimate of its original thickness. The amount of rock that it brought down was also abnormal (there are scores of blocks as big as cottages), a circumstance which at first led to the belief that it was simply a landslide; but the theory has been disposed of by the excavations made later in search of the road. Anyhow, we have here a million tons of solid matter, descending, with one or two bumps, five thousand feet. Certainly one would expect that the noise would be proportionate to the blast caused by the displacement of the air, and that this was tremendous is plain. Indeed the exact spots where its greatest force was expended, where it slackened, and where it ceased, are marked in the forest.

The miracles worked by an avalanche blast are among the commonplaces of the subject. At Randa, for instance, when the snout of the Bies glacier fell, every wooden house in the village, a quarter of a mile off, was laid flat. When the late Signor Marinelli and his guides

were ascending the right bank of the wide Macugnaga glacier, the wind of an ice avalanche rushing down the left bank dashed them to pieces against the rocks. It is, indeed, possible to be close to an avalanche and not feel the blast, but it is exceptional. In June 1871 Mr Tuckett was actually caught by an avalanche, or at least in the fringe of one. He was on the Eiger glacier, when a piece of the ice-cliff that lies at the foot of the steep hollow between the Gross and Klein Eiger gave way. It came down its natural *couloir*, filling it to the brim, then surged over the rocky wall and swept down towards Mr Tuckett and his guides, who ran for their lives. "The next instant," he writes, "we saw no more. A frozen cloud swept over us, entirely concealing us from one another, and still we were untouched—at least I knew that I was—and still we ran another half second and the mist had passed, and there lay the body of the monster, whose head was still careering away at lightning speed below us, motionless, rigid, and harmless." When the party stopped to take breath they were twelve yards from its edge, and indeed Ulrich Lauener was actually struck in the legs by the ice fragments. Mr Tuckett worked out the bulk of his avalanche at 450,000 tons, and yet, close as he was to it, he neither felt nor noticed anything like the great blasts that have been noted on other like occasions. Mr Tuckett's experience was on a fairly open mountain

side, but in similarly open situations not only has the thunder been heard but the wind felt.

In September 1877 the writer was standing with the late Lord Galloway on the little platform outside the Grands Mulets hut. The weather had turned perfect after heavy snow. The sun had just set, and the alpine glow was at its rosiest, when the prolonged thunder of an avalanche startled the silence, and simultaneously we found ourselves in a blinding snowstorm. We rushed in and shut the door; but the snow poured in through the small window as if pumped from a fire-hose, and we had to close the shutters to keep it out. In half a minute all was still again, though the rocks were faintly powdered. Early next morning, after walking for about an hour, we passed over the body of the avalanche. It lay high on the Petit Plateau, the snow valley that leads up to the heights of Mont Blanc, between the ridge which is a sort of continuation of the Mont Maudit on the left and the buttresses of the Dôme du Gouter on the right. It was the cornice of the Gouter cliff that had, in fact, fallen, pushed off by the first click of frost after sundown. It stood with a square edge some thirty inches high above the surface of the snow, though probably there was a little more than this below. It was about seven hundred yards long and two hundred wide, and it fell (though practically in one

jump) perhaps a thousand feet. With a mass only a fifth of the Simplon avalanche, and a descent of only a fifth of the distance, it raised a din to wake the seven sleepers, and made a blinding snowstorm in the open, three times as far as is the village (where not a sound was heard) from the scene of the disaster of March in last year.

Curiously enough, there is practically nothing on the mountain-side to mark the place whence the Rossboden avalanche fell. The autopsy conducted by the road engineers has shown that it was not a mere *Berg-sturz* or landslide, for it is largely, even predominantly, composed of ice. And landslips usually leave unmistakable scars, as witness the Rossberg rocks after ninety-five years of weathering. Neither does it, in this respect, resemble the Altels disaster of 1895, when a great piece of the glacier broke away on to the Gemmi, overwhelmed the Alp below, crossed the torrent, and ran a long way up the opposite slope. To this day the side of Altels looks as if a monster had bitten a great piece out of it, and the toothmark remains in the square wall of ice that overhangs the smooth bared rock. That avalanche, which cost six lives, and, in general

behaviour, presents points of similarity to that of the Rossbodenthal, was certainly not silent, for its thunder was heard at Frutigen, ten miles away. Probably the explanation of nothing having been heard at Simplon is to be found in the last twist that the Rossbodenthal takes, which may have caused the vibrations to be sent compactly up the desolate and uninhabited valley opposite, that leads to the Alpien glacier and the Monte Leone. It is just possible, too, that some of its alleged eccentricity may have been due to its being in a sense a combination of the *Staub-lawine* and the *Berg-sturz*, and to its moving, in consequence of its composite texture, with somewhat less speed than usual. The uniformity with which it has plastered the unfortunate valley with a perfect amalgam of rock and ice is at any rate consonant with this view. In comparatively few years the ice will no doubt melt to a large extent, but the *débris* will abide. The spectacle of a ruined valley, all its green of wood and pasture turned to grey, is never a cheerful one; but in the case of the Rossbodenthal it is made inexpressibly sad by the certainty that it will remain a ruin for centuries to come.

REGINALD HUGHES.

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REGINALD HUGHES.

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE.¹PART IV.—THE CONQUEST—*continued.*

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR FIGG.

FROM the moment that Rab left me at Liverpool Street I was in a fever to have him within sight again. Away from me, he had me at an advantage: even with me, in truth, the advantage was all with him. But face to face with him—greatly as I abhorred the situation—I could at least have an inkling of his next move, to checkmate him or to try to checkmate him.

He turned up at Westminster at midday, and on one pretence and another I kept him engaged with me throughout the afternoon. James Clephane joined us for an hour. I was conscious of a stiffness in his manner to me, which I could not explain by the presence of Rab Cuick; for towards the Rascal he showed, if not graciousness, at least a tolerance that was surprising. Thereafter I asked Rab to dine with me. So long as we were in London I would not leave him an hour alone if I could help it—of that I was determined. If he was to hear Mrs Righton's further story, I would hear it. What puzzled me was that he was so readily persuaded to remain in town, instead of running off to the "Silly Roach." "You'll dine

with me?" I had said; and he was ready. "It's our last night in London," was my explanation of the unusual invitation; but I made it without any belief that it threw dust in the eyes of Mr Rab Cuick: and if I had, his manner of accepting the invitation must have disillusioned me. I would not dine him at my hotel; and while I was humming and hawing as to where to take him, "Have you been to Fenton's?" he said. It was a restaurant in a little street off Piccadilly Circus, or maybe it was only in that neighbourhood; it was Rab who led the way to it. He had been there late one night, he told me; had supped there . . . with . . . with . . . He did not complete the information. "It's not like your hotel," he said; "it's a quiet place—so far as respectable folk, the like of your friends, go. You'll not ken yourself there, Mr Shirra. Better!—nobody'll ken you. It's a bit gay, and full of life. But it's our last night in London,—so you say,—which is a handy excuse for a multitude of—extravagances."

Among the cloud of his impertinences that phrase, "so you say," stung me sharply.

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My scheme of compromise had been adopted, and my work in London was finished. I was free to travel down to Scotland the next day, and certainly Mr Trail would expect me to. There was a plan in my head of going down to the "Silly Roach" the next day and travelling North overnight; Sunday morning, at any rate, must find me reporting to Mr Trail. But I had no reason to assume that Rab would return home so soon. I could make certain that his expenses would not be allowed for a single day longer; but the man was a marvel in his handling of ways and means. As he said himself, when the worst came to the worst he could live by snuffing up the east wind, like Job's cuddies.

I was tired and sleepy. I had only snatched another hour's sleep before midday. Yet I cannot deny that I found the meal diverting. I think he laid himself out to amuse me. He had his choice of wine, and made it discreetly. "The privilege of hospitality," he said, "to pay the piper without having called the tune. It puts the table upon a moral basis. This is the pure Pineau, the real Burgundy," he went on, fingering his glass, and then fell into an entertaining prattle about wines — about vintages, and comet years, and the quirks of national tastes — that made me wonder. "It's gracious of you to pretend to forgetfulness of my being a bit of a connoisseur," he said. I

ought to have struck him a blow of filial indignation for his audacity in referring to his smuggling days; but he only tickled me. The pure Pineau, it is to be feared, was compromising my virtue. I said, "You've had a multifarious career."

"In my time, in my time!" crowed he. "Did I ever tell you o' my jaunt to Holland?"

I shook my head, determined not to admit acquaintance with my grandfather's story. But of a sudden the conversation in the woodyard fluttered into my mind, as if it were seeking an entrance into the story that was building itself up in my mind, and I, half consciously, pricked up my ears. He was a man who, you could imagine, was able to see you prick up your ears.

"Maybe I will — some day," he continued. "A voyage of adventure, that — adventure and discovery — my first and last! Till in the autumn of my days, with life in the fall, you gave me this trip to London. A kind o' weather-breeder, as I doubt: there's foul weather to follow. . . . Well, well, I wouldn't ha' missed it for the world."

"Look at it!" he cried, with his eyes sparkling at the coming-and-going movement of the place. "London! it's like a book, a novelle, though so homely with it all that you seem to read it by your ain fireside. When I go back to the North, preserve me! it will be with a fountain o' gaiety. This week here has debauched my sobriety of nature. Up

in the North we've lost the leisure, or the time, or breathing-space among our solemn endeavours,—somehow or other we've grown wersh. Ours is laughter of a kind that waits to laugh at a man, be't ourselves; never at folly, but aye at a man seen in the daft light of his foolishness. And nowadays only the nat'als are daft, and them we shut up in the poorhouse. So that a body, impatient like me, wi' a taste for the essence of the thing, maun aye be compounding mischief for myself if I'm to get satisfaction. It was wont to be a different place, Scotland—a daft, jokey place. How the change came beats me. Gone out wi' the oatmeal, maybe. Maybe folk are like trout, that turn from rainbow colours to mud through a change o' feeding."

A lull had fallen on the traffic when he rose from the table. "I maun make a move," said he. "I promised our illustrious friend on the Press a call th' night."

"Mr Figg?" said I. He nodded. Well, the further pain of Mr Figg's company should not interfere with my plan of shadowing Rab. When I proposed to go with him, he hesitated for a second only. "We've driven on an errand to the Press before!" he said, gaily, and called a hansom.

Mr Figg lived somewhere among a nest of squares off the Pentonville Road. The house at which we pulled up, with its face deeply veiled by the summer gloaming, had a country, tea-rose simplicity of

air; so that the squalor discovered when the door was opened to us distressed me as a coarse word would in the mouth of an apple-cheeked wench. Mr Figg's appearance on our summons was preluded by his voice somewhere up in the shell of the building, mixed with others, women's, rising and falling to the opening and shutting of a door. I thought I should like to see Mr Figg's womenkind. When he came downstairs he was flinging his cloak over his shoulders.

"I won't ask you in," he greeted us. "There's a restaurant in the Upper Street. A cab! Cabs! for three of us." He slapped his trouser-pocket, which jingled. "Walk, say you? On, then! You can understand,"—he turned to me, with a curious mixture of apology and defiance,—"*the like of me—out in the world all day—content with a plain nest to creep to o' nights.*"

I begged him to put himself to no trouble, as we had just dined.

"But you'll sup? We would not? Nor, then, would he. He had lunched—lunched late. The fact was, it was rather an important luncheon. We would wonder, he said, at the strange things people in his line are aye having little birds whisper in their ear."

"But we'll open a bottle," cried he, leading the way into the restaurant, with a swaggering fling of his cloak.

The indifference he assumed in throwing down his paper note showed that the Bank of England's indebtedness to him

for five pounds sterling was of rare occurrence. He grew louder and more swaggering, and gulped down the champagne. It dawned on me that the man was tipsy. What deceived me, making me doubtful, was a dissoluteness of nature, a hysterical drunkenness, not of wine, such as I had not met with in life before. Rab, I could see, was watching him with a deadly interest. He would etherise his mind with a flattering word, and then stick a feeling-needle into it, as a doctor will probe an abscess in search of vital corruption. The man's talk was the bubbling-up of all the disaffection of ill-condition. I had never conceived the like. It overran society, and religion, and love, and all the sacred tokens of the hearth, heaping upon them its sickening, filthy abuse. It was anarchy, and epileptic. I remembered Charlotte's disgust at the mention of the man's name. To think that she may have suffered this!

With the mounting wine the man began to vapour about himself, discovering a frightful and hysterical egoist,—himself the skeleton whom all his ill-conditioned, crapulous opinions were designed to cover. There was more money in his pocket, it seemed. He flourished it, flushed by the triumph of possession. Out of his incoherent swaggering, however, I seemed to be able to piece a not entirely incoherent reference to the subject of my own thoughts. I was instinctively conscious of Rab's needle, still delicately and

surely at work. Yet I could swear that even in the process some understanding, as to the reticence made necessary by my presence, established itself between the experimenter and his victim. The money the man was flourishing was the price of silence: I did not know enough then to label them blackmail. Silence about what? about whom? I could not gather. Rab's research seemed directed to some other end.

It was time to be going, Rab said at length, and I found myself in the crowded street of Islington with a tipsy man's company added to the burden of the Rascal's.

In the open air, however, the vinous swagger vanished, and Figg fell into an amusing, gloomy, and dignified step. From that he was aroused presently, apparently by the sound of singing that reached us; for he uttered a fierce snarl, and strode off with us at his heels.

We were again in the maze of streets and squares off the Pentonville Road, and at a corner of one of the busiest of them found an evangelistic party singing a hymn lustily to harmonium accompaniment. There was a fountain or statue or lamp-post—I forget exactly what—with a strong flanking of steps, beside which they had entrenched themselves. Backing on it was a harmonium, at which a man sat playing. In a semicircle round him were the singers,—eight or nine women, and a man or two; beyond them an outer semicircle of auditors,

two or three deep. On the steps a tall, thin, old man, with a reverent chin on his breast, swayed on broken knees in an affecting, drunken emotion, which expressed itself in impressive repetition of the chorus. At the point where we touched the crowd, Figg had already made some commotion, and I edged a place or two round the circle.

"See their sanotimonious faces!" he shouted. The hymn swelled louder, evidently in accordance with a well-known expedient for overcoming dissent. The faces of the singers were long and earnest; at another time I might have called them sanotimonious. It was Mr Figg who called them that, and I was ready with a defence of them in my own mind. How would he have had them? You don't sing hymns with a grin on your face! Was there anything, indeed, so pathetic and absurd and heroic at once as the assurance of this dozen of commonplace people seeking to be a leaven in the great mass of London! Mr Figg was so greatly on my nerves that these were my thoughts.

The man at the harmonium had begun to speak. Beside me, I observed, between me and Mr Figg and Rab, was a middle-sized, dapper, horsey man, — horsey in feature and dress. An Irish horse-couper, or an Irishman and a horse-couper born and bred in London. A switch was stuck under one elbow. His fingers were busy cracking nuts, deftly scattering the broken shells and flicking the kernel into his mouth,

which at the proper moment opened to receive it, seemingly automatically. He had a cool and critical eye, which never was taken off the speaker by so much as a wink. The mouth and the eye seemed to belong to different men.

The speaker was of the order Militant—militant Protestant. If we embraced the religion to which he invited us, be sure, he said, we should be reviled. Once, when giving his testimony, he was nearly killed by a flower-pot flung at his 'ead. It was down in a narrow street, Westminster way, off Stratton Ground. His 'ymn-book was knocked to smithereens, and the top of his 'armonium stopped in. The flower-pot was thrown from a third-floor window by a Roman Catholic. "An' served you bloomin' well right!" I heard Mr Figg in comment. That, continued the speaker, was only one of the attacks he had suffered, in doing his Master's work, from the Catholics. The Catholics . . .

"Stick to your own religion, guv'nor," said the man with the nuts, tapping the speaker's shoulder lightly with his switch over the row in front of him.

"Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" rose Mr Figg's voice.

There was a slight commotion in his corner. Two evangelists were trying a conciliatory "My good man!" upon him, and Rab was whistling rebellion in his teeth.

The speaker gave Nuts a good-natured nod; and, leaving controversy, took up the Gospel

story. Nuts slipped his switch under his elbow. His mouth began to chew again, and his eye fixed the speaker with deadly neutrality.

The old man on the steps took to groaning with so much unctiousness that the two evangelists left Mr Figg, and took their place at his side. "Ay! Ay! It's the joy. Hallelujah!" His voice in corroboration of the speaker rose to a high quaver, and the two evangelists tried to quieten him.

"'E's all right! 'E's all right! I'm 'ere!" cried Nuts, dispassionately tapping them with his switch, but never lifting his eye off the speaker.

Rab had discovered in his corner a drunken Scots tramp, engaged in a theological disputation with himself. He addressed a word to him in the broadest tongue, and the tramp, emboldened by the sense of a countryman's support, changed his muttered debate for loud argument. "I'd like to ken whaur the salvation comes in! . . . Hairvest! . . . Hairvest! Ay, the agricultural labourer. . . . To h—— wi' religion! Be a gen'leman! What does Robbie Burns say? . . ."

The two evangelists came flying from the unctuous greybeard on the steps to the ribald Scot. In a second the man's disputatiousness took a new shape, and he was meeting the zeal of the evangelists with an unsteady squaring-up to them in a revolution of closed fists.

"Hands off! Hands off!" cries Figg. "The man has as much right to speak as you.

I know the law! It's a free country!"

The tramp, mistaking his champion for the enemy, was now working the revolving fists towards Mr Figg.

"I'll free country you, you scarecrow Machiavel!" he cried, and Mr Figg beat a retreat to my corner.

Rab followed, ranging himself on my other side, chortling. It was the first time, I think, I ever saw him laugh heartily. I was laughing myself. The speaker had finished, and seated himself at the harmonium.

Nuts stepped briskly into his place.

"I would like to say a few words, gen'lemen! . . ."

Crash came an opening chord on the harmonium, and the singers dashed off into the first verse of a hymn.

Nuts coolly cracked a shell, and stood critically surveying the performance.

"Shame! Shame!" cried Figg. "It's a free country."

"Look out!" cries Rab; and Figg backed in terror of a fresh advance by the tramp. But he was tacking down the street to a song of Robbie Burns.

The verse ended. Taking brisk advantage of the lull, Nuts briskly stepped forward again.

"Gen'lemen. Just a few words."

Crash came the chord on the harmonium, and the chorus flung themselves with triumphant gusto into the second verse.

With a shrug of the shoulder, and a flick of shells, in profound

contempt, Nuts walked off. But Mr Figg was a raging devil. Rab had said something in his ear, and he forced himself through the circle, and stood shouting and gesticulating in the face of the singers. The very cloak flung round his tall gaunt figure seemed draped in epileptic folds. The white, tense face surmounting it vibrated with hysterical fury. "Free Speech! Free Speech!" he foamed. There was something so demoniacal about him that I felt creepy. The man at the harmonium pounded on bravely; but the chorus, the women in it and some of the men, gasped when they looked at him, and the sounds dried up in their mouths.

Rab took me by the arm. "Come, Mr Shirra," he said.

"He'll get himself into mischief. Cannot you quieten him?"

Rab shook his head with a laugh. "He's too far gone," he answered.

The evangelist stewards came running up with a policeman. They broke the circle where we stood. "Oh! it's him, is it?" the officer said, as he pushed his way through with a fine consequence. "I've missed him for a while."

"Come," said Rab to me. "You don't want to appear in a police-court case before you win back to St Brise."

The thought put me in a fright, and I walked off with him. "Free Speech! Free Speech! I represent the Press. The Free Press and Free Speech," Figg's voice followed us.

"I never saw anything like that," I said, hurrying down the street.

Rab laughed to himself. "Nor did I," he said; "but I imagined what it would be like."

At the street corner we looked back. Two policemen now were marching a rocking figure in a black cloak through the crowd.

"You egged him on," I said a moment later, as we stood by the railings in one of the squares.

"Huts!" said Rab. "He's better out of mischief; I'll maybe bail him off in the morning."

I do not know why his callousness to Figg should have recalled to mind my own score against him; but it did. The real Pineau, perhaps, and Mr Figg's vile champagne. Evidently Rab explained it by that. My gorge rose at him. I found myself dissolved in a fluent wrath, and determined to get to close quarters with him at last.

"See, Rab Cuck!" I cried. "There is something in all this I cannot fathom. What is it? You know. You can tell me, and must this night. In some incomprehensible way this Figg touches our lives. What is your knowledge of him? What is your understanding with him? —O! it is not he alone. So it has been ever since I can remember. . . . My grandfather, my father—scores, scores more. . . . O! it's not Figg," I cried desperately, "it is you that are in it! It is you I cannot fathom!"

"Walk round the square.

There's a bobby keeping an eye on us. To grips, is it?" he said mockingly, when he had drawn me off into another street and we fell into a slow walk again. "Well, I'll not beat about the bush with you. That burgundy and champagne—I'm not accustomed to them. They seem to have sapped your customary discretion. They've seduced my tongue, and you maun charge them with its frailty. . . . You are in a maze, and you think I can get you out of it. Before I answer you, in what capacity do you ask? Is it as the lawyer for Clephane, the factor, with duties to your clients and it? Or is it—how shall I say it with sufficient delicacy, save as I've said it before?—is it not as a lawyer but as a man?"

"The two do not clash," I answered, fencing.

"No? At least it needs a clever whip to drive them in double harness. But we'll take it as you say. Now, this auld story o' Mrs Righton's that's worriting you, . . ."

"Auld?"

"Auld to me, in the main."

"But, man!" I cried in excitement, "do not you see what it means! With Hector MacNab's death the Den property—and Nochtly is the pick of Clephane—went to Mirrin MacNab, and with Mirrin MacNab to the Clephanes when she married the old laird. But it wasn't hers to take with her, if this story is true and Christian Tullis and the young MacNab were wed."

"If they were wed," says Rab.

"If they were—of course. But that's the point. In that case their child, your wife, . . ."

"In fact, Mr Shirra, you would have me, willy-nilly, laird o' Nochtly."

"Not you!"

"In a kind of liferent, of course. An ex-laird! But among your 'If's' you forget one. What if Christian Tullis be living still?"

"Christian Tullis! Oh, she must be dead—long ago. Let me see . . . thirty and ten and ten—it's over sixty years since the Sabbath night o' the legend."

"Sixty-two years come the twenty-first of November," said Rab. "My age to a day, you forget."

"Of course. Well, say Christian Tullis was twenty then."

"She was barely nineteen."

"Then sixty-two and nineteen. Over eighty. . . . She might be living, of course."

"Of course. Awkward folk live as long as annuitants. You remember what Michael Trail advised about one of them in the Strath—'Tak' him up the hill: he's been forgot!' But maybe there are no hills whaur Christian Tullis bides."

"I've heard something of her history later. She married a foreigner, a Dutchman it was. . . . Ha! No hills. . . ."

My own words flashed the truth upon myself. The wood-yard scraps of story leapt to my mind. It was as if in groping along a wall for an exit I had touched a spring that flung open a door.

"Ha! You know all about Christian Tullis!" I cried. "A

voyage of adventure and discovery, you said. You promised to tell me of it."

"In my good time."

"Oh, I know more than you think," I cried recklessly. "Perhaps I know something about a family of Dunlop across the sea as well as yourself."

"You have your own strange ways of gathering informations," he sneered. "All in Clephane interest, I daresay?"

"I have, I tell you, an interest in this. There's Dave's rights to think of. Dave . . . and there's his sister's."

"True, there's his sister's. . . . And maybe," said Rab, looking me through and through, "maybe their poor father's price might be enhaunched a bit in some folk's eyes, were things to turn out right."

This man, this rascal, had it in his power to shame me. Rab was my stumbling-block to Charlotte, and he knew it. And in his hands lay the truth about this story in which I had trusted—I could not deny it—to remove that obstacle. Oh, it was this story that had lost me Charlotte. I could not bear to think of that; but instead, in a mental fury, turned to Rab, to fathom him, to tear, if I could, some understanding of his nature out of him.

"Tell me," I said; "is it possible you have known this all along, yet said nothing and done nothing to get at the truth? . . . Why, why? . . . It's monstrous."

"I can well believe it is—in your eyes. But you wish to understand me?" he con-

tinued, halting me long enough to look in my face and laugh at the discomfiture he saw there. ". . . Assuming there's a favourable truth to be got at—for"—he laughed again—"an unfavourable I don't desire, and no more, I take it, do you; consider! I am a poor man, and a man with a reputé that's—well, you've all whistled me down the wind considerably. The Clephanes and the MacNabs, again, are auld, well-stated folk. There you are! What although we could make out some legal claims on Noohty, whaur is the white tincture that's to convert a Cuick into a Clephane? . . . Oh, mind you, I don't deny that there's a pleasure in guid birth. When all's said and done, it's not a pleasant thing to have an uncle called 'Schlatcher-feet.'"

"What!" I cried. I remembered the dirty wastrel whom we called by that by-name, and my thoughts flew to Charlotte. "What! was Schlatcher-feet your uncle?"

"Stap me! You're a literal devil, Dauvid," answered he. "No, he hadn't that honour. Yet—affairs fall out queerly. He might have been more inconveniently related. He had a dochter. He might have shamed me as a father-in-law. Demned awkward thing an ill-reputed father-in-law, Dauvid!"

I kept my hands tight behind my back, and said nothing.

"It comes to this, Mr Shirra," he said, dropping into a note of more relentless insolence: "I'll not move a finger to unearth this affair that you

have got scent of. You can do what you like about it: let it lie or burrow for it—if there's anything to leave or take. You ken best what's compliant with your duty to Mr Richard Clephane. That's for your conscience. Now for your interest, Mr Shirra. Pardon me if I dare not be more outright and maun talk in a parable. . . . A certain great nobleman was beloved by a beautiful and profuse maid of lowly estate. This nobleman was enamoured of the maid; but because of his position and accomplishments he could not marry her, yet he could not break with her. And so, when the time came for him to go into a distant country, he bade her, not 'farewell,' but only *au revoir*, as it were, and embraced her, and took his departure. Now this maid's father was a ba-ad man! much feared and disliked in his countryside,—to that degree that for all her beauty she found herself treated with disdain. Therefore, gathering together her belongings—at least—she left her home and went into that distant country where her lover was residing. And when she came to him, he received her joyfully—but with discretion; and in time she found him grow cold, and sometimes he seemed to avoid her; and then she heard, on the tongues of the gossips of that country, stories of the nobleman her lover and a certain fascinating lady of the Court. So once more she fled, and hid herself among strangers. Now it happened that about this time

a certain wise gentleman of her country, a man of a very tender and disinterested heart, made a discovery. And when he proclaimed it, behold! the nobleman was deposed of all his wealth and rank, and the maid was found to be the rightful possessor of them; and all in this country and among her own people who had despised her before were ready to fall down and worship her. Then the maid sought out her lover, who was now cast out of the Court, and treated with coldness and contempt, even by the beautiful women in it; and all the wise men among them wondered and tried to dissuade her, but she condescended upon the outcast, and offered to share with him all she possessed, and—and, in a word, he jumped at it like a cock at a grossit. . . . There's a nut for you to crack, Mr Dauvid!"

The insolent audacity of the man left me in speechless bewilderment. I was in a whirl between two contending blasts: one of anger with Rab, one of chagrin at the truth in his speech. Was I throwing Charlotte into Richard's arms? I could not doubt it, knowing her heart,—if she loved him. That was the question I kept beating out in my mind: If she loved him. . . . If so . . .

Rab was talking on at my side. "Ah! Mr Dauvid," he was saying, "there's no limit for a woman when she's enamoured of a man." And then I became half conscious that he was describing something that was familiar to me: a

cottage and a paddock and a few white clothes glimmering on the hedge in the moonlight, and a modest girl's nature overflowing to a lad. . . . Something told me that he was relating an experience of his own. . . . Something flashed it upon me that it was his own wife he was telling of. . . .

"And so it is with any

woman who is gone on a man. She . . ."

"You blackguard!" I cried, and walked off and left him.

When I reached my hotel I found a telegram from the Town-of-Tarvit office awaiting me. Mr Trail had had another seizure, and I was to return at once if possible. The next night I was back in Fife.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE NORTH FORELAND.

The splendid summer of that June set full-blown, and ripened, and fell. The winds of autumn scattered it. Winter, like a mortcloth, lay upon the earth.

All this while I was kept flying like a busy shuttle in my groove in Town-of-Tarvit. Industrious lawyering engrossed my life. No echo of Charlotte reached me. I had not a day to spare for search of her—I had not: besides, of what avail was search in that monstrous hive of London? Charlotte was lost to me; and I was proving for myself now the virtue of work as an opiate for the repining heart. Yet as a man labouring in the open is always conscious of the blue above him—though once or twice only he straighten his back to look up at it—so I, though I could not live in the thought of Charlotte, never missed the consciousness of her from my mind.

Mr James Clephane spent the greater part of those months up in London, "keeping an eye on Richard," he said. "Making a virtue of pleasure," said Mr Trail: the

old fellow's wits were brisk enough, though his legs had failed him. James Clephane, as his lawyer guessed, was bitten afresh by life in town. He had had his fling of the world when he was younger and less well off. Now was his St Martin's summer, and he was basking in it. Little follies like that are not the least of life's virtues.

At such times as he was in Fife, however, I could not help a suspicion that he fought shy of me. The stiffness, or at least reserve, which I had noticed in the last days of my stay in London remained in his manner. He did not once again touch with me on Richard's affairs; though he had deep consultations upon them with Mr Trail, who, on the plea that they came nicely within the compass of his failing energies, quietly withdrew the Clephane private business into his own hands. This was a worm in the bud of my exultation over the more arduous and complicated responsibilities that now fell upon my shoulders. In a general way,

of course, I knew all that was going on at Clephane, and even with Richard in London. On one matter indeed, once the danger was past, Mr Trail was anxious to be particular. The Biatrucchi scandal had been hushed up: "No thanks to Mr Shirra" was in Mr Trail's tones as he spread the ridiculous story before me. He made no allusions to Charlotte by name, but she was understood in his references to the wrong scent on which, he would have it, I had laid James Clephane. I knew better, and it was difficult to suffer his raillery in silence. It hurt my professional pride; the more so that I could not get out of him how the affair had been settled. "Was Figg in it?" I rashly demanded. "Figg! Who's Figg?" he asked. The question challenged me to make a clean breast of Charlotte's story, and that was impossible. I stumbled over a lame explanation of my acquaintance with the man. "A fig for your Figg!" Mr Trail cried when I was finished, and chuckled in his armchair. That became a standing joke with him—"A fig for your Figg." From his merry way of dealing with the subject I concluded that Richard Clephane was causing him no fresh anxiety. Indeed he told me that the young laird had come into calm weather, and that all was plain sailing. That was good hearing, inasmuch as it pointed to no further complications with Charlotte. But I had a feeling that I was being shut out from the

heart of Richard Clephane's doings.

For this hurt sense of exclusion from Clephane counsels I found consolation of a kind in my knowledge of Mrs Righton's story. I suffered no vulgar temptation to use it against my clients. In truth, I had no wish to probe it to the bottom now. Charlotte was lost to me assuredly if I became the instrument of Richard's dispossession. Rab's insolence had lit up all the corners of that truth. And although she was lost to me in any case, it seemed, yet I referred all my actions to her wishes. She was my Mistress still. Perhaps I had a secret hope of winning her one day after all. I know I had. Yet I think there was some more subtle reason than all these. I think there was: oneself is to oneself an unfathomable morass. As things cleared themselves of their complications in these months, as things do in the mind if left to themselves, I became far from certain that the story, when it was probed, would yield more than a common liaison, or at most some presumption of a marriage that could never be proved. And, "Better Charlotte with an unsounded birthright," I thought, still dragging on the stake to which Aunt Sarah had moored me long ago. So does our troubled selfishness shrink from the sacrifice that would lift us to the serene conquests of the higher self. Even as a consolation for Clephane slights it was the unsounded story only that I could depend on. I declare, in

that, I had come marvellously near Rab Cuick.

At the same time, feeling about for the reason of these slights, I was foolish enough to be fretted with a suspicion that Mrs Righton's story might be the cause of them. I began to wonder if Mr Trail had an inkling of it: he was a deep and sagacious man. I sometimes wondered if Rab had discovered it to him, for he spoke very complacently of Rab. Or what if the rascal in a flame of insolence had discovered it to James Clephane himself? This was foolishness, of course. I ought to have remembered that that was not Rab Cuick's way. As Aunt Janet had said of him as a lad,—and he had matured his way since then,—“It was enough for him to get a hint, and having a hint to weave a story, and to weave it so fine and gossamer that, when you catch it, it breaks and vanishes in your hand.” Perhaps—that was the belief forced on myself—there was nothing more in the story than a hint. In any case, what was his interest in divulging it now? Oh, it was impossible to reason on any matter in which he was concerned. It was impossible for me, at anyrate. For me he was a moral and mental thwart. He affected me like an adverse circumstance; like bad luck—like a run of bad luck, I sometimes thought. Material interests were no gauge of his actions. His conduct did not seem to be circumscribed by material conditions. But in his spiritual way, he was on the side of the devils.

Rab had remained in London some days after I left it, and I had not spoken to him since his return, though I had seen him more than once on Town-of-Tarvit streets. The Bowes cottage had been sold to pay his debts, and that autumn and winter he had led a gipsy life in the county, of which only the flying rumour reached me.

But I encountered him that day on which my feet were taken out of the path of uncertainties and set in the sure road to Charlotte.

There was premonition, in the morning, of the spring of my love fortune. The Winter-child stirred in its sleep with the flush and smiling murmur before awakening; and the tides of my own spirit moved.

It was market-day in Town-of-Tarvit, and in the pend of the Salutation I ran against the Rascal. Steeped in the moving mood of April within me, I was taken at surprise by the encounter; so that I forgot my plan of reserve with him, and the customary greeting of the market-place slipped out of my mouth before I could check it—

“Well, Rab! what's your news?”

“News, Mr Shirra. I'm fair lippen wi' news. But I would not spill it on the public caus'ay,” he added. “You still have a room in by?”

I kept a little room in the hotel on market-days for farmer clients; and into it, after a moment's hesitation, I led him now.

“Well?” I asked of him,

when I had motioned the waiter to bring in whiskies.

He was standing up to a print above the fireplace—an old print of Frederick the Great.

"Great man the Hero!" says he, tapping the glass over the picture with his finger-tips. . . . "To think of that atheistical auld rascal's phizog adorning the walls o' Christian Scotland,"—and he fell into a discourse on the popularity of kings.

"Here is your whisky," I interrupted him—"for I haven't much time. It's a busy day with me."

"You are not so complisant as Mr Trail," said he, dropping into a chair. "Peuch! Even at Nochtly, I think, I'm a bit of a *persona grata*. . . . You ken why, of course?"

"Well, well," I answered evasively; but the curiosity I felt must have appeared in my voice.

"Ha!" he cried. He was as sharp as a weasel. I could feel his teeth on my ignorance already. "You haven't forgotten a little discovery we surprised together at that fishing-place?"

"Would you tell me you have spoken to Nochtly of the MacNab story!"

"Ha!" he snapped again. "I see you are in the dark about some Clephane doings. Evidently James doesn't think highly of the man and the lawyer in a pair. . . . What would make you think, Mr Shirra, that I would start a Will-o'-the-wisp like yon?"

Before I could answer: "By your leave I'll order another whisky," he continued, pulling the bell-rope and drinking his glass dry. That was not like him. He noticed that I looked at him curiously.

"A body needs it when he's getting auld: I'm getting auld," he said.

(To be concluded.)

THE 'TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE difficulties which attend the writing of military history have been well demonstrated by the many writers who have already undertaken this onerous task. Turning to Napier, the following will be found in the Preface to his 'History of the Peninsular War': "Two men observing the same object will describe it diversely, according to the point of view from which either beholds it; in the eyes of one it shall be a fair prospect, to the other a barren waste, and neither may see aright. Wherefore, truth being the legitimate object of history, it is better that she should be sought for by many than by few, lest, for want of seekers, amongst the mist of prejudice and the false lights of interest she be lost altogether." Now, we have before us a volume¹ which is the first serious attempt at a judicial and permanent record of the earlier incidents of the struggle in arms for supremacy in South Africa. It may be argued that it is at present early days to pronounce a final judgment upon military operations, the general outlines of which are still fixed in the memory of all,—that the historian is too near to his subject to frame a just perspective of the relative proportions of his incidents. There may be

something in this theory. But as we presume that the historian with whom we are at present concerned has in view the same incentive as influenced the great Napier in his work—namely, a desire to arrive at the truth—the comparative nearness of his view to the stupendous operations with which he has concerned himself will have brought him within the province of that truth which is not to be found in documentary evidence alone. He and his collaborators have had those undoubted advantages which accrue from intercourse with the actual actors in the drama before time or prejudice has dimmed and distorted impressions formed in the actual arena. Therefore, in balancing the relative value of history written, on the one hand, from the direct evidence of those responsible for its making, and on the other compiled from evidence the outcome of research amongst records,—if in the former case it is not possible to duly apportion a perspective of events which may be absolutely just, yet it seems to us probable that the historian will have a more open and varied field in which to search for the truth; and truth being the avowed object of all history, the value of history must be strengthened when the sentiments it expresses can

¹ The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902. Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. ii. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

stand the fire of contemporary controversy. When dealing with records relating to affairs of distant date, it is always difficult to arrive at a just estimate of the honesty of motive which was employed to pen them.

In the present case the accusation, often brought against historians, of attempting to treat that which is unpalatable with leniency, while bringing the more praiseworthy incidents into bold relief, cannot be put forward. The volume treats of an unpleasant chapter in our national history, a chapter of administrative blundering and a succession of severe and humiliating rebuffs in the field, unparalleled in the military history of the nation. A delicate subject indeed for any historian to attempt who by birth and breeding is associated with the past traditions of our nation. Yet what end would be gained in a matter of national moment if expressions of feeling were altogether subordinated to national sensitiveness? what end in a national history by the suppression of the truth, however unpalatable it may be? This evidently is the spirit in which the present work has been approached: so much is asserted in the editor's preface in the following deferential but significant sentence: "If, in my desire to tell the truth without palliation or concealment, I have anywhere outstepped the bounds of fair criticism, I must frankly ask for forgiveness;" and if it were not so stated, even the most casual reader

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lost or won—over premeditated or chance strategy,—and this being the case, it would be futile to be dogmatic.

It is evident that the historian has been at great pains to arrive at the opinions set forth in this volume. Nor can this have been an easy task, since the want of reliable statistics has been one of the most perplexing features of the war.

It should be borne in mind that although this country has been flooded with a mass of so-called information from the seat of war, yet most of this has been material of a spurious and indifferent character,—suitable, no doubt, to the vitiated tastes of a sensation-loving public, but wholly worthless to the historian. In fact, in spite of the facilities by steam and telegraph, which have placed the public almost within sight of the arena in which their armies have been operating, the retort which "Linesman" made in these columns, to press criticism of the operations in Natal, has been justified: "No war has ever been worse reported." It is the historian who finds out the value of the war correspondent as a reliable recorder of events, and judging from the fund of new and important information which the work now before us contains, there have been few penmen who buckle themselves into Sam Browne belts who can aspire to be considered authorities upon contemporary military history. But as with mortals in other walks of life, the ideal war correspondent, we presume, is born, not made. It

is evident that even though despatches hastily written and highly coloured narratives have been published, little beyond the outline of the vast operations in South Africa has been given to the country. Consequently, if we differ in some of the military deductions set forth in the first history of the war, we are grateful for and welcome a narrative which, with infinite care and minute description, supplies us with detail which has long been denied us. Nor is it distasteful, though it may be humiliating, to meet with a work which discusses with evident authority the various situations as they affected our enemy. It is not distasteful, as we desire the truth; but it is humiliating to find those grand numbers, which the war correspondent and even general officers themselves furnished us, as responsible for our misfortunes, dwindle away into a mere handful of men. Here we have them set out *commando* by *commando*, and are faced with the evidence, which we have long suspected, that we have been prone to overestimate the power which has so long and so successfully resisted us. For instance, to take at random an example which is striking. We find that Lord Methuen was not opposed at Modder river by more than 3500 Boers, yet his original estimate had been 15,000. There is something appalling in evidence of this kind: something which intensifies the puzzle of this earlier phase in the campaign, and again commits us to a search for a reason

for this long succession of disasters. We turn by hazard to the works of Baron von der Goltz, the grim yet cultured soldier, and here we find, based upon experiences formed in 1870, the following reference to future operations: "The action of the future will demand more thorough preliminaries, a clearer comprehension of the object to be attained, a more careful arrangement, a more intimate co-operation of all three arms, and the simultaneous employment of all available troops to decide the combat." Yet what a deplorable lack of "thorough preliminaries" must have existed in information which over-estimated an enemy to three or four times its real strength! Is it not also galling to find that others had set in writing, long years before this war, precepts which we were only to acquire by a bitter expenditure in blood and treasure? "Comprehension of the object to be attained," and "the simultaneous employment of all available troops to decide the combat." Here it all is, in black and white. Academic students of war could have placed their fingers upon it at a moment's notice. But after we have read the accounts, as now set forth in this history, of the battle of Ladysmith, Modder river, Magersfontein, and Colenso, can we believe that our then leaders had profited by the experience of others — by the sound deductions formed by thinking soldiers, founded on battlefields even more bloody than our own? We find in the narrative of the operations before Ladysmith an illustra-

VOL. CLXXI.—NO. MXL.

tion of this failure to profit by the lessons of the experienced. The most lenient student can find no "comprehension of the object to be attained" to justify the curious course pursued to bring about the action of October the 30th, 1899. Surely in this dismal venture every established principle of war was violated. Yet though one portion of the British force was reduced to the last extremity, a whole brigade of British infantry marched back to camp, an integral part of a demoralised and beaten army, without having fired a single round. Is it to be wondered that our Continental critics fail to understand our methods as soldiers; that so well-versed a military student as the late Capitaine G. Gilbert should have written of this very action: "Si l'on songe que, depuis longtemps, tout était fini sur le champ de bataille principal; que, dès le matin, le Général White dut avoir vent de la catastrophe de la batterie, on peut s'étonner qu'il n'ait rien fait pour dégager le détachement compromis. On peut, surtout, regretter qu'il n'y ait eu aucune liaison entre ce détachement et le gros." The French expert had come to his conclusion and penned this subtle criticism without access to the information in the possession of our own historians. Yet this is but one instance from among many. What was Magersfontein? A big risk taken, it is true; but what preparation had been made against failure? As far as the historian can judge, none. It was an engagement commenced

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and ended—from a strategic and tactical point of view—by the advance and retirement of a single brigade. Two other brigades—that is, two-thirds of the entire British force—were not seriously engaged. Yet on the strength of failure by a portion of the force—a failure which was foreshadowed from the outset—we accepted defeat, surrendered the initiative, and suspended active operations. Was there “simultaneous employment of all available troops” here? Again, what is the teaching from Colenso? Is it not the same? Here we have another army compromised, when half its component units have barely drawn trigger or heard the whistle of a bullet.

We have gone to this length to show the virtue of the line which has been taken in this work. It may not be pleasant. But then the most necessary paths in this life are often the most thorny, and there will be little gained from the war if it is left only to our neighbours across the Channel to point its lessons. We allow that many extraordinary elements were brought into this struggle. That it was, and is now even, an extraordinary war, and with the historian we can say that “it would be wearisome on each occasion to rehearse at length the difficulties which British generals had to face, owing to the character of the country, the absence of information, the mobility of the Boers, the lack of initiative of their subordinates, or their own defective training.” These

are difficulties inseparable from war, whatever the climate or country in which it is undertaken. But even if these difficulties had been insuperable, there would have been no reason that our officers in command should have violated every tenet which hitherto has been considered logical in war. It is this that amazes the layman. He cannot conceive that such a plan as the present historian finds in the preliminaries for Colenso could ever have commended itself to a single sane man, let alone a staff of sane men. Yet, and so strange is war, there will be many thousands of men who will dispute the present historian's final verdict on this battle. Not because they combat the arguments with which he has treated the military operations in question, but because in their adulation of their chief they have defrauded themselves into a particular opinion for years, and cannot believe that they have committed an error in judgment. But although there may be many prepared to defend their chief upon other lines than those within the province of the operations under discussion, there will be few unbiassed and thinking soldiers who will not concur in the final judgments set forth in this history, judgments which we are generally constrained to indorse.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to discuss the whole of the incidents which marked the opening disasters of the South African

war, until they reached a climax in that dismal exhibition of directing incompetence and magnificent manifestation of crude fighting quality which is spoken of as the battle of Colenso. The most that we can do is to pick out from the abundance of evidence and description in front of us one or two incidents from the period of British reverses, of which there has always existed a demand for elucidation. And of all the incidents of the earlier phases of the war there is none which has been so shrouded in mystery as the side-issue to the battle outside Ladysmith on October 30th, to which we have already made a slight reference. Many circumstances have conspired to keep in the background the details of the disaster which overtook the Nicholson's Nek detachment. To begin with, the chief actors in this tragedy were cut off from the world for many months by their imprisonment in Pretoria, so that when at last they were free to furnish such explanations as seemed to them best, the recurrence of similar episodes had dimmed the public interest in their fate. Again, the incident of the beleaguering of Ladysmith precluded the principal authorities responsible for the isolation of Carleton's ill-fated column from coming under the scourge of public opinion until more meritorious services relaxed the striking muscles which, given fair opportunity, would have done their duty. But

although the public may not have called for the hanging of a scapegoat, yet the action at Nicholson's Nek, with its unprecedented result of the surrender of the headquarters of two British battalions, was one of the most important incidents of the whole war. The present historian has realised this, and consequently has devoted to this affair space which at first might appear out of all keeping with its importance. It is in circumstances of this kind that the writers of contemporary history hold an advantage which can be rarely attained after a lapse of years. It is more than probable that if no historian had been found to collect the personal narratives of the chief actors in the scene, that history of the future would have referred to this incident in a fleeting paragraph, and failed to have afforded it the prominence and importance which it demands. In itself the incident perhaps does not demand more,—a detached force pursued by ill-luck, and improperly supported, its every aspect courted disaster. But the general effects of this surrender were far-reaching, and one cannot but agree with the writer of this history that it marks an epoch in the South African struggle. Let us examine the effects which it had upon our enemy. They had entered upon this struggle, as is admirably set forth in the chapter of this work which deals with "the eve of war," in a spirit of enthusiasm tempered with misgivings.

These misgivings were intensified by the heavy price paid for their temerity at Talana, and in the crushing defeat they experienced at Elands-laagte. Both these actions, in spite of the disaster to Möller's cavalry at Talana, were substantial British assets. But Nicholson's Nek wiped off that balance. It taught the Boer that the tactics employed at Majuba had not become a dead letter; that they could move to the attack with confidence against the British in position. It showed them that 2000 men could be brought to their knees by a handful, provided that handful could put their rifles to an intelligent use. This knowledge was indeed a debit to the Imperial cause. But the balance did not end here. Although, in view of the changed conditions of warfare, we can hardly say that the surrender was not justifiable,—as far as the surrender of soldiers can be justifiable,—yet we feel that the historian voices the nation's judgment when he says, "The commanding officer . . . might, at the cost of perhaps 200 more casualties, have held out another half-hour, and thus given an example which might have averted many surrenders yet to come." And this is the point. Nicholson's Nek established a precedent, the evil effects of which have been in painful evidence throughout the war. It is on the subject of these surrenders that our Continental critics are most captious. They cannot understand how,

when the proportion of casualties has been so small, the sin of surrender can be condoned. To their reasoning, even fifty per cent of a fighting force rendered *hors de combat* would rarely justify surrender, and we believe them to be right; that Napoleon never gave utterance to a truer sentiment than when he wrote, "How many seeming impossibilities have been accomplished by men whose only resource was death!" Nicholson's Nek made the path of surrender easy to the British soldier, and the army has not yet recovered from that evil influence.

Of the events which ultimately led up to the investment of Sir George White's force in Ladysmith, it would be impossible here to take special account. A volume of argument might be written both in defence and condemnation of Sir George White's policy. But we think that the historian has come to a fair conclusion in considering that Sir George White adopted a proper course after this battle, in favouring investment in Ladysmith to the insecurity of the line of the Tugela; but the defence problem of the Natal Colony was hopelessly bungled, and we blundered through to a semi-successful issue by virtue of Joubert's dilatoriness and Boer apathy, rather than by a skilful manipulation of our available resources. It is argued that Sir George White was forced to take the field without the experience which was open to others. This is true, but the same can be

claimed for the enemy. Such an argument cuts both ways. But it is all a most fascinating study, and we may rest assured that no historian will ever be able definitely to satisfy all students of war upon such points as the retention of the cavalry in Ladysmith, and the choice of ground open to the Natal Field Force, when it became necessary to sacrifice its mobility to the defence of a solitary flagstaff on a hill.

It is probable that the two chapters in this work which will raise the greatest interest are those which bring the volume to a close. They deal with the battles of Magersfontein and Colenso, — battles which carry with them a bitter memory, perhaps the more bitter since, until now, their discussion has always been of a partisan character. Magersfontein in itself presents a delicate task to the historian, for in any discussion relative to this indifferently developed action, it is impossible to avoid references which must be painful to the Highlanders. Not that we take a less lenient view of the part which they played in this distressing day than the present historian; but, however anxious we may be to save the honour of a branch of the service, the traditions and past records of which are second to none, it is impossible to trick ourselves into the belief that failure really spelled success. The most that the historian can do is to analyse the chances of success which the difficult operation set to the Highland Brigade offered, and then to

apportion the blame for disaster where it is believed to be due. This, in our opinion, is admirably done in the present volume. In a word, the Highland Brigade was set a task which is recognised in war to be the most delicate of all enterprises, — a night-attack against a position known to be entrenched. Under all ordinary circumstances the preponderating chance is that a night-attack will fail. No general should work upon the hypothesis that his enemy will dispense with the ordinary military precautions for his protection at night, or will be more indifferently prepared to meet and rebuff an attack under cover of darkness than he is himself. Therefore only two factors can ensure success for a night enterprise, — either an inclination of the law of chances in his favour, or a *coup-de-main* executed in overpowering numbers. No general under any circumstances has a right to anticipate success as a foregone conclusion to a night-attack. It is even more essential that he should be prepared with an alternative scheme, in case of a rebuff, than if he were manoeuvring his army in a daylight attack. It does not take a Magersfontein to impress even the non-military reader that the very nature of a night-attack renders disaster as serious in the same ratio as it makes success complete. Practical common-sense is sufficient to emphasise this point. The argument brought out in the present discussion of this situation seems to be as follows.

Lord Methuen set the Highland Brigade an almost impossible task—at least one of so delicate a nature that he should have been prepared to put a subsidiary plan in motion at a moment's notice: not necessarily to carry the enemy's works, but at least, if necessity should arise, to support or extricate the compromised brigade. The balance of luck was against the Highlanders, as is seen by the interesting narrative of Cronje's night-ride, which we see here for the first time. But it was only by a very little that the tide of fortune flowed in favour of the Boers. That little found the Highland Brigade at daybreak a checked and mauled force, handicapped by the loss of its brigadier, extended in the open in a perilous position. Now in our reasoning, which here concurs with that of the historian, the Highland Brigade had played its trump-card and lost. Therefore as an attacking force it could have no hand at all until the pack was dealt again. But apparently Lord Methuen did not realise this, and, as has so often been seen upon the race-course, he expected too much from a genuinely game horse—and, as a consequence, he broke the animal's heart. In the eloquent words of the historian: "Lord Methuen had simply left them alone all day to beat themselves to pieces in an impossible frontal attack." In the end it was more than human endurance could suffer. Unsupported except by a solitary battalion, which attempted to pass through them, and came to a

standstill for reasons similar to those which had checked the brigade; exposed to a merciless sun without a particle of shade; maddened by thirst it was impossible to quench; torn and decimated by a cruel rifle-fire,—the men, true to their traditions, hung on for hours. "Few accounts yet published have done sufficient justice either to the splendid courage with which the unshaken portions of the brigade sought to retrieve the initial disaster or to the endurance of the rallied men, who hung on practically unsupported for eight or nine hours in front of the trenches."

Then the catastrophe came. The general impression hitherto has been that the real disaster to the Highland Brigade took place in the night, when the brigade was unmasked to the enemy's fire in quarter-column. This is not the case. This was only the failure of the night-attack. The real disaster came at 2 P.M., and, as is so often the case, it began through a misunderstanding. Even then, after the first retirement, the brigade was rallied. But there was no diversion, no scheme prepared to take the pressure to another portion of the field. The battle of Magersfontein, as was pointed out, was to stand or fall, succeed or fail, on the merits of a single brigade. The good horse stood the punishment long enough to deserve the admiration of the world, and then failed—the casualty list supplies a pathetic enough reason for the failure. Of their brigadier what can we say? Those who knew him will have no

doubt that not the least cause of the failure was his death. It is certain from the evidence now before us that the ring of sparkling fire-jets which broke the darkness at the head of the brigade had shown the gallant Wauchope the spot where he could pierce the line which barred their way. His last orders were to reinforce towards the vulnerable spot. But before his orders could be understood or acted upon, he was lost to the brigade for ever. For such are the chances of war. We do not care in a serious paper to deal with the trivial matters of the controversy which arose over this brave man's death. Wauchope died as he would have chosen to die, if the choice had been his, at the head of his command, and we can only deplore the fact that he was lost at the moment when his brigade and the nation had most need of him.

The history of Magersfontein is the history of the Highland Brigade. This is the gravest imputation which we can place against the officer in supreme command. But it is hardly just that the military essayist should contain himself with criticism without suggesting an alternative. To convince the reader that any suggested alternative is the right one is the truest criticism. The historian suggests two alternative routes which Lord Methuen might have taken from the Modder, — a flank-march by the town of Jacobsdal, or an advance up the river to Brown's Drift. To follow in detail the initial strategy of Lord Meth-

uen's movements would open up too long a discussion for the purposes of this article. But given that Lord Methuen determined upon the night-attack, impelled as he was by that magnetic influence which in the early phases of the war seemed to cause our generals to conform invariably to the dispositions of our enemy, we feel confident that if other orders had been issued to General Pole-Carew on the left, even up to midday, the whole result of the battle would have been different. The enemy were weaker on their right than in any other portion of their line; and if an actual penetration of their front had not been feasible, the conformation of the country and the alignment of the Boer defence was such that pressure to the west of the railway-line, if carried up to decisive striking distance, must have caused the evacuation of the actual Magersfontein trenches. This was all that would have been required to extricate the Highlanders. If the centre trenches had been cleared by enfilading fire from the left, then the whole of the Boer centre must have gone. And as we now know, at this period of the campaign the enemy had no knowledge of the art in war of self-recovery: if any part of the defence gave way, the whole line went with it. No; Magersfontein was a "one-horse" battle, and in our judgment more discreditable to the guiding hand than the brigade which suffered most.

It now becomes our painful task to turn to the narrative

of military operations, which, if possible, are more deplorably lacking in military decision and initiative. It can be said of Magersfontein that it was based upon a reasonable plan. The night-march of the Highland Brigade, though undertaken at considerable risk, was a definite and intelligible scheme. Unfortunately it would appear that all subsequent movements were based on the supposition that it could not fail to be successful. But in the battle of Colenso we can find no definite plan; at least there is nothing in the published orders which would have led the uninitiated to believe that they were designed to guide an army in operation against a fast position, held by an enemy in force, on the far side of an almost unfordable river. Yet we must judge Colenso as a premeditated battle. It was undertaken after two, if not more, reconnaissances, at which the Commander-in-Chief was present, and every man in the force must have known that the forbidding Colenso heights had been at one time prepared and held by the enemy. Let us study the language in which Baron von der Goltz sums up the premeditated battle. "The armies have now come within close touch of each other. They stand face to face, like two combatants with crossed swords. One is still engaged in hastily strengthening its lines; the other is awaiting the last divisions of the army. . . . Each side knows the other, to a certain extent, as far as gen-

eral strength goes. The main forces are certainly kept back and concealed as well as possible. . . . And then the orders for the battle are given. . . . The leading plan has been laid before it commences. It is in harmony with the result of previous reconnoitring, exhaustive consultations with a small knot of distinguished men, and long labour." We would like to quote at length from the great student's work. That is impossible; but we must include the following sentence: "The general must banish the fear that, by making an out-flanking attack upon the battlefield, he puts himself more off from his natural retreat than he would do by out-flanking movements before the battle, otherwise his resolve and his action will both suffer from weakness. . . . He who fights the enemy who is before him with his full strength secures his line of retreat best!"

In its opening sentences the first of these quotations might well have been written for Colenso. But it is only in the preliminaries that the parallel is maintained. How fearfully inconsistent with the practical assertions put forward by the German colonel is the development of the Colenso battle! The naked simplicity of Buller's frontal attack; the great columns of British infantry creeping over the gigantic glacis of the Colenso plain—a plain as bare as the palm of a man's hand. Yet if we study this, the first intelligible and complete description of this

battle, we find that Sir Redvers Buller had originally intended to make his attempt to relieve Ladysmith upon sound strategic lines. Only three days before the battle, orders were issued which, if they did not fulfil all Baron von der Goltz's conceptions of the model battle, at least favoured his main argument with regard to flank movements. These orders designed an advance by Springfield on the Little Tugela—a movement to turn the Boer right. Then suddenly Buller changed his mind, and essayed as an alternative the miserable parade of two brigades across the Colenso flats,—a parade which showed in the first instance that the directing power was devoid of strategical foresight in the original conception of a modern or any battle, and absolutely lacking in that tactical skill which, provided the troops and subordinate leading be good, can often save an indifferent plan from resulting in disaster. The German theorist whom we have quoted may not be infallible in all the principles which he has laid down. But he is soundly practical, and when he commits himself to statements his assertions are generally based upon sound common-sense. Consequently the parallel we have drawn is striking, since we treat of failure, and the general who failed broke every guiding principle which experience had taught von der Goltz to be essential to ensure success in premeditated battle. But what the present historian would impress upon his readers is that there never was an attack upon the Colenso position. The whole affair was a dismal failure long before the river was reached. The Boer positions were beyond the Tugela; there could have been no real attack capable of success—with the solitary exception of Hlangwani Hill—until the Tugela was crossed. The half hour which followed the surprise of Hart's solid phalanx on the left presents a picture which throws into relief the solid reasoning of the German. From left to right we have this picture illustrative of Buller's supreme effort. A disordered mob of Irish infantry groping for a non-existent drift within the loop of an unfordable river. Two solitary batteries with both flanks exposed, supported at random intervals by odd naval guns, opposing at short ranges the intrenched centre of the enemy's position, while away to the right, in a difficult scrub country,—so difficult that for this very reason Buller refused to entertain it as a salient in his plans,—a weak brigade of scratch mounted men attempting to seize a hill, entrenched and held by an equal force. From this point Buller claims that he had rank bad luck. How does he assess his luck? Did his information lead him to believe that the enemy had abandoned their positions? Did he anticipate that upon the advance of a brigade and two batteries of guns 8000 Boers would vacate their entrenchments? Did bad luck, therefore, account for their presence? Was Long's

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impetuosity, if that accusation is to hold, bad luck also? Was it bad luck that there was no drift in front of Hart's heroic Irish? Was it evil fortune that led Buller to regard Hlangwani simply as a position suitable to cover his right flank against a counter-stroke? Was it misfortune when a purely frontal attack against a fast and prepared position situate beyond a river failed, and the whole action came to a deadlock in its initial stages, that the officer in supreme command could do nothing further beyond sending forward a single brigade, with orders not to become seriously engaged? If all this was the fortune of war, then indeed Sir Redvers Buller was confronted with "rank bad luck." The impartial student can never be brought to concur in such an explanation. True, Sir Redvers Buller had the men with which to get through; the same men ultimately did get through. But the circumstance of three widely separated brigades groping in the open to make the passage of a river, crossings to which no one could with certainty say existed, while the bulk of the army lay behind, is a rickety framework upon which to claim the clemency embodied in the verdict "fortune of war." The most lenient will dismiss the suggestion that Colenso failed in the balance of chances. It failed as a situation devoid of skill and military direction, and few who read the able rendering of this battle in the present volume will escape the conviction

expressed in the following lines: "Whatever the true psychological explanation of the plan for the attack on Colenso, the fact remains that a worse plan could not have been devised. Only by a miracle of good fortune could it hope to succeed."

But although we readily indorse the judgment which the historian passes upon Colenso as a battle, yet it is not so easy to concur in the theories expressed as to the strategical alternatives which were open to Sir Redvers Buller. Subsequent history has proved that Hlangwani Hill was the key of the Colenso position. It proved a laborious and expensive key. Its occupation, it is true, led to the relief of Ladysmith, but there is nothing to show that it was the true strategical key to the relief of Ladysmith. It is, and it will ever remain, a moot question if it was the right course. The historian thinks that a great military genius would have chosen to outflank Colenso by an advance round the Boer left flank through Weenen. Such an advance, if successful, would have struck the Republicans' main line of communication. It would have been a great soldier who would have undertaken the risks incurred by such a stroke. Those who know the nature of the country between Weenen and Helpmakaar, and the mobility of the Boers in comparison with ourselves, say that such an attempt could not have succeeded. We leave it at that, because we

know that in war the most impossible course has often proved the best. We, however, are inclined to think that though the distance was longer, yet the enemy's right flank presented the best opportunity for striking a decisive blow in sufficient strength to maintain any initial advantage gained. The ground is better suited for rapid movement, and in view of the uncertainty which smokeless powder has introduced into reconnaissance, a closed country presents difficulties to movement in force which, owing to the generally open nature of the theatre in South Africa, has not yet been fully appreciated. This we must say in favour of General Buller, that we believe if he had persevered with his original plan, by which he ordered an advance by way of Springfield, Ladysmith would have had every chance of being relieved before the end of 1899. But this is a matter for speculation, which though it must find its place in his-

tory, is less essential than the discussion of facts.

It is a relief to turn from the humiliating pictures in Natal to the brighter atmosphere of the Empire's Council Chamber. "For once the much-abused politicians showed themselves stronger men than the soldiers," and, according to the historian, without reference to the War Office, the politicians made the appointment of the field-marshal to command in South Africa. In fact, the last few pages in this volume mark a very important epoch in our national history, and show what we owe as a nation to the men of energy and resource in the present Cabinet. It only remains to close this short epitome of a painful era with the one obvious reflection,—as a nation in the past we have ever been fortunate in finding men with pens worthy of recording the chronicles of our wars. Nor have we failed in the present instance: the work which we have had under discussion is worthy of its forebears.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE WEALTH OF MR CARNEGIE—SACRIFICES MADE TO GOLD—THE AGE OF RUINS—THE DICTATION OF THE PEOPLE—COMMODITY THE *SUMMUM BONUM*—BRET HARTE AND HIS WORLD—NEW MATERIAL FOR AN OLD LITERATURE—‘LORD MILNER AND SOUTH AFRICA’—THE SINS OF FROUDE AND GLADSTONE—THE DESERTION OF SIR BARTLE FRERE.

MR ANDREW CARNEGIE is a very rich man. The newspaper reminds us of this elemental truth every day; and even were the newspaper silent we should not lack reassurance. For now and again the King of Pittsburgh himself assumes the pen, and with all the arrogance of a millionaire sets forth the Gospel of Wealth. Of course, it is part of his pose to depreciate riches; of course, beneath the unconcealed pride of gold there lurks a sly sort of modesty. Mr Carnegie is not happy, we are told, because he feels too acutely the stern responsibility of his position. He holds his money-bags in trust for somebody or other, and views the trust with a natural embarrassment. A tag from Pitt's monument is ever on his tongue: "He lived without ostentation, and he died poor;" and he does not see its irrelevancy. Pitt, the greatest man of his time, avoided ostentation by the exercise of virtue; and he died poor because the desire of wealth could not seduce him from the path of duty. Mr Carnegie has devoted his whole life to the amassing of money; and if he die poor, it will be by hastily ridding himself of the dollars which he has collected. Moreover, though he is a mere

private merchant, who might have grown richer and richer in respectable obscurity, he is ostentatious enough to hoist the twin-flags of England and America above his "castle" in Scotland, and publicly to confess his indiscretion. But, not content with glorifying himself, he glorifies his profession, and his most recent work, 'The Empire of Business,' is nothing but a paean to material prosperity.

"The love of money," said the old adage, "is the root of all evil"; but the old adage, like all else that is old, is, in the elegant phraseology of Mr Carnegie's countrymen, "a back number." And Mr Carnegie, though he is careful to declare, by way of hedging, that as an end the acquisition of wealth is ignoble, holds out no other ambition to the young Americans whom he fortifies with advice. Success for him is the accumulation of dollars. The "splendid" heroes, whose names he is never tired of quoting, are all money-bags. When he tells the 'New York Tribune' how to win fortune, he is thinking only of the power to sign cheques. Never since the merchant of Bristol was made notorious by a too sympathetic biography, has so sordid a gospel been

preached. Mr Carnegie is never happier than when he is prating of ideals; yet when we have purged his pages of commonplace, there is no ideal left save greed. When a rich man pens a tirade in favour of poverty, we may dismiss it as cant. "Abolish poverty," says Mr Carnegie, "and what would become of the race? . . . Abolish luxury, if you please, but leave us the soil upon which alone the virtues and all that is precious in human character grow—poverty, honest poverty." That, in the mouth of one who has devoted his life to the accumulation of millions, is so manifestly insincere that it need not distract us from Mr Carnegie's real purpose, which is to glorify "the coming partner," "the future millionaire," the happy man who is not "doomed to a salaried life." After what, then, must the youth aspire who would rival Mr Carnegie? He must be alert, pushing, and impertinent. "Boss your boss just as soon as you can; try it on early." Above all, you must attract attention. Plague your employer with advice. "You may be right or you may be wrong; but in either case you have gained the first condition of success—you have attracted attention." In other words, you need know nothing; your interference may be wholly unjustified; but you have interfered, and that is the essence of success. The next best thing after pushing yourself is to amass money. "Begin to save almost as soon as you begin to earn." And why? Because

"capitalists trust the saving young man." So the argument revolves in a vicious circle. Get money that you may bamboozle the capitalist. Bamboozle the capitalist that you may get more money. But there are other rules which must be obeyed: for instance, you must escape as soon as you can from the salaried class. So long as you accept a salary you are merely paid for what you do. Having bossed your boss with sufficient effrontery, become a boss yourself, and then your coffers will fill of themselves, and you will grow into that saint of modern times—a millionaire. Of course some sacrifice is necessary to attain the great end. You must not permit yourself to be well educated. If you have the misfortune to be a "college-made man" you have not much chance of victory. "College graduates will usually be found under salaries, trusted subordinates," and that, as any one can see, is a contemptible career. If you have wasted your time at a University you "have little chance against the boy who swept the office." Mr Carnegie has known "few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education." It was this knowledge, no doubt, which persuaded him to attempt to free the Universities of Scotland. By writing one cheque he might "injure" the business men of a whole nation, unless, indeed, he hoped to convert all the Scots of every grade and talent into professional loafers. But the millionaire's choicest

scorn is reserved for those who study the classics. "What is the young man to do who knows Greek with the young man who knows stenography, or telegraphy, or book-keeping?" Plainly he has nothing to do. "Men have wasted their precious years," says the Laird of Skibo with the arrogance of superior training, "trying to extract education from an ignorant past whose chief province is to teach us, not what to adopt, but what to avoid. Men have sent their sons to colleges to waste their energies upon obtaining knowledge of such languages as Greek and Latin, which are of no more practical use to them than Choctaw." From these words we may note the humane spirit which is fostered by the acquisition of millions. Mr Carnegie, of course, has a right to feel a furious animosity against the languages which he has been unable to acquire. He is obviously justified by his wealth in dismissing the wars of the Greeks as "petty and insignificant skirmishes between savages." The last folly is permitted to a man who has wasted his life in raking over Tom Tiddler's heap; therefore it is idle to remind Mr Carnegie that without the aid of "savages" and "ruffians" the poems of Milton, whom he throws in as a make-weight to dollars, would never have been written, and the sacred constitution of his United States would never have been framed as it was. But, as we have said, it is idle to discuss the question. Learning is not a milestone on the road to

wealth, and no doubt it is more noble to collect dollars than that you cannot spend than to study languages which are "of no practical value," although they are the keys which unlock the greatest literature of all time. Maybe Mr Carnegie has never heard the fable of Midas. If for a moment he can overcome his loathing of the past, we would urge him to read it. For though it was written by a savage it illustrates an eternal truth.

Thus it is that the lust of wealth, preached as a gospel by millionaires, dominates the world. Money was always pursued, but never until the present age was avarice invested with a kind of sanctimony. For gold we are urged to surrender the glory of the past, the amenity of the present. The generous dreams of youth are to be turned into the nightmares of profit and thrift. What is learning? A useless encumbrance, which cannot readily be capitalised. What is respect for beauty and tradition? A piece of cant, which means a shabby coat. If you would succeed, surrender your own taste and will, and give the people what the people wants. Push and screw; buy cheap and sell dear. Turn over your capital as quickly and as often as you can; for capital can be made to breed as fast as ewes and rams. To get money you must strangle joy and murder peace. Nothing must stand in the way of the eternal quest. Cities fall before the pick, that a dividend may be increased. No building is de-

serving of reverence, if it interrupt transit or delay a message. To what is called the "enterprise" of Americans we shall presently owe the destruction of our capital. Skyscrapers bring a larger return than the houses which once were characteristic of London, and skyscrapers will presently shut out the little sunlight which now is able to penetrate our fog-laden atmosphere. All this is accomplished, that facility for "hustling" may be increased. The Americans who are kind enough to visit our shores are perpetually finding an inconvenience in our customs. They are not pleased with our telegraph-offices; they miss a railway overhead or a tube underground; and they revenge themselves by threadbare impertinences upon "the tight little island," a phrase which among them passes for humour. If they do not like the country, it is easy for them to quit it. But we should be dishonourable indeed, if we changed its aspect to please our visitors. No country, no city can be disloyal to its character or tradition with impunity; and it does not follow that an artifice which is suitable for New York is suitable for London. Money, however, will not be denied; and for no better reason than to stuff an over-full pocket, ancient houses are destroyed, the peace of centuries is violated. Presently the American ideal of life will be our own. "All round people are ringing bells," once wrote a witty critic of New York, "telephoning, telegraphing, stenographing, polygraphing, and generally com-

municating their ideas about money to their fellow-creatures by any means rather than the voice which God put in the larynx for the purpose of quiet conversation." Before long London will tell the same tale, and though we are confident that reaction will follow some day, it is not an agreeable interlude that lies before us.

"The age of ruins is past," we were recently told by another American, who evidently accepts Mr Carnegie's theory of practical life. And in one sense the aphorism is true. The time in which we live will leave no ruins behind it. The hideous mountains of bricks and mortar—fitting temples raised to the god of wealth—will presently fall to pieces and be swept up for rubble. They, indeed, are unworthy to become ruins, as in their solidity they are unworthy to arouse any emotion save disgust. But in the better sense the age of ruins is not past. Though Americans despise the relics of the past, for the same reason that Mr Carnegie despises Greek, because they have them not, they will still be cherished and revered by those whose ideal is not a money-bag. Respect, indeed, is not extinguished, but overcast. Despite the popularity of sordid ideals, there remain some who understand the pride of an ancient heritage, who recognise that the glory of a nation shines more brilliantly in its history than in its material accomplishments. That Pericles should seem a ruffian to Mr Carnegie is perfectly just; just also is it

that the millionaire, who strives to accumulate in his own hand the wealth of the world, should despise the idealist who values Westminster Abbey (let us say) above the gold of Pittsburg. But the idealist is not yet beaten, and the victory shall surely be his. Meanwhile, however, the sordid craving for wealth not only debases those obsessed by it; it lowers the general standard of life. Now, the quickest method of amassing money is to pander to the people. Accordingly, to give the people what it wants is regarded by the man of business as the supreme virtue. It is in reality an act of cowardice, which has inflicted, and is inflicting, a grave injury upon the world. In every newspaper, in every book, sensation and hysteria are provided, because the people demands it. On the one hand is the popular taste; on the other is gold; and these twain appear omnipotent. For instance, there is little dignity in the discovery of that which the responsible government of the country wishes to conceal. But if one of our newspapers is able to betray an official secret, it instantly brags of its enterprise, and assumes the air of a dashing patriot. The obvious excuse is that the people loves a scandal, even at the expense of its country; and he whose ambition it is to accumulate wealth, finds no difficulty in justifying himself. Similarly, the booksellers' shops are crammed with printed matter, masquerading as literature, and suggesting the frog,

who would have swollen herself to the semblance of the ox. And again vulgarity is defended in the sacred name of the people. Nor is the process altogether surprising. Vulgarity breeds money, and money is so highly esteemed that its possessor confidently believes himself made of a superior clay. In other words, the modern saint is the millionaire, whose brow is surrounded by a halo of holiness, and whose lightest actions are believed by the devout to be inspired by a superhuman knowledge and generosity.

It is, then, for the making of a few millionaires that our cities are destroyed, our ancient buildings demolished, our nerves cracked by the new artifices of transmission, our literature confused with ink and paper. And when the millionaires are made, what are they? Merely knights of industry, who have more money than they can spend. It suits their vanity to declare that he who can amass gold is the only man who can control it. Wherefore they invest themselves with special attributes, and contemplate the less heavily weighted with a smile of patronage. But their wealth does neither them nor us an appreciable service. The accumulation of expensive wines, castles in Scotland, advertised old masters, or ready-made libraries cannot empty the over-full treasure-houses of millionaires. What remains? There remains philanthropy, the exercise of which should be most jealously watched. It is the easiest thing possible for a millionaire to give

away some handfuls of his superfluous wealth. But generosity is a danger against which we should jealously guard, nor is a life spent in collecting dollars the best preparation for philanthropy. If rich men would be content to bestow large sums upon existing seats of learning, without any restraining conditions, they would merit our gratitude. But they prefer to fence round their gifts with all manner of limitations, and not a penny of their money should be accepted without discreet examination. Money, in truth, unless it be administered by a man of genius, has more power to do harm than to do good. So with the increase of millionaires there increases the danger of surface-culture and pauperisation. In the old days a rich man accepted his good fortune with a cheerful modesty. He spent his money in the encouragement of sport, or in the framing of a library. But he did not mistake himself for an apostle; he did not pretend that his money was a "sacred trust" placed in his hands by an all-wise providence; and if he did the community "no good," at least he did not insult it with patronage, nor injure it with alms-giving. And that is the worst symptom of our sordid, material age, which worships money with a deeper fervour than ever was known. The millions, amassed by the encouragement of vulgarity, are too often squandered in pretentious and useless philanthropy. Yet no consideration of pleasure or profit deters the millionaire, who is impelled to

his thankless task by natural peculiarities: he has the mind that adheres, the hand that grasps, and maybe he cannot, if he would, hold it back from wealth and the adulation that it brings. It is a sad comedy of wasted endeavour and mischievous generosity, which might rouse the ire of the least cynical of philosophers. We wonder what Democritus Junior would think could he revisit the world. In his day the millionaire was still undreamt, yet he marked the millionaire's ancestor with all the scorn at his command. "Our *summum bonum*," said he, in a passage which is far truer now than then, "our *summum bonum* is commodity, and the goddess we adore *Dea Moneta*, Queen Money, to whom we daily offer sacrifice, which steers our hearts, hands, affections, all: that most powerful goddess, by whom we are reared, depressed, elevated, esteemed the sole commandress of our actions, for whom we pray, run, ride, go, come, labour, and contend, as fishes do for a crumb that falleth into the water. It's not worth, virtue (that's *bonum theatrale*), wisdom, valour, learning, honesty, religion, or any sufficiency for which we are respected, but money." It is a sad indictment, whose justice has increased a hundred-fold since Democritus burned it on the page with his acid pen.

So the means by which money is acquired matter little: the end suffices for itself.

But even in America, the paradise of millionaires, there was once a glimpse of better things, and a poor half-century will take us back to that period, when the search for gold was at once careless and picturesque. Bret Harte, whose death we sincerely deplore, is so happily old-fashioned that he might belong to another age and planet than our own. His heroes, though gold is the object of their quest, are not always successful, and failure to find gold is the worst crime known to our modern code. Even when his heroes do succeed, they are not given to making "bright" after-dinner speeches, nor to hustling around in well-advertised cars of plush and silver, cheaply valued at ten thousand dollars. No; they do nothing that would be required of them to-day, and they are in no sense worthy to be called American citizens. The author is worse than his puppets. He wrote an English which owed something to the example of the great masters; he noted what he saw, and made the best literature he could from his observation. But he did not compose his stories in the back office according to the publisher's recipe, and he never wrote a line with his eye on the "people." Therefore he is not highly esteemed in the country of his birth, and America may still boast with justice that she appreciates the difference between Longfellow and Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, the son of a schoolmaster, was born in 1835. His father died when he was a

child, and harsh necessity drove him out from New York to seek his fortune in the Far West. At seventeen he went off to the mines, when the rush for gold was at its keenest, and having failed both at his father's trade and in his search for the precious metal, he succeeded admirably in journalism, and at last, by a series of articles contributed to the 'Overland Monthly,' he made not only his own fortune but the fortune of that magazine. Indeed, though he failed to find gold, he struck at the mines a vein of the richest ore. A material new to literature was ready at his hand. In the sentimental lawlessness of the adventurers, in the cold-blooded amiability of professional poker-players, in the blowy self-sacrifice of decayed actresses, he saw a romance which had escaped the eye of the most vigilant novelist. And having found a new vein, he proceeded to extract from it all that was possible. He caught the humours of the mines with a keen eye; he understood the contrasts, which a rough and unexpected life produced, better than any of his competitors. He made us familiar once and for always with the derringer and bowie-knife, and in a pardonably romantic spirit he ennobled the use even of these murderous weapons. Nor is this the whole of his accomplishment. He had a rare sense of landscape and of the open air. His little dramas are always set in a real environment. The dreary flats, the solitary pine-woods, are sketched with a masterly hand;

across the least of his stories blows the wind of heaven; his characters are always merged in the atmosphere to which they belong. Miss, to cite a single instance, belongs to the stars and the Red Mountain, and it is Bret Harte's greatest faculty to imagine men and women not as the participators in a mere anecdote, but as details in a natural and illuminated landscape.

But not only did he adapt new material to the purposes of literature; he treated the new material after his own fashion. The short story, of course, was no fresh discovery. Fielding and Smollett had used it long before to interrupt their stater narratives. Sir Walter had already dignified the *genre* with his genius, and Poe had taught its practice not only to America but to Europe. Yet Bret Harte gave a fresh turn to an old fashion. The short story, as he constructed it, was almost his own invention. The trick of suddenly breaking in upon the plot in the first line, of leaving the past and future of his personages unexplained, was unfamiliar thirty years ago, however sadly it has been staled by repetition; and Bret Harte played the trick with so brilliant a success that he captivated his readers, and ensured imitators for himself. His characters, again, stamp themselves on the memory at a first acquaintance. Stumpy and Mr Oakhurst, the Gentleman of La Plate and the Man who read Dickens, MacSnagley and Tennessee's Partner, Bill Nye and Truthful James, all

refuse to be shaken off, when once they have attached themselves to your brain. But while the incidents and the actors were new, they were touched by the hand of a writer whose sympathies and whose models were in the past. Bret Harte, as we have said, was a schoolmaster's son, and perhaps that is the reason why literature was in his blood. His quick sense of style, his rapid adaptability, made him a ready parodist, and though it is not in the Far West that we expect to find imitations of popular novelists, his experiments in mimicry are among the best of their kind. So while he took to the gold-mines an unprejudiced eye, he took also a mind trained by a study of the past, and if his sentiment is often overdone, it is a sentiment based upon literature, and the necessary counterpart of a sedulously studied humour. It is by this a commonplace that his prose owes something to Dickens, his verse to Hood; and it was recently pointed out that even the metre of the "Heathen Chinese" was borrowed from Mr Swinburne. But these facts imply no charge of plagiarism. Bret Harte's originality need not be questioned. Being a man of letters and not a mere dabbler in ink, he accepted the best conventions that he knew, and worked within their scope. The debt, moreover, is already repaid, and many a modern writer of short stories owes his facility of composition to the author of 'Tennessee's Partner.' He is a poet merely in the sense that Hood, Lindsay Gordon, and the

author of 'Barrack-Room Ballads' are poets. That is to say, his Muse was pedestrian, or at any rate familiar, and never masqueraded in the ampler robes which become her august sister. Nevertheless, his verse is admirable within its limits, while his prose gives him a high place among his contemporaries. And it is strangely interesting now, for it pictures an America as yet unspoiled by the perfected mechanism of life, or by the eager, sordid race for dollars. Bret Harte's heroes fought, as we have said, with derringer and bowie-knife. Their descendants are more adept in the use of such weapons as trusts, pools, and combines. And who will deny that French Pete and Kanaka Joe faced one another with a more gracious chivalry?

The gold rush of '49 has left little trace behind it, save a set of incomparable stories. A vast literature has been written to illustrate or befog the adventures of those who hoped to discover gold or diamonds on the soil of Africa. No novelist has as yet found material for his fancy either at Kimberley or on the Rand. Hitherto even the voice of History has been silent; but it is idle to expect the fruit of imagination or research until war yields to the arts of peace. Meanwhile many a pen has been active in attempting to prove this or that point, to drive home this or that argument. The result has been a vast amount of journalism, bound up more respectably than it deserves between separate covers. The

lies that have been told are like the sand for number, and it is characteristic of the South African question that it has been enshrouded from the first in a mist of slander and hypocrisy. Mr Iwan-Müller's 'Lord Milner and South Africa' (Heinemann) is therefore the more welcome. For though it does not pretend to be a deliberate and reasoned history, it contains in permanent shape the materials for a final judgment. The author is doubly well equipped for his task. He possesses a twofold knowledge of South Africa. Not only has he devoted a patient study to the records of that country—records so seldom read and so monstrously distorted—but he has corrected the conclusions of literary research by a fruitful sojourn in South Africa itself. He knows its men and its cities; he has breathed its atmosphere of chicanery and excitement. While, on the one hand, he has enjoyed the friendship of Mr Rhodes and Lord Milner, he has had every opportunity of watching the tactics of the other side. Of course he is a partisan. No Englishman who loves his country can consider the political aspirations of Messrs Kruger and Reitz with an indifferent mind. When two years ago Lord Milner put the case of England with all the eloquence and lucidity at his command, certain pro-Boers objected that he spoke not as a judge but as an advocate. It is difficult to exaggerate the folly of this objection. A British statesman would be a traitor to his duty if he ceased for one moment

to advocate his country's cause; and Mr Iwan-Müller is similarly justified of his partisanship. For he is a partisan with a sense of History; he neither hides nor extenuates the essential facts of his case; and his conclusions can only be rejected by malice or prejudice. His book is of necessity mainly controversial, and we cannot too highly applaud the never-failing good-humour with which he conducts the fray. His opponents will, no doubt, wince beneath his gentle reproof. One would-be statesman, who is properly dismissed in a footnote, will resent, we are sure, his abrupt dismissal. Nor is Mr Merriman likely to soothe his leisure with a study of Mr Iwan-Müller's pages. But if he is stern, he is also courteous; and though the suggestion is idle, we would commend 'Lord Milner and South Africa' to those enemies of their country who still espouse the Boer cause. They will not approve the argument, but is it too vain a hope that they may some day imitate the temper with which the controversy is conducted?

We have said that the history of South Africa is lost in a mist of slander and hypocrisy. It is this mist which Mr Iwan-Müller has set himself to pierce. On the very threshold we are met with a stubborn, inveterate falsehood. When pro-Boers are at a loss for an argument, they are wont to quote Slagter's Nek as a piece of political martyrdom. "A brave race can forget the victims of the field of battle," says one historian who should

know better, "but never those of the scaffold." And the plain inference is that the animosity of the Boers is well founded upon an injury done by the British to heroes of their race. Now, Slagter's Nek, as Mr Iwan-Müller has no difficulty in proving, had nothing to do with British government. "Everybody connected with the affair, with the exception of the officers called in to assist the agents of the law, was of Dutch, Franco-Dutch, or Africander origin. The magistrates were Dutch; the judges were Dutch; all the officials connected with the court were Dutch; Dutch the law which had been defied; Dutch the language in which the proceedings were conducted. The English Governor's sole contribution was the reprieve of one of the ring-leaders on the recommendation of Colonel Cuyler, an English officer of Dutch origin." Yet this incident, in which England merely played the part of mercy, has been, as it were, the battle-cry of revolt. When Mr Reitz encouraged his countrymen to fight, it was with the memory of Slagter's Nek that he attempted to inflame their minds; and it is curious to reflect what a flood of rhetorical falsehood would have been stayed if Dr Theal had told the truth in his History, and if other casuists had not followed an evil example.

But while, as Mr Iwan-Müller points out, the soil of Africa is fertile in lies, while "slimness" is the virtue, not the vice,

of the Boers, we from our side have contributed not a little to the prevailing falsehood. It was an unhappy moment for Africa when Mr Froude was sent abroad to confuse the truth. For to Mr Froude inaccuracy was not an accident but a passion. He could not if he would report facts as they were. In his view it was the business of facts to support a preconceived theory, and though this quality in an academic historian is a fault rather of scholarship than of morals, it is in a statesman the unpardonable sin. The harm done to our cause by Mr Froude is admirably set forth in Mr Iwan-Müller's book, and it is not surprising if the cause of federation failed when it was pushed by an agent to whom it was antipathetic and unintelligible. Worse still, such agents as had both the will and the power to serve the British cause in South Africa have been always ill treated, or dishonoured. The dreary story of Sir Bartle Frere is told again in these pages with a just indignation. The Ministers who first insulted and then recalled him were treacherous alike to their country, and to the brave man who served it. Time, which reveals the truth and softens animosities, has justified the greatest man ever sent by the British Government to Africa. To-day Sir Bartle Frere appears in the light, not merely of a patriot, but of a prophet. He not only knew what should be done,—he knew what would

result from the rejection of his advice; and there is no sadder episode in our history than the compulsory retirement of this great public servant, who fell a victim, now to the indifference of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, now to the exquisitely poised conscience of Mr Leonard Courtenay. We cannot read his last despatch without a feeling of shame. "Unless my countrymen are much changed," wrote Sir Bartle, "they will some day do me justice: I shall not leave a name to be permanently dishonoured. . . . No fresh storm can be more desolating in its effects on me than that which has passed over me, and apparently wrecked for the time such repute as I had as a prudent, just, and loyal public servant." His countrymen, we like to believe, are unchanged; and though the injury is irreparable, the prudence, justice, and loyalty of Sir Bartle Frere are now generously, if tardily, recognised.

But the villain of the South African drama is, of course, Mr Gladstone, who was not only guilty of the surrender after Majuba, but who directly encouraged the rebellion which ended in the defeat and death of Sir George Colley. Party government has been guilty of many crimes; but never was it so insolently and cynically guilty as when Mr Gladstone, to defeat an old adversary, went on the stump to Mid-Lothian. Before his constituents he questioned not only the expediency but the honesty of our acquisition of

the Transvaal. "If these acquisitions," said he, "were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them, because they are obtained by means dishonourable to the character of our country." So he spoke in March 1880. Three months later he might have given effect to his repudiation. But his purpose was achieved; he had been returned to Parliament with a majority; and the Transvaal for the moment had served its turn. He therefore wrote a letter to Messrs Kruger and Joubert, which Mr Iwan-Müller justly styles a masterpiece of cynicism. In opposition he found it necessary to repudiate the acquisition of the Transvaal. In office he declared that it was impossible to consider the question. So the injury inflicted on us by years

of misrule is still unhealed; but happier advice has at last ensured recovery, and in a few years we shall be able to look back even on the desertion of Sir Bartle Frere and the crimes of Mr Gladstone as no more than curious episodes in our history. Meantime it is as well that we should study the past, from which alone we may understand the present; and we owe Mr Iwan-Müller a deep debt of gratitude for setting before us all the material upon which a fair judgment may be based. At last our case is in good hands, and while we repose full confidence in Lord Milner, let us remember that whatever success he achieves was made possible by the courage and sacrifice of such administrators as Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.

FOR the sake of convenience, though no one factor in existing Pacific problems can in truth be separated from those others with which it is entangled, we may best discuss the questions before us by adhering roughly to the sequence of the seven great events which have wrought a complete revolution in the politics of the Pacific. Thus we will give our attention in turn to Japan; to the arrival of the United States in the heart of the Pacific; to China and its future; to Russia's appearance upon the scene and the results which are likely to follow thereon; to the consequences which will probably be the outcome of the creation of the Australian Commonwealth; to the scramble for maritime supremacy which will ensue when the Trans-Isthmian Canal is a *fait accompli*; and, finally, to the position occupied by Great Britain to-day, and that which she is likely to occupy in the future, having regard to the expansion of other nations.

The awakening of Japan, her sudden emergence from comparative obscurity into a prominence which will take no denial, her marvellous political and commercial energy, her easy attainment to a height of civilisation which has already caused more than one white nation to blush for its unsuspected inferiority,—all these things have been so

startling, so dramatic, that they have forced themselves upon the notice of the least observant. The broad outline of this extraordinary chapter in Asiatic history is known to every reader, and we need not repeat the story here. What it is important that Europeans should not forget, however, is that a new Power has come into the Pacific, a Power which has its base on the spot,—an advantage which is shared by no other nation concerned,—and which not only can do much towards moulding the future history of this part of the world, but has given evident signs of her full intention of availing herself of her opportunities. Japan stands before the world to-day as the one Asiatic nation which has proved that she is capable of self-government,—of not only conceiving high ideals, but of striving for them resolutely, and of attaining such as may be obtained. Immediately after the war with China reasons were not lacking for the supposition that Japan might cherish the desire of coming forward as the champion of the Asiatic against European encroachment; and this may even yet come to pass when her finance has recovered from the enormous strains imposed upon it by recent events, and when she has completed and perfected her armament. Already she has tried an interesting experiment in oriental

colonisation, having annexed Formosa, which she is now governing in no selfish spirit, and upon lines closely copied from those which Great Britain has worked out for the administration of an inferior people. Hitherto conquest in Asia by Asiatics has been synonymous with every kind of excess, and the subjugation of a weaker race has always resulted in ruthless tyranny. But in this, as in all else, Japan has revolutionised the traditions of the East, and to-day we have before us the remarkable spectacle of an Asiatic race ruling over a wild and turbulent brown people with a good sense and an altruism which does not always distinguish the colonial administrations of European nations. The reasons which led Japan to insist upon Formosa being ceded to her by China were principally strategic, since the command of the Formosa Channel is a matter to her of primary importance, which materially adds to her strength in the China seas; but having taken up the burden of colonisation, she has so far acquitted herself well, and it is probable that the island is regarded by her more far-seeing statesmen in the light of a preparatory school in which Japanese civil servants may gain the experience needed for the handling of an alien race that later may stand them in good stead. At any rate, though of recent years less has been heard than formerly of Japan's desire to pose as the protector of the Asiatic

nations whose independence is threatened by the aggression of European Powers, there is little room for doubt but that she continues to cherish such aspirations, and we incline to the belief that this desire on her part will have a great and lasting effect upon the future history of the Pacific. We need not enlarge upon the subject now, as we shall have occasion to recur to it in a later paragraph when discussing the probable developments in China which will result from the recent conflict with the Powers.

Turning next to the Philippines, we are confronted with a new and quite unexpected development, which chance rather than the premeditated planning of statesmen has wrought in the political world of the Pacific. The presence of the United States in the old Spanish colonies means the elimination of a factor which had long been a *quantité négligible*, and the substitution therefor of a nation which is possessed by the restless energy, the "pushfulness," and the enterprise which are such marked characteristics of this branch of the Anglo-Saxon family. From such an alteration it is safe to predict that much that was formerly unlikely has now become probable. The United States will have to be taken into account by all the Powers interested in the Pacific to an extent very different to that which limited their dealings with Spain.

The experiment in colonisa-

tion, and in the fashioning of the destinies of an inferior race, to which the United States is now committed, has from the first been watched not only with interest but with sympathy by Englishmen. Many of us hold that, as a people, we have inherited a sort of heaven-sent gift for work of this kind, forgetting how incalculable are the advantages which we owe to a continuity of tradition in the administration of Orientals, to the experience derived from the countless blunders made by us in early times when blunders were neither widely known nor fatal in their consequences, and to our peculiar home conditions, which serve as an inducement to the right class of men to voluntarily undertake duties in Asia in spite of the lifelong banishment which they entail. No other European nation except Holland possesses any of these essential advantages to anything approaching the same degree, and the Dutch, ever slow to advance, have adhered closely to the principles and the methods which governed the first enterprises undertaken by European conquerors in the East. But, as we have said, men who have not seen things for themselves on the spot are apt to overlook the primary causes of our success, and to point only to the success itself as a sure token of the innate superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. Therefore, when the United States "took up the white man's burden," many Englishmen jumped to the conclusion that, since our achievements in Asia were attributable in

their opinion to certain peculiar qualities proper to the Anglo-Saxon race, the Americans would surely succeed where so many other nations had failed dismally.

Unfortunately this view is one which we have always been unable to accept. Holding, as we do, that the theory of some peculiar aptitude — though aptitude there undoubtedly is — has less to do with our success than have experience, tradition, and circumstances, it seemed to us from the first that the United States was very heavily handicapped in the enterprise which it had been forced to undertake. In his fine poem Mr Rudyard Kipling besought the Americans to "send forth the best you breed," and if that could be done all might yet be well. It is the principle upon which Great Britain has acted for more than a century, but she has so acted from necessity and not from choice. Hundreds of men belonging to our upper and upper middle classes go out to the East to fill the gaps in the Government service, and accept quite cheerfully the prospect of banishment from home. It is hardly too much to say, however, that not one per cent of all these hundreds would elect to serve in the East if he were in a position to support himself and those dependent upon him in decency and honour in the country of his birth. He goes because there is no room for him at home: he stays because the knowledge and experience which he acquires in Asia are

of a nature that profits him little west of Suez. He may learn to love the East, and to be heart and soul devoted to the land of his adoption, but the fact remains that in the beginning he was propelled by grim necessity.

No such incentive is likely for many years to be called into operation in the United States. There is room and to spare for every American citizen who cares to remain in his own land and who does not wish to exchange his congenial native climate for the moist heat of the Philippines; and in addition to this it must be remembered that the passion for the acquirement of wealth is far more general and is vastly stronger in the heart of the average American than it is among our own people. "The best they breed" are not to be bought body and soul in the United States for the paltry salaries which suffice to induce Englishmen to enter our oriental civil services, and on the other hand there are a thousand and one reasons why the cultured American of the better class should not consent to bury himself in a place of such restricted opportunities as the Philippines. One or two really able men may be persuaded to accept a few of the very senior appointments, tempted by the chance thus afforded them of making their mark in history; but the rank and file of the American overseas service can hardly fail to be recruited from the classes which in all lands are least calculated to inspire the confi-

dence or the respect of a sensitive oriental people. Unless the understrappers already installed in the Philippines are grossly maligned by those who have had dealings with them, bribery and corruption are almost openly practised by many of them, and the present writer remembers hearing a worthy German merchant loudly bewailing the fact that while the Spaniard had been a cheap soul, content with a Mexican *real* or at times with even a few cents, the minor American official was a man of grand ideas, who based his pretensions on the standard of the "gold" dollar. Be this as it may, however, certain it is that the rank and file of the civil service are at present recruited solely from the nominees of Senators and others, without any special regard to fitness; that the best class of American citizen has no desire to compete for such posts; and that in Eastern lands it is the rank and file that really matters, since they are the men who come into intimate personal contact with the natives whose fate is in their hands.

Accordingly we regard the outlook of the United States in the Philippines as exceedingly black; nor is our confidence increased by a consideration of the methods which it is proposed should be employed for the development of the natives, with a view to ultimately fitting them for citizenship in the Republic. Education is to be the sovereign panacea. The Filipino is to be educated up to

the standard of modern requirements among white races; in the meantime he is given a certain semblance of self-government under strict supervision and limitations—a semblance which he is quite quick enough to detect is an empty sham; republican susceptibilities in the States are to be salved by the promise that the Filipino is, in a word, to be transformed by machinery into a white man, and is to be ultimately admitted as an equal.

There is something absolutely pathetic in the magnificence of this theory, as a theory, and its total impracticability. If experience teaches us anything, it proves beyond dispute that the brown man is not, and can never become, a white man; that he has certain qualities, certain virtues, and certain claims on our affection; but that he lacks the strength of moral fibre, the continuity of purpose, the self-control, and the altruistic patriotism which are essential to a people who are ever to be intrusted with autonomy. Great Britain has long recognised this truth, and only the most mischievous faddists among us dream of disputing it. No nation is more wedded to liberal institutions than is England, the mother of the Mother of Parliaments; but the East has taught us to fit our most cherished theories to the exigencies of practice, and to curb our generous enthusiasms. We have learned that the only course open to us in the name of common-sense is to treat the brown man as a child—a bright, intelligent, often lovable child,

but none the less a child who is incapable of managing his own affairs and ordering his life wisely, with a proper consideration of the welfare of himself and his neighbours, without the assistance which only an impartial paternal Power can supply. And this, if they would not willingly abandon the last shred of hope that remains for the success of their administration in the Philippines, is the lesson which the United States must humbly accept at the hands of Britain. Some constitutional difficulties may stand in the way of administration on the lines employed by us in our Crown colonies or in our Protectorates in Malaya, but these must be overcome or failure is sure.

The impossibility of converting the Filipino into a machine-wrought American citizen is rendered all the more patent to those who are familiar with this part of Asia by a recollection of the fact that the natives of the Philippines are for the most part a Malayan race. The peculiar character of these people is well known, their charm has impressed many Europeans; but their absolute shallowness, indolence, inefficiency, and lack of patriotic or national feeling are notorious. In the Federated Malay States and the Straits Settlements Malays have come into intimate contact with the British, and have been governed by us in large numbers. In Sumatra, Java, and other islands of the archipelago they are under the sway of Holland. In the Philippines a kindred people

have been conquered and ruled by Spain. Neither the administration of Great Britain or Holland, nor long intercourse with Englishmen and Dutchmen, has had any effect, in so far as an elevation, improvement, or strengthening of the best qualities innate in the Malay are concerned. On the contrary, it is admitted by all who are entitled to speak with authority on the subject of the Malayan race that the immediate, obvious, and lasting result of contact with men of a higher breed is rapid and incurable degeneration. Moreover, this degeneration is not due in any marked degree to acquired vices, as is the case with so many inferior peoples, nor does it very noticeably affect the physical health of the Malay; but it seems to sap the *morale* of the race, to rob this people of such virtues as are theirs in their natural state, and to replace them by no others. Also there is an undeniable tendency among the portions of the Malayan populations which have come into close intercourse with Europeans and the sturdy Chinese immigrants to die out, not from disease or vice (though it is true that the opium habit claims its full tale of victims), but through a lack of energy and vital force that makes itself manifest in decreased fertility. It is as though the brown man, recognising his inability to compete with folk of a tougher fibre, were voluntarily retiring from an arena in which he is conscious that he cannot hold his own. All this applies with double force to the

natives of the Philippines now that fate has thrust them into the arms of America, for whereas in the past they have been ruled by a soft and effete Latin people, and have thereby assimilated qualities which serve only to complete the moral inertia which is innate in their race, they are now riper for destruction than are their brethren in other Malayan lands. It must also be borne in mind that in their American rulers they have been brought into contact with a harder, more hasty, and perhaps even more energetic race than the British or the Dutch, and that the friction to which they will be subjected will be proportionately more severe. It is for these reasons that we regard the Filipino race — by which rather lax term we wish to be understood as including all the brown inhabitants of the Philippines — as foredoomed to degeneration, and eventually to virtual absorption or extinction. We are convinced that no nostrums that can be devised by philanthropy can really retard, far less avert, the doom which awaits this feeble people. They will perish, in obedience to the inexorable law of nature which provides only for the survival of the fittest, and it is extremely probable that the well-meant efforts of the Americans to elevate their new subjects will only tend to accelerate that which they are designed to prevent.

Of minor difficulties the Americans will have an abundance, and it behoves them to smother the prejudices of their

faddists and to set their faces resolutely against any interference with the religious practices of the natives of the Philippines. For instance, the Muhammadans of the Sulu archipelago are of course polygamists, and their polygamy must be tolerated. They are also holders of slave-debtors (*hamba bër-átang*, as the Malay term has it), and any scheme of emancipation must be adopted with the utmost caution. In the Federated Malay States the British have succeeded in gradually abolishing a similar system of debt-slavery; but this has taken time, and has only been accomplished by the exercise of the greatest tact, caution, and personal influence, backed by a thorough knowledge of the people with whom the white officials were dealing.

A matter of vaster importance is the question as to whether or no free immigration of Chinese into the Philippines should be permitted by the United States. As is well known, the prejudice against the in-coming of the yellow man is very strong in America, and all present indications seem to point uncompromisingly to his exclusion. In his recent book, Mr Colquhoun says with perfect truth: "A fresh influx of Chinese, such as (unless restricted) would inevitably take place with the new conditions introduced by the United States, would be fatal to the Filipino," and it is on these grounds that the plea for the necessity of excluding the Chinese is based. The fact is, that while the Chinaman is

both able and willing to work, and is altogether invaluable to those who have in hand the task of opening up a new country, the brown man neither can nor has any desire to try to emulate him in this respect. According to the Malayan phrase, the highest earthly bliss is summed up in three words, *mákan tidor sáhaja*—only to eat and sleep! It is the object of every Malay to attain as nearly as may be to that indolent ideal, and it is wonderful with how large a measure of success his efforts in this direction are attended. Exclude the Chinaman, and the Malay will gain nothing; for work which he declines to do cannot profit him at all: admit the Chinaman, and the Malay will not suffer; for the land in which he lives is so generous to her children that she will give them all that they actually need in return for the tiniest modicum of labour. A precisely similar problem had to be met by the British in the Malay Peninsula, which now contains a Chinese population almost equal in numbers to that of the native community, and the triumphant prosperity of the Malay States and the colony of the Straits Settlements may be said to have been due primarily to the encouragement of Chinese immigration. This immigration has enabled the Government to impose very light burdens of taxation upon the natives, who have therefore directly benefited by it; and it has further made it possible for the administration to ade-

quately develop the resources of the land without incurring the undying hatred of the Malays, which, as is exemplified by the sentiments of the natives of the Dutch colonies towards their rulers, must have followed any resolute attempt to bind them to the labour which they abhor and despise. The Americans in the Philippines, led by prejudice, and by well-intentioned but ignorant philanthropists in their own country, will almost certainly exclude or rigorously restrict Chinese immigration. They will hope thereby to save the Filipino peoples, and eventually to elevate them into a kind of white man. Instead, they will only succeed in destroying the prospects of their new possession, in so far as its commercial and financial welfare is concerned, and in stirring up a strong feeling against themselves in the hearts of an indolent people whom they will be obliged to curse with the curse of Adam. Moreover, their best-wrought schemes for the moral and intellectual improvement of the Filipinos will inevitably have results altogether opposite to those which are anticipated by arm-chair philanthropists, who have no personal and practical acquaintance with the race to which the Filipinos belong.

Accordingly, as we have already said, we regard the outlook of the United States in the Philippines as one of extreme gloom, their efforts as likely to be attended by almost complete failure, and it is not probable that so sharp-sighted

and critical a people will long labour under any delusions as to the trend of events. Then one of two things will happen: either the whole system of American administration in the Philippines will be revolutionised and placed upon the sounder lines inculcated by past experience, or in their impatience the American people will cast off the burden which chance thrust upon them,—a burden with which many thinking men in the States already see every reason to be dissatisfied. We wish that it were possible reasonably to hope that the former line of action might be adopted; for, as Englishmen, we still would vastly prefer to see the Americans succeed in their enterprise; but, alas! the probabilities are all opposed to such a solution of the difficulty. Instead it is not unlikely that the Philippines will be suffered to pass into the keeping of some other Power hungry for empire beyond the seas; and if the United States is indifferent on the subject of her successor, provided that a sufficient price is forthcoming, it calls for no great penetration to foresee that Germany might be very willing to be that Power.

Turning next to China, we find that in her centre two very important problems of the Pacific world—the one an internal, the other an external, question. The first is her immediate future: the second is the controversy which is waged around the subject of Chinese immigration into foreign lands,

upon some aspects of which we have already touched.

As regards the first of these questions the opinions of experts are divided. Mr Colquhoun writes as follows: "The prospect of China's integrity being maintained—the wish being father to the thought—is very slender, for a great portion of that country is already parcelled out into so many spheres; spheres that are being consolidated slowly but surely, and always with feelers cast out, as in the case of Germany and the Yangtze Valley, or pre-emption to provinces, as in the case of Japan."

Mr Alexander Michie, whose profound knowledge of Chinese affairs entitles him to speak with an authority to which all must pay considerable respect, seems in the article on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, published in 'Maga' for March 1902, to share this view. On the other hand, without taking into consideration the opinion of Sir Robert Hart, whose predilections seem to blind him to many aspects of the situation, we are forced to admit that the great Chinese Sphinx, upon whose face the mightiest nations of the civilised world have been battering so mercilessly, seems, now that the ordeal is at an end, to be as little the worse for it all as were the good people of Rheims after the archbishop had launched his famous curse. Furthermore, it is evident that the occupation of Peking has at last brought home to those who occupy high place in the Chinese empire conviction that

the intelligent imitation of Western methods, which has been so successfully adopted by Japan, is the only future policy that can effect their country's deliverance from worse insults than she has been called upon to endure in the past. If she once realises her gigantic resources and possibilities,—and there is much reason to believe that she has at last come very nigh to an understanding of them,—she will speedily cease to be the "live ox" from whose body any European Power is free to cut a sirloin. And she has a mentor very near at hand—one who is past-master in the art which China most urgently requires to learn; for it is obvious that Japan can only regard the partition of the Chinese empire with the greatest disfavour. We have seen Japan trying an experiment in colonisation in Formosa: presently she will almost certainly be engaged in the vaster task of teaching China how to develop her powers, acting not as China's conqueror, but as her friend and ally. This is the form which Japan's long-cherished ambition to champion the Asiatic against the European will most likely take, and China could find no abler teacher, nor any whose interests are less immediately likely to run counter to her own. In the meantime China has other safeguards, for the jealousies of the white nations are all in her favour, and the interests of Great Britain, as well as those of Japan, are entirely opposed to the partition of the Chinese empire.

The new alliance will give China the time she needs, and the active wisdom and friendship of Japan may do the rest. We accordingly refuse to accept the prevalent belief that the days of China's independence and integrity are numbered, and are confident that the position which she occupies to-day is far better than that in which the Boxer outbreak found her in 1900. It needed a violent shock to awaken this heavy sleeper, and the action of the Powers has duly administered it. For the rest she needed time, and a friendly and disinterested teacher. She has gained the one, and the other, we firmly believe, will soon put her in the way in which she should go.

The second great question connected with China—a question with which almost every people living in the various portions of the Pacific is concerned—is that of the advisability of permitting or prohibiting Chinese immigration. On no other question is there so much strong feeling displayed by the various classes of white men who live in the countries lying adjacent to the Pacific, an absolutely fanatical hatred of the ubiquitous yellow man possessing the vast majority of them, while in certain lands the conviction that his presence is nothing short of a necessity is held to be an axiom. In the Western States of North America, and even in British Columbia, where the population is sparse and labour is dear, the Chinese immigrant is an object of detestation; but the

feeling entertained for him here is as nothing if its violence be compared with the sentiment prevalent in the majority of the states of the Australian Commonwealth. Already the Federal Parliament has busied itself upon the subject of the Chinaman's exclusion—though incidentally a number of other non-white races are also excluded, among which must be counted the British subjects of India, and our new allies the Japanese. The dislike with which the Chinese immigrant is regarded by the white men of the lower classes is a thing very easy to understand. Not only can the former work for a wage that would mean starvation for the latter, not only is his competition rendered more crushing by the fact that he is docile, extraordinarily hard-working, and easily satisfied no matter how poor the accommodation afforded to him by his employers, but he is also filthy in his surroundings, makes every place which he shares with Europeans more or less uninhabitable to his least fastidious neighbours, and too often is believed to corrupt the morals of the white men's children. The white labourer's case against the Chinese immigrant, on moral, economic, and sanitary grounds, is complete and indisputable. The white man is not like the Malay or the Filipino,—a man who is doomed to die out because he lacks the energy to work and live,—and therefore there can be no admittance for the Chinaman into a white man's country on the argument which applies, as

we have seen, to the circumstances of the Federated Malay States or of the Philippines. It cannot be seriously contended that the Chinese are the fittest, who are thereby entitled to survive, except in cases where they alone are at once willing and able to perform toil which is a necessity for the good of the community at large. Accordingly, in our opinion, the action taken by the Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth, which has for its object the protection of the Australian native against the evils of Chinese immigration, is sound and necessary. Unfortunately, however, this policy has its source in a feeling which can only be described as fanatical, and, as is invariably the case when judgment is biased by popular sentiment, it goes too far, and leaves common-sense a long way behind. We admit fully that the Chinese should be excluded from Tasmania, from South Australia, from Victoria, from New South Wales—from every part of the Australian continent, in fact, which is in any legitimate sense a "white man's country"—viz., a country in which men of European stock can perform manual labour without injury to health during an extended period of time, and in which they can propagate their kind and rear their children. Many parts of tropical Queensland, to mention no other areas within the Commonwealth, cannot, however, be said to conform to this definition, and the legislation recently introduced on the subject of alien immigration, if

applied to them, can only have the effect of delaying, scotching, if not killing, their prosperity and development. In lands which are not "white men's countries" the European should not attempt to enter the lists as a labourer; he should act as the brain, not as the muscle and sinew, of the community. The latter must be supplied by oriental labourers, and of these the best, the most thrifty, docile, and amenable, are the Chinese. This is a lesson which the politicians of the Commonwealth would do well to take to heart, for until it be learned a large section of their continent will be doomed to stagnation and failure, which can benefit no man.

To state the case shortly, the following principles should govern the question of Chinese immigration throughout the Pacific littorals. The Chinaman should be rigidly excluded from all countries in which a white population can thrive and perform its own physical toil; but he should be welcomed with open arms into all those other tropical lands in which Europeans cannot form the permanent population, and in which the natives are incapacitated by their character and their limitations from doing the work which is requisite for the welfare of the community as a whole.

But while on this subject we may draw attention to another which is, in a sense, kindred to it. In his able speech, delivered at the Mansion House on 5th December last, the Prince of Wales mentioned that one of

the things which had struck him most forcibly during his journey through our colonies was the lack of population. This undoubtedly is one of the most crying needs of Australia, nor can there be any hope that the lack will be supplied in good time by natural increment of the population, for the birth-rate in the colonies is by no means encouraging, the high prices which prevail there, and the standard of living, which compares most favourably with that obtaining in the old country, alike combining to keep down the number of children in the families of the most numerous classes. In these circumstances the short-sighted and selfish policy inculcated by the Labour party, who desire to keep up the price of wages by placing every obstacle in the way of immigration, is a subject for the most profound regret. At the present time both parties in the Federal Parliament appear to be almost completely at the mercy of the Labour candidates, and one cannot but regard with grave anxiety the results to the community as a whole which are calculated to follow upon the wholesale adoption of crippling economic measures, dictated by men drawn from the least cultured and most ignorant section of the people.

The matter at which we must next glance briefly is the completion of Russia's trans-continental railway, whereby she has been able to advance her base to the very shores of the Pacific. The extent to which

this gigantic work will affect the trade of Central Asia and the Far East generally cannot yet be ascertained, but its first result politically has been to add enormously to Russia's strength in this part of the world. It has also long been evident that Russia has no intention of consenting to remain passive in the north-eastern corner of the continent. If she can bring it about, she means beyond question to have not only Manchuria, but a considerable portion of Northern China, and she must be recognised as the one great force that makes for the disintegration of that ancient empire. Opposed to her are Great Britain and Japan, now bound together by a treaty of alliance, and China herself, who certainly is averse from being devoured piecemeal. Up to the present time Russia has been pleased to act towards China much as did the Walrus towards the oysters:—

“‘I weep for you,’ the Walrus said; ‘I deeply sympathise.’
With sobs and tears he sorted out those
of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief before
his streaming eyes.”

Assurances of the “deepest sympathy” have always been forthcoming, as also have assurances pointing to the purest of intentions; but Russia has long ago learned that such assurances cost her nothing, and that she is really free to carry out her policy of expansion without serious check. How far this aspect of affairs may be changed by the new treaty it is not easy to predict; but in this corner of the Pacific we

are bound to recognise that big forces are already drawn up in battle-array facing one another. That the result will be Armageddon is always a possibility: the probabilities, however, seem to point to a long period of calm, mainly secured by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, during which China, under Japanese tutelage, will prepare herself for the great struggle in which we doubt whether defeat will necessarily remain with her. After all, Constantinople is still under the sway of the Sultan, though Russia has been casting sheep's eyes at it any time these fifty years past.

We have already had occasion to refer to the new Australian Commonwealth when discussing the question of Chinese and other alien immigration, but a study, even on lines so sketchy as the present, of the problems which centre round the Pacific would be woefully incomplete were we not to draw attention to what, in our opinion, is the most serious aspect of the questions which are likely to be affected by the birth of the new nation. Unity, the proverb teaches us, is strength, and it must be recognised that a combination which includes all the Australian colonies must exercise an influence, must possess a power of initiative, and must be able to exert an amount of pressure upon Great Britain, with a view to enforcing its views, such as have never previously been experienced during all our history in our dealings with our colonial possessions.

Until they were welded into one in 1901, the Australian colonies were divided among themselves not only by internal boundaries and by separate administrations, but by certain conflicting interests, and by differences of opinion which led to a wide divergence of view upon many subjects. Feeling in parts of Australia might run high upon various matters of national policy which affected colonial interests, but there was no real combination between colony and colony, and Great Britain was free to act as she chose without having to be guided very materially by the opinions of her over-seas children. Now, however, that is no longer the case. The Federal Parliament, speaking for all the colonies, uses a voice that must be regarded; but whereas her statesmen are interested almost solely by affairs and combinations in the Pacific, the British, Foreign, and Colonial Secretaries are bound to take a host of other, and no less important, matters into careful consideration before making up their minds as to the expediency of decisive action. It is obvious that here there is room for a wilderness of misunderstandings, that may prove a fruitful source of friction, trouble, and discontent, all of which may quite conceivably end some day in a serious deadlock.

The splendid patriotism which has been shown by the Australian colonies during the whole course of the South African war has delighted and impressed

Englishmen all the world over ; but the cautious student of politics should be careful not to suffer himself to be carried off his feet by the wave of enthusiastic recognition which has flooded the press and swept over every class of society. Mr Colquhoun, who has some true and instructive things to say on this point, speaks of much that has been written and said concerning Australian loyalty to the old country as "sentimental gush," and it must be confessed that a good deal of it merits that description. We would not, however, be thought to in any way belittle the stanch friendship which the colonies have displayed during the last two years ; but it is fatally easy to run into the other extreme, and to greatly overrate its real importance and significance. What Englishmen must be made to realise is, that the Australian native is an Australian first of all, and a subject of the British Empire afterwards. His deepest and most passionate loyalty is lavished upon his own country ; what he may have to spare when her just claims are satisfied is quite at the disposal of the mother country. In the event of any circumstances arising, however, in which the interests of Australia and those of Great Britain were found to be in acute conflict, it is certain that colonial opinion will have no scruple in going "solid" against the will of Great Britain, and it is easy to see how serious may be the consequences.

The present writer has had considerable personal experience

of Australians of the working classes, and though he recognises their limitations, he entertains a hearty admiration for many of their qualities. They are above all things independent, with an independence that has in it something that is aggressive, and they are intensely self-respecting. They permit no man to take liberties with them, and if met with ordinary courtesy and consideration, they evince no desire to take liberties on their own account ; but they will put up with no airs of superiority, and they only assume such themselves as may be supposed to result inevitably from a consciousness of belonging to the greatest country in the world. For it must be remembered that to the Australian of the working classes there is only one country that really counts—one that is perfect in every way, one that surpasses all others as Saul o'ertopped his fellows. Accordingly, the political vision of the new Commonwealth is obscured from the very outset by a false sense of perspective and proportion, and since the working classes are the great force, the driving power, at the back of the Federal Parliament, we must be prepared for developments, more especially as regards questions of foreign policy, which will be clearly traceable to the inability of the Australian labouring man to scale things correctly. It is only to be expected that a young democracy, raw and untrained as is Australia in the rough school of experience, conscious of its strength, and arrogantly self-confident because during its

short history it has never had occasion to pit that strength against the might of weightier Powers, will show more recklessness, less patience, more impetuosity, and less judgment than are customary in the chancelleries of the older nations. In the ordinary course this would lead to mistakes, and the mistakes might lead in their turn to a bitter lesson, wherefrom would spring a wider knowledge and a calmer judgment. As matters now stand, however, Great Britain cannot allow any other Power to attempt to teach such a lesson to Australia, and she is herself equally powerless to administer correction to her offspring, no matter how urgent hereafter the need therefor may become. It is evident that all this constitutes a very real danger, and only the history of the future, it is probable, will serve to convince the Australian democracy of the soundness of Whewell's aphorism, that we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest.

The lines upon which colonial opinion has already shown a tendency to work, in a direction that might easily involve the mother country in international complications, find their parallel in the "Monroe doctrine," so dear to the citizens of the United States. As early as 1881 Queensland, acting on her own initiative but in the name of Great Britain, annexed all that portion of New Guinea which was not already under the sway of Holland, though this move was not confirmed by Lord Derby, the then Colonial Secretary. Since that time the

annexations and the growing influence of Germany in the islands of the Pacific have been watched with jealous eyes by the Australian colonies, and the presence of France in New Caledonia has been a fruitful subject for discontent. Up to the present time, however, the ultimate settlement of all questions so arising has rested solely with the Home Government, and a judicious "give-and-take" policy, which naturally fails to commend itself to the Australians, has usually been adopted. But the creation of the Commonwealth will have among other effects the power to greatly control the action of Great Britain in the future, and the colonials, who think that in the past it has all been "give" and very little "take," are quite determined that in the future the balance of advantage shall be reversed. It would be easy to exaggerate the dangers of this situation; it is more fashionable just now to ignore them, or to pretend that they have no existence. We should desire to draw a line between these two extremes. That the danger is there is obvious, and it is our duty to recognise that this is so, but it need not dismay us unduly, since we may cherish the hope that the sterling common-sense, which is one of the most useful characteristics of the Britisher all the empire over, will in the last resort suffice to avert catastrophe.

The next question which awaits consideration — the struggle for the commerce and the shipping of the Pacific, which will follow the

opening of the Central American Canal—is inextricably blended with that other matter, the last upon which we propose to touch,—the position of Great Britain in this part of the world now, and the extent to which that position is likely to be modified in the future, owing to the expansion of other nations. Some years must still elapse before the canal will be completed, but until the time actually arrives it is impossible to do more than speculate upon the magnitude of the revolutions which it will effect in the trade of the Pacific. So far as can be judged, it will certainly transfer the principal markets and distributing centres for the produce of the Pacific, which includes the exports of Australia and the islands as well as those of China and Japan, from Europe to the ports of the United States on the Atlantic seaboard. It will also tend to impart an enormous stimulus to American shipping, and both these results will probably inflict a certain amount of loss upon Great Britain. A further effect of the canal will probably be a considerable acceleration in the development of Australia, a hitherto unprecedented *rapprochement* between the Commonwealth and the United States, and possibly a proportionate decrease in the colonies' dependence upon the mother country. So far as it is given to us to foresee events by the aid of the indications afforded by what is to be observed in the

present, it would seem to be obvious that the earliest results of the canal cannot but be detrimental to the trade and the shipping of Great Britain herself, though the material advantages which will at the same time be conferred upon the numerous lands which have the Pacific for their centre will altogether outweigh any losses that an individual nation may be called upon to bear. In a sense, too, if the construction of the canal causes all the damage to England that seems probable, it will only be accelerating a decline in trade and shipping which has already become marked of recent years. The small local steamship lines are rapidly passing out of British into foreign hands. Steam communication between the principal British ports and Siam, Borneo, and the Philippines, for example, is now carried on under the German flag, which has replaced the red ensign in many Asiatic waters. Trade, likewise, is slipping from us throughout the Pacific, and in the same direction. The German has not shown himself an able administrator of his colonial possessions; but he has unquestionably proved that if he cannot rule, he can use the colonies governed by others to the best possible advantage. He will not inhabit his own colonies if he can avoid doing so, for the German trader abroad has learned to detest the great idol "Trop d'Administration," which Continental nations set up for worship in their over-seas possessions; but he will open a

business in any British colony with all the pleasure in life, and so surely as he does so he speedily becomes the altogether too successful rival of the local British merchants. The German trader and his young men are content to work for longer hours, to receive less pay during the earlier years of their service, and to devote far more attention to detail than are their British competitors. The German merchant is content

“To scorn delights, and live laborious days.”

An occasional evening at his club, with much beer and a mild game of bowls, suffices him. He does not regard golf from 4.30 P.M. to dark as a necessity of his existence, and thus having much more time at his disposal than his English rival, he is able to do a great deal himself which our people are content to depute to middle-men of doubtful honesty. Therefore the German thrives, and the British merchant feels vaguely wronged, but trusts that things will be better presently, and, soothed by this hope, never dreams of bringing about any of the revolutions in his practice which are needed in order to enable him to make head amidst the new conditions. It is true that trade follows the flag: it is sad to be obliged to confess, however, that in the Pacific to-day it is the trade of foreign nations which most successfully follows the union-jack. In the speech to which reference has already been made the Prince of Wales

told the country that the message he brought us from the colonies was that it behoved us to “wake up,” and never was advice more sorely needed. From end to end of the Pacific our commerce is losing ground; but as yet there are no indications whatsoever of a general consciousness of the fact among the men concerned, far less are there any signs that much-needed remedies will be applied before it is too late.

And now in a few words we may sum up the main position in the Pacific at the present time. Russia in the north-west is moving slowly, as is her wont; but she knows clearly what she wants, and means to get it unless the price which she will be called upon to pay is too high even for her. China, still shaken and dishevelled by her recent encounter with Western civilisation, is awake at last to the necessity of defending herself, and seems to have arrived at something like an understanding of how that defence may best be conducted. Japan, too, is desirous of a little breathing-space, which does not in the least imply that she wants to be idle, for she has much work on hand, and the education of China will probably be not the lightest of her tasks. The alliance with Great Britain will tend to secure the time so urgently needed both by China and by Japan, and if it succeed in this it may prove to have been more conducive than aught else to the permanent peace of the Far East. Germany

is the "hungry dog" of the Pacific. She embarked upon her *Weltpolitik* very late in the day, and has never got over the disappointment of finding that only a few odds and ends of territory of doubtful utility remained to be appropriated in the Pacific. She has had just enough to whet her appetite, and to make her crave for more. The fact that her enterprises have had only a very moderate measure of success does not curb her desires in this direction. She thinks that, given better opportunities, success would be hers. Therefore, as a Government, Germany is hungry for the acquirement of more territory in the Pacific, and she must accordingly be ranged on the side of Russia as one of the forces which make for disturbance. France in Indo-China has also met with disappointment, the colonies in that region having proved a heavy drain upon the finances of the mother country, without making to her any compensatory return. In her discontent she has of recent years fostered hardly veiled designs upon the integrity of Siam, and already the Mekong river has ceased to be the high-water mark of her ambitious acquisitiveness. She believes that the rich provinces which she might wrest from Bangkok would lighten the burden of financial difficulty with which her colonies now have to contend, and she too is therefore to some extent opposed to the maintenance of the *status quo* in Asia. America in the Philippines has as much on

her hands as she can manage, without troubling herself about matters which do not directly affect her. When the canal is completed her influence and her trade will both increase enormously in the Pacific, but none the less we incline to the belief that she will fail in her present colonial policy, and may even abandon it as hopeless. Holland in the Dutch East Indies lies, as it were, behind a ring-fence. She is behind the times; her theories of colonial administration are at variance with our own: but she is quite contented with herself, and it is not probable that she will allow herself to become involved in any of the complications which are likely to occur in the future in this quarter of the globe. So far as the questions referred to in the present sketch are concerned, Holland in the Pacific might almost as well be non-existent.

Great Britain in the Pacific comprises the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and the islands for which the Governor of Fiji is High Commissioner, the Crown Colonies of Hong-kong and the Straits Settlements, the British Protectorates of the Federated Malay States, Sarawak and North Borneo, and lastly the Pacific seaboard of the Dominion of Canada. No other Power concerned owns anything like the same extent of seaboard, possesses such widely scattered colonies, or holds her territories under a more bewildering variety of tenures. Canada, the Commonwealth, and New Zealand are

self-governing; Fiji, Hongkong, and the Straits Settlements are Crown Colonies administered direct from Downing Street through appointed governors on the spot; Sarawak is a Protectorate whose administration is quite independent of direct Governmental control, though it has surrendered all its foreign affairs into the custody of Great Britain; North Borneo occupies a similar position, but it is exploited by a chartered company which bears as bad a reputation in Asia as the repute of Rajah Brooke's administration is high; and the Federated Malay States are a Protectorate only in name, their government being carried on by a regular civil service, and all their affairs being directed finally from Downing Street. Such are the possessions of the one Power in the Pacific whose home interest is centred in the maintenance of the *status quo*, and her great weakness lies in the fact that her possessions are so wide-flung, that their wishes and views on important political questions are often at variance, and may all differ from those which a wise foreign policy at home would appear to dictate. The opinions and desires of the minor colonies it may still be safe to ignore; but the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and Canada will insist upon sufficient attention being paid to them, and thus Great Britain will in the future be more at the mercy of purely local interests than any other Power. Her advantages, on the other hand, are to be sought

for in her naval strength, the number of her bases in time of need, the wealth and prosperity of many of her possessions, and finally in her alliance with Japan—the one Power whose desire to act as a brake on the wheels of the too-rapid history-makers is as keen as Great Britain's own.

Space has rendered it impossible for us in this paper to do more than glance at the bare outlines of some of the more important factors in the numerous and complex problems which together make up the modern politics of the Pacific. We feel much as a pathologist may do who has hurriedly examined a set of slides upon which are exhibited a number of microbes, each one of which, given the circumstances needed for its development, contains tremendous potentialities. Will those circumstances arise, and how, and when, and where, and which of our political microbes will they affect? These are questions of monstrous importance, to which time alone can supply the answer. Never in the past, however, did that gorgeous ocean, at times so calm and radiantly lovely, decked with its delicious isles, at others so wild in its fury, so capricious, rent so mercilessly by its cyclones and storms, seem less deserving of the name hastily bestowed upon it by the seawanderer of old; for surely in no other quarter of the world are there gathered together at this moment more elements of dispute, contending interests, misunderstandings, and strife.

INDEX TO VOL. CLXXI.

- Aborigines of Australia, habits and superstitions of the, 648.
- ACCOMPLISHMENT, MY ONE, 505.
- AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80, TWO YEARS UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART IN, 255.
- Afghanistan, the invasion of, under Sir Donald Stewart, 255 *et seq.*
- AFTER, TWO YEARS, 288.
- ALLIANCE, ANGLO-JAPANESE, 434.
- America, the modern Society woman of, 61 *et seq.*
- AMONG THE FIVE MINERS: The Pit, 41—The Roadman, 44—The Drawer, 47—At the Face, 50—The End of the Shift, 52—The Lodging, 370—Food, 372—Recreations: the Club, 373—"The Gothenburg," 374—Holidays, 376—Home Life: the Position of Women, 378—Overcrowding, 379.
- Anatolian Railway Company, concession of the Turkish Sultan to the, 338.
- 'Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia, the,' by R. N. Hall and W. G. Neal, notice of, 427.
- ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE, 434.
- ANGLO-SAXON SOCIETY WOMAN, THE, 54.
- Antonelli, Cardinal, reminiscences of, 756.
- Archæological researches, beginning of, in Rome, 765.
- ARMY REFORM, 413.
- ARMY REFORM, MR BRODRICK AND, 583.
- ARTILLERY, THE SCOTTISH, 791.
- AT THE PLAY IN BURMA, 562.
- AUSTRALIA, PROSPECTING ON THE GEM-FIELDS OF, 246.
- Australia, the new Commonwealth of, 864 *et seq.*
- AUSTRALIAN BACK-BLOCKS, IN THE, 638.
- Australian sand-storm, description of a, 644.
- AVALANCHE, THE ROSSBOLDENTHAL, 807.
- Avalanches, the Alpine, of winter and spring, 807—miracles worked by, 809 *et seq.*
- Back-blocker, the Australian, life of, 638 *et seq.*
- Bacon and Shakespeare, the controversy regarding, 269 *et seq.*
- BALLAD OF FAMOUS SHIPS, A, 598.
- Bees, an attack by, in New Guinea, 534.
- Belt, the, sent by Pope Julius II. to James IV., vicissitudes of, 359.
- Besant, Sir Walter, the 'Autobiography' of, noticed, 687.
- Black, William, as a depicter of Highland scenery, 689.
- Boer attack on a convoy, description of a, 613 *et seq.*
- Boer war, the, feeling as to, in Ireland, 7—resemblances between, and the Peninsular war, 102 *et seq.*—prolongation of, due to the Liberal party, 279—lack of transport at the beginning of, 382, 419.
- BRANCH LINE, ON A, 184.
- Bret Harte, the literary career of, 846.
- British Army, the, necessity for maintaining efficient strength of, 414, 583—inducements to recruits to join, 415, 583—improved status of officers for, 416, 585—the Volunteers as a part of, 418, 585—the question of transport in, 419—a sanitary department for, 420—training of recruits for, 584, 587—Army Corps scheme for, 586.
- BRITISH INTERESTS IN SIAM, 711.
- BRITISH NEW GUINEA, PROSPECTING IN, 532.
- BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE NEW COLONIES, 145.
- BRODRICK, MR, AND ARMY REFORM, 583.
- Buller, Sir Redvers, disposition of troops by, at Colenso, 837.
- BURMA, AT THE PLAY IN, 562.
- Camel-owners, Indian, devices of, to escape war service, 389.

- Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, encouragement of the Boers by, 279—combination between Lord Rosebery and, 284 *et seq.*—split in the Liberal party under, 722 *et seq.*
- Cardinals' receptions in Rome, description of, 755.
- 'Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career,' by Howard Hensman, notice of, 423 *et seq.*
- Century-making in cricket, the modern craze for, 629 *et seq.*
- CHAM OF TARTARY, THE, 303.
- CHARLOTTE, THE CONQUEST OF, Part III., Chaps. xiv.-xvi., 109—xvii.-xix., 222, 393—IV., xx., 401—xx. (*contd.*), xxi., xxii., 543—xxii. (*contd.*), xxiii., 651—xxiv., xxv., 812.
- CHARNOCK, JOB, 770.
- Charnock, Job, the career of, as founder of Bengal, 771 *et seq.*—character of, 780.
- China, the immediate future of, 860—immigration of the inhabitants of, into foreign countries, 861.
- Civilisation in Ireland, backward condition of, 457.
- Cocos Keeling Islands, discovery and colonisation of the, 316 *et seq.*
- Colenso, battle of, want of definite plan in the, 836.
- CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE, THE, Part III., Chaps. xiv.-xvi., 109—xvii.-xix., 222, 393—IV., xx., 401—xx. (*contd.*), xxi., xxii., 543—xxii. (*contd.*), xxiii., 651—xxiv., xxv., 812.
- Convoy, Boer attack on a, 613 *et seq.*
- Coosammee, the township of, in Florida, description of, 496.
- Corn, the new duty on, 732.
- Coronation Stone of Scotland, history of the, 348.
- "Crackers," or natives of Florida, description of, 497.
- Cricket individualist, a sketch of the, 625.
- Cricket-matches, large individual scoring in, 625 *et seq.*—bringing of, to a definite conclusion, 633—powers of umpires in, 634—need of a time-limit for, 635.
- CROSS-ROADS: A LITTLE COMEDY, 194.
- D'Andrea, Cardinal, reminiscences of, 758.
- DAWN, THE HOUR BEFORE THE, 171.
- DE WET, ON THE HEELS OF: I. The Birth of the Brigade, 1—II. The Meet! 159—III. Bee-line to Britstown, 324—IV. The First Check, 445—V. A New Cast, 667—VI. A Poor Scent, 745.
- Dictionaries, intellectual gains from the study of, 699 *et seq.*
- DIVIDED, 336.
- DOGS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED, 467.
- Dramatic performance, description of a, in Burma, 562 *et seq.*
- Dufferin, Lord, the death of, 431.
- Edinburgh Castle, siege of, in 1688-89, 803.
- Education Bill, problems to be solved by the new, 282 *et seq.*—debates on the, in the House of Commons, 726 *et seq.*
- 'Empire of Business, the,' by Andrew Carnegie, notice of, 840 *et seq.*
- English Regalia, the, history of, 344 *et seq.*—inventories of, 347.
- EVENING ON THE VELD, 589.
- Expansive bullets, use of, by the Boers, 26.
- FACT AND FICTION IN IRELAND, 7.
- FAILURES IN FLORIDA, 493.
- FAMOUS SHIPS, A BALLAD OF, 598.
- FIVE MINERS, AMONG THE: The Pit, 41—The Roadman, 44—The Drawer, 47—At the Face, 50—The End of the Shift, 52—The Lodging, 370—Food, 372—Recreations: the Club, 373—"The Gothenburg," 374—Holidays, 376—Home Life: the Position of Women, 378—Overcrowding, 379.
- FLORIDA, FAILURES IN, 493.
- Florida, nature of the soil in, 493—early attempts at cultivation in, 495—the natives of, 496—the pine-woods of, 502.
- Fog on the veldt, Boer attack in a, 615 *et seq.*
- Formosa, annexation of, by Japan, 852.
- Foster brothers, cricket-playing of the, for Oxford, 627.
- France, encroachments of, in Siam, 711 *et seq.*
- French Academy, the Dictionary of the, 698.
- Frere, Sir Bartle, the justification of, 850.
- Froude, Mr, inaccuracies of, with regard to South Africa, 850.
- Gallup, Mrs, the authorship of Shakespeare's plays attributed to Bacon by, 269 *et seq.*
- Galway election, Nationalist triumph in the, 7.
- Game-tree Hill fort, attack on, during the siege of Mafeking, 24.
- George III., affection of, for Lady Sarah Lennox, 82, 88.
- GERMAN AND THE POLE, THE, 517.
- Gibson, John, sculptor in Rome, anecdotes of, 759.
- Girls, the physical training of, 693.
- Gladstone, Mr, crimes of, as regards South Africa, 850.
- Gold, the presence of, in the Australian deserts, 639, 647.
- Goldfields of New Guinea, the, 532 *et seq.*

- Goldsmith, contrasts and resemblances between, and Lamb, 685—discovery of the first printed form of "The Traveller" of, 686.
- "Gothenburg," description of a, in a Fife mining village, 374 *et seq.*
- Government, the, condemnation of, by Liberal leaders, 278 *et seq.*—Conservative critics of, 286—attacks on, in discussing the New Rules of Procedure, 725.
- Gowrie, Earl of, assassination of the, 480.
- GOWRIE MYSTERY, A NEW READING OF THE, 480.
- GUERRILLA WARFARE: A HISTORICAL PARALLEL, 102.
- Guerrilla warfare, origin of the term, 102.
- GUNGA BISHUN, THE HOME-COMING OF, 173.
- HALF A CENTURY AGO, ROMAN REMINISCENCES OF NEARLY, 754.
- Highland scenery, William Black as a depicter of, 689.
- 'History of English Literature, a,' by Professor Engel, notice of, 679 *et seq.*
- Holland, the first Lord, memoir of, 88.
- HOME-COMING OF GUNGA BISHUN, THE, 173.
- Honours of Scotland, the, history of, 352 *et seq.*—recovery of, by Sir Walter Scott, 359.
- HONOURS OF SCOTLAND, THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND AND THE, 344.
- Hour before the dawn, the, 171.
- House of Commons, reform of procedure in the, 280 *et seq.*, 725.
- Imperial Yeomanry, proposed formation of an, 587.
- IMPRESSMENT FOR TRANSPORT IN INDIA, 382.
- IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACK-BLOCKS, 638.
- INCIDENT, AN UNRECORDED, 612.
- INDIA, A RAILROAD TO, 337.
- INDIVIDUALISM IN MODERN CRICKET, 625.
- Indo-China, recent French policy in, 712 *et seq.*
- IRELAND, FACT AND FICTION IN, 7.
- Ireland, feeling as to the Boer war among the populace of, 7—proceedings of the League in, 8—study of the national language of, 9—difficulties of the Nationalist party in, 10—voluntary sale of land in, 12—decay of population in, 14—backward condition of civilisation in, 457.
- IRELAND, LIGHT AND SHADE IN, 456.
- Irish language, new movement for promoting study of the, 9 *et seq.*
- Irish newspapers, printers' errors in, 456.
- ISSUES, NEW, 679.
- James IV., history of belt sent to, by Pope Julius II., 359.
- James VI., the Ruthven plot against, 480 *et seq.*
- Japan, new treaty between, and Great Britain, 434 *et seq.*
- Java, restoration of, to the Dutch, 314.
- JOB CHARNOCK, 770.
- Johnson, Dr, prejudices of, as evidenced in his Dictionary, 702.
- Kandahar Field Force, services of the, 257 *et seq.*
- Kandahar, organisation of the march from, to Kabul, 255 *et seq.*
- Keeling Islands, discovery and colonisation of the, 316 *et seq.*
- 'King and Queen of Hearts, the,' by Charles Lamb, notice of, 684.
- 'Kingleake, A. W.,' by Rev. W. Tuckwell, notice of, 428 *et seq.*
- KNOWN AND LOVED, DOGS I HAVE, 467.
- LADY SARAH, 81.
- Ladysmith, the investment of, 832.
- Lamb, Charles, discovery of a book for children written by, 684—contrasts and resemblances between Goldsmith and, 685—early contributions to 'Maga' by, *ib.*, note.
- LANSDON, OLD TOM, 361.
- LAWRENCE, STRINGER, 205.
- Lawrence, Stringer, early military career of, 206—arrival of, at Fort St David, 207—taken prisoner by the French, 210—appointed Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's military forces, 211—resumes war with the French in India, *ib.* *et seq.*—his latter years, and death, 221.
- League, the Irish, proceedings of, 8 *et seq.*
- Lennox, Lady Sarah, affection of George III. for, 82, 88—marriage of, to Sir Charles Bunbury, 83—elopement of, with Lord William Gordon, *ib.*—marriage of, to Captain Napier, 84—opinions and reflections of, 85 *et seq.*—political views of, 87.
- Lia Fail* or Stone of Destiny, history of the, 348.
- Liberal party, the, condemnation of the Government by, 278 *et seq.*, 725—divisions in the, 722.
- Licensing laws, need for legislation regarding the, 731.
- 'Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox,' notice of, 81 *et seq.*
- LIGHT AND SHADE IN IRELAND, 456.
- Liszt, reminiscences of, at Rome, 764.
- LITTLE COMEDY, CROSS-ROADS: A, 194.
- Logan, Robert, of Restalrig, letters of, relating to the Gowrie Conspiracy, 481 *et seq.*
- 'Lord Milner and South Africa' by Mr Iwan-Müller, notice of, 848.
- Mafeking, siege of, preparations for, 16 *et seq.*—attack on Game-tree Hill fort at, 24—conduct of General Snyman at, 25.

- MAFEKING, WITH THE BOERS ROUND, 1899-1900, 16.
- Magersfontein, the British repulse at, causes of, 833.
- MASTER TARTAR, 90.
- Methuen, Lord, blunder of, at Magersfontein, 834.
- Michelangelo, Don, reminiscences of, 761.
- Militia, importance of maintaining the efficiency of the, 585.
- MODERN CRICKET, INDIVIDUALISM IN, 625.
- MONK, THE PRINCESS AND THE: A TRUE STORY, 600.
- 'Monsieur Martin: A Romance of the Great Swedish War,' by Wymond Carey, notice of, 689.
- MONTENEGRIN SKETCHES: I. An Evening in the Mountains, 733—II. A Border Town, 736—III. At Cetinje, in a Café, 739—IV. Playfulness, 741.
- MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD:—
January: Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield, 131—A Great Occasion of the Press, 132—All the Fun of the Fair, *ib.*—Lord Rosebery's Record, *ib.*—A Collection of Platitudes, 133—England and the Continent, *ib.*—The Necessity of Peace, 134—Faction *v.* Party, 135—Political Parallels, *ib.*—The Spanish Main, 136—Sir Henry Morgan and the Buccaneers, 137—The Decay of Piracy, 142—Blackbeard and Major Bonnet, 143.
February: Mr Chamberlain and Germany, 264—Europe's Hatred of England, *ib.*—Unimaginative Teutons, 265—The South African War a mere Excuse, 266—A History of Slander, 267—A French Prisoner of War, *ib.*—Bacon and Shakespeare, 269—Mrs Gallup's Cipher, 270.
March: Virtue of Several Kinds, 422—The Verdict of Posterity, *ib.*—The Policy of Cecil Rhodes, 423—Kruggerism *v.* Great Britain, 424—The Road to the North, *ib.*—A proper Use of Wealth, 425—The Life of Kinglake, 428—Traveller and Historian, 429—The Death of Lord Dufferin, 431.
April: The Secret of the 'State Trials,' 572—Their Authenticity, *ib.*—The Essence of Drama, 573—Politics and Life, 574—A Batch of Stories, *ib.*—The Atmosphere of the 'Trials,' 579—The Part played by the Prisoner, 580—His View of the Tragedy, 581—A Note on Romance, 582.
May: The Dictionary of the French Academy, 698—The Interest of Dictionaries, 699—Their Style and Character, 700—Randle Cotgrave's Bundle of Words, *ib.*—Dr Johnson and his Prejudices, 702—The Canting Tongue or Pedlar's French, 704—Slang Dictionaries, 705—The House of Riche-lieu, 706—Cecil Rhodes's Will, 708.
June: The Wealth of Mr Carnegie, 840—Sacrifices made to Gold, 842—The Age of Ruins, 843—The Dictation of the People, 844—Commodity the *summum bonum*, 845—Bret Harte and his World, 846—New Material for an old Literature, *ib.*—'Lord Milner and South Africa,' 848—The Sins of Froude and Gladstone, 850—The Desertion of Sir Bartle Frere, *ib.*
- MY ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT, 505.
- NEW COLONIES, BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE, 145.
- New Colonies in South Africa, govern-ment of, 145 *et seq.*—Mr Rhodes's plan of settlement in, 155.
- New Guinea, annexation of, by Britain, 532—the goldfields of, *ib. et seq.*—an attack by bees in, 534—an unexpected discovery of gold in, 537—a storm in, 540—gems found in, 541.
- NEW ISSUES:—
 English Literature through German Spectacles, 679—Goldsmith and Lamb: Two recent Discoveries, 684—The Compatibility of Wit and Wisdom, 687—The Dignity of Authorship, *ib.*—Sir Walter Besant *versus* Thackeray, 688—Mr William Black, 689—Two notable Novels, 690.
- NEW READING OF THE GOWRIE MYSTERY, A, 480.
- New Rules of Procedure, progress of the, in the House of Commons, 725.
- Nicholson's Nek, the British surrender at, 831.
- OLD TOM LANSDON, 361.
- ON A BRANCH LINE, 184.
- ON THE HEELS OF DE WET: I. The Birth of the Brigade, 1—II. The Meet! 159—III. Bee-line to Brit-
 town, 324—IV. The First Check, 445—V. A New Cast, 667—VI. A Poor Scent, 745.
- Opal-bearing district of Australia, the, 246 *et seq.*—the mines in, 248—life of the miners in, *ib. et seq.*—variety of precious stones found in, 253—digging for opals in, 646.
- Orange-growing in Florida, vicissitudes of, 493 *et seq.*—the *modus operandi* of, 499.
- Oxford, scholarships founded at, by Cecil Rhodes, 708 *et seq.*
- PACIFIC, PROBLEMS OF THE, 852.
- Pacific, the, struggle for the commerce of, 866—the position of Great Britain in, *ib.*
- Palazzo Santa Croce, description of the, 763.
- PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT, THE, 278.

- PARTY POLITICS AND PUBLIC BUSINESS, 722.
- Pay of British soldiers, proposed increase in the, 415, 583.
- Peninsular war, resemblances between the, and the Boer war, 102 *et seq.*
- Persian Gulf, new German line of railway from Koniah to the, 341.
- Philippines, colonisation of the, by the United States, 853 *et seq.*
- PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCOTTISH SCHOOLS, 692.
- Pieters Hill, a retrospect of, 288—the great fight at, 290 *et seq.*
- Pine-woods of Florida, the, 502.
- Poland, treatment of, by Prussia, 517 *et seq.*—partition of, by Frederick II., 519—denationalisation of, by Bismarck, 521 *et seq.*—persecution by the Ostmarkverein or Hakatist society in, 524—legal persecution in, 526—the educational system of, 528.
- POLE, THE GERMAN AND THE, 517.
- Pope Julius II., history of belt sent by, to James IV., 359.
- Popular heroes in cricket, danger to the game caused by, 625 *et seq.*
- PRINCESS AND THE MONK, THE: A TRUE STORY, 600.
- PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC, 852.
- PRODIGAL, THE RETURN OF THE, 28.
- PROSPECT, THE PARLIAMENTARY, 278.
- PROSPECTING IN BRITISH NEW GUINEA, 532.
- PROSPECTING ON THE GEM-FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA, 246.
- PUBLIC BUSINESS, PARTY POLITICS AND, 722.
- Punjab, difficulties of transport in the, in war time, 382 *et seq.*
- RAILROAD TO INDIA, A, 337.
- Recruits, new inducements held out to, for service in the British army, 415, 583—want of adequate training for, 584, 587.
- REFORM, ARMY, 413.
- REGALIA OF ENGLAND AND THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND, THE, 344.
- Restalrig, Logan of, letters written by, relating to the Gowrie Conspiracy, 481 *et seq.*
- RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL, THE, 28.
- Rhodes, Cecil, on the future settlement of South Africa, 155—the policy of, 423—the will of, 707 *et seq.*
- ROMAN REMINISCENCES OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO, 754.
- ROMANCE OF A SCOTS FAMILY, THE, 309.
- Rome, description of, in 1858, 754 *et seq.*—present-day aspect of, 767.
- Romish Church, state of the, in Ireland, 10 *et seq.*
- Rosebery, Lord, the record of, 132—combination between Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and, 284—intentions of, regarding an independent party, 285—problematical share of, in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, 442—split in the Liberal party caused by, 723.
- Rossbodenthal avalanche of 1901, description of, 808 *et seq.*
- ROSSBODENTHAL AVALANCHE, THE, 807.
- Royal Commission on physical training in schools, appointment of a, 692 *et seq.*
- Russia, effects of the completion of the trans-continental railway of, 863.
- Ruthven plot, the, against James VI., 480 *et seq.*
- Sand-storm, an Australian, description of, 644.
- SARAH, LADY, 81.
- Sceptre of the King of Scots, description of the, 354.
- SCOTS FAMILY, THE ROMANCE OF A, 309.
- Scottish Artillery, history of the, 791 *et seq.*
- SCOTTISH ARTILLERY, THE, 791.
- Scottish Regalia, the, history of, 352 *et seq.*—recovery of, by Sir Walter Scott, 359.
- Sermoneta, the Duke di, anecdotes of, 762.
- Shakespeare's plays, the disputed authorship of, 269 *et seq.*
- "SHARKS," 783.
- SIAM, BRITISH INTERESTS IN, 711.
- 'Slang and its Analogues: A Dictionary Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of all Classes of Society for more than Three Hundred Years,' by J. S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, notice of, 706.
- Slezer, John, antiquarian and Captain of the Scottish Artillery, career of, 793—imprisonment of, in the Canon-gate Tolbooth, 803—reinstated in command of the Scottish Artillery by William III., 805.
- Snyman, General, doings of, at the siege of Mafeking, 25.
- SOCIETY WOMAN, THE ANGLO-SAXON, 54.
- Society woman, the modern, character and career of, 54 *et seq.*—newspapers in the pay of, 57—American variety of, 61 *et seq.*
- South African veldt, the, description of, 590 *et seq.*—evening aspect of, 595—capabilities of, for the art and literature of the future, 596—moonlight on, 597—Boer attack of a convoy on, 613 *et seq.*—a bivouac on, 619—night attack on, 621.
- Sprot, George, participation of, in the Gowrie Conspiracy, 483 *et seq.*
- 'State Trials, Political and Social,' edited by H. L. Stephen, notice of, 572 *et seq.*

- Stewart, Sir Donald, the invasion of Afghanistan under, 255 *et seq.*
 Stone of Destiny, the Scottish, history of, 348.
 STRINGER LAWRENCE, 205.
 'Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army,' by Col. T. Biddulph, notice of, 205 *et seq.*
 Sword of State, the Scottish, description of, 356.
 TARTAR, MASTER, 90.
 TARTARY, THE CHAM OF, 303.
 Teachers, instruction of, in physical training, 693.
 "'Times' History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902," edited by L. S. Amery, vol. ii., notice of, 826 *et seq.*
 'TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR, THE, 826.
 Transport, British lack of, at the commencement of the war in South Africa, 382, 419.
 TRANSPORT IN INDIA, IMPRESHMENT FOR, 382.
 "Traveller, the," by Goldsmith, discovery of the first printed form of, 686.
 Treaty between Japan and Britain, the new, 434 *et seq.*—benefits of, to the Chinese Government, 439—Lord Rosebery's problematical share in, 442.
 TWO YEARS AFTER, 288.
 TWO YEARS UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART IN AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80, 255.
 Umpires, powers of, in cricket-matches, 634.
 United Irish League, the, recent proceedings of, 7 *et seq.*—a prosecution of members of, 459 *et seq.*
 UNRECORDED INCIDENT, AN, 612.
 VELD, EVENING ON THE, 589.
 Voluntary schools, proposed legislation affecting, under the new Education Bill, 727.
 Volunteer force, Mr Brodrick's proposals regarding the, 418, 585.
 WAR, THE 'TIMES' HISTORY OF THE, 826.
 WARFARE, GUERRILLA: A HISTORICAL PARALLEL, 102.
 'Way of Escape, the,' by Graham Travers (Dr Margaret Todd), notice of, 690.
 Weird silences, occurrence of, in warfare, 617.
 WESTCOTES, THE, Chaps. X., XI. (Conclusion), 67.
 Wilson brothers, cricket-playing of the, for Cambridge, 623.
 WITH THE BOXERS ROUND MAFeking, 1899-1900, 16.

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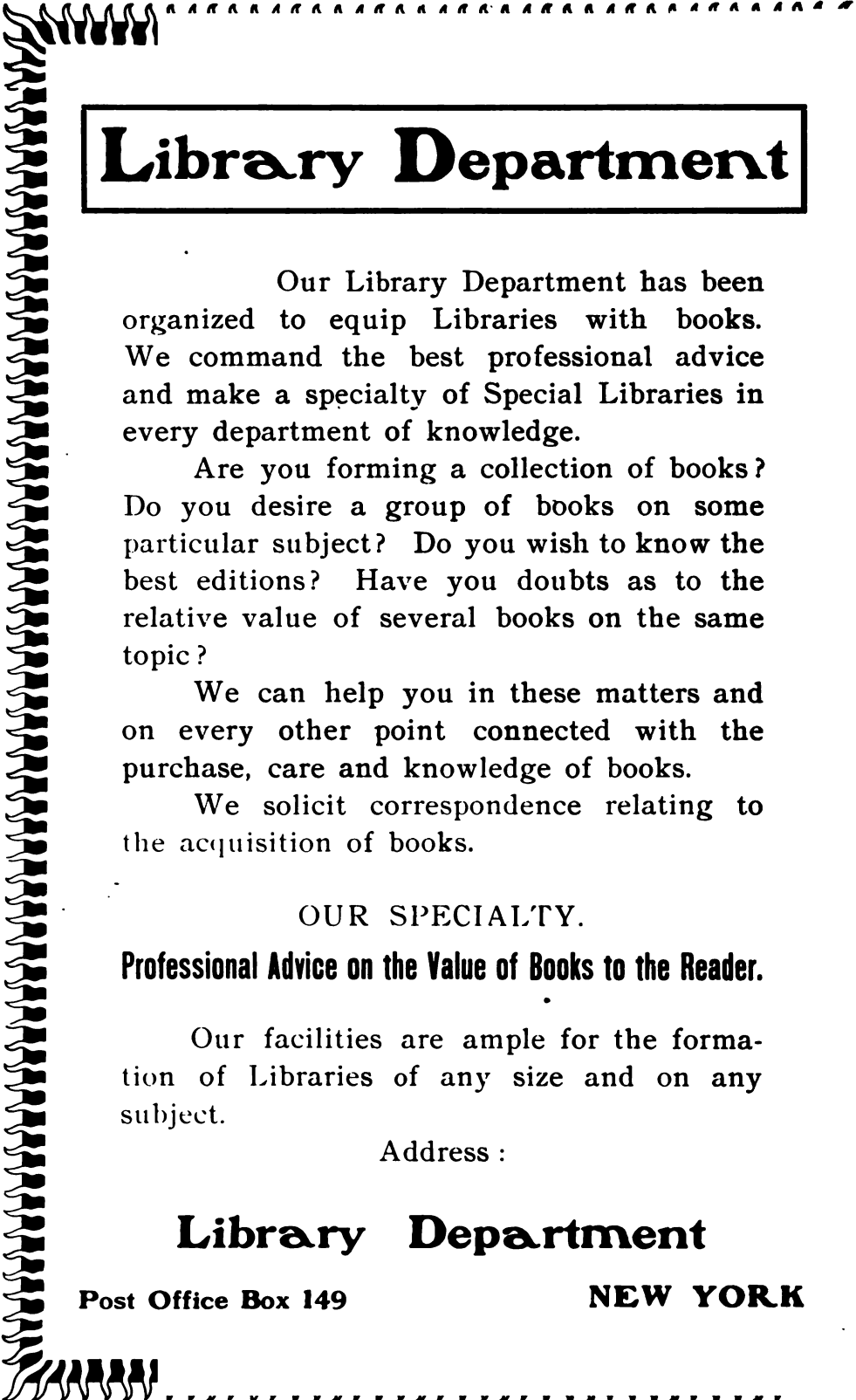
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